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OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Love Divine.

I asked two women who were learned in books

Whom fame had honored far beyond home-nooks,

That they would point or show me to the place

Called Hades often by the human race, They smiled at first, I said I am sincere,

I am a pilgrim only journeying here; Then each averred we know no such a place,

'Tis mythological like many things you face.

Then not content I asked two teachers, then, to see

What those grave and learned doctors of divinity

Would say to me. Gehenna where? each man shook his head,

What 'tis or where, is mystery they said.

And so I leave it all with God, who knows,

Content His will to do and not oppose; Sheol, I've reasoned out of His wise plan

And dwell on love, henceforth, of God, for man.

DANA HARLOWE.

Billie.

When'er you're feeling sick and dry. And all your hopes seem blighted,

Just go to Billie, state your case, And come away delighted.

No odds how dry, no odds how sick, Of one thing I am sure

If Billie 'tends your case, he'll quick Complete a perfect cure.

Hundreds have come to him, who thought

That they would surely die; His remedies soon touched the spot,

And made their troubles fly.

Now some may sing, and some may prate

Of Scott's and Ayer's and Hood's— But Billie's lines are up-to date—

"He's right there with the goods."

His goods are pure, his charges light, He does not handle trash—

And he will use his patrons right, If they but have the cash.

So here's success to Billie's trade, Long may it thrive and grow—

To drive away the troubles of This world of pain and woe.

FIZZ.

To Willie Wagstaff.

Now Pre. A. D.

Is not half bad,

Neither by nature

Grieved or sad;

But the jolliest girl?

You ever knew,

With friends galore

Some fond, some true.

The rhymes, which you

So much condemn

Were written to a dying friend,

No doubt, the love expressed

Was overdrawn, but

Let it rest.

And yet, my friend unknown

Mayhap you are the wind

That sometimes blown

Blows some one good.—Pre. A. D.

To Pre-A. D.

BY WILLIE WAGSTAFF.

Your answer to my rambling rhyme, Could not have come at better time;

And as I've nothing else to do, I'll write a few more lines to you.

I'm grieved to learn Death's cruel gasp!

Has seized some friend in fatal clasp; "But meeting makes the parting sure,

And Life is nothing but Death's door."

Religious fanatics may sing

"O cruel death where is thy sting?"

But it's a fact they can't deny, The sting is felt when loved ones die.

Your lines have also made me glad To know you're not by nature sad;

Because I can't endure an hour A nature, sullen, sad or sour.

It fairly made my moustache curl To learn you are a jolly girl;

Your bottom dollar you can bet I'm the jolliest boy you ever met.

And as you hint your heart is free— Perhaps it is reserved for me,

Who did his sympathy extend To thee my jolly unknown friend.

My heart is large as that of ox, 'Twould fill a large sized packing box,

And if by chance we ever meet, I'll gladly cast it at thy feet.

And now fair friend, adieu, adieu, Trusting to hear again from you—

My best respects I now extend To thee, my jolly unknown friend,

Try Anderson & Walker's for that

new suit or overcoat. Reasonable

prices and prompt attention,