

Poetry

THE BRIDGE

There is a wondrous bridge, my lady,
In the softest clime I know,
Where the sweetest breath of balsam—
Winds of spring eternal blow.

Select Verse

Alice Pennington's Engagement

Yes, they were engaged when I first saw
him walking arm and arm with her to our
little church. She never raised her eyes
from the velvet cover of her prayer book;

them. Mrs. Pennington's eyes beamed fondly
upon them as they entered. Alice flew to me
with her childlike, joyful manner. We
sat down on the sofa in the old confidential
way.

"What is the matter?" said Alice, starting
up. "Roderick!"
"Was he really pale, and one hand clutched
the piano support. It is nothing, Alice, he
has fainted. Do not be frightened. I often
have these turns." She led him to the open
window, and he declared himself much better.

well of Mrs. Pennington and myself; Alice
walked down the path with him to the gate
where his horse was waiting for him. Hollis
had a moment pressed her to his arm, then
flung himself on his horse and galloped away.

further when frightful whops and yells burst
forth from each side of the river, and several
hundred Indians appeared on either bank.
Signs were made to the unfortunate trappers
to come on shore. They were obliged to comply.

A FUR TRADE ADVENTURE

BY WASHINGTON IRVING

Colter, with the hardihood of a regular trader,
had cast himself loose from the party of
Lewis and Clark, in the very heart of the
wilderness, and had remained to trap beaver
alone on the head of the Missouri.

liquor of a strange taste. A stout
red-faced gentleman, in a white beaver
blue coat, and buff vest, offered to wager a
210 note that he could close his eyes, and by the
taste name any kind of liquor in the house.