

Thy ringlets were golden in hue, Annie,
 A halo of light 'round thy brow ;
 Thine eyes were as summer skies, blue, Annie,
 Thy song like the brook in its flow.

But dark frowned the day on thy life, Annie,
 And Death gave thy soul to the skies.
 Oh, I long when hath passed every strife, Annie,
 To the home of thy spirit to rise.

A THUNDERSTORM.

The clouds roar in chorus,
 The whirlwinds arise,
 The levin flame flashes,
 And fierce from the skies
 To the earth, the rude rain-blast
 In tempest is hurled,
 And gloom as of chaos
 Frown's over the world.
 By the thunder-bolt blasted,
 The kings of the wood,
 Titan oaks, rent and ruined,
 Crash down on the flood.
 All yield to the Anarch,
 Strong Storm, and one hear
 'Mid the dreadful commotion,
 The groan of the spheres.

EPIGRAMS.

To Louis P. Kribbs, on his anti-prohibition paper.

Honest Kribbs, I'm informed you're to bring out a sheet
 Called *The Advocate* ; rummies no doubt will adore it ;
 But be honest clean Kribbs, make your title complete ;
 So just place the truthful term, *Devil's* before it.

Our Trade Relation.

Says Miss Canada to Uncle Sam,
 "Will you purchase my food to chew ?"
 "Yes, Yes," replied Sam, "I'll devour your food,
 If you let me devour you too."
 "Quite unphilosophic," Miss C. then replied :
 To desire more food than you need ; you need, or not
 You've nine million Blacks and two billions of debt,
 To digest ere upon me you feed."

A Cenotaph.

While living, here, oft did I lie,
 For many and many a day ;
 But Death hath denied me that joy,
 So now I lie, far, far away.

The Why and the Wherefore.

Physicians can never true patriots be,
 However their country may need them ;
 For the latter bleed for their countrymen,
 The former bleed them.