## NUMEROUS ARE REQUESTS MADE FOR VARIOUS OLD POEMS

by several readers.

"I Believe It for My Mother Told for publication, I am respectfully Me So" is requested by Mrs. A. Cummings, of Salem, and also "The Sucking Pig." which begins:

Old enough" and of sufficient interest for publication, I am respectfully yours.

MRS. WILLIAM GALLOWAY,
201 Mission street, Salem, Or.

A parson dressed all in his best,
Cocked hat and bushy wig.
He went into a farmer's house
To choose a sucking pig.
"Go Pretty Rose" is requested by "P.
..." of Beaverton.

A Junction City reader requests the following song of Civil War times, in which the lines occur:

So let the cannon boom as they will, We'll be gay and happy still; Gay and happy, swell the answer; None but fools will marry now, Valiant men have all enlisted— Unto traitors we'll not bow.

"Eloise, or the Beile of the Mohawk Vale," requested recently, has been sent in by Mrs. H. E. Dye, of Lents; Bonnie Lievsay, of Wallula; A. W. Botkin, Mrs. L. B. McKeever, of Aberdeen, and Allce B. Russell, of Berkeley, Cal. The song was popular about the time of the Civil War. The words were by C. W. Lievany, of Wallula; A. W. Botkin, Mrs.
L. B. McKeever, of Aberdeen, and Alice
B. Russell, of Berkeley, Cal. The song
was popular about the time of the
Civil War. The words were by C. W.
Elliot and the music to which it was
sung was by J. R. Thomas.
The song follows:

You say you'd like to hear me
The stirring story tell
Of those who stood the battle
And those who fighting fell?
Short work to count our losses;
We stood and dropped the foe,
As easily as by firelight

gently glides
On its clear winding way to the sea And dearer than all storied streams on earth besides.

Is this bright rolling river to me;

Chorus— But sweeter, dearer, yes dearer far than Who charm where others all fail Is blue-eyed, bonny, Bonny Eloise, The belle of the Mohawk Vale.

O, aweet are the scenes of my boy-hood's sunny years. That bespansie the gay valley o'er. And dear are the friends seen thro memories' fond tears
That have lived in the best days of

O, sweet are the moments when dreaming I roam.

Thro' my loved haunts now mossy and gray.

And in their bravery find and in their bravery find the bravery find and gray, And dearer than all is my childhood's hallowed home. That is crumbling now slowly away.

HALF-WAY DOIN'S.

By Irwin Russell. Belubbed fellow trabelers-in holdin' forth today, I doesn't quote no special verse for what I has to say. what I has to say.

De sermon will be berry short, and dis
here am de text:

Dat half-way doin's ain't no 'count for dis worl' or de nex'.

Dis worl' dat we's a-libbin in is like a cotton row.

Where every cullud gentleman has got his line to hoe; And ebery time a lazy nigger stops to take a nap. De grass keeps on a-grewin' for to smudder up his crap.

When Moses led de Jews acrost de waters of de sea, Dey had to keep a-goin', jes' as fas' as fas' could be: Do you s'pose dat dey could ebber hab succeeded in deir wish,
And reached de Promised Land at last
if dey had stopped to fish?

Their columns drawing nearer
We felt our patience tire,
When come the reaches the

no one 'round to bodder dem, no neighbors for to thieve:

Have heard our joyous rifles And ebery day was Christmas, and dey got deir rations free, And beryting belonged to dem except

You all know 'bout de story-how de snake come snoopin' 'round—

A stump-tail, rusty moccasin, a crawlin' on de groun'—

How Eve and Adam ate de fruit, and went and hid deir face,

Till de angel overseer he come and drove 'em off de place.

8

ot of

Service of

7.3E

Now spose dat man and woman hadn't tempted for to shirk,
But had gone about deir gardenin' and tended to deir work;
Dey wouldn't hab been lookin' round whar dey had no business to,
And de debbil never'd got a chance to tell 'em what to do. tell 'em what to do.

No half-way doin's, bredren! it'll neb-ber do, I say!

Go at your task and finish it, and den's I knew it by the cheering For eben if de crap is good, de rain'll spoil de bools.

That loudly 'round him pealed, And by his quick, sharp movements; We felt his heart was stirred Unless you keep a-pickin' in de garden As when at Salamanes

Keep a-plowin' and a-hocin', and a-scrapin' ob de rows. And when de ginnin's ober you can pay up what you owes: you quits a-workin' ebery time the sun is hot. De Sheriff's gwine to lebby upon ebery-

Whateber 'tis you's dribin' at, be sure And don't let nuffin stop you, but do what you's gwine to do;

For when you see a nigger foolin', den, as shore's you're born.

You's gwine to see him comin' out de amail and of the born. small end of the horn.

I thanks you for de' tention you has gib dis afternoon— Sister Williams will oblige us by a raisin' ob a tune— I see that Bruther Johnson's 'bout to pass aroun' the hat— And don't let's hab no half-way doin's when it comes to dat.

--Contributed by Mrs. H. H. Smith.

The following, contributed by Ruth Lull, will be remembered with pleasure by many to whom it was a favorite song a generation or more ago

TWILIGHT IS STEALING. Twilight is stealing over the sea Shadows are falling dark on the lea. Borne on the night wind voices of yore Come from that far of shore.

Far away beyond the starlit skies, Where the love ight never, never dies, Gleameth the mansions filled with de-

last, Cheering my pathway while here

Seeking that far off home. Come in the twilight, come, come

with me
Bringing some message over the sea
Lonely I wander, sadly I roam
Seeking that far-off home.

To the Editor: Having read with interest the old poems published in the Sunday Oregonian, I take the liberty of inclosing one. It was published in the Saturday Evening Post some 55 years ago, a copy of which was kept and Fades earth and all its scenes;

A MONG the requests received is one committed to memory when the writer was a child. It was often a subject for recitations at school exhibitions.

Sash, with smile that well her grief

Balles, used to recite it very effectivesash, with smile that well her grief dissembles."

Mrs. H. E. Dye, of Lents, asks for the old war poem, "The Wanderins Refugee."

"Mary, of the Wild Moor" is requested by several readers.

S. Bennett, of the Jalles, used to recite it very effectively at the old-fashioned country school exhibitions in Iowa before we crossed the plains to Oregon in 1865. Early in the '70s I taught school in Yamhill County for several years and the poem was committed to memory by several by several public among the number here. was committed to memory by several was committed to memory by several of my pupils—among the number being Dr. J. D. Fenton, now of Portland, who, as a boy of 13, recited it at a school exhibition given by my pupils and of Bilss" and "I Once Did Know a Farmer."

Was committed to memory by several of my pupils—among the number being Dr. J. D. Fenton, now of Portland, who, as a boy of 13, recited it at a school exhibition given by my pupils in the Carse district.

Trusting that you will find the poem "old enough" and of sufficient interest.

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

(A Ballad of Louisiana.) BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH. Here in my rude log cabin, Few poorer men there be Among the mountain ranges Of Western Tennessee. My limbs are weak and shrunken, White hairs upon my brow; My dog—lie still, old fellow— My sole companion now.
Yet I, when young and lusty,
Have gone through stirring scenes.

sung was by J. R. Thomas.

The song follows:

BONNY ELOISE.

O, sweet is the vale where the Mohawk gently glides

BOUND STATE OF THE ST

For I went down with Carroll To fight at New Orleans.

Twas the eighth of January-Before the break of day, Our raw and hasty levies Were brought into array. No cotton bales before us— Some fool that falsehood told— Before us was an earthwork Built from the swampy mold; And there we stood in silence And waited with a frown To greet with bloody welcom The buildogs of the crown.

The heavy fog of morning Still hid the plain from sight, When came a thread of scarlet Marked faintly in the white. We fired a single cannon. And, as its thunder rolled, The mist before us lifted Came rushing to their ruin The fearless British line.

Then from our waiting cannona Leaped forth the deadly flame To meet the solid columns That swift and steady came. The thirty-twos of Crawley
And Blucher's twenty-four, And Blucher's twenty-four,
With Scott's eighteen-pounders
Responded with their roar—
Sending their grape-shoe deadly
That marked its pathway plain,
And paved the road it traveled
With corses of the slain.

Our rifles firmly grasping We stood in silence waiting We stood in silence waiting
For orders to begin.
Our fingers on the triggers,
Our hearts with anger stirred,
Grew still more fierce and eager
As Jackson's voice we heard—
"Stand steady! Waste no powder!
Wait till your shots will tell!
Today the work you finish,
See that you do it well!"

We felt our patience tire, when came the voice of Carroll, Distinct and measured—"Fire!" When My fren's, der was a garden once, Where Adam libbed wid Eve, Oh, then you should have marked us Ring sharply through the roar;
And seen their foremost columns
Melt hastily away,
As snow in mountain gorges

Before the floods of May. They soon reformed their columns And, 'mid the fatal rain, We never ceased to hurtle, Came to their work again. The Forty-fourth is with them, That first its laurels won With stout old Abercrombie Beneath an Eastern sun. It rushes to the battle, And, though within the rear

For soon there came, instead, An eagle-eyed commander,

I raised my rifle quickly.
I sighted at his breast—
"God save the gallant leader
and take him to his retui"
I did not draw the trigge.— I could not for my life—
to calm he sat his charger
Amid the deadly strife That, in my fiercest moments
A prayer arose from me:
"God save that gallant leader,

He led the fighting Third.

Our foeman though he be Sir Edward's charger staggers,
He leaps at once to ground,
And ere the brute falls bleeding
Another horse is found.
His right arm falls—'tis woundedHe waves on high his left;
In vain he leads the movement,
The ranks in twain are cleft.
The men in scarlet waver The men in scarlet waver Before the men in brown And fly in utter panic— The soldiers of the crown.

But newer shouts were heard, And came, with Gibbs to lead it, The gallant Ninety-third; Then Packenham, expliting,
With proud and joyous glance,
Cried: "Children of the Tartan,
Bold Highlanders, advance!
Advance and scale their breastworks
And drive them from their hold,
And show them that stainless courage

That marked your sires of old!" His voice as yet was ringing. When swift as light there came light

Sweet happy home so bright.

Voices of loved ones, songs of the past
Still linger round me while life shall
last,

Cheering my pathway while here I Down through the marketed.

I Down through the marshaled Sco The step of death is heard, And as by flerce tornado Fails half the Ninety-third.

The smoke passed slowly upward And as it soured on high I saw that brave commander



Dear as remembered kisses after death, On lips that are for others; deep as love, Deep as first love, and wild with all regret; O, death in life, the days that are no more.

Have they in terror fied?

No, Keane is sorely wounded

And Gibbs as good as dead.

Brave Wilkinson, commanding,

A Major of brigade, A Major of brigade,
The scattered force to rally
A final effort made.
He led them up our ramparts,
Smail glory did he gain:
Our captives some, while others fled,
And he himself was slain.

The bloody work was o'er,
The feet of our invaders
Were soon to leave our shore.
We rested on our rifles And talked about the fight. When ran a sudden murmur As fire from left to right; We turned and saw our chieftain, And then, good friend of mine, You should have heard the cheering That ran along our line.

How little when they came Had they of native courage
And trust in Jackson's name.
How through the day he labored, How through the day he isbored,
How kept the vigils still,
Till discipline controlled us—
A stronger power than will.
How then he hurled us at them
Within that evening hour
Of that red night in December, And made them feel our power.

In answer to our shouting And shrunken in each limb,
The swamps of Alabama,
Had done their work on him;
Yet spite of that, and fasting,
And hours of sleepless care,
The soul of Andrew Jackson
Shone forth in glory there,

AFTER THE BATTLE Hold the lantern aside and shudder over there: I, out tonight To search for our de

You're his wife; you love him-you think so; and I Am only his mother; my boy shall not lie In a ditch with the rest, while my arms can bear His form to a grave that mi.e own may soon share. So, if your strength fails, best go and sit by the hearth,

You will go? Then no faintings! Give Miss Annabel McCarty me the light,
And follow my footsteps—my heart
will lead right.
Ah God! What is here? A great heap below. Since I stood or the porch and heard his chief tell

How brave was my son, how gallantly
he fell.

Why, girl, do you feel neither reverence nor fright That your red han turn over this dim light These dead men that : tare so? Ah, if you had kept
Your senses this morning ere his comrades, left
You had heard that his ; lace was the
worst of them all.
Not 'mid the stragglers, where he
fought, he would fall.

And still call this cursed world a foot-Hark! A groan! There another—here 1 this line,
Piled close on each other! Ah, here is the flag,
Torn, dripping with gore—bah! they
died for this rag.

Here's the voice that we seek, poor soul, do not start; We're women, not ghosts. What a gash o'er the heart! Is there aught that we can do? message to give
To any beloved one? I swear if I live
To take it for the sake of the words
my boy said,
"Home," "mother," "wife," ere he reeled
down mong the dead.
But, first, can you tell me where his But, first, can you tell me where his regiment stood? Speak, speak, man, or point; 'twass the Ninth. Oh the blood Is choking his voice! What a look of

He's dying, he's dead! Close his lids, let us go.

God's peace on his soul! If we only | Florence Cady, of Fallbridge, of Wash-

He's not here—and not there—what wild hopes flash through My thoughts, as foot deep I stand in this dread dew. And cast up a prayer to the blue, quiet Was it you, girl, that shricked? Ah!
what face doth lie.
Upturned toward me there, so rigid and on God! My brain reels! 'Tis a dream-Oh my son! Would I had died for thee, my own my only one! There, lift off your arms; let him come to the breast
Where first he was lulled with my soul's hymn to rest.

Your heart never thrilled to your lover's fond kiss.

As mine to his baby-touch—oh! was it for this?

yes, you're right.
Forgive, oh forgive me, my daughter!
I'm maddened tonight.
Don't moan so, dear child; yqu're
young, and your years May still hold fair hopes; but the old die of tears. Yes, take him again; ah! don't lay your face there; See the blood from his wound has stained your hair. How quiet you are! Has she fainted?

Her cheek
Is cold as his own. Say a word to me, oh speak! Am I crazed? Is she dead? Has her heart broken first? Her trouble was bitter, but sure mine is worst.
I'm afraid, I'm afraid, all alone with these dead; There's more blood to see than this These corpses are stirring; God help stain on the snow;
There are pools of it, lakes of it, just I'll sit by my children until the men And fixed faces all streaked and crim- To bury the others, and then we'll go Did you think, when we came, you and The slain are all dancing! Deare.t. Keep away from my boy, he's guarded by love. Lullaby, lullaby, sleep, sweet darling, God and thy mother will watch o'er
thee keep.
(This poem was contributed, in response to a recent request, by Ruth
Luce, of Portland, and by C. W. Castle,

"Her First Party," recently requested has been sent by Ruth Luce, Mrs. Walter Jones, of Portland, and by Miss Barbara Pfeiffer, of Albany.

HER FIRST PARTY. Was invited to a party
"Your company from four to ten,
the invitation said:

And the maiden was delighted To think she was invited To sit up till the hour when the big folks went to bed.

'Twill be the swatest party,
If ye're there yerself, me darlint!
wish it was tonight!"

The great display of frilling Was positively killing; And, oh, the little bootles! and the lovely sash so wide! And the gloves so very cunning! She was altogether "stunning." the whole McCarty family regarded her with pride.

copious interjections
"sit up straight!" and "don't do
this or that—'twould be absurd!"

And the sight was most entrancing.
As if fairy land and floral band were holding jubilee:
There was laughing, there was pouting:
There was singing, there was shouting:
And the old and young together made a carnival of giee.

Miss Annabel McCarty Was the youngest at the party

The noise kept growing louder:
The naughty boys would crowd her;
"I think you're very rude indeed!" the
little lady said;
And then, without a warning.
Her home instructions scorning,
She screamed: "I want my supper,
and I want to go to bed."

known, we've often felt inclined
To leave the ball or party.
As did Annabel McCarty,
But we hadn't half the courage, and
we couldn't speak our mind.

"The Gray Swan," by Alice Cary, was requested recently and copies were sent by Mrs. M. Osburn, of Chehalis, Mrs. J. S. McDonald, of St. Paul, and Mrs.

ington. THE GRAY SWAN.

He said, with trembling lip-"What little lad? What ship?"

"What little lad! as if there could Another such a one as he! What little, little lad do you say? Why Elihu, that to the sea The moment I put him off my knee! It was just the other day The Gray Swan salled away."

The other day!" the sallor's eyes; Stood open with a great surprise,—
"The other day!—the Swan!"
His heart began in his throat to rise.
"Ay, ay, sir; here in the cupboard lies
The jacket he had on."
"And so your lad is gone?"

"Gone with the Swan," "And did she Stand With her anchor clutching hold of the sand. For a month and never stir?"

Why to be sure! I've seen from the land. Like a lover kissing his lady's hand, The wild sea kissing her, A sight to remember, sir."

But, my good mother, do you know All this was twenty years ago?
I stood on the Gray Swan's deck,
And to that lad I saw you throw. Taking it off, as it might be so, The 'kerchief from your neck." "Ay, and he'll bring it back!"

That has made you sick and made you sad. Sail with the Gray Swan's crew?"

And he has never written line, Nor sent you word, nor made you sign To say he was alive?"
"Hold! if 't'was wrong, the wrong is

twenty years-a long, long Twas wicked thus your love to abuse But if the lad still live, And come back home, think you, you

Miserable man; you're as mad as the

And from within his bosom drew The 'kerchief, She was wild. "My God! my Father! is it true?"
My little lad, my Elihu!
My blessed boy, my child!
My dead—my living child!"

HIS MOTHER WAS IN HEAVEN. BY ROBERT . CAREY, JR.
He came to the stable at sunset, a queer looking sort of a lad.
His clothes hangin' round him in tat-

Twas somewhere along in December.

Twas somewhere along in December,
the racing was over and done,
The boys were kicking their heels up
rolling around in the sun,
With nothing to do in the morning and
nothing to do at the night,
The horses all eating their heads off
and not a Winter in sight

him away from the door. But just at that moment he fainted, and fell in a heap on the ficor;
Then I knew right away he was starvin'
and lifted him up, the poor kid,
I just took him in and I fed him, and now I thank God that I did.

By Gabriel, out of Brown Neille, the mare was the pride of my string; Sweet-tempered she was as a kitten, and swift as a bird on the wing; As yet, she had not faced a starter, but somehow I fancied that she, With little Jim perched in the saddle, might yet be the making of me.

We worked her that Spring on the quiet and tried her one day at a mile; At one-forty flat stopped the watches; 'twas done in the handlest style. "She'll do for the Oaks, Jim," I whispered. And Jim answered back, Ain't she sweet? There never was anything like her they'll find her a hard one to

Just five hundred dollars I wagered against thirteen thousand that

Then told little Jim how to ride her:
"Get off well and give her head." 'Never fear," he said, "If we're beaten both I and the mare will be dead."

With fourteen that danced round the starter, the field was a large one,

The mare didn't seem the least nervous, showed no disposition to fret;
And Jim, in his dingy old jacket—my
colors were purple and white—
Seemed able to hold and control her with touch that was thistle-down

"They're off," was the cry from the watchers. "Belle Stone's in the lead!" "No it's Grace." "She'll come back to her field." "No she will not." "She'll never live

Twas in vain that the whips cracked With

Unbeaten she went through the season, the pet of the public, and Jim Was the Jock that the plungers all followed-all seemed to cotton to Success made no change in his habits;

We wintered at Mobile that season, and often as twilight would fall.

We'd sit at the doorway together, and list for the mocking-bird's call.

the patches of blue in between.

Jim was full of the queerest of fancles. quaint as a man ever heard; He thought that a soul was imprisoned, the soul of a man in each bird. The night-wind, he said, told him sto-ries, the stories of dead and gone kings:

That the clover-tops out in the mea-dows, fell from a butterfly's wings. That dew was the tears of the angels, that fell when the world was

unhappy unless they can weep. That violets blooming in the wildwo showed just where the fairies had That the buttercups sprang from the gold mines, buried deep under the

the angels had taken her from him, and carried her up to the skles.

I reach out my arms to embrace her, I find to my sorrow, she's gone." "But some time, I know, I shall see her,

And you—Bob, you'll have so many that you will not miss her, I know." I smiled as I said: "You can have her."

I knew not that death lurked so hear, For how could I know that an angel was waiting e'en then to appear.

And how could I know that the fever called "Yellow Jack' lurked at They have buried him there in the deep, ocean's crest, Where the billows bound and the

the gate—
No tiger that's left in the jungle had
ever so fearful a mate.

"Get out of the way!" once he shouted; 
"you're crowding too close to the

to wait for him at the door.

And from his parched lips, in the darkness, the ghost of wandering prayer
Escaped, and I fancy the Master was bending and listening there.

But this time their mission was dif-ferent—they waited a soul's tak-ing wing. We watched there. The night before
Christmas, the bells rang their
message of mirth.

Of peace and good will to all beings
that live on the face of the earth.

And Jim started up at their chiming
and reached out his thin hands,
"I see

ed; "they're bringing a crown here for me."

oing! Good-bye. Bob," he whispered. "I'm going, and may I take Grace?"

And then for a kiss, oh he vow would tease me!

He promised he'd bring me a bur blue ribbons.

To tie up my bonny brown hair.

"Yes, take her, my lad," I answered, my tears falling fast on his face.
"God bless you, old fellow," he murmured, and then quickly grasping my hand,
He said: "It's all right! There's my ribbons.

In the pools she was selling for fifty, mother." the jockey's first greeting to the favorite being Belle Stone,
And I was the sucker a-buying the tickets on Grace all alone.

A smile curved his lips as he lay there.

I knelt for a moment in prayer. A smile curved his lips as he lay there.

I knelt for a moment in prayer.

The sound of the belis' merry music still rank on the startled night air.

against thirteen thousand.

Grace

Grace

Would be in the first, in the finish, I The boys came to me at the dawning and told me that the mare, Grace,

Was well when they left her at even' and eating her supper, they said.
"I gave her to Jim, boys," I muttered,
"I gave her to Jim ere he died:
The way may be long. He was weary and the angels wished him to ride."

I've no explanation to offer. Explaining don't lay in my line; ways of the good Lord would bother a brain that is larger

than mine.

Each year at the coming of Christmas I look at the lad's pictured face; Christ gave you a crown for his gift, Jim, and I, for a gift, gave you Grace. Contributed by Mrs. H. H. Smith, 227 East Fortieth atreet, city.

BURY ME NOT IN THE DEEP, DEEP, SEA.

and, turning he looked for Belle The death shade had slowly passed, and now, With the land and his fond, loved home so nigh.
They had gathered around to see him

> "Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea," Where the billowy waves will roll over me, Where no light shall glide through the

> But grant ye, oh. grant ye, this boon for

"In fancy I've listened to the well-The free, wild wind and the song of birds, the green.

The stars in their jewel-like splendor, I have thought of home, of cot and And scenes I have loved in childhood's

hour.
I had ever hoped to be laid when I died in the churchyard there on the green hillside.

By the bones of my father my grave shall be. Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea. "Let my resting-place be where a moth-

er's prayer.

And a s'ster's tears shall be mingled there.

Oh, 'twill be sweet when these heartthrobs are o'er To know when its fountains shall gush no more. That those it so fondly has yearned for

To plant the first wild flowers of Spring on my tomb.

Let me lie where those loved ones shall weep over me He'd tell me about his dead mother, with tears shining bright in his 'And there is another whose tears will

be shed For him who lies low in an ocean bed. In hours it pains me to think of how She has twined these locks and has pressed this brow.

In the hair she hath twined shall the sea serpent hiss?

And the brow she hath pressed, shall the wild wave kiss?
For the sake of that loved one still waiting for me.

shall kiss once again her dear Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea. They gave no heed to his dying prayer:
They lowered him low, o'er the vessel's
side:
Above him has rolled the dark, cold
tide. Where to dip their light wings the fowl rest,
Where the wild waves dance o'er

> deep sea. THE OLD HOME. I remember an old gray farmhouse, All messy and stained with time; With a film of old age upon it.

While yet it stood in its prime. A broad, low-browed old homestead, Where clambering wild woodbine Hung out its flames in the Autumn Like wreaths on a holy shrine.

Great, drooping elms swayed o'er it; And blossoming lilacs tall. Thrust their purple plumes in the win-With the bees they held in thrail. All under its roof so mossy.
And around its heart so warm,
It gathered its happy children,
In a merry, busy swarm.

With the beat of rain on the shingles, It lulled them all to rest, When Spring brought the muttering showers, Surging up from out the west.

As a hen soothes her sleepy chickens, Beneath her wings widespread. So we heard the soft, sweet wind-sons. Of the old roof overhead.

And now when I fall a dreaming,
When it rains, and the wind is strong,
I hear again the deep murmur
And beat of the old roof's song. And the years fall away and leave me, A sleepy child once more: Slow rocking on grand wild surges, Toward some dream land shore.

Now drifting among the treetops Now floating o'er rivers deep. Till I sink in that rushing, sweeping

Down to the land of sleep.

-Contributed by Bertha Mifflin Blowers, of Hood River. "E. R. C." sends the following old song, which will be remembered by many:

OH, DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE! (An Old English Song.) Oh, dear! What can the matter be? Dear, dear! What can the matter be? Oh, dear! What can the matter be? Johnny's so long at the fair.

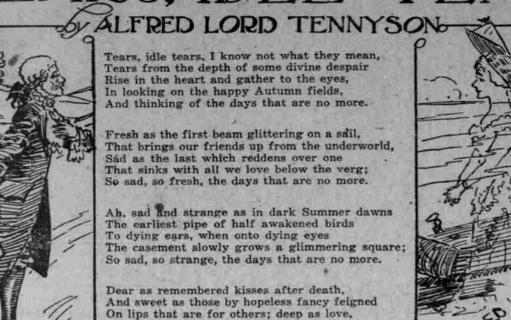
He promised he'd bring me a fairing should please me, And then for a kiss, oh he vowed he would tease me!

He promised he'd bring me a bunch of blue ribbons.

He promised he'd bring me a basket of

A little straw hat to set off the blue That tie up my bonny brown hair.

His fingers relaxed and I, turning, just Oh, dear! What can the matter be caught his last fluttering breath. Oh, dear! What can the matter be? The low-spoken sweet words, "my Johnny's so long at the fair.



The man of Salamanca Lies dead at New Orleans.

But where are his lieutenants?

For well our men remembered

Fire lit his eyes of gray, As erect, but thin and pallid, He passed upon his bay; Weak from the baffled fever

All mangled and gory! What horrible These beings have died in! Dear moth-More! More! Ah! I thought I could never more know Grief, horror or pity for aught here

Did they think I cared then, to see officers stand
Before my great sorrow, each hat in each hand?

There's the moon through the clouds;
Oh Christ what a scene!
Dost thou, from thy reavens oer such
visions lean,

despair!
There, lean on my knee, while I put back the hair From eyes so fast glazing. Oh, my darling, my own,
My hands were both idle, when you died alone!

could know.
Where our own dear one lies! My soul has turned sick; Must we crawl o'er these that lie here so thick? . I cannot! How eager you One might think you were nursed on the red lap of war.

He was yours, too; he loved you! Yes,

The crazy little midget
Ran and told the news to Bridget,
Who clapped her hands, and dance
a jig, to Annabel's delight,
And said, with accents hearty.

this or that—'twould be absurd!'
But what with their caressing
And the agony of dressing.

Miss Annabel McCarty did not hear
a single word.

There was music, there was dancing,
And the sight was most entrancing,
And the sight was most entrancing.
As if fairy land and floral band were

And every one remarked she was beautifully dressed;
Like a doll she sat demurely On the soft, thinking surely
It would never do for her to run and frolic with the rest.

Now, big folks who are older, Need not laugh at her nor scold her, For doubtless, if the truth were

"Oh tell me, sailor, tell me true, Is my little lad, my Elihu. A-sailing with your ship?"
The sailor's eyes were dim with dev
"Your little lad, your Elihu?"

"And did the little lawless lad 'Lawless! the man is going mad!
The best boy ever mother had—
Be sure he sailed with the crew!
What would you have him do?"

The sailor twitched his shirt so blue

ters, a face that was old-like and He told me that he was an orphan, his father and mother were dead:
He hadn't a sister or brother, and knew

At first I confess I was tempted to turn

beat"
I entered her up in the circuit in all of
the stakes I could find:
I said she would make me or break me,
yet felt I was going it blind;
But Jim only laughed at my fancies,
"She'll make, but not break you,"
he said;
And Grace, looking out of the stable,
kept nodding and nodding her
head

the days for the Oaks was at hand; The field that was carded, a grand one, the pride and the pick of the land.

By the time they'd gone to the first quarter, my mare was ten lengths to the good.

And streaking an y like a rabbit, scared out of the heart of the wood.

A request for "Bury Me Not in the Deep Blue Sea" has brought the following from Miss Myrtle Jones, of Portland. It will be recognized as a variant of the ballad, "Bury Me Not in the Lone wood.

behind her; vain was the touch of the steel, nostrils blood-red and mane flyin, my Grace was a-leading the reel.

"Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea," The words came low and mournfully From the pallid lips of a youth who lay On his cabin couch at the close of day. He had wasted and pined till o'er his brow.

Jim eased her a bit the last quarter, Who led all the rest at the eighth pole, and my mare just finished alone.

Success made no change in his habits:
he gave me his earnings to keep.
And siept every night in the stables—
the piace where all jockeys
should sleep.

Where the body shall lie when the heart
is cold.

Watch the moonlist flooding the sta-bles; the shadows that danced on

asleep, For angels, he said, were like women-

comes to me oft in the night-time," he whispered, "and when at the dawn

Besides, he may be in the brine.

And could he write from the grave?

Tut, man; what could you have?"

Shall pillow my head on her bosom, and then—I'll have to leave Grace.

"She has been in my dreams—" his voice falled there." then—I'll have to leave Grace.
You'll give her to me, up in heaven, if horses to heaven should go;

I knew what it was just the moment that I had set eyes upon him.
I'd seen its grim reaping at Memphis, the year it touched me with its wing.
When strong men and women, together fell down at the touch of the

For days we kept watch at ...is bedside, and, God! 'twas a pitiful sight; He'd ride all his old races over, and off in the dead of the night, He'd start from his sleep and would whisper-a smile on his little. thin face—
thin face—one down, and we're leading: we'll show them the way, won't we, Grace?"

I can't hold the mare, and we're coming along with the speed of a gale. Your horse is dead beat, Billy Saun-ders; stop whipping the beast—he He would if he could, for he's willing:
to punish him now is a sin."
He'd pick at the bedclothes and babble
of playmates he'd known long
before:
Then, whispering, ask his dead mother

The angels stood close by the bedside, as, once, in a far-away day,
They stood in a Judean stable and waited the birth of a King;

The gift of the Christ-child," he shout-

number gone up at the top of the stand."