



BIZARRE and UNUSUA

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408 Holiday Building

A Chat With the Readers

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THE CONQUEROR

By ADRIAN PORDELORRAR

Dark, even in the sunset's crimson glare,
There grows, unknown, an ancient forest grove;—
A voice of myst'ry murmurs in its air
Where Night for centuries has whispered love!
Dim mirrored in a crystal pool, found there,
Lie strange, forgotten worlds, and things, whereof
One dares not dream. Dark eyes, through matted hair,
Laugh from its depths, to mock at Life above.

Soft words, from unseen lips, make known their thought—
The uselessness of lab'ring through the years,
While worlds and men and kingdoms they have wrought,
Their efforts, and their loves, and secret fears,
Crumble before the sweep of Time, as nought,
Despite their anguish, and unnoticed tears!