The Editor's Wooing.

The editor had lighted his cigar just as the level light was glimmering through his by no means immaculate "sanctum" windows, indicating that the glorious orb of day, somewhat obscured in a fog and metropolitan smoke was about to disappear behind, not exactly the western hills, but what came to the same thing in a city, the western roof and chimney tops.

Karl Rubens, the editor of the Weekly Shiner, was a tall, bright looking man of thirty years, one of those individuals whose very face and features indicate that they are born to conquer destiny. He had been very successful through life but it was because he had demanded success with a courageous persistency that would not be denied. Brown-haired, with careless, wavy locks, drooping low upon his forehead, and dark-brown eyes, verging upon black, he was not handsome, yet the eyes rested with pleasure upon his face, and in his light editorial coat, somewhat worn at the elbows and shiny at the seams, and the velvet cap, tasselled and braided with gold, he looked every inch the chivalrous and frankhearted American. Or, we might phrase it, "gentlemen" did we not secretly believe that the former title is far the nobler and more comprehensive of the two.

As we said before, Mr. Rubens was just drawing the first fragrant inhalation of his imported Havana —Karl was particular in the choice of his cigars—when the door opened softly, and a beautiful young lady rustled in, a lady whom he had met a score of times in the gas-lighted drawing-rooms of "society," whose beauty he had worshipped afar off, and whom he had unconsciously associated in his mind with diamonds pearly silks and tulle draperies, looped up with hot house flowers.

He started up, coloring, and thrusting his weed behind a pile of "encyclopedias."

"Miss Ainslie!"

"Am I interrupting you, Mr. Rubens?" she asked softly.

"Interrupting me? Not in the least in the world; in fact, I feel very much honered by—by—please take a chair."

And Karl tipped a heap of yet unscissored newspapers off the chair and drew it eagerly foward. Blanche Ainslie sat down, her pale blue silk dress subsiding round her like billows of a sapphire sea.

Blanche Ainslie was very handsome, with azure eyes, and bright chestnut brown hair, while her complexion, although rather pale, was clear as ivory, and her features were as delicate as if she had been a Greek girl in the days of old Praxiteles.

While Karl unconsciously noted these things in his mind he was marveling inwardly what lucky chance had procured him the visit Did she mean to invite him to one of the soirees of her uncle, the rich old broker, or was some surprise party on the tapis, too exclusive for the ordinary medium of cards or scented paper? For Mr. Rubens rather prided himself upon the entree he was beginning to gain within the enchanted portals of New York society. Almost at the same moment Blanche looked up.

"You are wondering what brings me here," she said, half smiling.

"Whatever it was I thank the opportunity," Karl answered with ready gallantry, although he could feel the tell-tale blood rising to his cheek.

"And I may as well tell you the whole truth at once," said Blanche her voice faltering slightly, and two red spots glowing out upon her temples: "My Uncle George failed last week, and we are going to be very poor.

"Failed!" echoed Karl, "surely it cannot be possibly—at least, that is I had not heard of it."

"But is was true, nevertheless." Miss Ainslie said, "and all the world will know of it but too soon. And Mr. Rubens," she added in a more hestitating voice, "I must do something for my own support—either teach, sew, play companion to an invalid lady, or earn my living in some way not unbefitting a gentleman's daughter; and I have concluded to try and write for the papers."

"Indeed?" said Karl, not knowing what else to say.

"Will you give me a chance in the columns of the Shiner? she asked, with a very evident effort. "I believe I could write as good stories as some of those that you publish and pay for."

Mr. Rubens was sorely puzzled what to say. How could he tell this pretty creature sitting there before him, in the halo of her youth and beauty and high social position that she could no more hope to succeed as a sketch writer than a man could expect to build a house or construct a steam engine without an hour of practice or experience? Had she been a shabby, spectacled old lady, or a middle-aged female, with cotton gloves and high cheek bones, it would have been easy enough. As it was her blue eyes, shining wistfully into his, seemed to paralyze the very nerves of his tongue

"I have a little story here," went on Blanche, producing a neatly folded packet, "which I have worked very hard upon, and—if you would kindly look at it and give me your unprejudiced opinion———"

"Certainly," said Karl, recovering his self-possession, and bowing as he took the packet.

"There are some verses, too, said Blanche reddening, "and a little essay or two written as spicily as possible. Shall I come to morrow and get your opinion?"

"By no means," said Rubens politely. "I will not trouble you to come down to this unfashionable locality. If you will allow me to call and see you——"

"I shall be much obliged!" said Miss Ainslie, eagerly, and Karl knew that she meant it.

Blanche Ainslie went away, leaving an intangible little scent of attar of roses behind her and the sun dipped down behind the chimney tops, and the sanctum became dark and gloomy all at once.

"How pretty she is!" Karl Rubens thought, "but pshaw! the idea of her writing for the papers. Poor child, how little idea she has of the life that lies before her. However, I will take the papers to Di, and see what she says about em."

Miss Diana Rubens was a strong minded young lady, of a certain age, who read Carlyle, translated Hebrew, kept house for her brother, and did nearly as much of the "heavy work" of the Weekly Shiner as the editor himself.

"Fiddlesticks!" said Miss Diana, as her brother, over his evening cup of tea tossed the manuscripts toward her and related his story. "Little Blanche Ainslie could no more write for the paper than my canary bird. But every woman thinks she's a born authoress, and nothing but personal experience will grind the idea out of them!"

Then Miss Diana read the neatly written pages one by one.

"Scented with rose" she said scornfully. "Stuff and nonesense!"

"Well?" said Karl, at last, looking up from his own writing, as Miss Diana laid the packet down with a loud "Hem!" which signified the completion of her task.

"Fiddlesticks!" was the brief yet insignificant reply.

Karl rubbed his nose with the end of his penstick, evidently a little disappointed.

"You think they won't do?" said he.

"Of course they won't!" said Miss Di. Dishwater and adjectives—trash and sentiment—what are the girls thinking of nowadays? If she had sent me a few good table recipes now, or a way of cleaning marble, or taking out mildew, but an impossible love story, with the hero on stilts and heroine mere milk and water. Pshaw!"

"Poor child!" said Karl, compassionately—but he never once thought of an appeal from his sister's decision. "And she was so sure of succes.

"They always are!" said Miss Di.

Karl Rubens was a little provoked at his strong-minded sister, but he remembered as a palliating circumstance, that Miss Diana had never seen Blanche Ainslie.

The editor did not sleep very soundly that night. He could not help thinking of the beautiful girl so suddenly reduced from luxury and wealth to utter poverty, and when at last he fell asleep, it was to dream of blue eyes, and chesnut hair braid with shifting lights of goldi

Karl had always admired the broker's niece from a respectful distance. Now it seemed as if she were fairer and more attractive than ever. In fact our editor, although he was not fully aware of it himself, was hovering dangerously near the magic ground of love.

He called at Mrs. Ainslie's the next evening with the condemned manuscripts in his pocket, and I do believe had he not stood in rightcous fear of his strong-minded sister Diana, he would have told Miss Ainslie that her productions were "accepted" and secretly burned them in the sauctum fire. As it was, it it was too late for any such sly system of double dealing.

Blanche was at home, sitting among the splendor that was to be hers so brief a time now, and her bright upward look, as he entered, went to his very heart.

"I feel like Crookback Richard," he thought, "going to murder the innocent little princess in the tower."

And when he told her as gently as he could that the stories and poetry would not pass muster, she burst into tears.

Mr. Rubens could not endure those bright sprinkling drops.

"Blanche" he faltered, "don't cry. Dear Blanche it is not worth it!"

And before they parted that evening, Blanche Ainslie had half promised to consider the possibility of accepting the editor's love, since the editor could not accept her contributions.

"The idea of supporting yourself is very ridiculous," said Karl. "It's a great deal better to let me support you."

And so Blanche Ainslie became an editor's wife, and the happiest of little matrons, and to this day Karl keeps the little packet that was "respectfully declined."

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Items.

—Edward Betts, who has been president of the National Bank of Wilmington, sine July 11th, 1864, has resigned his position in that institution to pay no more attention to his business at the Wilmington Coal Gas Company's office. Mr. Betts became president of the bank at the time of its organization. James P. Winchester, of Baltimore will succeed Mr. Betts. Mr. Winchester formerly resided in Wilmington.

—Stephen Greiner, an old resident of New Castle, died at the almshouse at the age of 60 years. Although he died in abject poverty, the deceased was, a few years back, well-to-do. He held the position of foreman of the welding department at the Delaware iron works, saved considerable money and was the possessor of some valuable property in Philadelphia. He was an intelligent and educated man, and an expert in his business. Soon after the death of his wife several years ago, he began on his downward path. He resigned his position, disposed of all his property for the benefit of king alcohol, which was the immediate cause of his death—and died penniless.

On election day Rev. J. R. Moffett, a leading Prohibtionist, had a personal difficulty with J. T. Clark, a local politician. In Friday's issue of Anti-Liquor, the Prohibition organ, of which Moffett is editor, there appeared an article in which Clark was severely censured. Friday night last, as Moffett was walking up the street on his way to the First Baptist Church, Clark met him, and a personal difficulty took place, in which Moffett was shot in the abdomen. Moffett's condition is extremely critical. Clark was arrested.

Federal Judge Williams has made a special charge to the grand jury that indictments should be brought against all Democratic election commissioners of the State of Arkansas for violating the new election law by appointing all of the election judges from the same politicial party. Indictments by the wholesale will follow.

Piles, sore eyes, cracked lips, chapped hands, and all skin eruption is cured by Dr. Fenner's German Eyes Salve. Warranted to satisfy or money refunded. Sold by George & Redden.

The October Home-Maker.

The Home-Maker magazine for October, Vol. ix., No. 1. appears as a brand-new magazine from cover to cover. It is much larger and greatly improved in every respect, although the price remains at $2 a year and 20 cents a copy.

The contributors in the October number rank high.

Mayo W. Hazeltine has an article on the Federal Elections or Force Bill, and gives both the Republican extreme view and the Democratic extreme view.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has a poem on Columbus.

Helen Leah Reed contributes a paper on experimental education which is illustrated.

Miss Francis Smith tells all about Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, with three beautiful half-tone pictures of the eminent divine from his hoyhood days to the present time.

The life and works of Jennie June (Mrs. Croly), by J. Martin Miller, appear in tl is number.

For Sale.

A comfortable five-room dwelling on Gay street, with nearly ½ acre of land. Easy terms, Price $800.00.
11-17-92tf, SUSAN A. GREEN.

Order Nisi.

Int he matter of the sale of the Real Estate of JACOB K. KEPHART, deceased.

In the Orphans' Court for Caroline County.

Ordered this 15th day of November 1892, that the sale made and reported by George M. Russum, administrator c. t. a. of Jacob K. Kephart, deceased, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 2d day of January next; Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Caroline County once in each of three successive weeks before the 2d day of December, next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $3700.00.

C. W. HOBBS,
ERNEST DOWNES,
WM. E. LIDEN.

True Copy
Test: JAS. B. STBELE,
Register of Wills for Caroline County
11-17-3t.

POSTPONED

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

VALUABLE PERSONALTY.

The undersigned, having decided to remove from town, will sell at public sale at his residence on Main street, Denton, on

Tuesday, November 22d, 1892,

beginning at one o'clock p. m., the lowing Household and Kitchens Fu ture:

1 Parlor Brussels Carpet.
1 Dining Room Brussels Carpets.
1 Stair Brussels Carpet.
A Black Walnut Wardrobe.
A Black Walnut Marble Centre Table.
A Fine French Parlor Suit,
A French Plate Mirror, very handsome,
A lot of Silverware.
Fine Bed Lounge, black walnut.
Self-Feeder Sitting Room Coal Stove,
A Coal Range, and a great many other articles.

☞On the Saturday following this sale there will be an auction at my store.

TERMS.

On sums under $10 cash: on sums of and over $10 a credit of 9 months will be given, purchasers giving approved notes payable in bank. No properta to be removed until terms of sale are complied with.

M. J. YOUNG.
HENRY IRWIN, Auct. 11-10tds.