BEAUTY FOR ASHES.

Housed with a mollusk of the sea,
Some atom life of mean degree
Must perish that a pearl may be.

Extinguished, in its purple cave,
From prison wall and crystal wave,
Its rum wins a glittering grave.

Till, like a dewdrop cool and clean,
Englobed in light, a gem serene
Adorns the bosom of a queen.

O, life that climbs from power to power!
Each darkness broods a brighter hour,
Each fading sows a fairer flower.

O triumph of divine desires
When human passion chokes its fires,
And all the brute in man expires!

Till then the spoil of vanquished pain,
The braver loss the grander gain,
The search of love among the slain.

For God discerns with punctual eyes
The goblike where the carnal dies,
And clothes with light the ransomed prize.

"I make my jewels so." He saith,
"Of sorrow's tears, of suppliants' breath,
A glory round the dust of death."

Theron Brown, in Sunday-school Times.

THE OLD BRICK CHURCH.

IT WAS BUILT IN FAIRFIELD COUNTY IN 1788.

A Brief Story of One of the Oldest Church Buildings in the State—A Reminder of the War Between the States.

(The Rev C. E. McDonald, in the Associate Reformed Presbyterian.)

This church is situated in the western part of Fairfield County, South Carolina, about twelve miles from Winnsboro, the county seat. It sits in a beautiful grove of hickories and oaks, about one hundred yards from Kincaid's bridge, over Little River. It was here that the Synod of the Carolinas, which is now the Associate Reformed Synod of the South, was organized on May 9, 1803, and for this, as well as other reasons, the history of this church is full of interest to all the people of the A. R. P. Church. The church was first called Little River, and afterwards Ebenezer, but for many years it has been known as the Brick Church.

When it was organized we are not able to say, but it is certain that it was a preaching place, and that there was a log church there before the Revolutionary war. The present brick church was erected in 1788.

Alexander Kincaid gave the land upon which the church is erected, and James Kincaid and others of the congregation gave the brick and other material out of which the church was built. These men were large planters and were officers in the Revolutionary war. The names of other families who were members of the church prior to 1791 were Hawthorne, Turnipseed, Montgomery, Cameron, Hutchinson and McKemie. Adam and John Hawthorne were elders in the church prior to this time and James, John and Robert McKemie were members. This exhausts our information about the church prior to 1791.

The Rev James Rogers was the first pastor of the church, so far as we can learn. He was a native of Ireland and came as a licentiate to this country in December, 1789, and was present at the organization of the A. E. Presbytery of the Carolinas and Georgia, at Long Cane, in Abbeville County, in February, 1790. He was ordained and installed over the Brick Church, then called Little River, in connection with King's Creek and Cannon's Creek, in Newberry County, on February 23, 1791. Mr Rogers continued to be pastor until his death, which occurred August 21, 1856. He is buried at the Brick Church. The Rev James Boyce was the next pastor and was installed in 1822, and continued until 1843. The Rev Thomas Ketchin was pastor from 1844 until 1852. The Rev C. B. Betts was pastor from 1855 until 1859.

During the pastorates of the Revs Rogers, Boyce, Ketchin and a part of the pastorate of the Rev Betts the Brick Church was a large and flourishing congregation. The membership was composed of the wealthy and cultured planters of the community and large crowds waited on the Gospel at the Brick Church. Mr Rogers taught a large high school at Monticello, near by, which was attended by pupils from many parts of the State. The Brick Church was made up of the noble men and women of the Old South.

In 1858 the church and graveyard was enclosed with a granite stone wall, which will stand, I suppose, until time shall be no more. The wall is made of large blocks of granite, laid in lime mortar. James Kincaid, Jr, gave the lime in which the blocks were laid, and it was hauled from Limestone Springs, now in Cherokee County. The granite was quarried by the congregation and hauled to the church by the members, and the wall was built by a man named Spurrier.

The war of secession played havoc with the Brick Church. It was left in a state almost of disorganization. Its men were slain, the homes of many of its people were left in ashes by Sherman's army and the church itself was dismantled and used as quarters by the invading army. It is said that out of twenty-eight men of the Brick Church who went to the war only one returned. The horrors of war were severely felt by this people.

There is one little incident, however, in connection with this old church that throws a little light upon the blackness of war. When the Federal army came to Little River, just at the church, they found that the Confederates, whom they were pursuing, had destroyed Kincaid's bridge over the stream, so they tore up the flooring and sleepers of the church and rebuilt the bridge. Some one of the company was stirred in heart as he saw the desecration of the Lord's house, and he wrote in pencil on the door-facing of the church these words, which are eligible after the lapse of thirty-eight years:

"Citizens of this Community: Please excuse us for defacing your house of worship so much. It was absolutely necessary to effect a crossing over the creek, as the Rebs destroyed the bridge.

"Yankee."

The names of many other soldiers, with the number of their regiments, are written over the walls of the church.

So great was the blow from the war and its results that the church declined year by year until it disappeared from the roll of the Presbytery without any formal act of disorganization. After Mr Betts resigned, in 1859, occasional supplies were sent by Presbytery, but even this ceased about twenty years ago. The old Brick Church, however, was not to remain dead forever. About the year 1891 the Rev A. G. Kirkpatrick, the pastor of New Hope, began to cultivate the field again, and under his active labors and the fostering session of New Hope it revived so rapidly that on August 25, 1893, it was reorganized, with twenty-two members, and has continued to grow so that its membership has more than doubled.

In 1896 the Rev A. G. Kirkpatrick was installed over the Brick Church in connection with Prosperity, in Newberry County, and this pastorate continued until 1899, when he resigned on account of ill health. He has lately recovered his health and has been preaching there regularly during this centennial year.

The history of this old church has been a noble one.

Prof McKemie, of Georgia, whose ancestors for three generations are in the cemetery around the old Brick Church, says: "That old Brick Church has been a seed bed from which transplants have gone throughout the State." After speaking of the names of the families already mentioned in this sketch, says: "If I were in the cemetery I could recall many other names whose generations have carried Presbyterianism from South Carolina to the Pacific coast. I recall two ministers, the Revs Joseph and John E. Davidson, (who were baptized in the Brick Church by Dr Rogers,) who passed their ministerial lives in North Louisiana. For thirty-five years Joseph Davidson preached more sermons, married and buried more people than any minister in North Louisiana. John E. Davidson was a graduate of Princeton and in the three years organized six or seven churches in Louisiana, but he 'went away' just as his star was mounting."

The old communion service, with its waiter, tankard, cups and linen, more than a century old, is still in the possession of the congregation.

THE GOURD TELEGRAPH.

In Africa a Wireless System has been Used for Centuries.

Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy has a rival, says the Kansas City Star. It is a rival which is already centuries old and was in operation long before Franklin drew the electric spark from the clouds down a kite string or before Morse devised his system of dots and dashes over the electric wires. The Rev C. A. Rideout, a missionary of the African M. E. Church of America, who returned to this city lately on furlough, after four years' labor among the native tribes of South Africa, in the territory lying west of Natal, described this remarkable system of wireless communication to the writer.

"Shortly after I began work among the subjects of King Lerothrodi, the hereditary ruler of the Basutos, I discovered that they had a system whereby the villages could communicate with each other, and is used in times of peace to convey messages from one chief to another, and frequently to the monarch himself, and in times of war to transmit the intelligence of victories and defeats. In every village there is a class of men known as guards, and another class who are utilized as scouts. Among these guards there are always two or three men trained to the use of the gourd drum.

"A large gourd, such as those grown in many parts of the United States, is hollowed out and thoroughly dried. Then kid's skin, stretched and dried by a native process, which makes it as hard and as thin as parchment, is stretched across the hollow of the gourd. It is beaten with a padded drumstick and gives forth a sound which can be heard distinctly at a distance of from five to eight miles. The Basuto country is mountainous and the villages lie along the mountain sides and in little valleys or glens, seldom being at a high elevation.

"The guard who has been trained to the use of the signal code—which is practically an African Morse alphabet—beats the message on his drum in the open air, and the sound is carried across the valleys and glens to the next village, where it is interpreted by another guard. There is always a guard on duty ready to receive these messages. He can tell at once whether the message is for his chief or the head man of his village, in which case he goes to the head man's hut and makes the communication verbally. If, however, the message is for a distant part, he repeats it on his guord, and so it is carried from village to village, with very little loss of time until it reaches the person for whom it is intended.

"I was granted the privilege by King Lerothrodi of using his gourd telegraph system to send any message to our other workers whenever I wished, and often availed myself of it. It is not considered necessary to repeat back the message to the sender. It is simply carried along from gourd to gourd, and I don't know of a single instance where it failed to reach its destination properly.

RAPID TRANSMISSION OF NEWS.

"During the war between the British and the Boers we, who were hundreds of miles distant from the scene of hostilities, got all the news with surprising rapidity. We knew of every victory and every reverse which took place in the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, and I have known of several instances where the news came by the gourd air line hours ahead of the message by field telegraph. You can readily understand how this surprised the military officers.

"The same system is common to many of the African tribes, and the secret is always confined to the few trained men in each village, who are chosen for their fidelity to the head man or chief. Who first devised this system nobody seems to know. It has been in use for centuries. Among the Pondos, the Tembis and the Bechuanas, whose tribes I visited in connection with my work in Africa, I frequently observed the gourd communication in operation. The drummer receives the orders from the head man to send a certain message, and he goes out, and in a few minutes he can be heard pounding out on the gourd short taps, long taps and taps in little groups, taps with pauses between and taps close together, like the roll of a drum.

"There appeared to be no difficulty in sending any kind of a message by the code, and it was just as easy for the operator, comparitively, as it would be for the man who sits at the key in a telegraph office. I have known of messages being sent nearly 1,000 miles which must have been repeated in almost 100 villages before they reached the persons for whom they were intended.

"There is another way in which the gourd is applied almost universally in Africa. It is in the construction of what is widely known as the "African piano." The piano, or marimba, which is the native name, is constructed of a series of gourds, the shells of which have been hollowed out and dried by exposure to the sun. These gourds (a vegetable growth, not unlike a squash or elongated pumpkin in appearance) are chosen of graduated sizes and ranged along a frame, after the manner of a xylophone, the smallest gourd to the right and the largest to the left. The player strikes them sharply with a wooden mallet or drumstick, and they give out a peculiar, yet not unpleasant, sound. Some marimba players are very clever.

"The group of Kings among whose subjects I have travelled," said Mr Rideout in conclusion, "were by no means the savage and ignorant heathen that many people here believe. Each King has his secretaries, his chief head men, his premier and his council, and every tribe has its laws and customs."

THE POKER PLAYER.

(From the New York Press.)

The poker table is believed by all to be a good place for the study of human nature, but most of us are too busy drawing fulls and flushes to do much studying. One of the really despicable traits of many players is the lack of interest they take in the game when you've got a handful and they have nothing. Every one that throws down his hand out of turn should be required to feed the kitty or to pay a fine to the holder of the winning hand, whom he has robbed by his foul play. There is nothing more important in the game than playing in regular order; and no other rule is so often broken. Poker with professionals is a delight; poker with noisy, careless, gossipy, garrulous amateurs is a nightmare. That is to say—it is a nightmare to the loser.

DEAD OF THE LONG AGO.

AN ISLAND IN THE ASHLEY RIVER WHERE THEY SLEEP.

A Voyage to the Place with Capt Leo and Mate James—Some Controversy Regarding a Name for the Discovery—Twenty Coffins in a Brick Vault, which was Erected in 1805—Some of the Dead who Rest There.

There is some controversy between Capt Leo and Mate James as to whether the place should be called "Tomb Island" or "Ghost Island." The former is evidently the more apposite title, but the latter appeals more powerfully to that profound superstitiousness which is a constituent part of the nautical nature, and that the captain and his mate are seafaring men from their very hearts no one could doubt who observed their masterly manipulation of their boat—a craft which is sometimes known to the habitues of Lower Council street as "The Hearse," by reason of its popularity as a death barge with colored persons whose ancestral burying grounds are on James Island.

When rumors first reached the western water front that somewhere up the Ashley River there was a mysterious island beneath whose whispering pines and sighing palms were vaults and graves and dead men's bones, there was much narration in a quiet way. That army of juvenile fisher folk who man the skiffs that may be seen dodging about the wharves, or even venturing far out in the stream, of a pleasant afternoon, was much perturbed. During the boisterous voyages which these seamen made in quest of drift-wood, or to negotiering marshes for shrimp and small fish, the hardier of the mariners would gaze reflectively to the westward to where the shadows lay heavily upon the bosom of the river, and meditate upon voyages of discovery. At night when they gathered about the roaring fires, which their labors fed, they talked long and earnestly of the gruesome island which rose out of the lonesome marshes and upon which were said to be sleeping many dead of the long ago. When the wind howled about the chimney pots and tossed the waters of the stream into phantom shapes, whose writhing white arms seemed to beckon to folk ashore, Capt Leo and his friends dared not dream of a voyage in search of the island where dead men and women and children were said to be entombed. But when the daylight came—when the river smiled and murmured pleasant nothings in response to the loving kisses of the breeze—when its rippling waters were alive with bustling tug and lounging schooner—when the skiffs of Capt Leo's friends were darting here and yonder in creek and marsh and inlet—in these happier, braver times it appeared no terrible thing to go in quest of the home of the by-gone dead, concerning which the rumors of lower Council street were making so much ado.

So it came to pass that they finally fared forth upon a voyage which resulted in the discovery of a long forgotten God's acre forgotten for all that there rest there men and women who were once doubtless of social and other consequence in the life of this city and its neighboring plantation lands. Report of the strange and interesting things to be seen at this isolated cemetery having reached a representative of The Sunday News, he induced Capt Leo and his crew to take him up the river to the scene of their discovery. Whether the weight of fancy shall finally lean to "Ghost" or "Tomb" in the naming of the place matters not. Either title would be appropriate, as anyone who would admit who made a trip there.

When the expedition, of which the Reporter was a land-lubber, set forth from the foot of Council street yesterday morning "The Hearse" was equipped for every emergency. Capt Leo and Mate James had called to their assistance three able-bodied seamen of maturer years than their own. One of these happened to be their father, the second was a young friend in whose fellowship they took much pride, and the third was a passing acquaintance, who came along because he chanced to be on the wharf when the lines of "The Hearse" were cast loose. Capt Leo took an oar, while Mate James addressed himself to bailing out a pool of stagnant water in the bottom of the boat. They said they would not hoist their canvas until the span of the New Bridge was passed. An early morning squall was darkening the waters of the river. Hard, lumpy waves jolted against the craft in fashion that filled the landsman with trepidation and suggested nausea to his uninitiated stomach. But Oarsman Leo and his confrere had given way with a will that sent "The Hearse" spinning up stream. They themselves indulged meanwhile in a running commentary upon cities and city life, manifested a keen interest in incidents of maritime consequence that came under observation from pier head to pier head. The Lotta hurried from a dock screamed a farewell and steamed away for Wappoo Cut. Workmen shouted a song as they rafted a cargo out to a great sleepy schooner lying off the wharves of the Anderson Lumber Company. Her thin white topmasts darted high into heaven, and Capt Leo spoke in awed admiration of the hardihood with which her crew were wont to perch aloft upon them. He recalled a time when men from another such ship had jumped overboard, floated far astream, and made merry because folk ashore thought they were in distress. Back and forth along the New Bridge crawled the market carts. When still far down the river Capt Leo and Mate James recognized many of them. They shouted greetings to the drivers as the boat struggled through the draw. Then the crew drew to quarters to hoist the sail of "The Hearse." Capt Leo stood upon the quarter deck, otherwise known as the tiller seat, of his gallant craft, and looked long and earnestly at a spotted pony that forged over the bridge before a cart. "That's my pony," he said, "and that feller just borrowed him from me while I'm working on the river." It is probable Capt Leo never saw the spotted pony before nor never will see it again. Possibly his sturdy little heart yearned for a spotted pony. It was a consolation to him someway or other to play that the one that crossed the bridge was his. But if there was regret in his mind it was gone in a moment. The sail of "The Hearse" was aloft. The little craft plunged and fretted against the waves of tide and wind. The full joy of the combat filled Capt Leo's heart. He recalled a thousand and one adventures in which he had engaged. Over there the marsh hens built nests in this inlet there was a famous fishing ground; yonder is where he caught the great log which made such a joyous Christmas fire in the Council street home. Who cared for spotted ponies and the even tenor of life ashore so long as the ever-changing river was there—the river with its standing invitation to a life of freedom and excitement and fun.

"I see Tomb Island," shouted Mate James, from his seat in the bow.

"Say, hey, ain't I told you that island is called Ghost Island," replied Capt Leo, reprovingly.

But with a lack of discipline, which would have been reprehensible to a degree in an older executive officer, Mate James doggedly maintained that it was "Tomb Island" that he saw.

Whatever its name the island of the dead rose out of the marsh away to the west. The tide, hurrying once more back to sea, ran fiercely out of the creek that led to it through the bog. A grove of pines, reinforced by a dense undergrowth of palms and blossoming shrubs, covered it. Even afar off the moaning of the wind through the trees could be heard.

Capt Leo and Mate James had lost some of their buoyancy of word and conduct. The mate, in fact, whispered his plans for getting the landsman ashore without his boarding down in the marsh. It was so good a plan that there was no sufficient reason why it should have been talked of under one's breath. Two planks from the bottom of "The Hearse," placed one before the other, each being moved forward as it had served duty as a causeway, provided a quick and safe passage through the ride swept lowland. The island once reached, the explorers struggled quickly up its sedge-covered side and fought their way towards the centre of the pine grove that covered it. There wholly concealed from view and apparently forgotten of all men stood a substantial brick structure. A marble slab in front of it announced that it was erected June 21, 1805. A massive oak door facing to the southwest was ajar, and within the vault could be seen one coffin after another arranged in ghastly formality about the walls. By this time the eyes of Capt Leo and Mate James protruded from their sockets. It had been suggested that the Mate stand by "The Hearse" so as that she should not go too hard aground, as the water ran out of the creek up which she had been piloted, but he could not see the necessity of so lonely a vigil under the lea of the island of the dead. Even in the brave company that gathered about the old toggle his sturdy pipe gave smoke together and his voice had well-nigh forsaken him entirely. While the others reverently entered the vault the Mate hovered about the door uncertain whether it were the more terrible to remain alone out in the sunshine or to have companionship within. He compromised upon neutral ground. From his stand at the threshhold he might seek refuge either from spirits that rose out of the solemn lone shade or from those which might start out of the decaying coffins. And surely either contingency did not seem wholly impossible. Within the tomb the silent, but persistent years had done their work effectually. The coffins are rapidly toppling to decay. From the bottom of one protrudes a gaunt, bobbing foot. The head-piece having fallen away from another, a round white skull, as in through the yawning cavity. The coffins were originally immoderately stout, handsome jiggers and handles of simple workmanship adorn some of them. One has split sheer in half, and another is rapidly adding its dust to that of its erstwhile occupant. Twenty in number, they rest there, long forgotten of man, keeping together a vigil which will soon end now in complete disintegration and utter oblivion. They are the coffins of men and women and children. In one from which the lid has partially fallen are the bones of what was once a tall man. The fine cloth coat in which he was buried has become leathery and stiff. At a glance one might think he wore some fancy uniform, but it was probably no more than a handsome plum-colored frock coat of the fashion of the early part of the last century. The skull is thrown well back upon its cushion and is intact, but the jaws have fallen wide apart—one might fancy that the dead man was shouting with laughter. The occasion of such mirth no man may know, for this good gentleman here understands many things not dreamed of in the philosophy of all the Horatios in the world. He has had his great joke all to himself for more than a half century, unless the boatmen who have plied back and forth on the Ashley have caught the echo of his ghostly shout in the twilight, or when the shadows of the evening have fallen on the waters of the Ashley.

Next the door there is a coffin within a coffin. The petrified remains of a once large woman are visible. The hands rest upon the hips, the feet are perfectly preserved and were once doubtless slim, arched of instep and pretty.

In a wee bit of a coffin from which the lid has fallen away there is a mass of crumbling cloth. The little girl who once rested in it has disappeared completely, but her dolly is there still. It was doubtless a pretty dolly once upon a time—a dolly with glass eyes and decked in all the finery that belonged dollies are wont to wear. And some crafty squirrel or ground rat once upon a time stored his winter's supply of nuts there—pecans, which he gathered with patient industry and high hopes. Might it have been a spectre that frightened him some night and made him abandon his hoard, or did he fall a prey to a huntsman who wandered that way? No matter, the nuts are there still, a half a hat full of them, in the little coffin that once held dolly's mistress.

Mate James had grown very restless by this time. Casting nautically judicial eyes toward the river he whispered the fear that "The Hearse" would be high and dry on the marsh unless the party embarked once more. But Capt Leo poohpoohed the notion. The tide was nowhere near ebb yet, and besides there was the old underground vault which had to be visited. At a glance you might take it for a cistern, but at either end iron doors may be found where the earth has caved in. A sheer brick wall divides the place into two compartments, in each of which are to be seen skulls and thigh bones and scraps of leaden coffins. The solitary inscription which remains is traced upon a marble slab let into the roof. It had to be scraped well with a knife before a word could be deciphered upon it. It told of a good physician who died in 1821, and who, as son, brother, husband and father, possessed virtues enough to have obtained for him a longer span of fame than that accorded by the moss-grown tablet let into the top of a forgotten vault. If the hardihood of Capt Leo and Mate James has done no more than call to mind for a moment the name of so good a man it has not been wholly wasted.

For the rest the little island is not much of an affair. People who pass up and down the river doubtless never notice it is there at all. It is just a clump of pine trees out in the marsh. The little brick dead house will continue to offer its kindly shelter to its occupants for another century. It is joined in this grateful service by the trees and shrubs and the ivy. They have all gathered about to contribute of their protection and comfort. "The Hearse" really was high and dry, and the strenuous effort made to get her afloat again was a source of much wonderment to a colony of marsh hens. But hurry had to be made. The morning squall was developing into a storm. Impelled by tide and wind and oar "The Hearse" was quickly speeding down the river and "Ghost Island" could scarcely be picked up in the green-bordered sky line to the west.

SPIRITUAL HEALING.

Apropos of the Death of a Young Devotee of Mrs Eddy from Quick Consumption. One of the Leaders of the Cult Tells of Christian Science and its Powers.

(W. D. McCracken, in the Akron (N. Y.) Herald.)

Christian Scientists have no desire to force their faith on any one, and they only ask for themselves the same rights which they claim for others.

Your issue of March 9th contained a paragraph in which a young girl was described as having died in New York from quick consumption, because "she refused the services of the family physician." A statement of this sort opens up debatable questions. If family physicians always healed cases of this sort why should consumption be so generally spoken of as the white plague, while what is known as quick consumption should almost invariably be regarded as incurable by material means? Therefore, to say that anyone succumbed to this dread disease "because the family physician was not called in is to indulge in a very pronounced assumption. I am familiar with the instance to which reference is made. The young woman chose Christian Science instead of materia medica in her hour of need, as she had a perfect right to do so. No one can deplore more genuinely than Christian Scientists themselves, that they are not invariably successful in overcoming sin, with God, but their work should be judged on the same standard as that applied to other methods. When this is done, the vast amount of good accomplished by Christian Science becomes apparent. Not only have acute and inorganic diseases been healed, but also chronic, functional and organic troubles have been totally eradicated by Christian Science; the slaves of bad habits have been made free and the sorrowful comforted.

The Christian Science text book, "Science and Health, With Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker G. Eddy, states on pp 392-93:

"If Christian Scientists were teaching or practicing pharmacy or obstetries according to the common theories, no denunciations would follow them, even if such treatment resulted in the death of a patient. The people are taught in such cases to say, amen. Shall I then be smitten for healing, and for teaching truth as the principle of healing, and proving my word by my deed? James said: 'Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works.'"

The spiritual healing by Christian Science may seem wonderful to those educated in material methods of alleviating pain, but the daily and hourly cures which are produced by an understanding of God as omnipotent good are proving to those who are willing to see and hear that the Gospel of Christianity is true and is with us now.

The International Congress of Agriculture, in session in Rome, is trying to see into what narrow limits it can contract international ideas. German agrarians want to unite Middle Europe in a movement against the United States and Great Britain.

AN HOUR WITH THE SPHINX.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES AND RIDDLES FOR PEOPLE OF ALL AGES.

Puzzles in Poetry and Problems in Prose—A Final Threnody she Sings—Sea Serpent Time Come Again—The Durbar in Delhi Town—The Moon Hangs High in the Misty Sky—A Speaker of Renown—Answers to Riddles.

(Address Communications to E. R. Chadbourne, Lewiston, Maine.)

6,271.—INITIAL CHANGE.

The mourning April, wearied, spent,
On purplest FIRST is lying,
With drooping eyelids, fear bespent
At death's cold LAST is crying.

Ere borne aloft on Zephyr's wings
From earthly state departing,
A final threnody she sings,
Her sad farewell imparting.

The while her voice in cadence slow
Her feeble song is telling
The crystal teardrops softly flow
That to her eyes come welling.

Where for a moment o'er the field
These gems in sadness dally,
A pearly flower is revealed—
The lily of the valley. P. C. Cor.

6,272.—NUMERICAL.

'Twas a 1-2-3-4 and he lived on the shore
That is washed by the stormy Atlantic,
Where he calmly might thrive as 2-3-4-5,
Though in manner not nearly so antic.

Now some fishermen told stories new, stories old,
Of the sea that still dimpled and glistened.
While our friend nothed quite out of every one's sight,
With his mouth gaping wide as he listened.

3-4-5-6-7 whales were described in their tales,
And the mermaids their yellow locks combing,
While the sea serpents wheel, as abundant as seal
In 5-6-7-8-9-10 Sea roaming.

Now he dreams half the night, till he wakes in a fright,
Of a serpent whose length might entwine ten.
For he may come to land, and go over the sand
1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10. M. C. S.

6,276.—CHARADE.

(Phonetic.)

FIRST springs on the mountain; SECOND springs out of the mountain; WHOLE comes with a spring over the mountain. FIRST runs up trees; SECOND runs past trees; WHOLE spreads over trees. FIRST runs on two legs; SECOND runs without legs; WHOLE runs away, legs or no legs. FIRST has no drops except when it drops down; SECOND is full of drops, all invisible; WHOLE abounds in drops separate and visible. To capture FIRST men march after it; to imprison SECOND they march over it; to catch WHOLE men go through a march. U. S.

6,277.—HOMONYM AND CURTAILMENT.

In gorgeous splendor royal hosts descend
On Delhi town, the durbar to attend.
From far and near each haughty potentate
Comes with his retinue in regal state.
In eager haste the pompous columns flow
To join that glittering ostentatious show.
Here silk-clad horsemen ride in proud array
'Midst elephants bedecked with trappings gay.
Bright hues bewilder, jewels daze the eye,
Here rajahs now with maharajahs vie
Pomp and eclat this grand event to lend,
And poor the prince who hesitates to spend
A TWO of rupees.

Meanwhile, throughout this strange benighted land
Famine and pestilence stalk hand in hand.
Fierce fevers feed on worn and wasted frames,
And Death, grim reaper, countless victims claims.
In misery men starve, and starving die,
Foredoomed to torment and destruction by
A ONE of rupees.

A. F. Holt.

6,278.—DECAPITATION.

The moon hangs high in the misty sky
And her light is wan and pale.
The dim-lit crags like witch-ridden hags
Frown darkly down the vale.
The silver thread of the river's bed
Gleams faintly far away,
And across them all is the THREE-like pall
Of the sable sister of day.
The light of a forge shines out on the gorge,
And the tuneful ONE is plain,
As the mighty sledge 'gainst the anvil's edge
Welds out a TWO of chain.
The sparks fly out in a flaring rout,
While the bellows groan and wheeze,
And on wanton wing the echoes fling
The sound to the evening breeze.

Amaranth.

6,279.—GEOGRAPHICALS.

1. The oil of a certain fowl represents two well-known countries. What is it? 2. A jacket Miss Comfort bought the other day gives us the name of one of the United States. Name it. 3. A section of a tree Uncle Charles cut for a fishing pole brings to mind a celebrated summer resort. Look it up. Robert.

6,280.—ANAGRAM.

For many years Britannia ruled,
The mistress of the seas,
And every clime and country saw
Her flag flung to the breeze.

But came a giant from the west,
With loins of armored steel,
And wrested from her sullen grasp
The scepter of the keel.

No more shall Britain sweep the main,
Nor other conquests crave;
Columbia's ships are now afloat,
Long may they RUN YON WAVE.

Columbia, the mighty one,
Stands by the western sea,
And she shall stand there evermore,
Handmaid of Liberty! Amaranth.

6,281.—CHARADE.

To ONE a speaker of renown,
The crowd was ranged, from front to rear,
In many a TWO, and ne'er a clown
Received from man a TOTAL cheer.

T. H.

6,282.—ENIGMA.

I'm up and down, and round about,
Yet all the world can't find me out,
Though hundreds have employed their leisure.
They never yet could find my measure.
I'm found almost in every garden,
Nay, in the compass of a farthing.
There's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
Can move an inch except I will.

X. Y. Z.

ANSWERS.

6,266.—A farm in Northern Ohio.
6,267.—Evil, veil, live.
6,268.—Abloom, bloom, loom, Oom, om, M.
6,269.—Poetaster.
6,270.—Easter, aster, star, art, at, A.
6,271.—Livery, liver, live, IIV, LI.
6,272.—1. Meadville. 2. Maine. 3. Salem. 4. Baltimore. 5. Delaware.
6,273.—For-sake.

Drugs and Medicines.

RISING BREAST

And many other painful and serious ailments from which most mothers suffer, can be avoided by the use of "Mother's Friend." This great remedy is a God-send to women, carrying them through their most critical ordeal with safety and no pain. No woman who uses "Mother's Friend" need fear the suffering and danger incident to birth; for it robs the ordeal of its horror and insures safety to life of mother and child, and leaves her in a condition more favorable to speedy recovery. The child is also healthy, strong and good natured. Our book "Motherhood," is worth its weight in gold to every woman, and will be sent free in plain envelope by addressing application to Bradfield Regulator Co. Atlanta, Ga.

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Wilson's Freckle Cure

—WILL POSITIVELY REMOVE—
FRECKLES, SUNBURN, TAN, MOTH AND PIMPLES.
—GUARANTEED.—

THIS IS WHAT A LADY IN PENNSYLVANIA WRITES:
"Kelly X Roads, Union County, Pa., February 22, 1903.
"Dear Sir: Please find enclosed 25 cents, for which send me a box of your Freckle Cure, which you guarantee will cure. Yours truly,
MRS JAMES M. KLINE."
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"Please find enclosed 25 cents, for which send me another box of your FRECKLE CURE. I have found that to be the GREATEST remedy I have ever used. Yours truly,
MRS JAMES M. KLINE."

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