## For a Little One's Love.

I.

Suns and stars in the heavens above,
But a life that longs for a little one's love;
A little one's love in the far away—
The sweetest rose in the red o' May!

She is climbing to kiss me—
Her lips smile there,
And I'm rich in the wealth
Of the gold of her hair!

II.

Song o' the robin and moan o' the dove—
I am weary tonight for a little one's love;
To see in her dear eyes God's tenderest light,
And fold back her tresses, and kiss her "Goodnight!"

She is climbing to kiss me—
How shines the dream there!—
And I'm kissing the curls
Of her beautiful hair!

III.

And the wide world is weary, and ever I seem
To move like a shadow that drifts through a dream;
And earth will not answer—nor heaven above,
When I cry in the dark for a little one's love!

She is climbing to kiss me,
Still radiant there
And in dreams I am kissing
Her beautiful hair!

—Atlanta Constitution.

### Toast to a Rare Girl.

Ah, drink if ye will to a sweetheart true
And a wife of faith undaunted;
And drink in the praise of their fetching ways,
To charms that have long been vaunted;
And drink to the eyes and drink to the lips
Aye, drink, since drink ye must,
But when ye've done, drink every one
To the girl the women trust.

Ah, drink if ye will to one whose faith
Can last through years untroubled;
And drink to the trust that is never marred
Though a man's deceit be doubled;
And drink to the songs and drink to the sighs
Of earth and of heaven above;
But the proudest boast is to drink a toast
To the girl the women love.

Aye, drink to the lass who can praise the charms
That would steal her love, could they seize him;
And drink to the lass who will snub a man
When she has no right to please him;
And drink to her great, warm, honest son!
Aye, drink to her kiss and curl,
For her heart's as true as the sky is blue
Who is true to another girl.

—Smart Set.

## When They Lived "100 Years Ago"

Elinor glanced roguishly at the young man sitting dejectedly beside her on the sand at Milton point.

"You may have as many minutes as this sand takes to run through my fingers," she said, taking up a handful of warm, white sand from the beach. "And then if you continue to be disagreeable and cross, I'll—well, never mind, you'll regret it, Mr. Jack Robinson."

She let the soft sand trickle slowly through her sun-burned fingers like a minute glass as she hummed carelessly, softly, "If I But Knew."

The young man turned impatiently and looked out across the broad expanse of water. How easily the white-winged yachts skimmed over the water. He wished his little craft of love would run so smoothly.

"Elinor," he said turning to her, "will you stop singing that song?"

"When your present fit of ill temper blows over," she retorted, watching the last few grains of sand fall from her fingers. "If I but knew your heart was true," she hummed on, ignornig him.

"See here, what can I do to prove to you that I am sincere?" He watched her dust the sand from her pretty palm.

"Do? You make me feel like a princess of 'ye olden time.' Then brave knights won fair ladies by acts of courage, but now—"

"Yes, now?" he said, looking up at her eagerly.

"O, now we don't even take a man's word for anything." And Elinor laughed, a merry, captivating laugh, which chased away the frowns from Jack's brow. He could never be angry with her for long.

"Suppose we play we are living 100 years ago," she said, after a minute.

"I'll play anything you like."

"And do anything I like?" she asked, looking at him dubiously. Her tone was half-serious, half-playful.

"Anything," he replied, firmly. That is provided you'll accept that as proof that I love you. I've said all I can to no avail."

Elinor did not reply nor look up; she was tracing her name in the sand—thinking. She had tried to believe Jack, but, somehow, at times, she doubted that he really meant all he said.

"He was such a serious sort of a fellow, and she—O, she was frivolous and scatter-brained, according to her own estimate of herself. Why should he love her? And yet, why should he say so if he did not?

At last she covered the sand letters over and looked up. "Jack," she said, "would you really do anything for me? Even if it was silly and—and awfully dangerous—just to prove to me that you like me?"

"Not to prove that I like you, but

She Let the Soft Sand Trickle Slowly Through Her Sunburned Fingers.

that I love you—yes." He laughed a little at her serious face.

"Do you see that big rock out there?" She pointed to a large rock just in the edge of the now low tide.

"I do."

"You know when the tide is high it is a long distance from the shore? The water almost covers it and splashes around it and makes a terrible noise."

"Does it?" he asked, amused.

"Yes, and unless one is a very good swimmer one cannot possibly get in until the tide goes out again, if one is caught out there. It would be awful to stay there all night."

Elinor shivered at the very thought of it. Should she go on?

"And what then? Who ever stayed out there all night?" he asked, knowing well what was coming.

"Why—why, nobody," she hesitated. "Would you do it?"

"Do you ask me to?" He looked at her intently. She was building a pyramid of sand.

"I—I'd believe you if you did," she said at length, and looked into his eyes to see how he would receive the suggestion.

"And you'd like to believe me, Elinor? Tell me that—but, no, don't; I'll do it. Are we not living a hundred years ago?"

Elinor wished now that he had promised to do it, that she had not asked it. Suppose a storm should come up and the waves would dash over the rock and sweep him off and—and he was not able to swim far enough to reach the shore.

"Jack," she said, a little nervously, "let's move forward a hundred years; I don't like it way back here. I—I might believe you."

But Jack would not pass over the century so quickly. He would do as she had asked him; he would spend

Stroke by Stroke She Pulled Out Toward the Big Rock.

the night on the big rock and then she might believe him.

Elinor sat in the window of their summer cottage on the shore and watched the tide come in, wave by wave. One by one the shadows fell and the figure out on the rock became less and less distinct. At last she had to go out to the beach to see it at all.

Higher and higher grew the water mark about the rock and yet the figure did not move; it sat on the topmost point, looking out over the sound.

At last it was too dark to see the figure on the rock and Elinor walked up and down the beach in front of the cottage. She was supposed to have retired, but somehow it seemed to useless to pretend to sleep.

She wondered if the ladies in the centuries long ago slept on as usual while their knights were in danger. O, she wished tomorrow would come when she might live again in the twentieth century.

The searchlight of a sound steamer was thrown on the rock, and by its light she could see the waves break and smash about the ragged edges.

Running close to the water's edge, she looked up and down for a skiff, one of the old flat boats she and Jack so often fished in. Finding one far up on the shore, she dragged it down to the water and jumped in.

Stroke by stroke she pulled out toward the big rock, but the tide was strong and the boat heavy. It seemed hours before she came anywhere near it.

"Jack, Jack!" she called. "I'm—O it's such hard pulling."

"Elinor," was all Jack said as he took hold of the rope with one hand and hers with the other. The place was not nearly so rough as it had looked from a distance.

"Jump in," she said.

"But the night hasn't begun yet," he replied, still standing on the rock.

"What," she almost gasped. "I thought it must surely be morning and that it was never going to get light."

"It's only 11—and that wasn't late 100 years ago."

"Get in, Jack," she said, impatiently. She hoped no one was on the beach so.

"I would, 'if I but knew,'" he said, meaningly.

"Then know, Jack, and do come."

As Jack walked home from the little cottage that night he thought 100 years was the shortest space of time imaginable. He broke into a happy whistle: "If I but knew—if I but knew!"—Ruby Douglas in Boston Globe.

### Work a Watch Does.

Everybody carries a watch nowadays—men, women, girls and boys. Prices range from $1 to as many thousands as one cares to expend in jeweled settings. The $1 watch often keeps just as good time as the $5,000 one. Did you ever consider the amount of labor performed by a good watch in its lifetime of fifty years? The balance vibrates 18,000 times an hour, 432,000 times a day, or 157,680,000 times a year. The hairspring makes an equal number of vibrations and there is the same number of ticks from the escapement. Multiply 157,680,000 by fifty and you have 7,884,000,000 pulsations. Yet the watch is in good condition at the end of half a century of labor.

### In a New Light.

She: I shall have to refuse you again.

He: But this is positively the last time I shall propose.

She: Oh, well, that's different. Why didn't you say so—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Pointers For Poets.

"I don't see anything in this new poem of Jones," said the assistant editor

"Of course you don't," replied the editor-in-chief, "because I opened it first and took out a $5 bill out of it."—Atlanta Constitution.

### Do Good—It Pays.

A Chicago man has observed that, "Good deeds are better than real estate deeds—some of the latter are worthless. Act kindly and gently, show sympathy and lenp a helping hand. You caunot possibly loose by it." Most men appreciate a kind word and encouragement more than substantial help. There are persons in this community who might say: "My good friend, cheer up. A few doses of Chamberlain's Cough remedy will rid you of your cold, and there is no danger whatever from pneumonia when you use that medicine. It always cures. I know it for it has helped me out many a time." Sold by all dealers.

### The Country Editor.

A derserved tribute to the country editor, couched in the language of frank truth and honesty, is quoted by the Waycross Herald. It declares:

"The country papers have many faults, they make blunders and leave undone many good works. But when you follow them month after month you are convinced of the loyalty with which they stand by the community, and constancy with which they preach the doctrine of citizenship and fair play in all things."

### Only a Verw Few Published.

It is not possible for the proprietors to publish more than a very few of the numerous letters received in praise of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and diarrhoea Remedy and telling of its remarkable cures. They come from people in every walk in life and from every state in the Union. The following from Mr. T. W. Greathouse, of Prattsburg, Ga., speaks for itself: "I would have been dead now but for the use of Chamberlain's Colic, Colera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It cured me of chronic diarrhoea after seven years of suffering. I can never say too mnch in praise of that remedy." For sale by all dealers.

### The "Bossy" Husbands.

From Harper's Weekly.

The husband still ranks as the head of the family, and cases are common where he is not really in command, the happiest families are those where he is equal to his job. It is not any word of Scripture or law or a promise in the the marriage service that makes the husband the senior and ruling partner. Moreover, the fear which some young women have of having to obey a husband is just a bugaboo. As things turn out there is a division of responsibility and therefore of authority. The wife has her realm and rules in it. The husband takes orders in matters under her control and she his in some other matmatters, and over other matters still they consult and agree upon a course. Of course a bossy husband is objectionable, but a bossy husband is apt to be a good deal of an ass, and no young woman ought to marry a man who is good deal of an ass unless the exigency is pressing and she can postively do no better.