

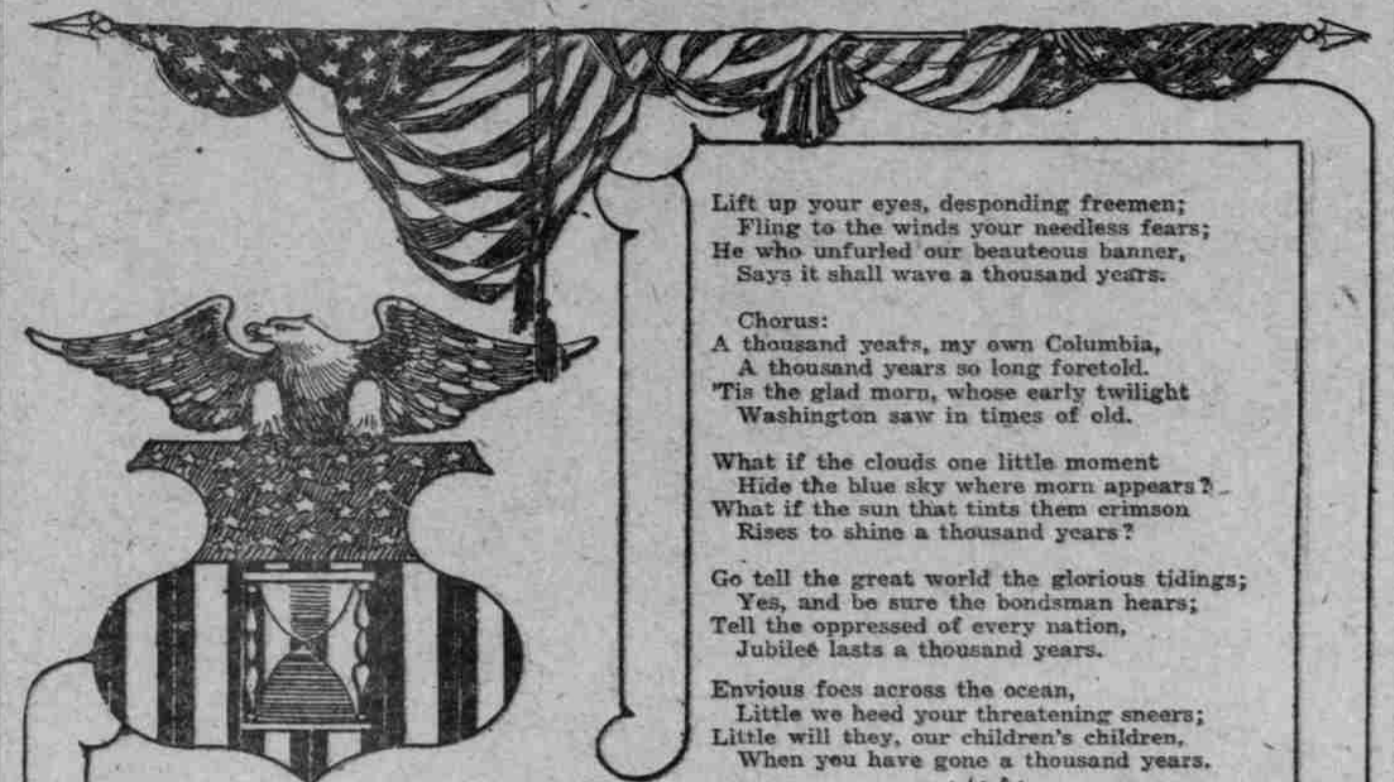
MISSING VERSES OF SOME FAVORITE POEMS ARE SUPPLIED

"SKIPPER Iresson's Ride," by Whittier: Will Carlton's "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse" and "The Little Black-eyed Rebel," "Tennyson's "Locksley Hall," Longfellow's "Launching of the Ship," "Casey's Revenge," "The Fisherman's Boy" and "The Burning of the Ship" are a few of the old favorites that have been requested in the past week by readers of this page.

Clarence W. Ison, of Hood River, as his favorite poem. It was written about the middle of the eighteenth century. THE VILLAGE PREACHER. By Oliver Goldsmith. Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close, the village murmur rose; There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,

A Thousand Years

(This song, which was popular in 1561 when the war of succession was just beginning, and which was written at a still earlier date, is based on a prophecy said to have been uttered by George Washington, that the United States Government as constituted in its beginning would endure a thousand years. The copy reprinted herewith was sent in by Mrs. Angie Reasnow, of Portland.)



Lift up your eyes, desponding freemen; Fling to the winds your needless fears; He who unfurled our beauteous banner, Says it shall wave a thousand years. Chorus: A thousand years, my own Columbia, A thousand years so long foretold. 'Tis the glad morn, whose early twilight Washington saw in times of old.

Rebels at home, go hide your faces; Weep for your crimes with bitter tears; You could not bind the blessed daylight, Though you should strive a thousand years.

Back to your dens, ye secret traitors; Down to your own degraded spheres, Ere the first blaze of dazzling sunlight Shorten your lives a thousand years.

Haste thou along, thou glorious noonday; O, for the eyes of ancient seers; O, for the faith of him who reckons Each of his days a thousand years.

Chorus: A thousand years, my own Columbia; A thousand years so long foretold; 'Tis the glad morn, whose early twilight Washington saw, in times of old.

ser, of Albany, has been sent in by two contributors. We are indebted for it to Mrs. A. Ronde, of Portland, and to Mrs. E. D. Alvord.

THE LIGHTHOUSE. The scene was more beautiful far to my eye Than if day in its pride had arrayed it— The land breeze blew wild and the azure arched sky Looked pure as the Spirit that made it;

PAUL VANE, OR LORENA'S REPLY. The years are creeping slowly by, dear Paul, The winters come and go; The wind sweeps past with mournful wail, And pellets my face with snow.

THE THREE BELLS. Beneath the low-hung night cloud That raked her splintering mast, The good ship settled slowly, The cruel leak gained fast.

THE ASS AND THE VIOLINIST. Within the fields one Summer day A strong-lunged ass began to bray; The upland echoes rang his voice, To hear it made his heart rejoice.

THE ASS AND THE VIOLINIST. "Oh, what a pity," cried the ass, "My lungs are strong, my voice is loud, At concerts I might draw a crowd."

THE ASS AND THE VIOLINIST. A voice came down the wild wind—"Ship ahoy!" its cry; "Our stout Three Bells, of Glasgow, Shall stand till daylight by!"

THE ASS AND THE VIOLINIST. Hour after hour, the ship lights— The lights of the Three Bells.

THE ASS AND THE VIOLINIST. And ship to ship made signals; Man answered back to man; While oft, to cheer and hearten, The Three Bells nearer ran.

THE ASS AND THE VIOLINIST. And the captain from her taffrail Sent down his hopeful cry: "Take heart! hold on! be shouted, Above the wave and gale!"

THE ASS AND THE VIOLINIST. All night across the waters The tooting lights shone clear; All night from reeling taffrail The Three Bells sent her cheer.

THE ASS AND THE VIOLINIST. And when the dreary watches Of storm and darkness passed, Just as the wreck lurched under, All souls were saved at last.

THE ASS AND THE VIOLINIST. Sail on, Three Bells, forever, In grateful memory sail; Ring on Three Bells of rescue Above the wave and gale!

THE ASS AND THE VIOLINIST. So things, in night and tempest, I hear the Master's cry, And, tossing through the darkness, The lights of God draw nigh.

THE ASS AND THE VIOLINIST. W. H. Brackett sends the ballad of "The Lighthouse," which was given him by a friend in Seattle, whose mother used to sing it to her 89 years

old. "It must be a hundred years old, at least," he suggests.

THREE BEAUTIFUL ANGELS. "Oh, father, dear father," a young child said, As she stole one night to his lonely bed, "Oh, father, come to my room with me, Three beautiful angels there you'll see."

THREE BEAUTIFUL ANGELS. "Just now, as I lay with half-closed eyes, I heard a sweet sound from the sparkling skies, And as I was wondering what it could mean, Mother, Mary and Willie came gliding in."

THREE BEAUTIFUL ANGELS. "And they did talk, Sister Mary said, Her spirit set lived, though her body was dead, And she said that but once the flowers should bloom, And we'd come to them in their own bright home."

THREE BEAUTIFUL ANGELS. "And little Willie, as he stood there With his mild blue eyes and shining hair, Said with a smile I yet can see: 'Oh, come, little sister, come home with me.'"

THREE BEAUTIFUL ANGELS. "My gentle mother's eyes grew dim As she said, 'Let her stay and comfort him; But a few short months of sorrow are given, And we'll have them, Willie, with us in heaven.'"

THREE BEAUTIFUL ANGELS. "Dempsy's Grave," which was requested last week, was sent in by Emma L. Harvey, of Ione, Or.

DEMPSY'S GRAVE. Far out in the wilds of Oregon, On a lonely mountain side, Where Columbia's mighty waters Roll down to the ocean tide, Where the giant fir and cedar Are shadowed in the wave, Overgrown with ferns and Hensens, I found "poor Dempsy's" grave.

DEMPSY'S GRAVE. A winding, wooded canyon road That mortals seldom tread Leads up this lonely mountain To this desert of the dead; The western sun was sinking In Pacific's crimsoned wave And these solemn pines kept watching Over "poor Jack Dempsy's" grave.

Robert Bruce, "It used to be my little girl's 'sleepy song,'" she says.

ROBERT THE BRUCE. BY JOHN BROUGHAM. Robert the Bruce in the dungeon stood, Waiting the hour of doom; Behind him the palace of Holyrood— Before him a nameless tomb. And the foam on his lip was flecked with red.

ROBERT THE BRUCE. As away to the past his memory sped, Upcalling the days of his great renown, When he won and he wore the Scottish crown. Yet, come there shadow or come there shine, The spider is spinning his thread so fine.

ROBERT THE BRUCE. "I have sat on the royal seat of Scone," He muttered beneath his breath, "It's a luckless change, from a kingly throne To a felon's shameful death." And he clutched his hand in his despair, And he struck at the shapes that were gathering there, Facing his cell in impatient rage, As a nee-light upon pines his cage.

ROBERT THE BRUCE. "Oh, were it my fate to yield up my life At the head of my liegemen all, In the foremost shock of the battle strife, Breaking my country's thrall, I'd welcome death from the foe'sman's steel, Breathing a prayer for old Scotland's weal; But here, where no pitying heart is nigh, By a loathsome hand it is hard to die."

ROBERT THE BRUCE. Yet come there shadow or come there shine, The spider is spinning his thread so fine. "Time and again have I fronted the bride Of the tyrant's vast array, But on to see, on the crossen tide, My hopes swept far away. Now a headless chief and a crownless king, On the broad, broad earth not a living thing To keep me court, save you insect small, Striving to reach from wall to wall." For, come there shadow or come there shine, The spider is spinning his thread so fine.

ROBERT THE BRUCE. "Work, work as a fool, as I have done, To the loss of your time and pain; The space is too wide to be bridged across, You but waste your strength in vain. And Bruce, for the moment, forgot his grief, His soul now filled with the same belief. That, however the issue went, For evil or good was the omen sent. And, come there shadow or come there shine, The spider is spinning his thread so fine."

ROBERT THE BRUCE. As a gambler watches his turning card On which his all is staked— As a mother waits for the hopeful word, For which her soul has achéd— It was thus Bruce watched, with every sense centered, in that look intense, All rigid he stood, with unuttered breath, Now when he saw red, but still as death, Yet, come there shadow or come there shine, The spider is spinning his thread so fine.

ROBERT THE BRUCE. Six several times the creature tried, When at the seventh—"See! see! He has summoned it over," the captive cried. "Lo, a bridge of hope to me; Thee, God, I thank, for this lesson here, And Fate, though fierce, offers me another chance; And it served him well, for ere long he wore In front of the Scottish crown once more, And, come there shadow or come there shine, The spider is spinning his thread so fine."

ROBERT THE BRUCE. A song that has been dear to all hearts for years and which is coming back to its present popularity, and being sung everywhere, is "When You and I Were Young."

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG. I wandered today to the hill, Maggie, To watch the scene below; The creaking old mill and the creaking old mill, Maggie, As we used to long ago.

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG. Where first the daisies sprung, The creaking old mill is still, Maggie, Since you and I were young. A city so silent and lone, Maggie, Where the young and the gay and the polished white mansions of stone, Maggie, In polished white mansions of stone, Maggie, As we used to long ago.

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG. In but where the birds used to play, Maggie, And join in the songs that were sung For we sang as gay as they, Maggie, When you and I were young. They say I am feeble with age, Maggie, My steps are less sprightly than then; My face is a well-written page, Maggie, But time alone wields the pen. They say we are aged and gray, Maggie, As sprays by the white breakers flung; But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie, When you and I were young.

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG. "Laugh and the World Laughs With You," the much-quoted and parodied poem of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, is sent in by Alice B. Russell, of Berkeley.

LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU. Laugh, and the world laughs with you, Weep, and you weep alone; For the sad old earth must borrow your mirth, But has trouble enough of its own.

LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU. Sing and the hills will answer; Sigh, it is lost on the air; The echoes bound to a joyful sound, But shrink from voicing care.

LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU. Rejoice and men will seek you; Grieve and they will turn and go; They will find full measure of all your pleasure, But they will not need your woe.

LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU. Be glad and your friends are many; Be sad and you lose them all; There are none to decline your nectared wine, But alone you must drink life's gall.

LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU. Feast and your halls are crowded; Fast and the world goes by; Succeed and give and it helps you live, But no man can help you die.

LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU. There is room in the halls of pleasure; For a large and lordly train; But one by one we must all file on, Through the narrow isles of pain.

LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU. J. L. Chapman, of Lewiston, sends a copy of "Kearney at Seven Pines," with his regards to the Grand Army of the Republic. The poem is by E. C. Steadman.

KEARNEY AT SEVEN PINES. So that soldierly legend is still on its journey— That story of Kearney, who knew not to yield! 'Twas the day when with Jameson, fierce Berry and Birney, Against twenty thousand he rallied the field.

KEARNEY AT SEVEN PINES. Where the red volleys poured, where the clamor rose highest, Where the dead lay in clumps through the dew, the dawn, the day, Where the aim from the thicket was surest and truest, No charge like "Phil Kearney's" along the whole line.

KEARNEY AT SEVEN PINES. When the battle went ill and the bravest were slain, Near the dark Seven Pines, where we still held our ground, He rode down the length of the withering column, And his heart a boy warcy leaped up at a bound.

KEARNEY AT SEVEN PINES. He snuffed, like his charger, the wind on the dark Seven Pines, where we answered the sign. Loud our cheer as we rushed, but his laugh rang the loudest, "There's the devil's own fun, boys, along the whole line!"

KEARNEY AT SEVEN PINES. How he rode his brown steed! How we saw his blade brighten in the one hand still left, and the reins in his teeth; He laughed like a boy when the holidays brighten, But a soldier's glance shot from his visor beneath.

KEARNEY AT SEVEN PINES. Up came the reserves to the valley infernal, Asking where to go in, through the clearing of the Potomac, "Oh, anywhere! Forward! 'Tis all the same, Colonel!"

KEARNEY AT SEVEN PINES. You'll find Kearney fighting along the whole line!" Oh, coil the black shroud of the night at Chantilly! That hid him from sight of his brave men and tried! Foul! foul! sped the bullet that clipped the white lily, The flower of our knighthood, the whole army's pride.

KEARNEY AT SEVEN PINES. Yet we dream that he still, in that shadowy region, Where the dead form their ranks at the wan drummer's sign, Rides on as of old, down the length of his legion, And the world still is "Forward!" along the whole line.

KEARNEY AT SEVEN PINES. The sequel to "Casey at the Bat" has been sent in by Mrs. Ruth Luce and by Mrs. Alice Mallory, of Grants Pass. Mrs. Mallory also sent a copy of "All Quiet Along the Potomac," which was requested and was reprinted last week, many copies of it having been received.

KEARNEY AT SEVEN PINES. "Casey's Revenge," while never so popular as "Casey at the Bat" is still accorded a place in many scrapbooks, just to take the sting of disappointment off mighty Casey's failure in the first poem: CASEY'S REVENGE. By James Wilson.

CASEY'S REVENGE. There were saddened hearts in Mudville when the sun came out, There were muttered curses and curses every fan in town was sore. "Just think," said one, "how soft it looked when Casey hit the bat!" And then to think he'd go and spend a bush league trick like that!

CASEY'S REVENGE. All his past fame was forgotten; he was now a hopeless "shiner." They called him "Strike-out Casey" and the Mayor downed the line. And as he came to bat each day his bosom heaved a sigh.

CASEY'S REVENGE. While a look of hopeless fury shone in his eyes, The lane is long, someone has said, that never turns again. And Fate, though fierce, offers me another chance; And Casey smiled—his rugged face no longer wore a frown; The pitcher who started all the trouble came to town.

CASEY'S REVENGE. All Mudville had assembled; ten thousand fans had come to see Casey on the bum; And when he stepped into the box the multitude in a single breath He doffed his cap in proud disdain—but Casey only smiled.

CASEY'S REVENGE. "Play ball!" the umpire's voice rang out, and then the game began; But in that throng of thousands there was one who thought of Mudville's fate; Who thought Mudville had a chance; and with the setting sun their hopes sank low—the rival team was leading "four to one."

CASEY'S REVENGE. The last half of the ninth came round, with no change in the score; But when the first man up hit safe the crowd began to roar. The din increased, the echo of ten thousand voices was heard when the pitcher's ball was heard to give "four balls" to the third.

CASEY'S REVENGE. Three men on base—nobody out—three runs to the game! A triple meant the highest niche in Mudville's hall of fame; But here the rally ended and the gloom was deep as night. When the fourth one "fouled to catch" and the fifth "saw out to fight."

CASEY'S REVENGE. A dismal groan in chorus came—a scowl was on each face; When Casey walked up, bat in hand, and slowly took his place; His bloodshot eyes in fury glared; his teeth and clinch in hate. He gave his cap a vicious look and pounded on the plate.

CASEY'S REVENGE. But fame is fleeting as the wind, and glory fades away; There were no wild and woolly cheers, no glad acclaim this day. They hissed and groaned and booed as they clamored, "Strike him out!" But Casey gave no outward sign that he had heard this shout.

CASEY'S REVENGE. The pitcher smiled and cut one loose; across the plate it spread; Another his another groan—"Strike one!" the umpire said. Zip! Like a shot, the second curve broke just below his knees—"Strike two!" the crowd roared aloud; But Casey made no plea.

CASEY'S REVENGE. No roasting for the umpire now—his was an easy job; But here the pitcher whirled again—was that a rife shot? A whack! a crack! and out through space the rubber pellet flew. A blot against the distant sky—a speck against the blue.

CASEY'S REVENGE. Above the fence in center field, in rapid whirling flight The sphere sailed on; the blot grew dim and then was lost to sight. Ten thousand bats were thro' the air, ten thousand throes a fit; But no one ever found the ball that mighty Casey hit!

CASEY'S REVENGE. Oh, somewhere in this favored land dark clouds may hide the sun, And somewhere bands no longer play and children have no fun. And somewhere over blighted lives there hangs a heavy pall; But Mudville hearts are happy now—for Casey hit the ball!