

## CONTENTED JIM.

Everything pleased our neighbor Jim,  
When it rained  
He never complained,  
But said wet weather suited him.  
"There never is too much rain for me,  
And this is something like," said he.  
When earth was dry as a powder mill,  
He did not sigh  
Because it was dry,  
But if he could have his will  
It would be his chief supreme delight  
To live where the sun shone day and  
night.  
When winter came, with its snow and  
ice,  
He did not scold  
Because it was cold,  
But said: "Now this is real nice;  
If ever from home I'm forced to go,  
I'll move up north with the Esqui-  
mau."  
A cyclone whirled along its track;  
And did him harm—  
It broke his arm,  
And stripped the coat from off his back:  
"And I would give another limb  
To see such a blow again," said Jim.  
And when at length his years were told,  
And his body bent,  
And his strength all spent,  
And Jim was very weak and old:  
"I long have wanted to know," he  
said,  
"How it feels to die"—and Jim was  
dead,  
The angel of death had summoned  
him  
To heaven or—well,  
I cannot tell;  
But I knew that the climate suited Jim;  
And cold or hot, it mattered not—  
It was to him the long-sought spot.  
—O. F. Pearre.

## THE OLD HOUSE.

In through the porch and up the silent  
stair.  
Little is changed, I know so well the  
ways;  
Here the dead came to meet me; it was  
there  
The dream was dreamed in unforgotten  
days.  
But who is this hurries on before,  
A flitting shade the brooding shades  
among?  
She turned—I saw her face—O God! it  
wore  
The face I used to wear when I was  
young.  
I thought my spirit and my heart were  
tamed  
To deadness; dead the pangs that  
agonize.  
The old grief springs to choke me—I am  
shamed  
Before that little ghost with eager  
eyes.  
Oh, turn away, let her not see, not know!  
How should she bear it, how should  
understand?  
Oh, hasten down the stairway, haste  
and go,  
And leave her dreaming in the silent  
land.  
—Amy Levy.

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TAYLER  
THE FOOT FITTER'S  
AND  
SHOE HOSPITAL,  
CAN BE FOUND NEXT DOOR TO  
WILKISON'S MEAT MARKET.  
MEDFORD, OREGON.

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