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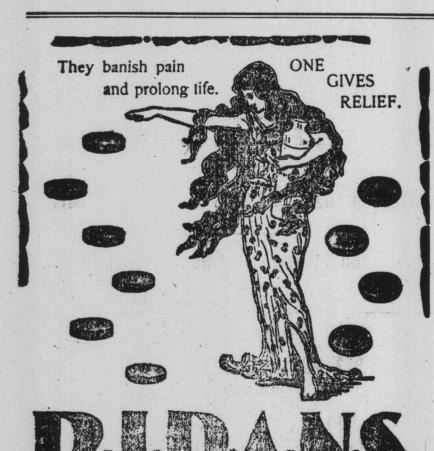
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#### Poetry.

TO THE SMALL POET'S CHAM-PION.

Oh, bard of Spring! Oh, bard of Spring! Why take things so to heart? At you we did not mean to fling The bitter inky dart. Twas on that poetizer dread Who's howls disgrace the powerless dead,

That we alone would put a head.

and, sir, how could you think that we, Who'd ne'er your ditty seen, -For ere we spoke of bards so free, It published had not been,-By all we'd have this understood, So be not in an angry mood.

With whom all nature does rejoice We spoke with small regard. But no particular bard meant we, We had no reference, sir, to thee. This one with half an eye can see.

Your Muse's smouldaring fires you rouse, It seems your chosen lot The low grade poets to espouse, And for us make it hot. Spring's gentle zephyrs mild and tame To fan its embers to a flame. Should bear a hand within the game.

For at your will we know are they Like to a magic wand, It brings them right to hand. Oh zephyr like, dear sir, be mild, And, don't we beg of you, go wild, It grieves us much to see thee riled.

If on thee, we should sit Or tread, you'll prove and twist We doubt this not a bit.

David to play perhaps you think? To dent our graceless pate. But Sampson you had best to play; The weapon with which he did slay

But, champion, ere another blow, Or throw at us you take, Tell us, for, oh, we fain would know, Tell us, for mercy sake! Tell us, what means this, we entreat: "And if his temper is but sweet,

What is it, pray, that he should meet? Is is another fool? If so to him 'twould be no treat, For does not poesy's school By scores, yes, hundreds, turn them out? Formost the babbling spring song lout,

What does this couplet mean Your morals are we slow to slur. But sounds this not obsene? 'And one above will shove his nose To prove that others can compose.' Expound, pray do, in rhyme, or prose

Do You Think of Building Why should be shove it? ney! This paper that lots can compose, Why should he shove it? hey! It's self well proves we'd say, And poems that are not poems at all: They simply are overflow of gall.

Bring you the Bible do you say? No; that we will not do: But England's grammar we straightway Will forward unto you. Peruse it, ere you strive to wean

From folly with your wit so keen, Us, that we may know what you mean. \*Short and tall: short and long, tall

ecessary to rhyme with at all. 'And there is one to shove his nose To show that others can compose."

COOK'S SURE COUGH CURE. In the "Ciarion Office."

(SELECTED) "I come to pay"—the stranger said; Said the editor, "Say no more, But sit you down in the office chair, For my heart is sad and sore."

"I came to pay"—the stranger said, Said the editor "Say no more," But rest you here, and I'll give you lunch As I never did before.

For checks are few and money's tight, And bills grow more and more; So sit you here, my welcome guest, And eat of my humble store"

'But you mistake," the stranger said, "For as I said before, I came to pay"-"Rest, rest, my friend Said the editor, "pay no more"

The care was gone from the editor's brown And a pleasing smile he wore, And the stranger fed till the beans were

And the cider flowed no more. Then straight the editor from the safe, A pond'rous ledger bore, "Nay, nay," said the stanger, "not for

#### I tried to say before, -

Had I a gift poetical,

came to pay respects to you, And the loan of a "V" implore" Then the editor's face grew black as night And a fearful oath he swore.

THE COLWELL CREEK.

This charming vale I'd seek,

The soul of music thrills.

Like an orchestra in flight,

Salute the morning light.

Beneath the linden trees,

Obstructive to the breeze.

Escort the sun to rest,

To linger on thy breast.

For there's a double charm

Attaches to the Colwell Creek,

And to the Hendry farm.

In circling eddies slow,

Of the "happy long ago."

Thy crystal waters smiled.

My mother as a child.

And held in wavering duplicate

How pleasant drifting with thy tide,

And lend from the sunset sky a tint

'Mid scenes like these I leve to stay,

wonder not that ye halt and tarry

For sweet remembrances ye carry,

When rippling on this pebbly beach

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,

IN MEMORIAM.

Lines in memory of Stanley Miller, who

died April 29th, 1899, aged 23 years.

I mourn for him, he was my child,

Thy rod seems heavy, yet, my God,

Lord pity my distress.

Thy name I'll ever bless.

My Saviour's ever kind to me,

I love Him fond and true,

How patiently my darling lay,

How gentle was his moan,

But he's gone where the Rose of Sharon

He don't forbid my father's heart To love my Stanley, too.

Brooklyn, New York.

WICKHAM

Where the golden lilies grow,

The bobilinks, on wings of song,

And I would sing my sweetest song

And down the stairs in one fell swoop, That stranger sought the door: And left the trail of a sanguined nose, Upon the office floor.

Referred to thee? Your lines were good,

We quoted but the public's voice, When of the Spring time bard

Your pen points and they must obey,

You say a headstrong little worm,

For, oh, you are chock full of fight. Thy genius, like the glowworm's light, Will steer us clear of thee all right. You pen the sling, the stone your ink,

His foes much better can you sway.

We think the fool is best to meet."

Is seen among the mangy rout. And tell us, most respected sir,

Who is it that will shove his nose? For it prints poems both \*shot and tall,

And left me here alone. God's angel bade my pain-racked child On earth no longer stay, Wiped his fever'd brow with soft white wing, And bore his soul away.

Can he be dead or has a dream

My throbbing brain beguiled? Or shall I in this world again No more behold my child? His red lips still their cheek caress, They hear his plaintive moan, They felt his arms around their necks Saying "Comrades, take me home."

But his tender voice is silent, now, I listen oft' in vain To hear the sound of kindly tones "To my Critic," in issue of May I'll never hear again.

His body's gone, 'tis laid away, It sleeps beneath the sod.

But he tunes his harp with an angel hand. In the Paradise of God.

In golden fields beyond the tomb, There will my darling dwell, A flower of immortal bloom: Now Stanley, dear, farewell. I leave you in your Saviour's arms, On that eternal shore, Where loved ones parted here below,

Shall met to part no more. COMPOSED BY JOHN B. GRAVES.

in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Merritt, in the hospitals at Horolulu, in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the roar of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanzo for agents. Brimful of original Bonanzo for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low prices. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy, unofficial war books. Outfit free. Address, F. T. Barber, Sec'y., Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

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