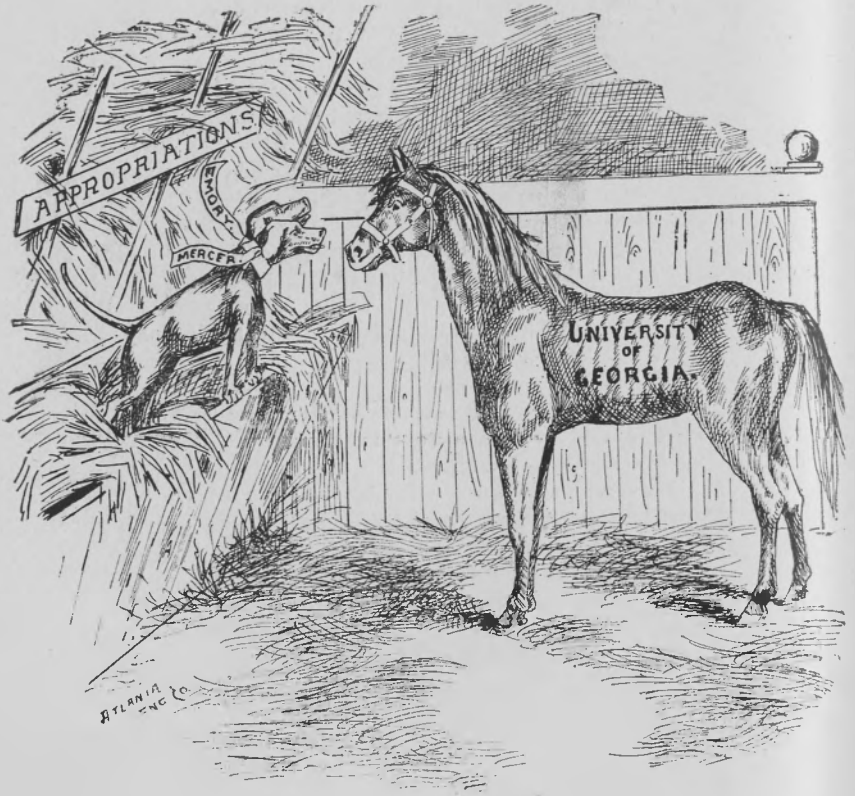


BATHOS

'Twas noon. The blazing Sun with lash of flame
 Had urged his fiery steeds to the highest goal of heaven,
 And seemed to check them there.
 A strange and ominous calm, like some great bird of prey
 When it descends with wide-spread wings,
 Has settled on all things.
 Light, fleecy clouds, which but a breath might stir,
 Rest motionless against the hazy sky,
 Like ships becalmed at sea.
 A day it was which storms and earthquakes choose
 To blast the frightened earth.
 In a chamber, high above the haunts of men,
 A student sat deep buried in the maze of that philosophy
 Which Spencer and his host rejoice in.
 He neither knew nor cared
 That earth herself had almost ceased to move;
 Nor cloud nor storm nor quaking earth
 Were aught to him.
 But even while in meditation deep his mind is lost,
 Through the strange and awful silence of the day a cry is borne,
 A shriek so wierd and terrible
 It reaches e'en the student's leaden ear.
 With hot haste, rising from his chair,
 He scatters far the volumes of well gathered lore,
 And rushes from his domicile,
 And in the calm and quiet street, with ear intent,
 Awaits a repetition of the cry.
 Not long he waits, for once again 'tis heard in shriller notes.
 A scream so wild, so wierd, so terrible,
 That like the last wail of a departing soul,
 It sets the world quivering.
 It echoes and reechoes through the streets,
 And is thrown back from the surrounding hills,
 Till the wide universe takes up the sound,
 And from the Dog Star to the Southern Cross,
 The cry goes quivering on.
 The affrighted student trembling on the curb,
 From out the wild mysterious medley,
 Distinguishes the words
 "I-e-e C-r-e-a-m C-a-k-e-s! F-i-v-e C-e-n-t-s!"



Two Striking Figures.

At the State Fair, held in Macon last October, two striking figures were noted by the assembled crowds. They were Jefferson Davis and Dr. P. H. Mell Chancellor of the State University. The contrast between the two men was very noticeable; Davis with bowed head and tottering gait seemed almost touching the border land, while Dr. Mell, with form lithe and erect, moved like a man of thirty. Little did the crowds think, what they know to-day, that the feeble old statesman would still be living when the scholar lay calm and still in the arm of the Dread Messenger. Truly, "the Lord's ways are not our ways."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

From far and near, fast gather the crowd,
The shouts of the multitude ring long and loud,
The band plays old "Dixie," the banners stream wide,
For Jefferson Davis is now at our side.

But a figure more striking than Davis is there,
With deep furrowed cheek and silvery hair.
His form is erect and his step firm and strong,
Like Davis, the soldier, he fought well and long.

Both soldier and scholar, he stands by the chief,
And with all Bayard's grace whispers words to him brief
Conveying a message from his students to prove
Their regard for Jeff Davis, whom they honor and love.

E'en midst their shouting, the men whisper low
That Davis is old and soon must go,
While there's not one that doubts that years useful and long
Will be granted the scholar so brave and so strong.

Many months have elapsed since that fair autumn day,
And Davis still lingers and long may, we pray,
Whilst sorrowing friends 'neath the sod and the dew,
Have lain Dr. Mell, the noble and true.