

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.
Songo' 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 tender-
est 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 heav-
en 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 vaunt-
ed;
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 best 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
soul
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"

Ellnor 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 con-
tinue 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 care-
lessly, softly, "If I But Knew."
The young man turned impatiently
and looked out across the broad ex-
panse of water. How easily the
white-winged yachts skimmed over
the water. He wished his little craft
of love would run so smoothly.
"Ellnor," he said turning to her,
"will you stop singing that song?"
"When you're 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, ig-
noring 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 Ellnor
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."

Ellnor 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 makes a ter-
rible 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."

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

"And what then? Who ever stayed
out there all night?" he asked, know-
ing 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, Ell-
nor? Tell me that—but, no, don't;
I'll do it. Are we not living a hun-
dred years ago?"

Ellnor 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 To-
ward the Big Rock.

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

Ellnor 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 Ellnor 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."

"Ellnor," 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, impa-
tiently. She hoped no one was on
the beach.

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

"Then know, Jack, and do come."

As Jack walked home from the lit-
tle 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 nowa-
days—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—Phila-
delphia 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 Consti-
tution.

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 lend a helping
hand. You cannot possibly lose 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 reme-
dy will rid you of your cold, and
there is no danger whatever from
pneumonia when you use that medi-
cine. It always cures. I know it for
it has helped me out many a time." Sold
by all dealers.

The Country Editor.

A deserved tribute to the
country editor, couched in the
language of frank truth and
honesty, is quoted by the Way-
cross Herald. It declares:

"The country papers have
many faults, they make blun-
ders and leave undone many
good works. But when you
follow them month after month
you are convinced of the loyal-
ty 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 Very Few Published.

It is not possible for the proprie-
tors to publish more than a very few
of the numerous letters received in
praise of Chamberlain's Colic, Chol-
era and Diarrhoea Remedy and tell-
ing 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. Great-
house, 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 much in praise of that reme-
dy." 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 hap-
piest families are those where
he is equal to his job. It is not
any word of Scripture or law or
a promise in 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 buga-
boo. 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 mat-
ters, and over other matters
still they consl 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 positively do no
better.

Highest prices are paid for
poultry and eggs, hides, etc., a
—BALZER & DRIGO'S.

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Mobile, \$14, Montgomery, \$14
Birmingham, \$11, Pensacola, \$14

FROM CINCINNATI TO

New Orleans, \$14, Atlanta, \$11
Mobile, \$14, Montgomery, \$14
Birmingham, \$11, Pensacola, \$14

FROM EVANSVILLE TO

New Orleans, \$12, Atlanta, \$11
Mobile, \$12, Montgomery, \$12
Birmingham, \$11, Pensacola, \$14

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will be sent upon application to C. L. Stone,
General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky.

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