RARE VERSES ARE AMONG CONTRIBUTED OLD FAVORITES

Many Memorized Rhymes Sent In and Scrapbooks Continue to Give Up Poems by Many Almost Forgotten.

IMITATIONS of time and space "The Ship That Never Returned," remake it necessary in handling quested recently: copies that are sent in to us in the best condition to be turned over to the printer. For this reason it is hardly possible to consider contributions that come in written on both sides of the "run in" without regard to There

paper, or "run in" without regard to the stanza form.

Some of our contributors who have sent in poems will perhaps find in this an explanation of why their contributions have not been handled as promptly as others, or have failed to appear. As to the requests for publication of old favorites, they are received in such quantity that it is a well-nigh hopeless task to attempt to keep up with them at times, and as a result a request sent in may not be published for some time after its receipt, and for some time after its receipt, and the poem asked for may not appear for some time thereafter. Effort is made, however, to handle all the re-quests that are sent in, but readers must grant their indulgence if the particular poem for which they have asked does not appear in the next issue fol-

lowing their request.

"Shells of Ocean," which was requested several weeks ago, and which appears on this page, has been sent in by Mrs. Grace Lee Tichenor, Miss

no by Mrs. Grace Lee Tichenor, aliss-puff and other contributors who did not give their names. We have also received copies of the "Wreck of the Julie Flante," which was asked for last week, from Ruth Luce, Edward W. Reynolds and others. Among the requests received is one from Mrs. Tichenor for "E Pluribus Haynow and for the name which runs: Unum" and for the poem which runs: High in the belfry the old sexton

Grasping the rope with his thin bony But alas!

And the refrain the bell, watchman! Ring, ring, Yes, yes; the good news is now on the yes; we come with tidings to

Glorious, blessed tidings-Ring, ring, Mrs. S. J. Galloway asks for "The Vengeance of McClain" and for "The First Christmas Tree in New England."

The former poem contains the lines: McClain, you've scourged me like hound; You should have struck me to the

You should have played a chieftain's You should have stabled me to the And for this wrong which you have I'll wreak my vengeance on your son

"Roses Underneath the Snow" "Christine Le Roy" are requested by another reader. Mrs. A. L. Neville, of Milwaukee, wishes all of the poem: Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet

flowers, Have all lost their beauty to me; The midsummer sun shines but dim: flowers strive in vain to look

Another poem, entitled "Old Iron-sides," is wanted by Mrs. Stewart, of Astoria. It begins: Old Ironsides at anchor lay in the bar-bor of Mahone; A dead calm rested on the bay; the

waves to sleep had gone. The following from Appleton's reader is wanted in its entirety: Out of the way in the corner of our An oaken chest is standing with hast

and padlock and key.

Is strong as the hands that made it on the other side of the sea.

A rather entertaining bit in the weekly pile of contributions to the page is a clipping of "The Lost Sheep" or "De Shepfol Bin," sent by one of our readers, which we have identified as having come originally from the old poetry page published some six months ago. "Wreck of the Julie Plante,"

which was requested last week, THE WRECK OF THE "JULIE PLANTE."

By William H. Drummond.
Oh, wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre.
De win' she blow! blow! blow! crew of de wood scow 'Julie

Got scart an' run below, For de win' she blow lak hurricane— Bimeby she blow some more, An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre Wan arpent from de shore.

De Captaine walk on de fron' deck, An' walk de hin' deck, too; He call de crew up from de hole. He call de cook also De cook, she name was Rosle, She come from Montreal;

Was chambre maid on lumber barge On la grande Leclime Canal, De sout' win' she blow too. Wen Rosse cry, "Mon cher Captaine "Mon cher, wat shall I do?" Den Captaine trow he big ankerre

But still de scow she dreef; De night was dark lak wan black cal

De wave run high an' fas'. Wen de Captaine tak de Rosic girl An' tie her to de mas'. Den he also tak he life preserve An' jomp off on de lak; n' say, "Good-bye, ma Rosie, dear; I go down for your sak!"

Nex' mornin' very early Bout ha't pas' two, tree, four, Captaine's scow an' poor Rosie Was corpses on de shore; For de win' she blow lak hurricane, Bimeby she blow some more, An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre. Wan arpent from de shore MORAL

Now, all good wood-scow sailor man, Tak warnin' by dat storm, An' go marry some nice French girl, An' leev' on wan beeg farm; De win' can blow lak hurricane, An' spose she blow some more? can't get drowned on Lac St.

So long you stay on shore.

"Way," of Portland, sends the following pretty lyric, by an unknown author THE NORTHERN STAR. (A Thynemouth Ship.) The Northern Star

Sailed over the bar, Bound to the Baltic Sea; In the morning gray She stretched away:

For many an hour And watch till dark Of him that is far away

The castle's bound wander round, Amidst the grassy graves; But all I hear

Is the north wind drear, And all I see the waves. The Northern Star Is set afar!

Set in the Baltic Sea. That holds my love from me.

His eye so dim, So wasted each limb

the contributions to the page of THE SHIP THAT NEVER RETURNED. old poetry to give precedence to the On a Summer day, as the waves were

rippling.
By the coft, gentle breeze,
Did a ship set sail with her cargo. laden For a port beyond the seas, were sweet farewells, there

were loving signals, And her fate was yet unlearned; Thouga they knew it not 'twas a zol-On the ship that never returned. CHORUS.

Did she never return? She never re-turned,
And her fate was yet unlearned,
Though for years and years there were fond ones watching,
For the ship that never returned.

Said a feeble lad to his anxious mother, "I must cross the wide, wide sea; For they say, perchance, in a foreign clime. There is health and strength for me.

gleam of hope in a mase of danger. And her heart for her youngest yearned.

Though she sent him forth with a smile and blessing

On the ship that never returned. Only one more trip," said a gallant As he kissed his weeping wife;

Only one more bag of the golden treasure,
And 'twill last us all through life,
hen we'll spend our days in our cozy cottage

And enjoy the sweet rest we earned";
But alas! poor man, who sailed commander
On the ship that never returned.

"The Jackdaw of Rheims" is contrib-uted by Ruth Luce. THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS. By E. H. Barham.

The Jackdaw sat on the cardinal's chair, Bishop and abbot and prior were there; Many a monk, and many a friar, , Many a knight, and many a squire, With a great many more of lesser

Midst the sticks and the straw, And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.

Read of in books or dreamt of it dreams the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rhelms! In and out

ough the motley rout little Jackdaw kept hopping That Here and there.

And dishes and plates, 'ow! and cope and rochet and pall, ditre and crozler! He hopped upon al With a saucy air

He perched on the chair Where, in state, the great Lord Cardi-In the great Lord Cardinal's great red

And he peered in the face of his Lordship's Grace With a satisfied look as if he would

The feast was over and the board was That good jackdaw cleared; Would give a great "Caw!"
The flawns and the custards had all As much as to say, "Don't do so in nice clean faces and nice white

stoles. Stoles,
Came in order due,
Two by two.
Marching that great refectory through!

He long lived the pride Of that countryside,
And at last in the odor of sanctity died.
When, as words were too faint Embossed and filled with water pure As any that flows between Rheims and

Namur, Which a nice little boy stood ready to In a fine golden hand basin made to match, Two nice little boys rather more grown Carried lavender water and cau de Co-

And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap, Worthy of washing the hands of a

Pope. One little boy more A napkin bore. Of the best white diaper, fringed in pink, And a Cardinal's hat marked in "per manent ink.

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight Of these little boys dressed all in white. From his finger he draws

His costly turquoise And, not thinking at all about little jackdaws.
Deposits it straight
By the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on His

Eminence wait;
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing. That little jackdaw hops off with the

There's a cry and a shout And a terrible rolt,
And nobody seems to know what
they're about, But the monks have their pockets all turned inside out

The friars are kneeling And hunting and feeling The carpet, the floor and the walls and the ceiling. The Cardinal drew Off each pium-colored shoe And left his red stockings exposed

He peeps and he feels In the toes and the heels; They turn up the dishes, they turn up the plates, They take up the poker and poke out the grates,

They turn up the rugs, They examine the mugs-But no! no such thing. They can't find the ring! The 'Cardinal rose with a dignified

look. He called for his candle, his bell and He called for his candle, his bell and his book! In holy anger and plous grief He solemnly cursed that rascally thief. Never was heard such a terrible curse; But what gave rise

To no little surprise, Nobody seemed one penny the worse! The day was gone.
The night came on,
The monks and friars they searched

till dawn. When the sacristan saw, On crompled claw, Come timping a poor little lame jack-

daw! No longer gay,

the wrong way His pinions drooped, he could hardly His head was as bald as the palm of

Regardless of grammar they all cried Squire Sallit was "chosen to That's the scamp that has done this He walked to the desk with a dignified scandalous thing, That's the thief that has got my Lord And, fixing his eyes on the celling o'er

One Summer eve, with pensive thought, I wandered on the sea-beat shore, Where oft, in guileless, infant sport I gathered shells in days of yore. The throbbing waves like music fell, Responsive to my fancy wild; A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I was again a child.

> I stooped upon the pebbly strand To cull the toys that 'round me lay, And as I took them in my hand I threw them one by one away.

Oh, thus I said, in ev'ry stage By toys our fancy is beguiled. We gather shells from youth to age-And then we leave them, like a child.

The poor little jackdaw When the monks he saw Feebly gave vent to a ghost of a caw, And turned his bald head as much as to

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Pray be so good as to walk this way! Slower and slower.
He limped on as before.
Till they came to the back of the belfry door.
When the first thing they saw

Was the ring in the nest of that little jackdaw! Then the great Lord Cardinal called for his book, And off that terrible curse he took; The mute expression Served in lieu of confession. And being thus coupled with full res-

Litution. The jackdaw got plenary absolution: When those words were heard. The poor little bird Was so changed in a moment, 'twas

really absurd. He grew sleek and fat, In addition to that, A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat! His tail wagged more Even than before;

But no longer it wagged with an im pudent air, No longer he perched on the Cardinal's chair. He hopped now about With a gait devout, At matins, at yespers, he never w

"We two are the greatest folks here today!"

And the priests with awe.

And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He seemed always telling the Confessuch freaks they, saw.
"The deuce must be in that little or slumbered in prayer-time and happened to snore.

II.

sor's beads.
Or slumbered in prayer-time and happened to snore.

disappeared,
And six little singing boys, dear little While many remarked, as his manner. they saw,
They never had known such a ploudackdaw!

a Saint. And on newly-made Saints and Pope as you know. to bestow, So they canonized him by the nar Jim Crow!

material for elecutionists and imper sonators for years and is, still a prime favorite. Buth Luce sends the fol-lowing copy, in response to the request of one of our readers published some

THE DEBATING SOCIETY,

BY EUGENE J. HALL. tered and brown, Stil stands on a hill, in a New Hamp Its rafters are rotten, its floor is de The chinks in the ceiling by children Then were made; Its benches are broken, its threshole worn. The maps on the walls are discolored and torn; Its rickety desk, its tall, splint-bot tomed chair And old-fashioned stove are all out of

Forlorn and forsaken and left to decay It stands on the hilltop, a ruin today. Here met long ago, on one evening in rustic wiseacres "o' distric The For social amusement and earnest de On questions of freedom, of finance and Here gathered the neighbors all gaily together. of dark blue,

To talk of the times, of the crops and the weather. Here came the "old fogics," in coats And matrons who whispered of things that they knew; The bashful young boys with their The bashful sleek shining hair,
The bright blushing girls, who they
thought were so fair;
And many dark spinsters, forbidding and chill, Who frowned at "those children that

Twas Saturday night, and the weathe was clear. The sleighbells were ringing, delightful to hear; The moonlight illumined the hollows below And glistened and gleamed on the beautiful snow While floated away on the cold, frosty The curling white smoke from the farmhouses there.

Before the old schoolhouse, secured in The horses were pawing and tramping As on yesterday;
His feathers all seemed to be turned A warm fire burned bright in the oldfashioned stove, The light from the candles gleamed out-through the grove.

The schoolroom was filled with "the pride of the place,"
And pleasure was seen on each mirthbeaming face.

He sat for a time, thinking what should be said:

Then, placing one hand on his smooth-shaven chin.

He sat for a time, thinking what Ez like a comet 'thout a tail, Ez like a fiddle 'thout a bow, Or like a Winjer 'thout a-a-shaven chin. He pushed back his chair and arose to begin:

"Ahem! The room had grown still, not a whis per was heard, All listened to hear his first audible "A-ha! a-hem!"

He quietly clasped his huge hands on his chest, He twirled his thick thumbs o'er his black satin vest. And, wagging his round, shining, comical head, He drew a long breath and then sol- lie emnly said:

"A-ht! a-hem! Ladies and gentlemen, And, raising his voice to a high nasal an' feller clwizens; a-ha! a-hem!" key.

A little girl giggled, a staid spinster He made a great "p'int" that nobody could see: He suddenly stopped and looked gravely around. And then, quite confused, without pur-

or plan, He grasped the deak with both hands and began: a-ha! a-hem! or ruther fur the osten-sible puppus o' a-hem! suppressin' the "the five that tuck no ile didn't get up, press an' the a-ha! a-hem! a hevils o' didn't light a match and didn't light the press w'ich is comin' so aha, a-hem! the'r lamps; an' then the five that tuk pressive. A-hal a-hem! Ladies an nolle said to the five that tuk ile, 'give gentlemen an' feller citizens, the press, an' the a-ha! a-hem! a hevils o' the to the five that tuk no ile, 'We shall press is be comin' very aha, a-hem! not give thee any ile, leastwise we 'pressive—'pressive to you and 'pressive won't have any ile fur ourselves.' My to a-ha la-hem! me; an' therefore, 'tis friends, if we go to suppressin' the best means o' suppressin' the press an the a-ha! a hevils o' the a-ha! a-hem!

Dress w'ich is becomin' so a-ha.

Being moved by the spirit a Quaker in

press, witch is becomin' so, a-ha, Being moved by the spirit, a Quaker in 'pressive "A-ba! a-hem! Ladies and gentle-men an' feller citizens, a-ha! a-bavin' considered the subject, a-ha! a-havin' giv' you my, a-ha! a-hull idees on't, a-ha! a-havin' showed the necessaity o' suppressin' the, a-ha! a-hem! press an' the a-ha! a-hevils o' the a-ha! a-hem! natur in mankind, especially the wirr press, with is becomin' so 'pressive, I press, wich is becomin' so 'pressive, I leave the a-ha !a-hem! press an' the ha! a-hevils o' the a-ha! a-hem! press The Quaker sat down and old Icha!

to the debate of those app'inted fur the a-ha! a-hem! puppus." He drew his silk handkerchief forth While, back in a corner, a greenhor from his hat; from his hat; He wiped his moist features and downward he sat, Forgetting his chair had been pushed

to the wall.

He sank to the floor with a terrible The old schoolhouse trembled from

rafter to sill.

Above the old desk, near his overturned seat. Arose the great soles of his picturesque Like haystacks that stand on the brow

He leaped to his feet with a scratch on his nose And asked in a quiet but crestfallen "Hez nobody present got nothin' to modestly hushed the applause

Soon young Peter Plumsted attemepted to speak; His accents were low and exceedingly weak; He twisted his fingers, he shuffled his

feet, His plain, nervous features "turned red as a beet. He fastened his eyes on a crack on the floor. He stood in confusion a minute or

And faitered in fright "a few feeble

ef they'd co-come to-to this me-meet-ing to-tonight th-that I-I would speak andah. ing to-tonight th-that I-I would speak to-to this me-meeting to-tonight, an' so ou-our folks co-come to this me-meeting to-night, an ex I-I told ou-our folks that I-I would speak to-to this me-meetin' tonight, I-I am goin' to-to speak to-to this me-meetin' tonight. Ou-our folks is here to-to this meetin' tonight an' other fo-folks is here to-to this meetin' tonight an' other fo-folks is here to-to this meetin' tonight. Why what I was in now one of the most infipential and ma-meetin' tonight, I-I am goin' to-to speak to-to this me-meetin' tonight. Ou-our folks is here to-to this meetin' tonight an' other fo-folks is here to-to this meetin' tonight, Wh-what I was goin' to say was that ou-our folks-a-what I wa-wanted to say was that ou-our folks, a-with the-these -f-few remarks I-I coincide with your views."

He might have said more had not Solomon Creech,
Who stuttered and stammered sometimes in his speech,
Arose with a smile on his rubicund face And struggled to tell what he thought of the case.

"Mr. T-t-t-t-t—Mr. T-t-t-t-t—Mr. T-t-t-t-t—Wr. T-t-t-t-t--W-w-w-why--Mr. T-t-t-t."
He sank to his seat with a look of dis-The words would not come, what he wanted to say.

sturdy young farmer, with coarse

Arose to his feet, with a curious stare,

And, scratching the top of his ponderous head.

ud be 'Ez like a schooner 'thout a sail.

Ez like a fiddle 'thout a bow, Or like a Winter 'thout a-a-a-snow. Then old Deacon Barlow, who couldn't

restrain His thoughts on the subject, arose to explain: "Neighbor Pettibone, we wa'nt a talkin' on the cider press, we talkin' on the printin' press." talkin'

Then followed a pause of five minutes 'Till Israel Hubbard walked out on the He grasped the lapels of his ancient gray coat, soberly cle throat, cleared his unmusical

"Mis-ter Mawderater, this er sup pressin' the press rayminds me o' en var-gins, who got an in-vite to a big weddin', in the scrip-tur's. Five ware wise and five ware foolish. Five tuck ite and five tuck no ite, and the "A-ha! a-hem! a—has I said before, hull ten went an' sot down on a big ahem! Ladles an' gentlemen an feller stun by the bridegroom's door. Bimecitizens, a-ha! a-hem! We hev come by they looked up an' seen the weddin' together this evenin' fer the pupus o', a-comin, an' the five that tuck ile riz

With two tones in his voice, then pro-ceeded to say:

"Yea, verily, brethren, yea, verily, sisters, yea, verily, each an' all o' you, the spirit urgeth an' beseecheth me to say that there is a great deal o' human

without rising, "Them' solid idees!" Cried out to the chairman, "I second the motion." Squire Sollit looked puzzied, then frowned at his wife .

And rapped on the desk with his

broken jackknife. The room was soon silent; the chair man inquired: To make a few feeble remarks or ex press Some simple idees a-ha! a-hem! upon

the press. A young man arose to the tips of hi Who, gracefully wiping his aquiline nose, Began in a mellow and womanlike To let the great question at issue

"Mistah Speakah, sah, I suppose you ah not familyah with ouah ways in Boston, but we ah familyah with youah ways yah. What I have seen yah toways yan. What I have seen yan totonight cawys me back to the sunny
houhs of childhood—would that wah
but a boy or a girl again. Many yahs
ago I juced to sit on jondah little seat
myself, when me little feet could more.

With quivering lips and shivering me honnah, I don't know—but would that I was but a bound would be would be well as the world would be would be well as the world world would be well as the world world would be well as the world would be well as the world wo that I wan but a boy or girl again. Two little boys juced to attend these meetings togethah, in the aw-cet long "M-Mr. Chairman, I told ou-our folks ago; the appellation of one was John, they'd co-come to-to this me-meeting to-tonight th-that I-I would speak andah. Now John was an exceedingly is now one of the most inflpential and wespectable citizens of Boston Be-hold him yah; he stands befoah you; that good little boy was myself."

As soon as Philander had taken his seat, Theoophilus Tomlinson sprang to his Just home for vacation from old Dart-

mouth College.

His mind overflowing with classical knowledge.

He poured forth a flood of grandiloquent prose And brought the debate to a glorious

"Mr-r-r. Pr-r-resident, sir-r, fr-r-rom the immor-r-rtal time when our gl-or-r-rious Pil-gr-r-rim Father-r-rs pi-or-r-rious Pil-gr-t_rim Father-r-rs br-r-rought the star-r-r-spangled ban-nerrr to this countr-r-ry, sir-r-, we have been a p-hatr-r-riotic Nation. They pl-anted upon the sacr-r-red soil of Massachusetts, sir-r-, the fir-r-rst gr2r-reat pr-r-rinciples of lib-er-r-rty, sir-r-r. Who can look upon our-r-r eauteous banner-r-r without emotions f pr-r-ride and p-hatr-r-riotism ir-r-r? Who can stand beneath its "I doan't b'leeve in s'pressin' on the cider press, coz ef I did, what 'ud I do with my appels. Hey? Ef we went to s'pressin' on the cider press, what 'ud we do fur cider? Ef we didn't hev cider, what 'nd we du fur b'iled cider? Ef we didn't hev b'iled cider, what ud we du fer appel sass? Life 'thout appel sass' in might is victor-r-r-ry, 'nd be is might, Let for-r-reign foes who long

still. Let them per-r-mit that un-compar-r-rable bird, the American eagle, to per-r-rch for-r-rever, undistur-r-rhed, upon the r-r-rock-r-r-rib-bed summits of her-r-r native hills. To r-r-rise, to descend, and, like the fhabled ph-hoenix, 4-r-rise again to sweep from tor-r-rid gulf to fr-r-rozen sea, to b-bathe her-r-r br-r-reast within the b-bounding billows of the br-r-road Atlantic, and westwar-r-rd, like the star-r-r of empire, take her-r way, until she dips her-r-r wings within the sait spr-r-rays of the phonder-r-rous Pacific, to soar-r-r, sir-ww-why, g-g-gentlemen, t-t-to soar, sir-r-r, t-til she gots so so-r-re, sir-r-r, that she's utter-r-r-rly unable to soar-r-r any He sank out of sight and the Squire

with a sigh Said: "Ahem; this ere-meetin's ad-journed sin or die."

Those simple old farmers have all passed away,
The children who laughed are now careworn and gray, But still on the hill in that New Hampshire town
The ruined old schoolhouse stands,
battered and brown,

Forlorn and forsaken and left to de-The old-fashioned schoolroom is vacant today.

"Alec Yeaton's Son," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, is contributed by "Kay," of Portland:

ALEC YEATON'S SON. wind it wailed, the wind it moaned, And the whitecaps flecked the sea; "And I would to God," the skipper groaned, "I had not my boy with me!"

Snug in the stern sheets, little John Laughed as the scud swept by: But the skipper's sunburnt cheek grew wan As he watched the wicked sky.

And the skipper's eyes were dim. Good Lord in heaven, if ill betide, What would become of him? For me, my muscles are as steel, For me let hap' what may: might make shift upon the kneel Until the break o' day.

But he, he is so weak and small, So young, scarce learned to stand-pitying father of us all,

I trust him in thy hand!

For thou, who markest from on high A sparrow's fall, each one! Surely, O Lord, thou'lt have an eye On Alec Yeaton's son?" Then, helm hard aport, right straight

he sailed, Toward the headland light! The wind it moaned, the wind it wailed And black, black fell the night. Then burst a storm to make one quail, Though housed from winds and

wavesThey who can tell about that gale Must rise from watery graves! Sudden it came, as sudden went;
Ere half the night was sped.
The winds were hushed, the waves
were spent,
And the stars shone overhead.

Now, as the morning mist grew thin, The folks on Gloucester shore Saw a little figure floating in, Secure on a broken oar!

knew it, though, 'twas but speck Upon the edge of death! Long did they marvel in the town At God, his strange decree That let the stalwart skipper drown,

In rose a cry, "A wreck! A wreck! Pull, mates, and waste no breath!

And the little child go free! The following sent in by Mrs. E. L. cobee, of Hood River, is a jolly old

ong of the Civil War times: KINGDOM COMIN'. darkies, hab you seen de massa, With a mustache on his face Go 'long de road some time dis mornin'.
Like he's gwine for to leave de place?
He seen de smoke way down de ribber
Where de Linkum gum boats lay.
He took his hat an' he left berry sud-

An' I spec's he's run away, De massa run, ha, ha,

De darkies stay, ho, ho, It mus' be now de kingdom's comin' in de year of jubilo. He's six foot one way, two foot t'othe His coat so big that he couldn't pay the tailor, An' it won't go half way 'round. He drills so much they call him Cap'n

An' he gets so drefful tanned, spec's he'll try an' fool dem Yankees For dey think he's contraband, De oberseer he make us trubble

Wid de key thrown in de well De whip am lost, de han'cuff broken, An' de massa 'll get his pay; He's big enough, old enough, aught to know better

De darkies get so lonesome livin' In de log house all alone, Dey'll move dere things to massa's par-

For to keep it while he's gone. Dere's wine an' cider in de kitchen An de darkies dey'll hab some, When de Linkum sojers con

Miss Fay Shaw, of Coquille, sends the SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES She wore a wreath of roses
The first night that we met;
Her lovely face was smiling
Beneath her curls of jet;
Her footsteps had the lightness,

Her voice the joyous tone Yet methinks I see her now With the wreath of Summer flowers Upon her snowy brow.

A wreath of orange blossoms

When next we met she wore; h' expression on her features Was more thoughtful than before. And standing by her side was one Who strove, and not in vain. To soothe her, leaving that dear home She ne'er might view again.

No bridal youth is there; The widow's somber cap conceals
Her once luxuriant hair. She weeps in silent solitude, And there is no one near To press her hand within his own And wipe away the tear.

Upon her snowy brow.

I see her broken-hearted!

Yet methinks I see her now.

In the pride of youth and beauty,
With a garland on her brow. "Social Distinctions," contributed by

to kill behold our banner-r-r and be | Mrs. Theodore Jeffries, of Newberg, is a recitation she memorized 40 years ago SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS.

In this great social world there are certain fixed laws Which for ages have been, and for years will endure:

line of distinction society draws Twixt the king and the beggar, the rich and the poor Ah! how well may we tell where this boundary lies; Where fortune's fair goddess may

smile or may frownline o'er which genius triumphantly From the lowest of hearths to the highest renown Men are by nature determined to rise; Their lofty ambition and infinite

pride Knew no limit or end be they foelish or wise. They feel that this great world is boundless and wide:
there is room for great deeds, there
are triumphs to gain.
There are hardships to bear, there is trouble and pain. Yet onward they rush in their restless

career, To ruin or glory, from cradle to bier, All are scholars that toll in life's wear isome school; One is wise, one's a rogue and another's a tool; Another is loved for his generous heart, Another is flattered because he is

smart, Another is hooted because he is mean,

And another is laughed at because he Yet greater than genius or talent or brain,
Is the lofty distinction which money
will gain. b, thou glittering gold, thou conquer-

est renown! Thy power is ever stupendous and grand, Thou buildest up empires, thou throwest them down; a wave of the ocean sweeps over the sand! Would he were at his mother's side!"

The miser may gloat o'er his ill-gotten gain; They make him a mighty and absolute king—
Ihough his heart be as black as the garment he wears—
If he only has wealth, for his failings who cares?

There's a fair-featured youth full of exquisite airs, h a mustache of semi-invisible With The fair ladies smile at his splendor The fair ladies smile at his and style,
and style,
While he smirks and struts on in
triumph and concelt.
He has nothing to do but to run in the

streets.
They glance at his diamonds and beautiful clothes With a passionate sigh, "Oh, why don't he propose?" They turn up their noses in haughty disdain

At a man in plain clothes and an atom of brain.

Oh, mothers, what marvelous changes are wrought In a few fleeting years, for no longe you learn The sensible lessons your mothers were

taught. You dress your fair daughters in vel vet and satin; You have them instructed in music and Latin;
You teach them that labor is always degrading: That ladies should ever have nothing

to do
But sit in the parlor or go promenad-Were these the life lessons your mothers taught you? There's a time when all earthly dis-

tinction shall end. When earth's fairest forms shall all droop and decay; We shall meet o'er the river as brothers and friends.

When earth's fading beauties have all passed away. Il the fame and renown of this wid world below.
All the pride of mankind must eter

nally fall,

And the only distinction that God will bestow who is best shall be greatest Mrs. L. A. Fries, of Vancouver, sends

SWINGING IN THE LANE.

oft we talk of childhood sports, Of tricks we used to play pon each other while at school The boys and girls would often go A-fishing in the brook,
With spools of thread for fishing lines
And bended pins for hooks.

They often wished me with them, too, But only wished in vain-I'd rather be with Rosanelle, A-swinging in the lane.

But O, a cloud of sorrow came. A strange young man from town Was introduced to Rosanelle

By Ann Gemima Brown. The truth to me was plain; She'd gone with that young city chap A-awinging in the lane.

Now all young men with tender hearts,

Pray take advice by me; on't be so quick to fall in love With every girl you see. For if you do you soon will find You've only loved in vain. For she'll go off with some other chap A-swinging in the lane.

And O, how often have I longed For those bright days again, When little Rosanelle and I Went swinging in the lane.

Jane Livingstone de Lin sends the following, which was recently requested: OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEA-THER. O sun and skies and clouds of June, And flowers of June together,

Ye cannot rival for one hour October's bright blue weather. When loud the bumblebee makes haste.

Belated, thriftless vagrant, And goldenrod is dying fast And lanes with grapes are fragrant, When gentians roll their fringes tight To save them for the morning, And chestnuts fall from satin burrs Without a word of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie In piles, like jewels shining, And redder still on old stone walls Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things

Their whitewinged seeds are sowing And in the fields, still fair and green, Late aftermaths are growing: When springs run low, and on the brook, In idle golden freighting,

Of woods, for Winter waiting: O sun and skies and flowers of June.

Bright leaves sink noiseless in the

October's bright blue weather -Helen Hunt Jackson

Royce Waldrip, of Cosmopolis, sends