

MY DREAM GIRL.

By Adaline H. Tatman.

The first time I saw you, my Dream Girl, your hair was hanging down your back in two long braids, tied with blue ribbons, and you wore a gingham apron and a little white sunbonnet. That was twenty or more years ago. You were 10 and I was 14. We were schoolmates for a long time and I know now that I've loved you since the first day I saw you. Even then I tried in various ways to show my regard for you, but at 10 you were an independent little lady and would have none of my gallantries. You would neither ride on my sled nor let me carry home your books. You ate all the raisins and apples and candy I gave you, though—girls at that age have good appetites, and yours was splendid.

But several years later you were willing enough for me and all the other young men to make slaves of ourselves for you! And we fought one another for that privilege! You were a sweet, imperious little queen, who gave us little enough reward even, when we had all but laid down our lives for you. And yet you loved you all the more for your reserve! It is the way with us men.

How well do I remember the first time I had the supreme bliss of taking you home from church! Have you forgotten it, Dream Girl, that glorious moonlight night in June? I can see you yet as you looked that night in your white dress with the red roses at your belt. How sweet and pure and far above everything else human you seemed that night!

So you are still in my heart, my Dream Girl, and so will you ever be. I remember how primly we talked, how gravely and critically we discussed the sermon. The old white-haired minister would hardly have felt flattered had he heard us—our ideas were so much more profound than his.

We went to church often after that, did we not? I've not been much of a church-goer since I came to this big city, but how many times has a word, a snatch of song, the scent of a flower, brought back the old days when we sat side by side in that little white church—you with your sweet, serious gaze fixed on the minister's face, drinking in every word, worshipping God from the depths of your pure soul, I worshipping Him through you.

And later, when temptations had surrounded me, when I weakly yielded to them and then realized my own baseness and that I dare not ask pardon for my deliberate wrong-doing, there would come to me the sweet thought that somewhere, perhaps, my Dream Girl was sending up a petition for me, whispering: "God bless and keep Dick."

And, oh, my pure-hearted one how much lower, how much more unworthy might I have been had I not believed that. What made me believe it? Dearest, every man knows that there are always two women who are praying for him—his mother and his Dream Girl. Do you remember that evening so long ago when I came to bid you good-by? I was to start the next day to try my fortune in this great city. Do you re-

walk down to the gate with me? It was dusk, and we stood there in the fragrant darkness and talked of many things. You wished me success. I thanked you and begged that you would give me "something to remember you by." You had a little bunch of daisies at your throat—the golden-hearted Marguerites—and you pinned them on my coat. I took your hands in mine and begged for something sweeter, but you shyly refused me. Ah! Dream Girl! that was the turning point in our lives. I was young then; I did not appreciate the maidenly modesty that prompted you to withhold that caress and it angered me to think that you trusted me so little. I turned and left you without even a "good-by." Yes, yes, I heard your faint cry of "Dick, Dick, don't go," but I was too proud, too independent, to go back. How bitterly have I regretted it since. I have that little bunch of Marguerites yet, and though they have withered almost to dust they are more precious to me than diamonds.

How blind we men are! We hold in our hand the jewel of great price and know not its value until it is ours no longer!

I have struggled for a foothold in this great city; I have slaved from early dawn until late at night and I have had a measure of success. Fame has even bestowed upon me a few of her precious laurel leaves—in fact, I have won about all that I had started out to win—a place among men in the world's work, yet, I would give it all, all, and a thousand times more to hold in my heart again the peace and the happiness I knew in the days when I had YOU. In a moment of pique I cast you, my jewel, from me thinking to find others as precious, but, ah! how well do I realize now that there is for me, that is for every man, but the ONE

There is where the pathos of life comes in! It takes us so long to know the truth when we see it. It takes so long to get your eyes open. The years have come and gone and while you were ever my Dream Girl, yet there came into my life others whom I succeeded in making myself believe could take your place. I drank what I thought was the full cup of happiness, but I found bitter lees in the bottom of the cup. Always my heart was restless, hungry, unsatisfied. I knew not what ailed me until the other day, when I came suddenly face to face with you on the street and looked once more, after all these years, into your earnest eyes, saw once more your sweet lips and serene brow. Then, in a flash, my eyes were opened and I read my own heart as if it were an open page. It was you, you, you, my Dream Girl, for whom my heart was longing, whom I wanted for my wife, whom I have always loved and whom I shall love until the end of time.

Oh, Dream Girl, there is nothing in life so sweet as love—the love that neither sorrow, nor sickness, nor poverty, nor disgrace can destroy; the love that is enduring, that is forgiving, long suffering, ennobling. Full well, do I know that there is but one other Love that is greater.

And did I not see in your eyes for one instant that day a revelation of your own love for me? Have I not, all unworthy though I am, have I not had a place a

these years? If so, will you not in this year, when the sweet privilege is granted to all Dream Girls, will you not wear when next I see you, and as a token that you will be mine, a little bunch of golden hearted Marguerites?

Letter to Dr. C. A. Noland.
Monroe City, Mo.

Dear Sir: You are a dentist—you know a good job, outside a mouth as well as inside.

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Yours truly,
F. W. DEVOE & Co.

The farmers are fighting Folk's battles.—News.

Yep, farmer Bill Phelps got a proxy and fought Folk's battle before the State Committee, and farmer Bill Kennan got a proxy and fought, bled and died at Mexico Saturday. Then there are farmers Bill Swift, Tony Steuver, Bill McLeod, Pants Vandiver et. al, who fight Folk's battles daily at so much per fight—all sham farmers in a sham reform movement.—Centralia Courier.

For Sale or Exchange

A stock of general merchandise in good shape and well located; reason is bad health. Call on or address Greenlawn Postmaster.

The Jurors.

The following jurors were drawn by the county court for the April term of circuit court: A. Boulware, Fielder H Hagan, Lawrence McNelus, Verret Viollet, Sam Hinkle, Wm. Bishop, Elisha Hedden, R. E. Hardwick, Ed Lynch, Geo. Coppedge, Joe Pickett, Tan G. Bassett, W. E. McFarland, Thos. Hurley, Mat T. Lasley, Thos. Furnish, Al Hanger, Rufus Bean, J. D. Holder, Les Grimes, Edwin Bassett, Geo. Hall, Jas. Morgan, Jas. N. Wilson

It is ordered by the court that Jas. P. Boyd be and is hereby appointed deed commissioner within and for Monroe county, for a term of one year.—Appeal.

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On the Regular Circuit.

A breezy individual from the Windy City drifted into one of the uptown hotels yesterday and used the public telephone to talk with a friend in Brooklyn. When he was through he offered the young woman at the switch-board 10 cents.

"Twenty cents, please," she said.

"Twenty cents!" he shouted indignantly; "20! Why, in Chicago we can telephone to him for 10 cents."

"Yes," responded the operator sweetly, "but you know that is in the city limits."—From the New York Mail and Express.

EYES, EYES.

You can have them well tested for lenses and very reasonable.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

A happy bride is just foolish enough to have an innocent widow around the house all the time.

When a man no longer remembers to tell his wife her pretty toes are like rosebuds to him it is a sign the honey moon is past.

It takes a woman a lifetime to discover that she can't make a man like her cigars any better by putting them in a different box.

The way to make a girl fight against being kissed so that she is likely to get it somewhere else is to try to kiss her on the cheek.

You can make an everlasting friend of a woman by asking her, after you have seen her riding in a hired hack, how much a month she has to pay her coachman.—New York Press.

John L. Owen & Co. are going to do away with all credit business and sell meats for cash, as in this way they will not have to make the people who do pay, pay for the meat of those who do not pay.

Assistant Circuit Attorney Hancock, not Circuit Attorney Folk, has just discovered scandalous gambling hells in St. Louis. But then Hancock, not Folk, indicted James I. Blair. Folk said Blair was innocent, in a public interview. But then Folk did not place Campbell, Blair's client, on the witness stand in the Butler trial, although Campbell was said to have drawn the checks for \$47,500 on which Butler was alleged to have secured the "boodle" for the House "combine" in the city lighting deal.—Missouri State Republican.

For good laundry work take your linen to J. E. Christian agent for Congers Laundry and Dye Works.

PRISON THOUGHTS.

Prison is a dismal place to live in. Or to shirk your work or die in, But to reap or to figure out what you have sown, It is the greatest old school that ever was known.

"In men whom men declare divine I see so much sin and blot, In men whom others class as ill, I see so much of godness still, I hesitate to draw the line where God has not." —Sing Sing Star of Hope.

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