

NOAH AND THE WINE.

When Noah bade the ark farewell  
And pensive sat to think a spell,  
An unknown figure met his eyes,  
Perchance a herald from the skies,  
Who said: "Since you have done your  
best  
The gods will grant you one request."

"My dearest sir," good Noah said,  
"The water here effects my head,  
Because the sinners great or small  
Were in it drowned, both one and all,  
And so my wish will be I think,  
To have some other, better drink."

His wish was granted in a thrice,  
The wine was sent from paradise,  
With lessons how to make it grow,  
And counsel good for him to know,  
And Noah, filled with grateful mirth,  
Bowed down delighted to the earth.

Then calling to his wife and child,  
He told them both, in accents mild,  
What all the confab was about,  
And quickly laid a vineyard out.  
When five or six short years were o'er  
The bottles reached his second floor.

Against this you can nothing say.  
He took his wine in pious way.  
Like upright Dutchmen later born,  
To the honor of heaven he drained his  
horn,  
And after the deluge appears  
He lived three hundred and fifty years

So each of you can plainly see  
That wine is good for you and me,  
And also that a righteous man  
Ne'er mixes water in his can.  
Because the sinners, great and small,  
Therein were drowned, both one and all,  
—From the Dutch.

NOTICE.

Those indebted to the Wagner Creek Cemetery Association are requested to pay up as soon as convenient as money is needed for necessary improvements on the Cemetery. Also those who have accounts against the association are requested to present them for payment.

W. J. DEAN, Clerk.


ANONYMA.

She, whose name is shame to speak,  
Crimsoning the virgin's cheek—  
She, the type of vice, becomes  
Guardian of virtuous homes,

But for her, their purity  
Might, alas! pol'uted be;  
And not few, who in the pride  
Of their chastity confide—  
Still untempted—and who think  
Of her but with loathing, shrink  
From her as from foulest air—  
Might have known remorse, despair.

On that one degraded form  
Passions concentrated swarm,  
That might every home defame,  
Filling all the world with shame.  
While our civilizations, all  
Creeds and nations, rise and fall,  
She remains—humanity's  
Eternal priestess, on her knees,  
Till all ends where all begins,  
Blasted for the people's sins.

—Geo. Birdseye, in Boston Investigator.

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FRANK HASTY,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

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