

Her diamond ring came from New Orleans, an opal ring of three brilliant stones was sent from Vicksburg while the signet ring was bought in Galveston.

When the song "I Dream of Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair" was first published, as sheet music, one of the early copies was mailed to the girl waiting in Illinois. Over the name of the song was written "I dream of Jennie with the Dark Brown Hair".

The girl was charming and beautiful. Her eyes were soft and brown, her hair dark and curling—In form she was slight and graceful, her weight hovering around 100 pounds—Her little hands and feet were never fashioned for hard lines.

At her passing, when 85 years of age, the little back was still erect and she never lost her waist line.

After the soldier returned, they were married and for three years lived in Waukegan, Ill. Two little daughters were born there, then the young parents moved to Minnesota where two sons and a baby daughter completed the little family.

There never could be a happier or more united couple. Truly congenial with like ideals, their future seemed bright.

They were planning to go to Texas to live, as the young man had grown to love the state and its prospects, during the year he had spent there before being mustered out of service.

He said the Trinity and Brazos rivers were the most beautiful in the United States, winding like silver ribbons across the state of Texas.

Then came the exposure and chilling in a storm of rain and sleet—raw cutting sleet with wind, in October, while driving from Aurora, where he kept his fine Hambletonian horses, to Fairbault, Minn., his home.

A few days of illness and suffering, then sudden death left heartbreak and desolation in this home.

The young mother under her weight of grief bore up bravely for she had five little children—little stair

steps from the twenty months old baby to the eldest ten years. She must care for them and educate them alone—She must meet the world and make her own decisions—She must carry on for their sakes.

The children while too young to sense their loss and the mother's bereavement, grieved for the jovial capable father—The baby hunted over the house and called him.

The young mother's father and mother came to be with their daughter.

There was a bewildering uncertainty over them all. Gone were the interesting stories of the south and the war. There was no music in the evening—The little mother looked anxious and pathetic. Her pretty smile was gone.

Her two younger brothers came often to visit with the grandfather—They talked long and earnestly. The older man was not easy to influence. The children did not know what it was all about, except that the state of Kansas was under discussion and any conversation no matter how vague, relieved the loneliness of the changed home—The genial father, always full of fun and cheer was frightfully missed by each child.

Finally the little mother began to take an interested part in the conversation. They soon realized that the young uncles were urging her to move to Kansas.

What the children did not know was that the grandfather refused to go and leave his widowed daughter and the sons could not go without the grandfather's financial help.

The young father's lodge brothers urged against it. "You are better here", they said to the anxious mother, "Where your late husband's lodge members can advise you in business matters and be of assistance to you".

The lonely winter dragged, even with school and helping mother. The eldest girl, who looked like her father, was a frail child. Her mother and teacher arranged for shorter school hours. She went to school at 10 and returned at 2:30.