

EUGENE FIELD'S FIRST LOVE
SONG.

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart
When birds are on the wing,
When bee and bud and babbling flood
Bespeak the birth of spring;
Come, sweetheart, be my sweetheart
And wear this posy-ring!

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart
In the mellow golden glow
Of earth aflush with the gracious blush
Which the ripening fields foreshow;
Dear sweetheart, be my sweetheart,
As into the moon we go!

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart
When falls the bounteous year,
When fruit and wine of tree and vine
Give us their harvest cheer;
Oh, sweetheart, be my sweetheart,
For winter it draweth near.

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart
When the year is white and old,
When the fire of youth is spent, for
sooth,
And the hand of age is cold;
Yet, sweetheart, be my sweetheart
Till the year of our love be told!

FRANK HASTY,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Agent for the following Insurance Com-

panies: ————— : : ————— : : ————— : : —————

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MER-
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OFFICE AT THE

NEWS STAND,

ASHLAND, OREGON.

THE DUEL.

The gingham dog and calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half-past twelve, and, what do
you think

Neither of them had slept a wink!
And the old dutch clock and Chinese
plate

Seemed to know, as sure as fate,
There was going to be an awful spat.
(I wasn't there—I simply state
What was told to me by the Chinese
plate.)

The gingham dog went, 'bow-wow-
wow!'

And the calico cat replied "me-ow!"
And the air was streaked for an hour
or so

With fragments of gingham and calico.
While the old Dutch clock in chim-
ney-place

Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(Now mind, I'm simply telling you
What the old Dutch clock declares is
true.)

The Chinese plate looked very blue
And wailed: "Oh, dear! what shall we
do!"

But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that
And utilized every tooth and claw
In the awfulest way you ever saw—
And, oh! how the gingham and calico
flew!

(Don't think that I exaggerate—
I got my news from the Chinese
plate.)

Next morning, where the two had sat
They found no trace of the dog or cat:
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away;

But the truth about that cat and pup
Is that they ate each other up—

Now what do you really think of that?

(The old Dutch clock, it told me so.

And that is how I came to know.)

Eugene Field in Chicago Record.