

POEMS FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY ARE PRESERVED MOST

Principal of School Wants Contributions for Programmes to Be Given—Many Offerings Are Appreciated.

WE DESIRE to acknowledge receipt of copies of "The Barefoot Boy" from Miss Catherine Moriarty, of Lebanon, and Miss Dora Nettieblad, of Aberdeen, which were received too late for acknowledgement last week.

We are also indebted to Mrs. M. A. Wheeler, of Tillamook, for a copy of "Oh, Be Not the First," which was recently requested. Miss Bernice Jones, of Silverton, and Mrs. Metta Benefield, of Banks, we received copies of "After the Ball" too late for recognition last week, and we are also indebted to Kathleen Farmer for "Fall on Lead," which was requested. "The Church Across the Way" and "Little Sister and I."

We have received a request from the principal of a school for the publication as soon as possible of selections about Washington and Lincoln, which can be used in the public school programmes in celebration of the anniversaries of those great men. It will be too late to devote a page to Lincoln poems, and we will endeavor to give space to poems suitable for Washington's birthday, if such copies are received in the coming week.

Daniel Webster, of Salem, sends us a copy of "Lorena," but this has been reprinted already on this page. Similarly we have received a copy of "Somebody's Darling," which we have already printed, from G. C. Kissell. Mrs. A. L. Applewhite, of Willamette, sent copies of "The House By the Side of the Road" and "The Barefoot Boy," both of which have been printed. Edith Weidman, of Eagle Point, sent a copy of "Sweet Maria," which was recently used, and we had a copy of "Papa's Letter," from Mrs. Barbara Robertson, of Albany.

E. Cavanaugh, of Edgewood, California, sent "The Three Warnings," which was recently requested and reprinted. "The Sunlight Is Beautiful, Mother" has been sent by Mrs. H. M. Parham, of Grants Pass, Mrs. Wheeler, of Tillamook, and Mrs. W. E. Jones. The latter also sends "A Flower From My Angel Mother's Grave," which was recently used.

M. B. Zumwalt, of Portland, sends a copy of "The Sunlight Is Beautiful," reprinted elsewhere. We also receive from the same contributor the following crude and jocular old nonsense ballad of early days.

THE CALIFORNIA HUNTER.
'Twas on one Monday morning
Just at the fall of snow,
I picked up my gun, sir,
And into the woods I'd go.
Kind providence attended me—
I chanced upon some deer;
I tracked the animal to the sand, sir,
And into the water so clear.

I loaded up my gun, sir,
And into the water I did go;
I fired off my gun, sir,
And into the water I did go.
Kind providence attended me—
I chanced upon some deer;
I tracked the animal to the sand, sir,
And into the water so clear.

From Cottage Grove we have received a collection of old poems, with no contributor's name given. Among them is "Which Shall I Be," which we reprinted several months ago. "Measuring Baby" is also included, and we reprint it herewith.

MEASURING THE BABY.
We measured the fatuous baby
Against the cottage wall,
A lily grew at the threshold,
And the boy was just as tall;
A royal tiger hidly
With spots of purple and gold,
And a fragrant jeweled chalice
The fragrant dew to hold.

quests that it be reprinted on this page.

AT THE END OF THE DAY.
How is it with me at the end of the day,
Is pride in my heart and is peace in my breast?
Can I sit in the darkness and honestly
That in all of my acts I have tried
For the best—

THE CLOWN'S BABY.
BY MARGARET VANDERGRIFT.
It was a wonderful palace of gold,
The miners rugged and brown,
Were gathered around the posters;
The circus had come to town!

THE FORTY-ACRE FARM.
I'm thinking, wife, of Neighbor Jones,
That man of stalwart arm;
He lives in peace and plenty on a forty-acre farm.

THE FORTY-ACRE FARM.
I'm thinking, wife, of Neighbor Jones,
That man of stalwart arm;
He lives in peace and plenty on a forty-acre farm.

THE FORTY-ACRE FARM.
I'm thinking, wife, of Neighbor Jones,
That man of stalwart arm;
He lives in peace and plenty on a forty-acre farm.

KATE'S SECRET.
The sunlight is beautiful, mother—
And sweetly the flowers bloom to-day.
And the birds in the branches of Hawthorn
Are carolling ever so gay.

THE WANDERER.
Upon a mountain's height, far from
The sea,
I found a shell,
And to my curious ear this lonely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing—

of the South," printed by Spottiswood & Co., London, England, 1866.

A CONFEDERATE NOTE.
Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the water below it,
As a pledge of the Nation that's dead and gone,
Keep it, dear friend, and show it.

THE FORTY-ACRE FARM.
I'm thinking, wife, of Neighbor Jones,
That man of stalwart arm;
He lives in peace and plenty on a forty-acre farm.

THE FORTY-ACRE FARM.
I'm thinking, wife, of Neighbor Jones,
That man of stalwart arm;
He lives in peace and plenty on a forty-acre farm.

THE FORTY-ACRE FARM.
I'm thinking, wife, of Neighbor Jones,
That man of stalwart arm;
He lives in peace and plenty on a forty-acre farm.

KATE'S SECRET.
The sunlight is beautiful, mother—
And sweetly the flowers bloom to-day.
And the birds in the branches of Hawthorn
Are carolling ever so gay.

THE WANDERER.
Upon a mountain's height, far from
The sea,
I found a shell,
And to my curious ear this lonely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing—

THE WANDERER.
Upon a mountain's height, far from
The sea,
I found a shell,
And to my curious ear this lonely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing—

sends also the following poem by Augusta Lenois Allen.

VESPERS.
The vesper bells were ringing sweet
Among the swiftest flocks,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,

THE FORTY-ACRE FARM.
I'm thinking, wife, of Neighbor Jones,
That man of stalwart arm;
He lives in peace and plenty on a forty-acre farm.

THE FORTY-ACRE FARM.
I'm thinking, wife, of Neighbor Jones,
That man of stalwart arm;
He lives in peace and plenty on a forty-acre farm.

THE FORTY-ACRE FARM.
I'm thinking, wife, of Neighbor Jones,
That man of stalwart arm;
He lives in peace and plenty on a forty-acre farm.

KATE'S SECRET.
The sunlight is beautiful, mother—
And sweetly the flowers bloom to-day.
And the birds in the branches of Hawthorn
Are carolling ever so gay.

THE WANDERER.
Upon a mountain's height, far from
The sea,
I found a shell,
And to my curious ear this lonely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing—

THE WANDERER.
Upon a mountain's height, far from
The sea,
I found a shell,
And to my curious ear this lonely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing—

sung at a Sunday school convention at Washington, in 1861.)

VESPERS.
The vesper bells were ringing sweet
Among the swiftest flocks,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,

THE FORTY-ACRE FARM.
I'm thinking, wife, of Neighbor Jones,
That man of stalwart arm;
He lives in peace and plenty on a forty-acre farm.

THE FORTY-ACRE FARM.
I'm thinking, wife, of Neighbor Jones,
That man of stalwart arm;
He lives in peace and plenty on a forty-acre farm.

THE FORTY-ACRE FARM.
I'm thinking, wife, of Neighbor Jones,
That man of stalwart arm;
He lives in peace and plenty on a forty-acre farm.

KATE'S SECRET.
The sunlight is beautiful, mother—
And sweetly the flowers bloom to-day.
And the birds in the branches of Hawthorn
Are carolling ever so gay.

THE WANDERER.
Upon a mountain's height, far from
The sea,
I found a shell,
And to my curious ear this lonely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing—

THE WANDERER.
Upon a mountain's height, far from
The sea,
I found a shell,
And to my curious ear this lonely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing—

Walla, sends "The Four-Leaved Shamrock," recently requested.

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.
(The marriage rite was so rare
That it is supposed to endue the finder
With magic power.)
I'll seek a four-leaved shamrock in all
The mountains, near or gold.

THE FORTY-ACRE FARM.
I'm thinking, wife, of Neighbor Jones,
That man of stalwart arm;
He lives in peace and plenty on a forty-acre farm.

THE FORTY-ACRE FARM.
I'm thinking, wife, of Neighbor Jones,
That man of stalwart arm;
He lives in peace and plenty on a forty-acre farm.

THE FORTY-ACRE FARM.
I'm thinking, wife, of Neighbor Jones,
That man of stalwart arm;
He lives in peace and plenty on a forty-acre farm.

KATE'S SECRET.
The sunlight is beautiful, mother—
And sweetly the flowers bloom to-day.
And the birds in the branches of Hawthorn
Are carolling ever so gay.

THE WANDERER.
Upon a mountain's height, far from
The sea,
I found a shell,
And to my curious ear this lonely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing—

THE WANDERER.
Upon a mountain's height, far from
The sea,
I found a shell,
And to my curious ear this lonely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing—

Palmater, of Hillsboro, and Mrs. H. M. Palmer, of Albany.

I CANNOT CALL HER MOTHER.
The marriage rite was so rare
That it is supposed to endue the finder
With magic power.)
I'll seek a four-leaved shamrock in all
The mountains, near or gold.

THE FORTY-ACRE FARM.
I'm thinking, wife, of Neighbor Jones,
That man of stalwart arm;
He lives in peace and plenty on a forty-acre farm.

THE FORTY-ACRE FARM.
I'm thinking, wife, of Neighbor Jones,
That man of stalwart arm;
He lives in peace and plenty on a forty-acre farm.

THE FORTY-ACRE FARM.
I'm thinking, wife, of Neighbor Jones,
That man of stalwart arm;
He lives in peace and plenty on a forty-acre farm.

KATE'S SECRET.
The sunlight is beautiful, mother—
And sweetly the flowers bloom to-day.
And the birds in the branches of Hawthorn
Are carolling ever so gay.

THE WANDERER.
Upon a mountain's height, far from
The sea,
I found a shell,
And to my curious ear this lonely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing—

THE WANDERER.
Upon a mountain's height, far from
The sea,
I found a shell,
And to my curious ear this lonely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing—