TRUTH, LIKE A TORCH, THE MORE 17'S SHOOK IT SHINES.

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WILL YOU SOMETIMES THINK OF MF?

When the moon is shining brightly, Casting beams on land and sea; Giving light to shipwrecked sailors, Will you sometimes think of me?

When the radiant stars are smiling, Gently, tenderly, on thee, When they twinkle in the blue vaults Will you sometimes think of me?

Often in the morning's bright light While you're roaming light and free And your heart is gay and happy. Will you sometimes think of me?

When the clouds are dark and dreary And the light you cannot see; When your heart's crushed with sorrow Will you sometimes think of me?

When friends you loved in childhood All have wondered far from thee; When you are so sad and lonely, Will you sometimes think of me?

When all others have forsaken 1 will prove a friend to thee; Then, friend, in the darkest hour, I would have thee think of me.

[From Atlanta Constitution.]

BETSY HAMILTON'S LETTER.

Tom Davis Tells Betsy She Looked Pretty and Sweet.

been crapped to the skin of his so I fairly hated Tom Davis. head, and when it sot in to growin' That Sunday, he sot, facin' me over thar fernent Miss Gooden's.") you have ever seen before.

1211 15 16

he'd fix it. It werried and tor-mented him turrible. Last one "How do you like the name of hit's for sale and I haint, and if I Sunday he primpt hisself to come Betsy Davis?" says he a hittin' at was, you couldn't buy me no how, to see me, and was bent and determinered to make that ar lock lay down. He work with it, and swetted over it, and it wouldn't stay; it riz up agin every time. He lowed it shouldn't outdo him no lon-little harder) to ax you if you ness, and my sweetness-least ger; he knowed what would stick didn't want to be Miss Davis," ways that's what I lowed," says I. it. So he turned in, he did, and One square (1 inch) 1 insertion......75c taken some of these home made 'lasses and smeared 'em all over his head, and they helt that lock down tight, I tell you; every har lin' at old man Hashers." Then stayed right whar he stuck it; and when he come in I didn't skacely know him. Cap Dewberry was thar a settin' up to me, and as quick as he sot eyes on Tom he let in to laughin'. Then he dragged his cheer to tother eend of the entry to git out'n the way and set in to talkin' to Caledony. I seed the devilment in Cal's eyes, and Cap he was most takin' a fit, so glad to git sumpen to plague me about.

I was mad as I could be, and tickled to death, too, kase Tom was plum satisfied with hisself. Atter me and him howde'd he gigfor a time did you have at the show? Did you see them hy-neeniesy and did you see the street progade? I seed you," says he, and you looked mighty sweet, too. And I 'knowed in reason I must er, for it was a rainin' hard as it could pour, and my coat'ail was all drabbed in mud up to my knees." He said I looked sweet and I never denied it. but when he but he never. up and lowed, "Miss Betsy, I think any ignant feller I know.

Tom. He had knocked me out'n how sweet, and how smart, and gwine to the singin' twice't hand lowed as how his heart had been a nal musquito in mid winter. gwine, and once't to the sorghum pinin' for me ever sense he seed me stretthin' at old Miss Gooden's, at the circus, and up and axed me, natives and acclimated residents HILLABEE, TALLADEGA Co., ALA. He had axed me to incept of his says he: "Now, Miss Betsy, can't are. -Dear Cousin: I was in hopes company and I jist wouldn't go at you love jist a leetle grain?" "No. atter Tom Davis hearin' what Flur- all, kase Maw she thought sich a not nairy grain," says I. I seed are turning yellow yourself. ridy Tennysy said about him that power of old Miss Davis (Tom's he was as mad as blazes. Next Sunday evening at our house, that Maw) that she didn't 'low me to time I seed him it was at the can- ange trees weighted down by temphe'd have sense enough to take slight him. Tom he fetched his-dy pullin' at Miss Hooker's, and ting golden fruit. the hint and stay away, but he self here every Sunday, rain or the fust chance he got he axed me To discover that this golden can't be knocked down. Buddy shine, jist when I was a lookin' if I wasn't mighty sorry I didn't fruit is wild oranges, and very lows he's wusser'n a tarrapin for for Cap Dewberry or Iky Robin- take him. "No." says I, "for I sour. holdin' on; if a tarapin bites he son, and if they'd see him in the don't want you." "Well, I don't ... To come face to face in the sanholds on tel it thunders if you entry they'd lay whip to ther crit- keer," says he; "I jes courted you dy wilderness with a pack of gaunt, don't choke him off. His hair had ters and gallop by, and it got me kase I hearn your Pap lowed to gin bony, shaggy beasts, of almost ev-

out agin that was one onruly lock with his back to Cal and them, and "Well," says I, "I have hear'n of To be informed afterward that that stood out stiff all to itself on they kep a laughin' and a crookin' the feller that loved the ground a they were Mr. Julius Lemon's top of his head and made him look ther fingers at me. It was a hot gal walked on, but I never lowed shoats. like a skeered rabbit. He tried to evenin' and I thought mebbe it I'd see him. I am monstous glad To be assured that Mr. Lemon grease it down with a meat skin, was a fixin' to rain, for I never hit was the land you wanted in and his family contemplate eating

the flies. The flies is mighty at no price. I never once't suspibad," says I for I seed they was a cioned hit was the land you want pesterin' of him powerful. "I come ed. I was hiked up with the idee this evenin" says he (slappin' the that you was a lovin' of me for my flies) "to ax you (hittin' at 'em a p'yore smartness, and my puttisays he, (fightin' the flies with "There are meny men of menny minds, both hands and scratchin' his And meuny fools of menny kinds." head). "I been a lovin' you ever sense the (hittin' the flies) log-rol. Sunday evenin' atter Tom left. he slapped at his head and neck and face, but they 'peared to come in drove from everwhars, and his head begun to look like a swarm of bees-the more he fit 'em the wusser they got. I looked at toth- you have read concerning Florida er eend of the entry and thar sot winters) the January sun so warm Caledony and Cap jest a killin' at midday. they fool selves a laughin'. Tom To find (in view of all you have he fit harder'n ever. "What's got read) so few wild or cultivated into the flies?" says I; "I never blossoms thriving in the sun's seed 'em so bad, 'pears like they rays, and so little fragrance in are tryin' to eat you up barbarious- them. ly up," says I. He scratched his That the duration of twilight is head and lowed: "I dunno what so brief. they want er me, I haint so sweet; To find how little covering you gled and his face turned red. He instid er me. Hit shorely aint me and to find how much you wish allers laughs over nothing. Then they are atter: hit must be these you had when wake up toward the he axed me, "Miss Betsy, what here fool 'lasses I've greased my morning. head with, (and he hit 'em fas- To note-how little soil there is, est way to git shet of 'em is to go there are above sand. to the branch and wash 'em off. I To see orange trees with rich know in reason they are jist whats green leaves and loaded with yela drawin' these tarnaital flies," low fruit, growing out of the glary and with that he riz and went to sand the branch. He never sed good To come across gardens, which evenin' nor nothin' to nobody, and plants and vegetables are growing we lowed he war a comin' back, in great variety and luxuriously The next Sunday here he come To discover that your watertight

pon the yeath he knowed, for he mented with him no longer. I low-contains more or less sand. has got about the least sense of ed to gin him his walkin' papers I had a turrible grudge agin and told me how putty I was, and red ants, also. you that ar creek bottom (clearin' ery color and resembling nothing

16 Service and durar but and west

That's the poetry Cap said that

Your'n,

BETSY HAMILTON.

What Surprises the Traveller in Fiorida.

To find (notwithstanding all

looks like they had orter bite you require on your bed upon retiring

ter'n ever) and I reckon the only- and how many empty tin cans

in this same sand.

you air the smartest gal I ever agin; I had done made up my top boots leak sand, and to be told seen," I wanted to ax him how mind I wasn't a gwine to be tor- that everybody's boots and shoes

> To be forced to the conclusion and let him go. "He sot and sot, that where there is sand there are

To hear the voice of the noctur-

To see how yellow most of the

To discover before long that you

To find sidewalks shaded by or

but it wouldn't stay down no way seed the like of flies, and we don't stid er me, kase if you've got the them ultimately .- Florida Letter.

There is a