FOR OLD POEMS ARE MADE BY READERS MORE REQUESTS

this page-"Deadwood Dick and Piney" and "The Church and the World."

A. Thomas, of Gardiner, asks for the old selection from the "Lays of Ancient Rome." in which the combat between Mamillius and Herminius is described. The selection begins:

in that hour of dread.

Against great edds, bors up the war around Valerius dead;

When to the South the cheering rose with a mighty swell: Herminius comes, Herminius, who kept the bridge so well!"

Grover H. Duffey, of Moro, wants "The Country Debating School," of which he remembers the following

"The old wooden schoolhouse, worn, battered and brown,
Still stands on a hillside in a New Hampshire town;
Its rafters are rotten, its floor is decayed; The chinks in the celling by children were made." . . .

Copies of "Faithless Nellie Gray." which was published a short time ago, have been sent by T. Peppard, of Olympia, Wash., and "The Biue Juniala" been received from Mrs. Eleanor

quested several weeks ago. We have received a copy of it from Mrs. James Graham, of Monmouth, and Grace Ruthven, of Corvallis. We reprint it herewith:

ELDER LAMB'S DONATION.

Had received a message daily over

Faith's celestial wire,

and they strewed him with potatoes of inconsequential size,

And some onions whose completeness drew the moisture from his eyes;
And some cider—more like water, in
an inventory strict some apples, pears and peaches, that the Autumn gales had

picked; ome strings of dried-up applesmummles of the fruit creation— Came to swell the doleful census of old Elder Lamb's Donation.

Also radishes and turnips pressed the pumpkin's cheerful check, Likewise beans enough to furnish half of Boston for a week;

And some butter that was work.

And some butter that was work.

And some eggs whose inner nature held the legend—"Long Ago":

And some stove wood, green and some stove wood, green and and some stove wood, green and the sunshine stretching, gaping.

Craving water, but delighted With the breeze from 'neath the floor:

Fit to furnish fire departments with
the most substantial aid.
All things unappreciated found this
night their true vocation
In the Museum of Relics, known as Elder Lamb's Donation.

There were biscuits whose material was their own secure defense;
There were sauces whose acuteness bore the sad pluperfect tense;
There were jellies undissected, there were mystery-laden pies;
There was bread that long had waited
There was bread that long had waited
Twist me and my nether garme.

classed;

were chickens, geese and tur-keys, that had long been on pro-Now received in full connection at old Elder Lamb's Donation.

Then they gave his wife a wrapper made for some one not so tail. And they brought him 20 slippers, every pair of which was small; And they covered him with sackcloth, as it were in various bits, And they clothed his helpless children

in a wardrobe of misfits; And they trimmed his house "Welcome," and some h and some bric-a bracish trash, one absent-minded br brought five dollars all in

Which the good old pastor ha with a thrill of exultation. might have come his whole donation. Morning came at last in splendor; but

Knelt amid decaying produce and the

And his fervent prayer concluded with the natural exclamation: "Take me to thyself in mercy, Lord, before my next donation!"

The following is sent by Mrs. R. H. DON'T LEAVE THE FARM. Come, boys, I have something to tell

You, Come near, I would whisper it low— You are thinking of leaving the homestead:

Don't be in a hurry to go.
The city has many attractions;
But think of the vices and sins, When once in the vortex of fashion downward the course soon begins.

You talk of the mines of Australia, They're wealthy in gold, without doubt, But, ah, there is gold on the farm, boys, If only you'll shovel it out. The mercantile life is a hazard.

The goods are first high and then Better risk the old farm a while longer

Don't be in a hurry to go. The great stirring world has induce

ments, There is many a busy mart; But wealth is not made in a day, boys, Don't be in a hurry to start. The bankers and brokers are wealthy, They take in their thousands or so;

But think of the frauds and decep-Don't be in a hurry to go.

The farm is the safest and surest, The orchards are loaded today; You're free as the air on the mountains, And monarch of all you survey, Though profits should come rather

Remember you've nothing to risk, boys. Don't be in a hurry to go.

Mrs. F. L. Fornshell, of Newberg, in a collection of excellent clippings, con-tributes, among others, the following from an old paper of 1866: Many have sought to rival the ex-cellence of General Lyttle's verses enfrom an old paper of 1866:

Meny have sought to rival the excellence of General Lyttle's verses entitled "I Am Dying, Esypt, Dying," The tributor of the following has been ac-

B H BUTTLES, of North Powder, sends in two requests for poems which he wishes published on this page. "Deadwood Dick and Piney" Miss Mollie E. Moore, of Texas. This was written after reading General Lyttle's effusion:

CLEOPATRA TO MARC ANTONY. eld selection from the "Lays of Ancient Rome." in which the combat between Mamillius and Herminius is described. The selection begins:

"Right glad were all the Romans, who in that hour of dread.

Against great odds, bore up the war Which they wake in days of yore. Which they woke in days of yore.

> Oh! my Antony, look on me; Raise thy worshiped eyes to mine; Let my soul hold sweet communion Through those crystal doors with

thine.
Let our loving spirits mingle
Till the ley thrall of death Shuts those eyes on me forever— Stops that music-making breath.

Thou art dying, my proud Roman Dying—when thou mightst have been
Monarch of a world, but gave it
For a smile from Egypt's Queen.
Fatal smile to win thy spirit
From its glorious eagle flight; Mark me Antony, my Roman; It shall fade in endless night.

Egypt's Queen is throneless, fallen; Endicott, of this city.

"Elder Lamb's Donation" was requested several weeks ago. We have quested several weeks ago. We have One more look, my dying Roman; One fond, lingering, last embrace; But she hath a soul of pride. Mark! the victors they are coming; Caesar comes, but Caesar's triumph Egypt's Queen shall never grace.

He is dead! But died Triumvir; Cleopatra dies—a Queen! Back to Rome, steel-hearted victor; By Will Carleton.

Good old Elder Lamb had labored for a thousand nights and days,

And had preached the blessed Bible in a multitude of ways;

Tell the fair and chaste Octavia Antony has seconed a crown;

Tell the fair and with him, Antony has scorned a crown; Tell her how, for him and with him, Egypt's Royal Star went down.

And had kept his little chapel full of flames of heavenly fire;
He had raised a num'rous family, straight and sturdy & he could.
And his boys were all considered as unnaturally good;
And his "slender sal'ry" kept him till went forth the proclamation:
"We will pay him up this season with a gen'rous, large donation."

Another famous parody on Poe's "Raven" is sent in by F. M. Sebring, of Roseburg.

The name of the author of "The Ager" is not given, but the parody is one of the best of the hundreds of parodies that have been composed on the famous stanzas of Poe.

THE AGER.

So they brought him hay and barley, and some corn upon the car—
Straw enough to bed his pony for forever and a year;
And they strewed him with potatoes of While I nodded, nearly sleeping. Gently came there something creeping

Up my back, like water leaping-Leaping upward from the floor; "Tis a cooling breeze," I muttered, "From the regions 'neath the floor Only this and nothing more!"

Ah! distinctly I remember-

It was in that wet September— When the earth and every member Of creation that it bore Had for days and weeks been soaking in the meanest, most provoking Foggy rains that, without joking, We had ever seen before; So I knew it must be very Cold and damp beneath the floor— Very cold beneath the floor!

Feeling that my joints were stiffer 'Than they were in days of yore— Stiffer than they'd been before! All along my back the creeping

Soon gave place to rushing, leaping, As if countless frozen demons Had concluded to explore for the signal to arise.

There were cookies tasting clearly of Up into my hair and downward the drear and musty past;
There were doughnuts that in justice mongst the metals might be Gently first, but more and more-

Twas the "Ager"! and it shook me a my very clothes, and took me Shaking to the kitchen—every Place where there was warmth in

store: Shaking till the dishes clattered, Shaking till the tea was spattered, Shaking, and with all my warming Feeling colder than before

All its powers to shake me more Till it could not shake me more, Then it rested till the morrow, Then resumed with all the horror That it had the face to borrow, brother Shaking, shaking, as before; in cash! And from that day in September—handled Day that I shall long remember— It has made diurnal visits.

Shaking, shaking oh so sore! Shaking off my boots, and shaking Me to bed if nothing more—

And today the awallows fiftting 'Round my cottage, see me sitting Moodily within the sunshine And his piety had never the time ing been so bright:

For he prayed for those who brought him to that unexpected plight.

But some worldly thoughts intruded:
for he wondered o'er and o'er
for he wondered o'er and o'er
Throws no shadow on the floor—
For I am too thin and sallow
To make shadows on the floor—

"Grafted Into the Army" is a rollick-ing old Civil War song that many will remember. Mrs. O. L. Francis, of Metz-

GRAFTED INTO THE ARMY. Our Jimmle has gone for to live in

They have grafted him into the army; He finally puckered up courage and went When they grafted him into the

army. He looked kind o' sickish—begin to cry With a great big Volunteer standing right in his eye: Oh, what if the Ducky should up and they've grafted him into the

Oh, Jimmie, farewell, Your brothers fell Vay down in Alabama; I that they would spare
A lone widder's heir.
But they grafted him into the army.

ow in my provision I see him revealed They have grafted him into the army; picket beside the contented field. Now they've grafted him into the told them the child was too young,

alas, At the Captain's forequarters they said he would pass;
So they trained him right up in the infantry class
When they grafted him into the army.

Dressed up in his unicorn, dear little chap, They've grafted him into the army. It seems but a day since he sat on my they've grafted him into the

army. There are the trousers he used to wear, The very same buttons, the patch and the tear.
But Uncle Sam gave him a brand new
pair,
When they grafted him into the army.

by Bayard Taylor

(Based on an incident of the Crimean War, the following poem has been a favorite through generations and in the present war comes in again with an especial appeal. It is probably one of the most popular of all of Taylor's poems. The copy used here was contributed by Clara D. Mitchell.)



"Give us a song," the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff, Lay grim and threatening under; And the tawny mound of Malakoff No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
"We storm the forts tomorrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side, Below the smoking cannon, Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde, And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame; Forgot was Britain's glory; Each heart recalled a different name, But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song, Until its tender passion Rose like an anthem, rich and strong— Their battle-eve confession.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned

The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once sgain a fire of hell Rained on the Russian quarters, With scream of shot and burst of shell And bellowing of the mortars. And Irish Nora's eyes are dim

For a singer dumb and gory; And English Mary mourns for him Who sang of "Annie Laurie." Sleep, soldiers, still in honored rest Your truth and valor wearing. The bravest are the tenderest,

The loving are the daring. cidentally lost and we are unable to school children of the last generation a copy of "The Red River Valley, make full acknowledgment accord- were familiar with it."

THE MAN WITH THE MUSKET. The poem is by Howard S. Taylor. It is ranked by some with Will H. Thompson's ode, "High Tide of Gettysburg." For all human ties that bind me,
The author was drafted into the rebel For the task that God assigned n service, but deserted. He joined the For the bright hopes left behind me, Union forces and remained with the And the good that I can do. boys in blue throughout the remainder of the war.

ingly

to the sky,
With clash and confusion of speech:
They are piling up monuments massive and bigh
To lift a few names out of reach—

As if haughty Jove, in a whimsy of fate, Had juggled the metal and stone And laid all the honors of field and of state

On a favorite few of his own! But I-I will pass from this rage of re-This ant hill, commotion and strife

Pass by where the marbles and bronzes I live to ball that season look down their fast-frozen gestures of On, out to the nameless who lie 'neath the gloom And not alone by gold; When man to man united, And every wrong thing righted, Of the pitying cypress and pine

Your man is the man of the sword and man with the musket is

knew him! By all that is noble know This commonplace hero I name! I've camped with him, marched with him, fought with him, too. Laughed with him, cried with him,

taken a part his canteen and blanket, and That the throb of this chivalrous prai-Was an answering stroke of my own!

I knew him, I tell you; And, also, When he fell on the battle-swept ridge, That the poor mangled body that lay there in blue Was only a plank in the bridge Over which some should pass to a fame

That shall shine while the high stars shall shine; Your hero is known by an echoing But the man with the musket is

Ran together and equally free; But I judge as I trust Christ has judged the brave lad, For death made him noble to me cyclone of war, in the battle's

Life shook out its lingering sands, And he died with the names that he loved on his lips, His musket still grasped in his

In the sallent front of the line! You may take for your heroes the mer of renown, But the man with the musket is mine! . . .

Up, close to the flag, my soldier went

There is peace in the May-laden grace of the hours That come when the day's work is

done;
And peace with the nameless who, under the flowers.
Lie asleep in the slant of the sun.
Beat the taps! Put out lights! and silence all sound!
There is rifle-pit strength in the grave!
They sleep well who sleep, be they growned or uncrowned.
For death will be kind to the brave! For death will be kind to the brave Old comrades of mine, by the fast

waning years
That move to mortality's goal,
By my heart full of love and my eyes
full of tears,
I hold you all fast in my soul!
And I march with the May and its

And I march with the May
biossomy charms
I tenderly lay on this sod.
And pray they may rest there, old
comrades in arms.
Like a kiss of forgiveness from God!
The bygone years must bring no tears,
For their memory is sunshine, too.
—Anon. Mrs. W. L. Jones, of Aberdeen, sends the following: This poem was originally published without the name of the author 30 or more years ago. It was accredited to

I LIVE FOR THOSE WHO LOVE ME.

I live for those who love me, Whose hearts are kind and true; For the heaven that smiles above m And awaits my spirit, too

I live to learn their story, They are building as Babel was built. To emelate their glory And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The roble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages, And time's great volume make

live to hold communion With all that is divine; To feel there is a union "Twixt nature's heart and mine; To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction
And fulfill each grand design.

By gifted minds foretold, When man shall live by reason The whole world shall be lighted As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me. For those who know me true For the heaven that smiles above me And awaits my spirit, too. For the cause that lacks assistance, For the wrongs that need resistance. And the good that I can do.

The following from Mrs. Clara D. Mitchell is a fine characteristic Ameri-

PATHS OVER THE OLD FARM. remember, And holds such a subtle charm, As all the winding paths, that were Around over the old farm.

Alongside the fences and through the To the creek, the ponds and calamus bed. The grazing stock made little paths By their every-day, shifting tread.

There was the one down to the "old For meddlesome tongues must have something to do. house,"
The orchard and the "milkin' pen' So much going, coming and stirring Everywhere 'round, paths seemed then.

Two more ran along at an angle To the old log stables, where, from the lefts. The hay would swing and dangle.

And on to the "pound's" orchard, too.
Where the sapsuckers drummed and
the yellowjackets hummed. And the striped June apples grew.

All the Summer long this path seemed new, And over it the chaps would go, With can of worms and "fishin' poles," Sunburnt faces and health aglow.

There was yet another-Oh, memory If you dress in the fashion, don't think pleasant—
To the merry path 'twas a mate;'
And like two sunbeams they angled Both starting at the old front gate.

First it led to the sugar camp,
Then over and down a hillside,
Kept along in the bottom to the "fer"
footlog. Where a sycamore stood on the other side.

And this was the path to the little schoolhouse.
So modest, so humble, so dear:
But hasten, oh memory and lift the

THE LETTER EDGED IN BLACK. was standing by my window yesterday morning.
Without a thought of worry or care,
When I saw the postman coming up

With such a smiling face and jaunty He rung the bell and whistled as he

waited, And then he said, "Good morning to you, Jack,"
But he little knew the sorrow he had brought me
As he hunded me a letter edged in black. CHORUS. As I heard the postman whistling yes-terday morning.

Coming up the pathway with his

pack, He little knew the sorrow he had brought me As he handed me a letter edged in As he handed me a letter edged in black.

So young, and happy and poor, There wasn't a prettler girl than you, Nor a better one, I am sure.

I broke the seal and this is what it said:

"Come home, my boy; your dear old"

"Come home, my boy; your dear old"

"When we were alone forly years ago, So young, and happy and poor, There wasn't a prettler girl than you, Nor a better one, I am sure.

I promised you then I'd make you rich If you'd only share my life;
I am worth a million pounds today!

A million of money, dear wife!" "Come home, my boy; your dear old mother's dead.

Your mother's words, the last she "How much am I worth?" she, smiling,

Teil my boy I want him to come back.
My eyes are blurred.
My poor old heart is breaking My poor old heart is breaking While I'm writing you this letter edged in black, bow my head in sadness and in sor-The sunshine of by life, it has all fled.

Since the postman brought that letter yesterday morning, Saying "Come home, my boy, your dear old mother's dead." t said, "Forget those angry words were spoken, You know I didn't mean them, don't

May the angels bear me witness, I am Your forgiveness in this letter edged In black," PEOPLE WILL TALK.

If you listen to all that is said as You'll be worried and fretted, and kept And people will talk. If quiet and modest, you'll have it pre-

That your numble position is only as-I knew him! All through him the good In the pasture "north," across the You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or and the bad branch, But don't get excited-keep perfectly cool-For people will talk.

Then there was another—a merry path,
As merry as merry could be:
Or a slight inclination to take your
own part,
Then on past the wild cherry tree.
Then on past the wild cherry tree.
They will call you an "upstart," conceited and vain,
But keep straight ahead—don't stop
to explain—

If threadbare your dress, or old-fash-ioned your hat, Someone will surely take notice of Taking leave of little faces that,

And hint rather strong that you can't pay your way:

That her loving look shone on.

And I feel that fond look on me As I hear the old refrain But don't get excited, whatever they For people will talk.

to escape. For they'll criticise then in a different You're ahead of your means, or your tallor's unpaid; But mind your own business, there's For people will talk.

Now the best way to do is to do as you please,
For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease; you please.

For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease:

Of course you will meet with all sorts of abuse.

And I mind not musing on her.

That my heart she never knew.

I remember but to love her.

With a passion kin to pain.

And my quickened pulses quiver But don't think to stop them-it's not any use-For people will talk. -Contributed by Mrs. H. H. Smith.

The Alamo was a mission building founded in 1774 at San Antonio, Tex. Until 1753 it was used as a church and subsequently as a fort, being sur rounded by strong walls. In February 1836, it was occupied by Colonel W. I Travis with about 150 men in revo-against the government of Mexico After withstanding a terrible siege

and the garrison, including Colonel Ben King. Ruth Luce sends the fel-man had previously made his escape. The copy of the poem is sent by Clara D. Mitchell.

Jane Jones keeps a-whisperin' to me

THE DEFENSE OF THE ALAMO. Santa Ana came storming, as a storm might come; There was rumble of cannon, there was rattle of blade! There was cavalry, infantry, bugle and

Full seven thousand, in pomp and parade, The chivalry, flower of Mexico; And a gaunt two hundred in the Alamol

And thirty lay sick, and some were

And thirty lay sick, and some were shot through:

For the siege had been bitter, and bloody, and long.
"Surrender, or die!"—"Men, what will you do?"

And Travis, great Travis, drew sword, quick and strong:

Drew a line at his feet—"Will you come? Will you go?

I die with my wounded, in the Alamo."

Bowle gasped: "Lead me over Then Crockett, one hand to the sick, one hand to his gun, Crossed with him; and never a word or a sign Till all, sick or well, all, all save

but one. One man. Then a woman stopped praying, and lo Took her place to die in the Alamo. Then that one coward fied, in the night, in that night—
When all men silently prayed and thought

Of home, of temorrow, of God and the right,
Till dawn; then Travis and cannon In answer to insolent Mexico,

From the old bell tower of the Alamo. Then came Santa Ana; a crescent of flame! Then the red escalade; then the fight hand to hand; Such an unequal fight as never had

Since the Persian hordes butchered that doomed Spartan band. All day! and all night! and the morning so slow.

Through battle smoke mantling the

Then silence! Such silence! Two thou-sand lay dead
In a crescent outside! and within?
Not a breath
Save the gasp of a woman, with gory
gashed head;
All sions all sions there waiting All alone, all alone there, waiting for death; And she but a nurse. Yet when shall

we know Another like this of the Alamo? Shout "Victory, victory, victory ho!"
I say 'tis not always for hosts to win;
I say that the victory, sudden or slow,
Is given the hero who grapples with Or legion or single; just asking to

When duty fronts death in his Alamo. -JOAQUIN MILLER. You were not all to blame, Bill, The only copy of "True Worth" re-

TRUE WORTH. By the pleasant fire they sat one night,
Husband and wife alone.
And they talked of the changes they
had seen.
And of how the years had flown;
Of the sons now scattered far and near,
And the daughters wooed and wed;
"We're only two in the house once
more. saw her ten years ago in the West-No, more than that-it's been four-

Oh, Mary, my wifel" he said. When we were alone forty years ago

"But at the ladies' party of dominoes, Your wife was my partner that night, And so at the other club meetings He tooked in her tender face,

He looked in her eyes, then closed his own.
And thought for a little space You are worth the life I've spent with Twas before we folined clubs, though, My God! Could we have known this You are worth its richest foys would come! You are worth more gold than can b

You are worth the years that are yet You are worth the world to me: Oh, Mary, there is not gold enough To say what you're worth to me!" Well, dear, I was worth the world t

You are worth my girls and boys.

you More than forty years ago: A million is but a bagatelle To the whole wide world, you know. So, then, we have never been poor at

nil: You may get through this world, but That you were a million, billionaire twill be very slow More than forty years ago? We were happy then, we are happy So tell me the difference, Frank?"
"It isn't much," he said with a smile:
"I've gathered a million from the pile

And locked it up in the bank.' RAIN ON THE ROOF. When the humid darkness, gathered Over all the starry spheres, Flows and falls like sorrow, softly Breaking into happy tears Then how sweet to press the pillow Of a cottage chamber bed And lie listening to the raindrops

On the low roof overhead. To the quick beats on the shingles Answer echoes in the heart, And dim, dreamy recollections
Into form and being start.
And the busy fairy, Fancy,
Weaves her air threads, warp and

woof,
As I listen to the patter
Of the light rain on the roof.

Then my little seraph-sister, With the wings and waving hair, With her star-eyed cherub brother— A serene, angelic pair— Glide around my wakeful pillow With sweet praise or mild reproof, As I shut my eyes and listen To the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me With her eyes betwiching blue, And I mind not musing on her,

Art hath naught of tone or cadence, Naught of music's magic spell.
That can thrill the secret fountain
Whence the tears of rapture well
Like the weird nocturns of Nature,
That subdued, subduing strain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.
(Contributed by Mrs. E. L. Fornsh. stributed by Mrs. F. L. Fornshell

Jane Jones keeps a-whisperin' to me all the time, all the time, "Why don't you make it

all the time.

An' says: "Why don't you make it a rule
To study your lessons an' work bard an' learn.

An' never be absent from school?
Remember the story of Ellihu Burritt;
How he clumb up to the top;
Got all the knowledge 'at he ever had Down in the blacksmithin' shop?"
Jane Jones, she honestly said it was so;
Mebby he did—I dunno;
'Course, what's a-keepin' me 'way from Course, what's a-keepin' me 'way from

Is not never havin' no blacksmithin' She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully

But full o' ambition and brains, An' studied philosophy all his hull life,
An' see what he got for his pains.
He brought electricity out of the sky
With a kite an' the lightain' and key. So we're owin' him more'n anyone cise Fer all the bright lights 'at we see.

'Course what's aller's been hinderin' me Is not having any kite, lightnin' or key. Janes Jones said Columbus was out at the knees When he first thought up his big

Jane Jones, she actually said it was so; Mebby he did-I dunno;

An' all the Spanfards and Italians, too, They laughed and just said 'twas dream; But Queen Isabella, she listened to him, And pawned all her jewels o' worth, An' bought him the Santa Mariern's

"Go, hunt up the rest of the earth." Jane Jones, she honestly said it was so; Mebby he did—i dunno; Course, that may all be, but you must allow They ain't any land to discover just

"The Lodge's Grand Ball," sent in by Clara D. Mitchell, is a typical "dra-matic reading" of a few years ago.

THE LODGE'S GRAND BALL, Well, Bill! Is it you? Nineteen years How are you? Where are the boys, all?
Long time since we met last—
Since the night of the lodge's grand ball. have passed!

"You remember it, though. Well, welli I shall all the rest of my life; That was the night your partner, Bill, Was Minnie—my own dear wife.

"But that was the game in the lodge, Trade wives at our balls and our feasts.

And thus has been stelen a husband's heart,

And replaced by the heart of a beast.

"My home and my life are both wrecked, Bill;
My child been robbed of that friend.
Dh, could we plainly see through
From initiation to wicked end.

For others of the ledge did so— Changed wives in the club circles, And others suffer this same wee. Where is she now, Bill, do you know? Has she gone from you, too? It's been-

"Our haby was sixteen inst June; She's forgotten a mother's care. I sent her to the Home, you know; But now she's—I don't know where,

memory of that night, Bill-That night of the lodge's grand ball-urns my whole life into hats, Turns my whole life into hate, And changes my heart into gall!

We swapped to even up right We were once so happy-Minnle and The first few years in our new-made

"Oh! If our lives were on hinges, Bill The kind that would turn fro and back,
Perhaps we'd miss the home wrecks By a view of the sinful elde-track,

"But when you are in the trap, Bul,
You dare not the inside works tell,
Though it wrecks every home in the
land, And issues free tickets to hell. 'Craxy! Yes, they say I'm sorter like

But the way I've lost home, child and wife Would turn 'most any man's mind, And craze him the rest of his life. Disgusted with any and all; And this has been coming surely Since that night of the lodge's grand

buill.

"But here is the remedy, Bill,
And compared with my life it is
best" suicide's weapon he drew. And it's bullet can tell you the rest. The following is sent by Mrs. Clara

Oh, I done read de good book cl'ar plum' thro' An' I tells you, hit's a mighty fine I's fahmiliar with de gospel, ol' an' An' I 'low I's a walkin' in de glory. I like to' to read 'bout the blessed Holy Ghos' An' de saints an' de mahacles an'

GOOD 'POSTLE PAUL.

But de part ob de book dat I likes de mos' Is where Paul p'ints his 'pistle at de When I looks down deep in mah po' ol' I wondah ef de Lo'd kin evah like 'Pears like de lightnin' 's gwine ter

send a dart Out ob de thundah cloud ter strike But I know of we's good an' does what's De great judge is kin' in his deceas-An' I turns to de book and I gits mah

Ef yo' faith's kinder shaky an' you don' jes' know Ef yo' feet is on de rock or in de Postle Paul kin tell you de way you orter go Fo' to keep you from gottin' in de

Where Paul p'ints his 'pistle at de

You kin slip by Satan ex slick ex An' you won't hev no wrecks er no Ef you read de good book till you git it all by heart Where Paul .p'ints his 'pistle at de

-NIXON WATERMAN.