In vain; the fleet, unpaising wings Stay not in their bright journeyings; And saily sweet as funeral bell The answer drops, "Farewell! Farewell —Susan Coolidge.

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| PRINCE MODE NOTE: | State of the Property | Property

Thus the great world thrives and grows, As each man helps his brother;

Work Together. If all men had the self-same mind,

And sought the same position, The world would be, as you'll agree,

Thus some must sow, and some must re-

And a me must plow the mighty deep;

And some must wake while others alcen-Each has his given mission. And though they seek quite different path In bright and cloudy weather, And seem to stray, each his own way,

They really work together;

The one who cuts, and he who fits.

Bound by a silken tether.

The great and small, the short and tall,

They all help one another.

For some must print and some must fold, Some must carve and some must mold,