

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Advertisements under this head a cent a word.

ROYAL ORANGE DISTRICT NO. 1.—Bible service at 11 a.m. at the Orange Hall on Sunday, Nov. 1, at 2 p.m. for the purpose of attending divine service at Baptist Church, Talbot street; sermon by Rev. Ira Smith, visitors cordially invited. Wm. Brown, O.M. Sec. Lewis, Sec. Sec.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. J. Clark, pastor. Morning and evening. Subject: "Sixth Commandment." Afternoon, 3 o'clock. Sabbath school and pastor's Bible class.

ST. ANDREW'S.—Rev. John C. McKee, pastor. Morning and evening. Bible class by Principal Merchant at 3 p.m.

M. W. H. LINDICOTT WILL AD.—Address the young men's meeting Sunday, at 4:15 p.m. in Victoria Hall parlor. All young men welcome.

DUNDAS STREET CENTER CHURCH.—Rev. A. C. Courie, pastor. Services to-morrow morning and evening.

SKIN STREET METHODIST CHURCH.—Services to-morrow at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

TALBOT STREET BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. Smith, pastor. Services to-morrow at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

EAST LONDON METHODIST CHURCH.—Services to-morrow morning and evening.

WELLINGTON STREET METHODIST.—The pastor, Rev. George W. Henderson, will preach at both services. Communion service in the evening. Sunday school and pastor's Bible class at 2:30.

ST. JAMES PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Pastor, Rev. M. J. Hall, B.A., services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Strangers welcome. Communion service.

KING STREET METHODIST CHURCH.—Pastor, Rev. J. H. Brown, services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Strangers welcome. Communion service.

LONDON WEST METHODIST CHURCH.—Pastor, Rev. J. H. Brown, services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Strangers welcome. Communion service.

QUEEN'S AVENUE METHODIST CHURCH.—Pastor, Rev. J. H. Brown, services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Strangers welcome. Communion service.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—Pastor, Rev. J. H. Brown, services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Strangers welcome. Communion service.

AMUSEMENTS LECTURES, ETC.

Advertisements under this head two cents a word.

CHRYSANTHEMUM EXHIBITION.—City Hall, Nov. 3, 4, 5.

DISPLAYS OF NEW AND RARE.—Admission, 3 cents. Nov. 3, 4, 5.

SOUTHERN EVERGREENS FROM ALABAMA.—Admission, 3 cents. Nov. 3, 4, 5.

SEE THE BIG SPECIMEN "MUMS."—Admission, 3 cents. Nov. 3, 4, 5.

TUESDAY—SCHOOL CHILDREN'S DAY.—Admission, 3 cents. Nov. 3, 4, 5.

EXHIBITS FROM DETROIT, TORONTO, HAMILTON, BRAMPTON.—Admission, 3 cents. Nov. 3, 4, 5.

MUSIC AFTERNOON AND EVENING.—Admission, 3 cents. Nov. 3, 4, 5.

CITY HALL—NOV. 3, 4, 5.—Admission, 3 cents. Nov. 3, 4, 5.

WHERE? DUNDAS STREET METHODIST CHURCH.—When Tuesday, Nov. 3, 4, 5. Subject: "The Future of the Indian, the African and the Canadian." Lecturer: Rev. A. C. Courie, B.L. Music? By the choir. Silver collection.

WESTMINSTER RINK—OPEN MONDAYS, THURSDAYS AND FRIDAYS.—Band Mondays. Easy dance carnival Nov. 5.

COSTS WHAT HAE? J. H. WATSON WILL—lectures in Victoria Hall, Nov. 4, 5. An Evening with the Scottish Tunes. Single tickets 25c; double 50c. Chair taken at 8 o'clock.

PALACE DANCING ACADEMY—470—Richmond street. Classes—Gentlemen, Mondays at 8 p.m.; ladies, Fridays at 8 and Saturdays at 10. Instruction in dancing, ballroom, and all the latest dances. Admission, 3 cents. Nov. 3, 4, 5.

MEETINGS.

Advertisements under this head a cent a word.

THE TUSCAN LODGE, NO. 105, A. F. AND A. M.—meets Monday evening at 8 o'clock. Visitors welcome. P. W. H. HARRISON, W. M.; R. H. HARRISON, Sec.

DOMESTICS WANTED.

Advertisements under this head a cent a word.

GIRL WANTED—INQUIRE AT 300 KING—street. No washing. Apply Mrs. JOHN FERGUSON, 189 Dundas street.

WANTED—GOOD GENERAL SERVANT—Fergusons, 189 Dundas street.

40 GOOD GIRLS WANTED AS COOKS, chambermaids, kitchen girls, housekeepers, nurses, etc.; highest wages paid; and first-class training. Apply to Mrs. J. H. WATSON, 470 Dundas street.

WANTED AT ONCE—A GOOD WORK-ing housekeeper for a farm; also good cook; no washing; excellent wages. Apply to Mr. WOODRUFF, 262 Dundas street.

WANTED—COOKS AT THE ARMYLUM—for luncheon. Apply to the Matron any day before 12 o'clock.

MALE HELP WANTED.

Advertisements under this head a cent a word.

WANTED—ONE FIRST-CLASS CITY—salesman immediately; must be of good address and thoroughly acquainted with London and suburbs; no others need apply; good references required; good opening for life man. BROWN BROS. CO., Toronto.

WE WISH TO EMPLOY AN ACTIVE, intelligent and trustworthy salesman for London and vicinity; no others need apply; good references required; good opening for life man. BROWN BROS. CO., Toronto.

WANTED—LOCAL AND TRAVELING—salesmen; positions permanent; salary and expenses paid weekly. BROWN BROS. CO., Toronto.

CANVASSERS WANTED—APPLY 208—Dundas street.

WANTED—A BOY TO LEARN THE—trade; must be of good address and thoroughly acquainted with London and suburbs; no others need apply; good references required; good opening for life man. BROWN BROS. CO., Toronto.

TEACHER WANTED—FOR SCHOOL—section No. 1, London township; state salary and qualifications. R. M. TAYLOR, Dundas street.

GOOD MEN WANTED TO LEARN—our business; salary while learning; permanent positions; right parties. Call at 42 Dundas street.

FIRST-CLASS CO. MAKER WANTED—for a steady job and good wages. Apply to J. H. WATSON, 470 Dundas street.

WANTED—SOUTH LONDON, A PIECE—of land; 2000 square feet; please leave at this office.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

Advertisements under this head a cent a word.

GIRLS WANTED—APPLY AT ONCE—115 Dundas street.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

Advertisements under this head a cent a word.

CHOICE LOT—HYMAN STREET—FOR—sale. This is a full bargain. First come first served. A. A. Campbell, 105 Dundas street.

GOOD HOUSES AND LOTS IN ALL—parts of city, and farms in the country for sale cheap. W. M. MOORE & CO., 437 Richmond street.

FOR SALE—OR WOULD EXCHANGE—for a farm, property of 100 acres; 1 or 2 rooms on the 3rd concession, west of Richmond street north side. The lot contains one acre, and all the buildings and fences, etc., are in good repair; price, \$1,200. Apply to W. M. MOORE & CO., 437 Richmond street, London, Ont.

FOR SALE—TWO STORY FRAME HOUSE—8 or 10 rooms; good lot; barn, etc. Central Avenue near Cartwright street, price \$1,700. Apply W. M. MOORE & CO., 437 Richmond street, London, Ont.

FOR SALE—CHOICE FARM NEAR ST.—Thomas road, 100 acres; 2 rooms; 10 or 12 rooms; good house, stable, etc., \$7,000. Apply W. M. MOORE & CO., 437 Richmond street, London, Ont.

FOR SALE—NEW FRAME COTTAGE—newly finished, with good lot, 100 acres. Price, \$1,200. Apply W. M. MOORE & CO., 437 Richmond street, London, Ont.

VALUABLE CITY PROPERTY FOR—sale—Hill street, near William; good chance for investment. BROWN BROS. CO., Toronto.

TO LET—COMFORTABLE BRICK COF-—tee, near Dundas street, 100 acres. Price, \$1,200. Apply W. M. MOORE & CO., 437 Richmond street, London, Ont.

TO LET—SOUTH LONDON—NEAR—the river, 100 acres; 2 rooms; 10 or 12 rooms; good house, stable, etc., \$7,000. Apply W. M. MOORE & CO., 437 Richmond street, London, Ont.

TO LET—HOUSE IN YORK STREET—near the river, 100 acres; 2 rooms; 10 or 12 rooms; good house, stable, etc., \$7,000. Apply W. M. MOORE & CO., 437 Richmond street, London, Ont.

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BILLIARDS, TOBACCOS,
CIGARS, PIPES, CANES, ETC.

CRUICKSHANK & CO.
(GRANDS OLD STANT),
105 DUNDAS STREET

WALL PAPER.

Now is the time to buy
WALL PAPER at low prices.
Big stock of New Goods to
select from.

R. LEWIS,
182 Dundas St., 434 Richmond St.,
177

MINERAL WOOL
Pipes and Boiler Covering.
Mineral Wool in bulk.

Calico Celebrated Packing and
Boiler Covering. Camel Hair Bedding.
C. S. MEAD
280 Dundas Street.

D. Daly & Son

Have a very large stock of No. 1
Beach and Maple

WOOD

We invite inspection and can give
best value.

Office & Yard, 19 York St.
TELEPHONE 348.

Orders left at Tripp's Livery will receive
prompt attention.

These answering an Advertisement
will confer a favor upon the Advertiser
and Publisher by stating that they saw
the Advertisement in the LONDON
ADVERTISER.

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West Window

OR—
3
ELTIES.

THE MEN'S
FURNISHERS.

ROSS

Price House.)

s and Furs.

and qualities; splendid value.
ty cheaper than ever. Full range
ID. CHOICE GOODS.

urnishings.

WEAR A SPECIALTY.

to 46-inch chest measure, and
for our goods will show at once
R VALUE. We also show a range
KWEAR, SHIRTS, UMBRELLAS
HEAPER THAN EVER.

Tailoring.

special attention, and we ask NO
ge of Cloth, Tweeds and Over-
PERFECT FIT and WORKMAN-

ready-made Overcoats,

ED AND CHEAP.

opposite City Hall.

CONVERSAZIONE.

A man who has a character that mud will
stick to always feels uneasy.

Amazing

The ways of English and Americans are
still appalling to the more indolent and less
cleverly Southern nations, who have had for
many decades large opportunities for study-
ing these race peculiarities and yet have
never ceased to wonder. When Mr. W. D.
Howells was in the palace occupied by him
and his lady for the following suggestive
occasion for the following suggestive

In my account of this affair to the com-
missionary of police, I said that the burglary
occurred one morning about daylight, when
I saw the head of the burglar peering above
the window-sill, and his hand extended to
pry open my wardrobe.

"Excuse me," Simon "Console," inter-
rupted the commissary, "how could you
see him?"

"Why, there was nothing in the world
to prevent me. The window was open."

"The window was open?" gasped the
commissary. "Do you mean that you sleep
with your windows open?"

"Most certainly," said the commissary, sus-
piciously. "Do all Americans sleep with
their windows open?"

"I may venture to say they all do in the
summer," I answered. "At least, it is the
general custom."

Such a thing as this indulgence in fresh
air seemed altogether foreign to the com-
missionary's experience, and but for my
official dignity I am sure I should have
been effectively browbeaten by him. As
he was, however, I merely fixed my arms
and stared at me fixedly for some
moments. Then he recovered himself with
another "Pardon?" and turning to his
clerk, said:

"Write down that, according to the
American custom, they were sleeping with
their windows open."

But I know that for all his politeness, he
considered this habit a relic of the time
when we Americans made in wigwags.

Ocean Plants.

Professor Brooks, of Johns Hopkins
University, who has devoted his life to the
study of forms and changes of forms in
living beings, in a recent work gives some
valuable and interesting facts concerning
the vegetation of the ocean, which seems so
scanty to the human eye. He says:

The microscope shows that the surface of
the ocean is swarming with minute plants, most
of them of strange forms, totally unlike
any that are familiar, and having nothing
in common with the well-known trees and
shrubs and grasses of the land, except the
power to change inorganic matter into food
which is fit for animals.

Most of these plants are so small that
they are absolutely invisible to the unaided
eye, and even when they are gathered into
a mass look like slimy, discolored water,
and present no traces of structure.

They seem too insignificant to play any
important part in the economy of nature,
but the great monsters of the ocean, be-
cause of the elephant and the ox and the elk
which the elephant and the ox and the elk
are small animals, owe their existence to
these microscopic plants. Their vegetative
power is wonderful past all expression.

Among land plants, corn, which yields
seed about a hundredfold in a single season,
is the emblem of fertility, but it can be
shown that a single marine plant, very
much smaller than a grain of mustard seed,
would fill the whole ocean with seed in less
than a week, if all its descendants were to
live.

The "black water" of certain oceans and
the Red Sea owe their color to microscopic
plant life. The food of these ocean plants
is mineral matter in solution flowing into
the sea.

Moose and Locomotive.

On Sunday, July 12, as a short train of
flat cars was running up the Duluth and
Winnipeg road into Itasca county, Minn.,
for a load of cedar poles, a large moose was
discovered near the track. In an instant
he fled ahead of the train along the old
tote path used by Indians and woodmen
before the railway was built. The path is
close to the car-track, and at this point,
about 50 miles from Duluth, is parallel
with it, passing over the almost dead-level
divide between the Mississippi River and
the Great Lakes.

There are no regular trains on Sunday
the engineer had a clear field, and deter-
mined to show the moose how to run. The
iron horse snorted and bounded along on
his track of steel, while all on board inten-
tively watched the race, cheering like the
engine and the moose. It was a four-mile
straight-away run, but in the excitement no
one registered the time.

Twice the moose faltered as the path led
over deep ravines spanned only by rude and
rickety log bridges, but the train
thundered close upon him each time
punged ahead to increase again the dis-
tance between himself and his heartless
pursuer.

His gait was an indescribable trot, such
as only the moose can exhibit; his hind feet
fanning his ears, his tongue lolling from his
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gardens and fruitful fields. In short they
dethroned nature and usurped her proud
sovereignty. But at last their vaunting
ambition overleaped itself.

Some daring De-Lesseps-and-Elison-
type of that highly developed race, con-
ceived the magnificent project of tun-
neling the planet, and thus achieving the ne-
plus ultra of rapid transit between the
antipodes. In Apollonia no scheme was so
daring, so impious, as to be "ahead of the
times."

The new idea was welcomed with
enthusiasm and delight. The grand en-
gineering operations began. Gigantic ma-
chines ripped and tore into the bowels of
the planet; floods of chemicals dissolved
soil and rock with equal potency. The
work was rapidly approaching completion
when—

Apollonia was no more!

Now, though plain, matter-of-fact sci-
ence repudiates the fascinating theory that
the asteroids are the fragments of an ex-
ploded planet, the pretty story built upon
that theory is not without its practical
suggestions.

Rapid progress involves a corresponding
shortening of processes. The child who
ardently wishes he were lifted at once to
the plane of full manhood simply yearns
for a closer proximity to death.

For long years the century-plant grows
slowly, unfolding frond by frond with
monotonous regularity. All at once it
awakens to tremendous action. The vital-
ity which has been accumulating during all
those decades suddenly leaps forth. Hours
do the work of years. A tree-like stalk
shoots up into the air, blossoms luxuri-
antly, and—poof!—the splendid plant is
dead. That green tower was its Babel,
after it the deluge.

For unknown ages the earth was a seed
unplanted. For unknown ages it germi-
nated and grew. For few short hours or
thousands of centuries mankind, its
tower of strength and vitality, has been
rising. These last years are outdoing the
work of previous ages.

Is the capstone of the approaching period of
its luxurious blossoming?

Is the story of Apollonia a prophecy?

After Her Bones.

Up in a little Pennsylvania town perched
on the top of the Alleghenies lives a
patriarchal negro, known as "Old Booby."

On the first day of the week he leads a
small flock of his fellow-countrymen in their
devotional exercises, expounding to them
the law, with many commentaries strictly
his own.

On the sixth day he devotes to the
gathering round far and near, which
after a sufficient quantity has been ac-
cumulated, he conveys to a fertilizer
factory in a neighboring city, where such
wares find a ready market.

So great has been his diligence in this
good work that the neighborhood long since
became thoroughly picked of its bones; and
all sources of possible supply are now
watched most narrowly.

It happened that a farmer of the locality,
being of a thrifty turn, had himself been
saying such bones as came in his way from
time to time, thinking that when he had
secured a sizeable load he would carry them
to the factory. But he had at last aban-
doned the project, and chancing recently
to meet the old professional, he said: "Mr.
Booby, there is a small pile of bones back
of my barn which you can have, if you
want them."

"Thank ye, sah, thank ye sah; I've
mighty glad to get them."

He proved his sincerity by repaying
almost immediately to the farmer's house.
The farmer had not yet returned, and his
wife, a particularly thin and rather
acrimonious woman, came to the door.

"Go 'mawin', mawin," said Mr. Booby,
with great composure.

"Well, what do you want?" she replied
a little sharply; for she was a woman who
believed in wasting neither manners nor
time upon those she thought beneath her.

"I've come fuh yoh bones."

"Yoh bones?"

"How dare you talk to me that way?"
she exclaimed, greatly incensed, for her ex-
treme thinness was a very sensitive point
with her. "You shall answer for this when
my husband comes home."

"Why, mawin, yoh husband" tole me to
come afiah them. He said he got tiahed
sein' 'em round, and he glad if I cart
'em fur fertilizing."

She stood speechless for a moment with
amazement and rage.

"My husband sent you?"

"Yes, mawin, I see that man!" she ex-
claimed, for she had given that meek and
uncomplaining person a sound rating just
before he left home that morning, especial-
ly charging him with intent upon her
business; and she firmly believed he had
taken this way to get his revenge.

"Yes, mawin," continued the venerable
bone collector, greatly nonplussed at this
unexpected reaction, but still intent upon
accomplishing his errand; "the say dey
ain't munny, and dey peety old, and he
reckon dey peety dry; but if I put 'em long
with de old hoss down by de creek, he
reckon I git a load."

Most opportunely the farmer at that
moment drove into the yard, and seeing his
visitor, called out: "You'll find those
bones down under the big apple tree, the
other side of the wall."

It was a week before the farmer's wife
recovered her cheerfulness.

Mr. Beecher, as I Knew Him.

[By Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, in Ladies'
Home Journal.]

ACCEPTED HIS REVEREND, Mr. Beecher
received and accepted a call from Lawrence-
burgh, Indiana. His father and family
felt that he should have waited, and, per-
haps, received a more desirable call. But
Mr. Beecher began by practicing what he
preached, and advised others to do. He
took the work that demanded immediate
attention instead of waiting for something
higher to come to him, and in June (1837)
he began his labors in his first charge. On
Saturday, July 30, he wrote to me that his
people were very anxious that he should
be ordained, and that the ordination would
probably take place in August. He would
come for me as soon thereafter as pos-
sible, probably the last of October. Would
I be ready to go with him?

COMING TO HIS WEDDING, a
favorable answer having been sent to
him the same day, I remember going
upstairs to my room to do some further
writing, when I heard a commotion down-
stairs, and, before I could realize what was
going on, the door of my room fairly burst
open, and there stood Henry Ward
Beecher!

After the first surprise—and a
few other preliminaries which young people
will especially understand—Mr. Beecher
explained that after mailing his letter to
me, he thought occurred to him, "Why
not be ordained?" Why not go east at
once and bring my wife back with me to
the ordination?" Acting at once upon his
thought, he secured the approval of his
trustees, and there he was!—Yes, there he
was, true enough! He had even borrowed
his brother George's best suit of clothes to
serve as his wedding suit, he told me. How
soon would I be ready? He was really
when I thought with that man was
thrust! Expectation with that man was
thrilling. Next week, at the latest, he
must be back at his church—would I make

it Wednesday? Argument about my
clothes proved useless, and I consented.

OUR MARRIAGE DAY.
The next day, being Sunday, I could do
nothing; but Monday morning I was up at
1 o'clock at work on my wedding dress.

No assistance was available. An Indian
mull dress would have to suffice, and on it
I began and worked until 6 o'clock, when
my father woke up and I went down stairs
to help mother with house duties. During
the day I called Henry's services into requi-
sition to make the wedding cake, and he
assisted quite nicely. In the evening we
had a quiet reception to such of the
family as could be reached.

A little after 2 o'clock of the afternoon
of Wednesday, Aug. 3, 1837, our clergy-
man, Rev. Mr. Tracy, his wife, and I, and
my father and friends as it had been pos-
sible for us to reach, came to my father's
house. A terrific thunderstorm came up,
just as we were ready for the ceremony.
I had always said I would not be married
in a storm, and so refused to go down. I
had yielded to everything else, but on this
point I was decisive. I would not be
married while that storm lasted. A little
before 4 o'clock the storm departed, and—
"Expand the bow of peace!"

For when Henry took me into the parlor
where our few guests were waiting, the
brightness of the moon glowed a rainbow
in the sky, and ever seen fell upon us as we stood be-
fore the clergyman, who ended his prayer:
"And so may the bow of peace and promise
ever rest upon these thy servants."

And thus, on Bullard's Hill, at West
Sutton, Mass., after seven years' engage-
ment, Mr. Beecher and I were married.
Bidding adieu to parents, brothers and
sisters, and friends, we left the dear old
home to go out into a world which, un-
known to us, held so much for us!

OUR FIRST HOME.
Mr. Beecher's salary at Lawrenceburgh
was \$200 per year, and I quickly found out
that we could not keep house on that sum.
So we must board; and board we did for a
few weeks until one of the family with
whom we boarded, died, and Mr. Beecher
was called to a meeting in Cincinnati, and alone I started
out to find a house. I had figured out that
we could not spare more than \$30 a year for
house rent. But where could a house be
found for that rent, even where rents were
so very low? Oh, the weary, disheartening
search for that \$30 house! What a source
of amusement it has been in later years;
but there was little fun found in it at the
time.

After days of anxious search I found that
the idea of a house, however small, must
be relinquished. But four rooms were certainly
absolutely necessary. And here we were
faced with three rooms to be made to do
answer. At last it became certain that two
rooms must suffice. I secured the refusal of
the two rooms upstairs, over a stable—the
hostler had used to sleep in. On the left
they opened into a storage room belonging
to the store below. Such rooms! Oh, the
dirt! What would Henry say?

The captain of a small steamer, running
between Lawrence and Cincinnati, and
for two free passes when we first came
on a whole month! Who says we could
not have a house? How large is the house
we are to furnish?

"Two rooms!" I meekly replied.
Another burst of laughter, in which all
of us joined. But Mr. Beecher—
always the best of fathers—bushed their
merriment.

Then I told them how little it would
take, after they were once cleaned, to make
for two little rooms comfortable, and how
we could get that little by disposing of
some things from my outfit. Henry's
brother George and his wife gave us a
cooking-stove; one of his classmates what
he called a "stove," and the other things
were added by father Beecher and Mrs.
Stowe, so that two days after we returned
to Lawrenceburgh, carrying what seemed
abundance compared with the simple ar-
rangement I had planned.

The remaining week that we could spend
at our pleasant boarding-house was spent
in cleaning those very dirty rooms. How
could it ever have been accomplished but
for Mr. Beecher! His indomitable good-
nature, his merry sallies over all that
seemed hard enough to a woman, and doubly
hard to any man, was sovereign balm for
weariness or discouragement. With cost
of silver polish, and a big apron on,
he helped to wash the dreadfully dirty
windows three or four times over before we
could see through them, and helped to
scrub the equally dirty floors. The work I
did created for his sake, and desired to
save him any annoyance from, he insisted
he would have his full share in it. He had
evidently made up his mind to turn those
few days into a frolic, and he succeeded
well that the memory of that first
house-cleaning with Mr. Beecher has ever
been bright.

And thus we began our home.

HAVE YOU READ
this description of rheumatism and neu-
ralgia? "Put your hand in a vise, turn the
vise until you can't bear another turn, and
that's neuralgia." And still you suffer
from these tortures when for 25c you can buy
a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT and be
relieved.

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WORDS THAT BURN.

MY HICKORY FIRE
O, helpless body of hickory tree,
What do I do in burning thee?
Summers of sun, winters of snow,
Springs full of sap's restless flow;
All past years' joys of garnered fruits,
All this year's purpose buds and shoots;
Secrets of fields of upper air,
Secrets which stars and planets share,
Light of such smiles as broad skies fling;
Sound of such tunes as wild birds sing,
Voices which told where lovers dwelt,
Voices which told where lovers knelt,
O strong white body of hickory tree,
How dare I burn all these in thee!</

