

OUR MOTTO—"EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL."

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Selected Poetry

A Lyric

My life is like a floating spar, Tossed many a weary league from land, Without a keel or a star To guide it to a friendly strand.

Interesting Miscellany

It is the sepulchre of a lying man. A hint to ladies with grey hair—never say 'die'. He who enlarges his heart restricts his tongue.

An Original Poem

The Haunted House, A Legend of King Alcohol.

Down in the dark and lonely glen, Far from the haunts of man, There stands a house untenanted, Except by ghostly clan.

Her little boy was sleeping sweet

And he was still as a stone, But yet—oh yes—a drunkard's child! Oh! could her tears alone For such a sin, for such a stain,

A Beautiful Story

The Lost Bride, OR, THE MOTHER'S COMMAND.

All was mirth and revelry in the court of the Austrian Queen—the haughty, stern Maria Theresa, conqueror of the nations, and ruler of Europe's fabled Kingdom—

Added to the natural dread one would like

her would feel on entering such a place, was the knowledge that but a short time before, her aunt had died with the malignant small-pox.

When the king himself, proudly seated

on his fiery war-horse, his imperial robes falling gracefully around him, with a bright, happy smile upon his lip, and a light in his dark eye, as if he was soon to be the happiest of men.