Frequent Contributor Now Makes Request for Lost Verses.

MONG the requests for old favor- David Mallet, Esq. The copy is sent ites that come in increasing volume along with the contributions of poems that have been asked for, the following are but a few that have been

B. F. Case, of Yacolt, wants the poem in which these lines appear:

They grew in beauty side by side.

They filled our home with glee;
Their graves are sundered far and wide
By mountain, stream and lea.

Mrs. J. Mallon, of 944 Gladstone street, wants "If there wasn't so many street, wants "If there wasn't so many of we," and "The Master Is Coming."
Ruth Luce, who has been one of the best of all the contributors to this page, requests the reprinting of John Green-leaf Whittier's "Marguerite," Oliver Wendell Holmes "My Sunday Breeches," which goes under the title of the "September Gale." She also wants "Little Brown Baby With Sparklin Eyes" and "October's Bright Blue Westher," by Helen Hunt Jackson,
She also calls attention to an error in the reprint of "The Courtin," which

the reprint of "The Courtin," which was published on this page August 28. The reading of the ninth stanza should have been as follows:

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals, He'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv

Fust this one and then thet, by spells—All is, he couldn't love 'em. Among the contributions received re-cently from her, one of the most in-teresting is the famous old rhyme of "The Bachelor Sale," which we reprint THE BACHELOR SALE.

I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers. And as fast as I dreamed it was coined Into numbers; My thoughts ran along in such beautiful meter. I'm sure I ne'er saw any poetry sweeter.

It seemed that a law had been recently made.

That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid:

And in order to make them all willing to marry, The tax was as large as a man could

The bachelors grumbled, and said 'twas no use,
"Twas cruel injustice and horrid abuse.
And declared that to save their own heart's blood from spilling
Of such a vile tax they would ne'er pay a shilling.

well carry.

But the rulers determined their scheme So they set all the old bachelors up at vendue,
A crier was sent through the town to

and fro, To rattle his bell and his trumpet to And to bawl out to all he might meet "Ho! 40 old bachelors sold here today." And presently all the old maids of the

gown—
From 30 to 60, fair, plain, red and pale,
Of every description, all flocked to the The auctioneer, then, in his labor began; And called out aloud, as he held up

man, "How much for a bachelor? Who wants In a twink, every maiden responded: In short, at a hugely extravagant

The bachelors all were sold off in trice, 40 old maidens—some younger, some older,

Each lugged an old bachglor home on her shoulder,

The following is contributed by Clara McKee, of Junction City: DON'T MARRY A MAN TO REFORM

Don't marry a man to reform him: To God and your own self be true, Don't link to his vices your virtue, You'll rue it, dear girl, if you.

No matter how fervent his pleadings Be not by his promise led; If he can't be a man while a-wooing He'll never be one when he's wed.

Don't marry a man to reform h To repent it, alas, when too late: The mission of wives least successful Is the making of crooked limbs

There's many a maiden has tried it, And proved it a failure at last Better tread your life's pathway alone dear, Than wed with a lover that's fast.

Mankind's much the same the world The exceptions you'll find are but few; When the rule is defeat and disaster, The chances are great against you.

Don't trust your bright hopes for the future,
The beautiful crown of your youth,
To the keeping of him who holds

His fair name and honor and truth. To honor and love you must promise: Don't pledge what you cannot fulfil; If he'll have no respect for himself,

Most surely you then never will. 'Tis told us the frown of a woman

Is strong as the blow of a man, And the world will be better when Frown on error as hard as they can

Make virtue the price of your favor;
Place wrongdoing under a ban;
And let him who would win you and Prove himself in full measure a man

In a collection of clippings sent by Clara McKee, of Junction City, is the following favorite:

LAST NIGHT. Last night the nightingale waked me, Last night when all was still;

It and in the golden moonlight From out on the woodland hill.

I opened the window gently.
And all was dreamy dew—
And oh! the bird, my darling,
Was singing, singing of you.

I think of you in the daytime: I dream of you by night— I wake—would you were near me, And not tears blind my sight. I hear a sigh in the lime-tree, The wind is floating through, And oh! the night, my darling,

Is longing, longing for you. Nor think I can forget you!

I could not though I would!

I see you in all around me—
The stream, the night, the wood;
The flowers that sieep so gently,
The stars above the blue,
Oh, heaven itself, my darling,
I praying for you!

Is praying, praying for you! This ballad, which appeared in som of the public newspapers in or before "Mysterious Rapping," by B. P. Shil-the year 1724, came from the pen of laber, is one of the classical parodies

MARGARET'S GHOST. Twas at the silent, solemn hour When night and morning meet; a glided Margaret's grimly ghost, And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn Clad in a wintry cloud: And clay-cold was her lily hand, That held her sable shrowd.

So shall the fairest face appear When youth and years are flown; Such is the robe that kings must wear When death has reft their throne,

Her bloom was like the springing flower That sips the silver dew; The rose was budded in her cheek,

Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker worm, Consumed her early prime; The rose grew pale, and left her cheek; She dyed before her time.

Awake!" she cried, "thy true love calls. Come from her midnight grave; Now let thy pity hear the maid, Thy love refused to save.

This is the dumb and dreary hour. When injured ghosts complain; Now yawning graves give up their dead. To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault, Thy pledge and broken oath; And give me back my maiden vow, And give me back my troth.

Why did you promise love to me, And not that promise keep? Why did you swear mine eyes were bright. Yet leave those eyes to weep?

"How could you say my face was fair, And yet that face forsake? How could you win my virgin heart, Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you say my lip was sweet, And made the scarlet pale? And why did I young, witless maid, Believe the flattering tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair; These lips no longer red; Dark are my eyes, now closed in death, And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is; This winding-sheet I wear; And cold and weary lasts our night, Till that last morn appear. But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence!

A long and last adjeu!
Come see, false man, how low she lies
Who dy'd for love of you." The lark sung loud; the morning smil'd
With beams of rosy red;
ale William shook in every limb,
And, raving, left his bed. Each one in her very best bonnet and

He hyed him to the fatal place Where Margaret's body lay, And stretch'd him on the grass-green

That wrapt her breathless clay. And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,

And word spake never more. "Wanted-A Minister's Wife" is a well-remembered old poem, for a copy of which we are indebted to Clara Mc Kee, of Junction City:

WANTED-A MINISTER'S WIFE. At length we have settled a pastor— I am sure I cannot tell why But after two years' searching For the "smartest" man in the land, fit of desperation

To "fill up the gap," you know, To "run the machine" and "bring up

He has a few little failings, His sermons are commonplace quite but his manner is very charming And his teeth are pearly white. And so, of all the "dear people

Not one in a hundred complains, For beauty and grace of manner Are so much better than brains; But the parish have all concluded He needs a partner for life, To shine, a fem, in the parlor; "Wanted—a minister's wife!"

Wanted-a perfect lady, Delicate, gentle, refined, With every beauty of person And every endowment of mind; Fitted by early culture
To move in fashionable life—
Please notice our advertisement: 'Wanted-a minister's wife.'

Wanted—a thoroughbred worker, Who well to her household looks, (Shall we see our money wasted By extragant Irish cooks?) Who cuts the daily expenses With economy sharp as a knife And washes and scrubs in the kitchen-"Wanted-a minister's wife."

A "very domestic person,"
To callers she must not be "out";
It has such a bad appearance
For her to be gadding about— Only to visit the parish Every year of her life, And attend the funerals and wed-

"Wanted-a minister's wife." To conduct the "ladies' meetings,"

The "sewing circle" attend, And when we have work for the sol-

Her ready assistance to lend; To clothe the destitute children, Where sorrow and want are rife: To hunt up Sunday school scholars— 'Wanted-a minister's wife!'

Careful to entertain strangers, Traveling agents and "such Of this kind of "angels' visits The deacons have had so much As to prove a perfect nuisance; And hope these "plagues of their Can soon be sent to the parson's-"Wanted—a minister's wife!"

A perfect pattern of prudence To all others, spending less, But never disgracing the parish By looking shabby in dress. Playing the organ on Sunday

Would aid our laudable strife To save the society's money— "Wanted—a minister's wife." And when we have found the person We hope, by working the two, To lift our debt and build a ne-church.

Then we shall know what to do: For they will be worn and weary, Needing a change of life, And so we'll advertise, "Wanted, A minister and his wife!"

cannot sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams again. I cannot sing the old songs.

Their charm is sad and deep; Their melodies would waken Old sorrows from their sleep And though all unforgotten still, And sadly sweet they be,

cannot sing the old songs-

They are too dear to me.

With each familiar strain.

I cannot sing the old songs

I sang long years ago,

For heart and voice would fail me, And foolish tears would flow;

For bygone hours come o'er my heart

I cannot sing the old songs, For visions come again Of golden dreams departed And years of weary pain. Perhaps when earthly fetters shall

Have set my spirit free,

My voice may know the old songs

on Poe's "Raven," which we have re- requested, and for a copy of which we worthy of the attention of those wh ceived from Ruth Luce.

For all eternity.

MYSTERIOUS RAPPINGS. MYSTERIOUS Actions and the street of the str

trifling matter.
As if it were a thieving rat or mouse within my closet door-Only this and nothing mora Then all my dreaminess forsook

Grant me this, if nothing more."

up rumpuses of yore.

"What the dickens is the matter," said
I, "to produce this patter?"

To Mrs. P. I looked straight at her, "I don't know," she said. "I'm

His smother'd rage, he traced his way, Like bloodhound hov'ring on his prey Silent and sure; while gay and light

The happy bridegroom climbed the height.

Lest it be a pesky rat, or something.

I don't know I'm shore."

And thoughtless of impending fate,
He just had gained the dizzy place. This she said and nothing more.

Still the noise kept on, unceasing, evidently 'twas increasing 
Like a cartwheel wanting greasing, were it on my nerves full sore.

With quiv'ring lip, and eye of fire.
His fee sprung on the fatal spot—Their conference was brief and hot. Patter! patter! patter! the rain the while made noisy clatter. A rash and sudden blow was dash'd—
My teeth with boding ill did chatter, as They grasp'd, they streve, they strained when I'm troubled by a bore— Some prosing, dull and dismal fellow, coming in but just to bore— Only this and nothing more.

All night long it kept on target in the night long it kept on target in the night was now to the night was o'er;

A dismal candle, dimly burning.

The nim of each was now to this rival on the rocks below the ness until the night was o'er;

To compromise they bade additionally the night of death the night long is not to the night long is night long is not to the night long is not to the night long is night long is not to the night long is not to the night long is night long is not to the night long is not to the night long is night long is not to the night long is not to the night long is ni watched me as I lay there turn-

In desperation wildly yearning that sleep would visit me once more. Panting for breath, pale, parch'd, and Sleep, refreshing sleep did I most urspent, This I wished and nothing more.

With the day I rose next morning.

and, all idle terror scorning.

Went to find out the warning that

No hold an olive branch; the sky.

As if it smiled upon the fight

Was still, blue, beautiful, and bright. annoyed me so before, Went straightway, to my consternation daylight made the revelation Of a scene of devastation that annoyed me very sore; Such a scene of devastation as annoyed

This it was and nothing more:

The rotten root had taken leaking, and the rain, a passage seeking.

Through the murky darkness sneaking.

found my hat box on the floor:
There, exposed to dire disaster, lay my brand-new Sunday castor.

And its harless hughless And its hapless, luckless master ne'er shall see its beauties more—

No'er shall see its glossy beauty that his glory was before—

The cold drops from his brow he dash'd And slowly rose; his haggard look Betray'd his soul; he shudder'd, shook,

from J. B. Fithian: THE MOTHER-HUNGER.

If I could only find her-for the motherhunger's on me; I want to see and touch her, to know

before she died. In all the world is nothing, love of hus- To instant death. Maria's grief band or of children, In all the world is nothing that can

The window in the sunshine and the empty chair beside it.

The loneliness that mocks me as I find the sacred place!

The mind the sacred place!

The loneliness that mocks me as I find the sacred place! The hand that wakes my longing at Her lonely boundary she passed,

O mother, is there naught in the un-

And I would give my soul tonight to kiss your lips again.

are indebted also to Mrs. Rande. THE LOVER'S LEAP.

Behold you beetling rock, whose bri Hangs pending o'er the glen below; the grate before.

Is told of that same fearful spot;
only I heard a patter, a very And thus it runs; One Summer's day, bridal party blithe and gay, ame hither to enjoy the scene. and dance at evening on the green Maria was the gentle bride, Her husband's joy, her parents' pride, That morning sun arose, to shed rising up I straightway shook me, a light off of the table took and swift the rat's destruction swore.

A mourning bride she was!

A light off of the table took and the rat's destruction swore.

Mrs. P. smiled approbation on my prompt determination,

And without more hesitation oped I in heaven his midday course begun. When, to avoid the scorching heat, wide the closet door wide the closet door—
Darkness there and nothing more.

As upon the sound I pendered, what the deuce it was I wondered; Can it be my ear had blundered as at times it had before?
But scarce again was I reseated 'ere I heard the sound repeated.
The same dull patter that had greeted me from out the closet door; Heard the patter that had greeted me from out the closet door—A gentle patter, nothing more.

When, to avoid the scorching heat, In groups they sought some cool retreat. Maria, with her bosom friend, In yonder grove, retir'd to spend An hour of confidence, and share The breezes that were sporting there; While William, full of hope and foy, His happy moments to employ, Wound through that rocky path to gain A prospect or the neighb'ring plain. Which, bounded by the distant skies, In variegated beauty lies.

His steps were watched, his way pursued.

rage arose unbounded.

By one who thirsted for his blood, inflamed by Jealousy and fir'd By fiendish rage, he but desir'd "What," cried 1, founded

Noise with which my ear is wounded—
noise I've never heard before?

If 'tis presage dread of evil, if 'tis made by ghost or devil, if 'tis made by ghost or devil in the loved Maria, and he strove. By every strategem of love, if 'tis made by ghost or devil in the loved Maria, and he strove. By every strategem of love, if 't

Enraged and stung, his hair he tore, Once again I seized the candle, rudely A deep and deadly vengeance swore.

Savage as a Goth or vandal that kicked up rumpuses of yore.

Savage as a Goth or vandal that kicked this smother'd rage; he traced his way.

on the wings of bliss-elate. He just had gained the dizzy place, And felt the fresh breeze fan his face

for breath, Their struggle was the strife of death. Twice to the dizzy ledge they roll'd, Clasp'd in each other's deadly fold, All night long it kept on tapping; vain Renew'd the fatal fight again;

And nothing short of death would do

spent, Their looks still gave deflance vent. No sound was heard, no hand was nigh.

No sound was heard, no hand was nigh.

To hold an olive branch; the sky.

Our cards at random play.

This happier one, Ita course is won our game's a holiday.

From lands of sme

Again the frightful steep they eye'd, And, struggling hard, again they tried To fling each other down; at length,

William's activity and strength, Had work'd his now exhausted foe Just to the grave that yawned below One effort more and he was free-

The victor's eye no lenger flashed It is gone for evermore!

And glanc'd around, with timid eye,
To see no evidence was nigh:
The following clipping is received Then dragged the body to the edge And from the steep and dixzy ledge He hurled it over rocks and all;

Twas dash'd to pleces from the fall And then he silently withdrew. The bloody story no man knew her close beside:
[want to put my head in the hollow of her shoulder.

I want to feel her love me as she did
And turning, that his brain grew light: Or that some faithless crag gave way, And hurled him from the light of day Was silent, but beyond relief.

soothe me or can stir

Like the memory of her fragile hand on which the ring was slipping—

Deep in a gloomy solitude,

She kept her maiden widowhood,

For three sad years; and, when at last,

At last she died, and time roll'd on, mother, is there naught in the unerring speech of silence
To let me know your presence though
I cannot see your face?

Till years were counted twenty-one
Since that sad bridal-day—the steep
Had long been named—"The Lover's
Leap."

Oh, no, I've not forgotten the triumph and the glory—
I would not bring you back again to struggle and to pain.

This hour will pass, but O, just now, the mother-hunger's on me,

And I would give my soul tonight to

write other than after the John Wesley style—brief and to the point." MRS. H. H. SMITH. BOIL IT DOWN.

Whatever you have to say, my friend, Whether witty, or grave, or gay, Condense it as much as ever you can, And say it in the readlest way. nd whether you write of household affairs, Or particular things about town, Just take a friendly word of advice-

Boll It down. For if you go spluttering over a page. When a couple of lines will do, Your butter is spread so much, you see, That the bread looks plainly through; Se when you have a story to tell,
And would like a little renown,
To make quite sure of your wish, my
friend,

Boil it down. When writing an article for the press, Whether prose or verse, just try To utter your thoughts in the fewest

And let them be crisp and dry; nd when it is finished, and you suppose It is done exactly brown, Just look it over again, and then

For editors do not like to print An article really long, And the busy reader does not care For a couple of yards of song: So gather your wits in the smallest

space,
If you'd win the author's crown, And every time you write, my friend, Boil it down.

"Life Is But a Game of Cards" is con-

tributed by Mrs. W. L. Joynt, of Aber-

Life is But a came of Cards is condeen:

LIFE IS BUT A GAME OF CARDS.
Life is but a game of cards, which each one has to learn.

Each shuffles, cuts and deals a pack and each a trump doth turn;
Some turn a high card at the top, while others turn a low,
Some hold a hand quite full of trumps, while others none can show.

The day so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With earth and ocean reconciled;—
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A joy intense.

while others none can show Some shuffle with a practiced hand and pack their cards with care,
So they may know, when they are dealt, where all the leaders are:
Thus fools are made the dupes of rogues, while rogues each other chest.

Glides down my drowsy inquience.
With dreamful eyes My spirit lies Where Summer sings and never dies—O'erveiled with vines.
She glows and shines She glows and shines. But he is very wise, indeed, who never

In playing, some will lead the ace, their Are gamboling with the gamboling kid counting card to save.

Or down the walls, counting card to save,

Some play the deuce and some the tray With tipsy calls, and many play the knave, Some play for meney, some for fun, and more for worldly fame,
And not till the game's played out can they count up their gain.

The fisher's child. With treases wild, Unto the smooth, I

When hearts are trumps we play for love; then pleasures deck the Or gazes at the far-off ships. No thought of sorrow checks our joy Yon deep bark goes in Rosy's beauteous bower; Where traffic blows

When diamonds chance to crown the top, then players stake their to rise and dip. To rise and dip. With the blue crystal at your lip! And heavy sums are won and lost by O happy crew, gamblers young and old.

Intent on winning, each doth watch his Sails, and sails, and sings anew! cards with eager eye,
So he may watch his neighbor's hand No more, no

and cheat him on the sly. When clubs are trumps look out for With dreamful eyes war, on ocean or on land! Wy spirit lies war, on ocean or on land! My spirit lies
For bloody deeds are often done when Under the walls of Paradise! clubs are in the hand.

Then lives are staked instead of gold. and loving hearts may bleed; Across the broad Atlantic now, see! clubs have got the lead.

And last of all is when the spade is turned by hand of time:

It always finishes the game in every land and clime:

He has loosed the fateful lightnings of his terrible swift sword.

His truth is marching on land and clime; No matter how much men win or hor much men may save.
You'll find the spade turns up at last and digs the player's grave.

sends the following old ellpping, re-questing that we reprint it: GROWING OLD.

A little more gray in the lessening hair,
Each day as the years go by;
A little more stooping in the form,
A little more dim in the eye. A little more faltering of the step As we tread life's pathway o'er, And a little nearer every day To the ones who have gone before

A little more halting of the gait And a dullness of the ear; A growing weariness of the frame
With each swift passing year.
A fading of hopes, and ambition
A faltering in life's quest,
And a little nearer every day
To a sweet and peaceful rest.

A little more loneliness in life As the dear ones pass away; A bigger claim on the heavenly land With every passing day,
A little further from toll and care,
A little less way to roam;
A drawing near to a peaceful voyage And a happy welcome home,

Mrs. H. L. Conklin, of Benton City, ends "Hall to the Chief," which was equested under the title of "Roderick kiss your lips again.

"The following piece—author unsends "Hail to the Chief," which was known—was taken from the Methodist requested under the title of "Roderick Advocate over 40 years ago, and is Dhu." She also sent copies of "Poor

Little Joe" and "The Red River Valley," than Louis Carroll's famous parody which has been already reprinted.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF. By Sir Walter Scott. Hail to the chief, who in triumph ad-Vances! Honored and blessed be the evergree pine! Long may the tree in his banner that glances. Flourish, the sheltered and grace of

Plourish, the sheltered and grace of our line:
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gaily to burgeon and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen,
Sends our shout back agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! leroe!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Betane, in Winter to fade. When the whirlwind has strip'd every leaf on the mountain. The more shall Clan Alpine exult in

her shade. Moor'd in the rifted rock, Proof to the tempest's shock, Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow. lenteith and Breadalbane, then,

Echo his praise agen, Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe! Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands! Stretch to your cars for the ever-green pine! Oh, that the rosebud that graces you islands.

Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
Oh, that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honor'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow!
Loud should Clan Alpine then,

Ring from the deepmost glen, 'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! leroe!" A reader recently requested "Drift ing." The following poem of that title, by T. Buchanan Read, is sent by Ruth Luce:

DRIFTING. My soul today Is far away.

Salling the Vesuvian Bay!

My winged hoat,
A bird affoat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote.

Round purple peaks It sails, and seeks Blue inlets and their crystal creeks, Where high rocks throw, Through deeps below, A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague and dim, The monutains swim; While on Vesuvius' misty brim. With outstretched hands, The gray smoke stands O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Eschia smiles O'er liquid miles; And yonder bluest of the isles Calm Capri waits, Her sapphire gates Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff—
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise. Under the walls

Where swells and falls The bay's deep breast at intervals
At peace I lie.
Blown softly by.
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

joy intense.

oling sense

Among her future oil and wines. The cliffs amid. Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

Unto the smooth, bright sand beguited, in Rosy's beauteous bower;
We dance and sing, sweet music make, From lands of sun to land of snows-

From lands of snow to lands of sun.

The worldly shore

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC, Mine eyes have seen the glary of the coming of the Lord; He is trampling out the vintage where

> CHORUS. Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! His truth is marching on

I have seen him in the watchfires of an hundred circling camps; They bave builded him an altar 'mid the evening dews and damps, I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps; His day is marching on. have read his flery gospel writ in

I have read his tiery gospel whit in rows of burnished steel: "As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal." Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel: Since God is marching on. He has sounded forth a trumpet that shall never call "retreat," He is searching out the hearts of men

before his judgment seat,
Be swift, my soul, to answer him; be
jubilant my feet; Our God is marching on. In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea.
With a beauty in his bosom that transfigures you and me.
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free.

While God is marching

FATHER WILLIAM. You are old, Father William," the young man cried; "The few locks that are left you are

You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man; Now tell me the reason, I pray." In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remembered that youth would fly

fast;
And abused not my health and my vigor at first.
That I never might need them at last." You are old, Father William," the Young man cried,
"And pleasures with youth pass away: And yet you lament not the days that are gone; Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth." Father William replied, "I remembered that youth could not thought of the future, whatever I That I never might grieve for the

You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And life must be hast'ning away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death:

Now tell me the reason, I pray." T am cheerful, young man," Father William replied,
"Let the cause thy attention engage; In the days of my youth I remembered my God, And he hath not forgotten my age."

-Robert Southey.

A BROKEN LIFE. By Belle W. Cook.

My little brother, fair, so fair,
With loving eyes and sun-touched hair,
Begged hard to go with me to school,

One Summer morning, sweet and cool. I brought his prettiest little suit, And combed his hair, while he stood mute And bore my pulls with patient mien, For he was three and i fifteen.

"Now," said my mother. "he's so sweet, From shining head to plump, bare feet, Let's have his picture, if there's time Before the school-bell rings its chime" "Oh, yes, the artist is so near, Come darling brother, never fear;

You'll sit as still as anything. And you shall wear my little ring." The sunshine caught his smile and brow, The picture lies before me now, With four and twenty years between he was three and I fifteen.

To us a day of parting came, To many a heart has come the same A tearful, sad, yet hopeful day, When I went forth to win my way.

I found it by the sunset sea

Where work in plenty welcomed me. The years flew by with swiftest pace. Nor brought again my brother's face. The voice of war thrilled all the land (How hard it was to understand), And he, though etill a boy, went forth To Join the armies of the North.

Three years of danger and of strife, Spared to his home the dear young life, Mnd, though the joy had far to come, We felt the thrill of welcome home. Then came of busy life his share,

His aged parents were his care, And who shall know what was denied, How much of love he set aside? A month ago the tidings came-An open card that bore his name; Would that a covering e'er so slight Had hid the cruel words from sight.

Or stand upon my pulseless feet; The shock came on so suddenly. The old, sad story. At his post Still falls the one to save a host. "Instantly killed!" These words tell

How like the valley clods they fall! Oh! brave young heart! Oh! broken Hife! "Beyond the danger and the strife." Could'et then our mother's question

Did someone kiss my boy for me?"

Contributed by Mrs. H. H. Smith, 227 East Fortieth street, City. Mrs. H. H. Smith sends the following choice old selection

THE COUNTRY ALBUM. By Hugh Mility. Lookin' at the old album, are you? Well, it's no great shakes to see; But I like to look at pictures, too, And can tell you, p'haps, whose they

It belonged to my sister Abbie, And when new 'twas right hard to

beat;

But the thing's got a trifle shabby, And the peaky clasps won't meet. The first one's Aunt Jane, with her, wig on: Then comes Uncle John, with his The next their two sons, Zeph and With spick-span new stocks 'round their necks. Them are Ned Grim's boys, on the next

I made every one of their suits:

Seth, the big chap, had just come of

age, And Fred had his first red-topped That's Cousin Matilda's first husband, Who'll be dead thirteen years next Spring; He left her the homestead at Upland, But now sae don't own anything, he was such a romantic creature. And would have his picture made so,

With vines growin' 'round a pillar, And here is Matilda's own picture, Taken ten years ago or more; On the day that the Squire married her: I remember the dress which she wore. You see, that limb Reub would go with

And just as the picture was made he was tryin' hard not to snicker At something or other he'd said. Let me see; this is Captain Stiger

That was killed in the war down South;
They say that he fought like a tiger,
And fell at the cannon's mouth!
The next one is his sweetheart's pic-Miss Melgs—she's the old maid, you know,
That lives with good Deacon Ritter
And is the district school-marm now.

Here's the last and the oddest of all; I wonder whose phiz it can be?
It's as homely as any stone wall;
Why such people sit. I can't see.
Them curls, hangin' down in such

—JULIA WARD HOWE.

Mrs. A. G. Wailace sends "Father William," which is probably jess known Why, bless me, the picture's my own!