News.

ERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, JAN. 17, 1891. No. 46.

Nieces.

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Mrs. Upsdell, a
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voice.
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said Mrs. Ubsdell,
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" asked Kate.
sighed Ginevra. "It
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nses!" cried Gin-
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ness?"

"I though, perhaps, you had pricked your fingers on the great Colorado cactus and hurt yourself. You seemed to be crying."

"It wasn't the cactus," fluttered Ginevra. "It was the children."

"The children?"

"They won't mind," explained Ginevra; "they only laugh at me, and I don't know what to do."

The stranger opened the side door, which garlanded over with passion flowers, looked on the lawn, and called out, in stern, imperative tones,—

"Children!"

Eva dropped her croquet mallet, Ella left off munching strawberries. Both obeyed the newcomer at once.

"Have you been obeying this young lady?" questioned Ginevra's champion.

"N-no," faltered Ella. "We didn't disobey her, we only didn't do as she told us."

"Very well," said he. "Hereafter you will be a good little class, or there shall be no more boating on the river for you, or rides on the cream-colored ponies; and nothing but bread and water for dinner. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," murmured Ella, meekly.

"Yes, grandpapa," said Eva, obediently.

Ginevra looked up in surprise.

"You are not General Livingston?" said she.

"How do you know that I am not?"

"I—I thought you were the gardener."

"I do garden sometimes; but the gardener is a snuffy old Scotchman, in a wig and a pepper-and-salt suit."

"But—General Livingston is an old gentleman, isn't he?"

"Five and forty—if you call that old. I see how it is," said the master of the house, laughingly. "You are misled by those little sprites calling me grand-papa. My late wife was a widow, considerably older than myself. Eva and Ella are her grandchildren, not mine. This may explain some of the inconsistencies that puzzle you, Miss Hall. And now, if you will resume the charge of the young Turks, I think I can guarantee that they shall make you no more trouble."

He was right. Eva was docile as any kitten; Ella sweeter than an angel. Evidently some miracle had been wrought.

"You see," said Eva, "when grandpapa says a thing, he means it."

"And we are so afraid he'll send us to boarding school!" whispered Ella.

General Livingston came in toward evening to see that the children kept faith, and then Ginevra made her confession to him.

"I have deceived you, sir," said she. "I don't know French at all; but my aunt told me I must not let you know it."

[illegible] then she told him the simple story [illegible] eavement and dependence.

"[illegible]nch is essential," she added, [illegible] Aunt Matilda. But I [illegible] living you, when you [illegible]ne."

Livings[illegible] smiled.

"ou are a good little girl," said he, "and must try to dispense with French for present."

After this, Ginerva found little trouble. e children, wild and wayward though y had been at first, became attached to r, and were quick to learn. At the end six months Mrs. Ubsdell came to Livgston Larches.

"Ginerva," said she," you must strike or higher salary. Every one else is doing it."

"Oh, Aunt Matilda," cried the girl, "I can't. The terms are too liberal already. feel that I am not earning the money I eceive."

Mrs. Ubsdell, however, insisted.

"I will go to General Livingston myself," said she. "These aristocrats can't expect to grind every one down into the earth."

Poor Ginerva burt into tears; but Mrs. Ubsdell was implacable.

Ginevra scarcely dared look General Livingston in the face when she met him in the garden, a couple of hours later. His face wore an amused expression.

"Miss Hall," said he, "your aunt has been kind enough to pay me a visit."

"Please don't think that I had anything to do with it," she said, almost inaudibly. "I am too well aware that I am already overpaid."

General Livingston looked calmly at her.

"Miss Hall," said he, "I have been thinking matters over, and I have come to the conclusion to dispense with your services as governess hereafter."

Ginevra involuntarily clasped her hands; she grew pale.

"Oh," she cried, "must I go back to Aunt Matilda? And I was so happy here!"

"Ginevra," said General Livingston, "I am five-and-forty years old, and yet I have been sanguine enough to hope that I can win the love of a girl seventeen. It is for you to decide whether I am right or wrong."

"For me?"

"I have fallen in love with you, Ginevra. Tell me—will you be my wife instead of the children's governess?"

She stole one timid glance at him. It was as if some strong, serene archangel had stopped from a celestial clime to ask her to nestle under the shadow of his gleaming wings. Did he suspect how long she'd worshipped him? Had he penetrated into the mysteries of her heart? That glance, however, was a sufficient answer. He put out his hand and drew her to his heart.

"My darling! my own darling!" was all that he said.

Ginevra Hall was standing in the shadow of the tree ferns in the conservatory that evening when the gardener showed in a young lady. It was her sister.

"Ginevra," said Katie, "Aunt Matilda has been to see me. Surely she has not succeeded in making you discontented with your situation?"

"Dearest Kate," said Ginevra, "I am going to tell you a secret. I am to be General Livingston's wife next week. Oh, I am so thankful that I came here! I don't think there ever was a girl so happy before."

"Except me," said Kate. "I also am to be married to Lieutenant Geoffrey Rossmore. And Miss Ray is so pleased and proud.

And Mrs. Ubsdell arrogates to herself all the credit of having settled her nieces so [illegible] in life.

"They ought to be very [illegible]," she says. "If it had [illegible]

The Old Farm Home.

If you've been a happy rover
Through the fields of fragrant clover,
When life is all a simple round of bliss,
When at eve the sun is sinking,
And the stars are faintly winking
You can call to mind a picture such as this:

Hark! The cows are homeward roaming
Through the woodland pasture's gloaming;
I can hear them gently lowing through the dells,
And from out the bosky dingle
Comes the softly tangled jingle
And the oft repeated echo of the bells.

Strange how memory will fling her
Arms about some scenes we bring her,
And the fleeting years but make them stronger grow;
Though I wonder far and sadly
From that dear old home, how gladly
I recall the cherished scenes of long ago.

Hark! The cows are homeward roaming
Through the woodland pasture's gloaming;
I can hear them gently lowing through the dells,
And from out the bosky dingle
Comes the softly tangled jingle
And the oft repeated echo of the bells.

[*Chicago Evening Post.*

THE MISSED ITEM.

The Editor's Conscience Was Easy Even If He Did Get "Scooped."

The city editor was exceedingly busy. It had been a day of conventions and visitors and his head fairly throbbed with the consciousness of the details he must look after. The presses were making the building tremble as they turned out the Sunday supplements. With coat off, he plunged into the mass of manuscript before him and was covering it with cabalistic blue pencil marks at a wonderful rate when the door of his room opened. Angry that any one should interrupt him at that busy hour, he whirled in his chair to snap out a reprimand.

But a sight of the visitor halted him.

A timid, brown-eyed girl stood just inside the door, looking beseechingly at him through the tangled curls that half covered her tear-stained face. The ringlets fell, too, upon a coarse jacket that made a thin covering in such a raw and blustering evening as it was outside.

"Are you the editor man?" The voice was sweet and plantive.

"Yes; what can I do for you?" He had not intended to be even civil, but something moved him to tenderness just then.

"It's about Jule. D'you know Jule?"

"Never heard of him," with a suspicion of a laugh drawing down the corners of the mustached mouth.

"Well, he's my brother, an' he's been took up. They say he stole, but he didn't and I know it. Jule was always good ter me, an' he told me he didn't steal the mittens—he found 'em."

"Wouldn't the officers believe him?" The newspaper man found himself growing interested against his will.

"No; an' that's what I come for. You see they tried him to-day an' th' judge said he must go to th' perform school, or something like that. An'—an' I thought mebbe if you knew about it you wouldn't put it in the paper. Jule an' me is all alone now. Since mamma went away to Heaven we've lived by ourselves. Jule sold papers an' we was getting along fine. We had a lot saved, too: almost two dollars. I'll give it to you if you won't print nothin' about Jule," her face clouding as she thought she saw the shadow of a frown on the man's face.

It was not a frown, but an emotion which caused his eyes to grow suspiciously moist, and he turned away to hide them.

A clinking sound recalled him, and the little one's hands dropping the whole store of pennies and dimes and nickles upon his desk—the scant savings of weeks, or even perhaps, of months.

"No, no, my girl," he hastened to say, "take them back. I do not want them. I will see that nothing is said about your brother."

A smile lightened up her wistful face.

"I am so glad," she exclaimed. "My aunt, where I'll have to go now, though she don't like us, always takes your paper, an' if she don't know what's happened to Jule, mebbe she'll be better to me an' I can help Jule out. He was always so good ter me."

The presses were roaring and rattling still louder, and, as the child turned to go, she looked bewildered.

"Hold on," said the editor, as he touched an electric bell. "Here, John," as a messenger appeared, "take this little girl where she wants to go—and, say, get her a good supper at the restaurant on the corner—there's a dollar."

The two closed the door behind them and went out into the night.

"Half an hour lost,' ejaculated the worker as he turned to his desk. A reporter sent in his matter. It was police court news. The quick blue pencil flashed across the most important item in the list—a precociously bad youth sent to the reform school.

"It means a scoop, but it may make the little thing's life easier," thought the worker, and moved, somehow, by the spirit of the moment, he softened some criticisms to appear in the morning, and now ready for putting into type.

* * * * * * *

"Say, Matthews, how'd you come to miss th' best police news last night?" growled the managing editor as he came into his office the next day. "I happened to be in the court when it happened. One of the toughest young rascals I ever saw was sent up for a spell. Won't do to be scooped on such things. They teach a lesson, you know."

"Must have overlooked it," muttered the city editor, "some of the reporters got in late, you know."

"Yes. Oh, well, I suppose the world will go on as well as usual if we didn't get it."

The city editor thought it might go a little better.

GOOD TIMES IN ALABAMA.—The Gadsden (Ala.) *Times* says: "With few exceptions our people have plenty to eat of the very best, fat horses, mules, cows, hogs and other stock, cribs of corn and stacks of fodder, comfortable homes, healthy families and many other advantages which all of them did not possess a few days years back; and in whatever direction you go the young people are having a most glorious time," to which the Columbus (Ga.) *Enquirer* adds: "That's cheerful talk, and what is so of Alabama is so of Georgia. There is a little stringency in financial matters, b[illegible] times, and we should all look on [illegible] side of things."

LET $1 take a trip to [illegible] is called foreign [illegible]

ZATHOE.

It's a gay, spirited sort of a man, and suggests dancing black eyes, sun burnt cheeks, jutty curls, cherry lips and brown, unjeweled fingers.

Well, my old housekeeper's grand-daughter, pretty Zathoe Lynn, possessed them all.

And she was 17 that summer; I, 21. For two months and a single day I had been the envied possessor of Hazelcroft. She had grown up with the other wild flowers on the place, herself the wildest flower of them all.

One remembered August morning she stole into the library with a glorious bunch of water lilies.

"They're for you, Mr. Rupert," she said offering them slyly.

I patted the shapely brown hand extended.

"Thanks, little Zathoe. They are a pretty parting gift."

Her black eyes were fixed upon the carpet.

"You are going away, then?"

"Yes, to Europe."

"But you will come back?"

"Not for three long years, at least. I must see the world, Zathoe. And now, good-by! I shall not see you again before starting."

She looked up then, her eyes seeming two coals of living fire. I wondered why I had never noticed how beautiful they really were.

"You'll be married and settled long before I return," I added teasingly.

She gently laid the lilies down.

"Good-by, Mr. Rupert, I shall not forget you!"

And in another instant she had escaped from the room like a frightened bird.

My resolve to travel had been a sudden one, but by 11 o'clock I was ready to go. The day was perfect, so I decided to walk across the fields to Hazlecroft station. The distance was scarcely a mile. When just half way, and passing through a narrow lane, I suddenly heard a moan. Then came some unexpected, impassioned words:

"Oh, Mr. Rupert! My dear Mr. Rupert! I'll never see him again!"

I looked around, but there was no one in sight. Then I glanced over the low hedge. There, on the ground, with her head pillowed on a mossy stump, lay little Zathoe Lynn.

I was at her side in a moment, but so intense was her grief, she had not heard my approach.

Then I knelt down and spoke her name.

She sprang up in bewilderment, but I drew her to me.

"You are sorry that I am going, Zathoe?"

"Yes."

There was a world of sorrow in the outspoken word.

I took her pretty tear-stained face between my hands.

"Zathoe Lynn, look at me; is it true—can you care for me?"

She struggled from my grasp. "I hate myself! Oh, Mr. Rupert! I never meant that you should know!"

"But I am glad, very glad," I answered kindly. "It is sweet to know that you will miss me when far away. I am, as you have heard, an orphan. All my life, until now, I have been unloved. I have never even had a sweetheart. You shall be my first and only one."

She crept back to my arms with the confidence of a child, and I smoothed her damp curls and kissed her red lips. How pretty and innocent she was!"

"Zathoe, are you sure that you love me?" I whispered.

She passionately flung her plump arms around my neck for an answer. It was her first pure caress.

Then we sat down on a fallen log together, and I clasped her hot, brown fingers.

"How would you like to attend school during my absence?" I asked presently.

Her tear-stained face brightened. "I love books, Mr. Rupert, and I would study real hard."

"That is well. Now listen, Zathoe. 3 years from this day, if you still love me, you shall be my wife. But the mistress of Hazelcroft must be cultured and refined. Promise that you will try to become all I could desire."

"I promise," she said simply.

"Remember," I added at parting, "you are still as free as the air you breathe. But you will think of me sometimes?"

"Always, Mr. Rupert," she corrected.

"Then kiss me good-by."

Her trembling lips just touched my cheek. I returned it threefold, and put her from me. Then I hurried away without once looking back. But my love for Zathoe Lynn began that day.

We did not meet again for 4 long years. But I often heard from my protege. Her letters fill my desk today, a sweet record of the gradual unfolding of her heart and mind.

Old Mrs. Lynn died soon after my departure, and then, at my earnest request, Zathoe entered a neighboring seminary. Nobly did she keep her promise, graduating with honor at the completion of her 3 years' course. I would have returned to her then, but she would not permit it.

"Give me another year," she wrote. "I want to be perfect in your sight." And so I yielded.

But she sent me her portrait. Oh, what a face it was! Her dark, rich beauty had grown glorious.

The picture reached me while in London. I walked the streets all night, for I was too restless to sleep. I wanted to go to her at once. But she said no.

During the last year of waiting I began to think it was I who would prove the unworthy one. Zathoe would find me wanting. It was indeed a foreshadowing of the bitter truth.

But at length her last loving letter called me home.

I had begged that she meet me at the Hazelcroft. So with Margaret Lynn, a widowed cousin, she went down and reopened the old house which had once sheltered us both.

It was dark when I reached it. I half fancied she would be waiting for me at the gate. I forgot th[illegible] was no longe[illegible] possionate child [illegible]ft weeping b[illegible] hedge.

The low windo[illegible] peered into th[illegible] cupant, a t[illegible] by the [illegible] water [illegible]

It was Zathoe Lynn. I entered softly and stood before her. I could frame but two words:

"My darling!"

She drew back, instinctively. But her lustrous eyes shone like stars.

"You are Rupert Hazelcroft."

I caught her white unjeweled hand. It lay cold and still in my grasp. I would have kissed her brow, her cheeks, her lips, but I dared not.

"Zathoe!" I cried passionately. "Have you no welcome for me?"

Her eyes were reading my face.

"You have changed," she said, sadly. "I—was not—prepared for it. But I can say—welcome back to Hazelcroft."

Her courteous words lacked the true loving ring, but I went closer.

"Zathoe, do you remember our parting four years ago? You loved me then—today, I love you. We have both changed."

She trembled at my touch.

"You seem like a stranger!" she exclaimed bitterly.

Then, with something of her old impetuosity, she drew from her bosom a tiny locket. It was one I had sent her soon after leaving Hazelcroft, and it held my picture.

"Look," she continued, a great sob in her voice, "this is the face I have loved so long—that I shall love until I die! Rupert Hazelcroft, you have not brought it back to me!"

"That was an impossibility, Zathoe," I answered gravely. "I was a boy then; today I am a man. And your face is changed also, yet I love you the more for it. Zathoe, accept me as I am. But tell me—is my former self my only rival?"

"Yes," she breathed, rather than spoke.

"Then I will win you over again," I said resolutely. "Zathoe Lynn, you shall be my wife. Until then you are free as you have ever been."

She laid her hand in mine impulsively. It was burning hot. "Rupert Hazelcroft," she cried, "I will not accept the freedom you offer. Your generosity has made me all that I am today. I belong to you alone. I cannot love you now, but that, too, may come in time."

I took from its velvet case a costly diamond ring. "This was to have been the token of our betrothal, Zathoe, will you wear it for my sake? For the sake of the world-hardened man, who would gladly be a boy again if he could?"

She looked up tearfully as I placed it on her finger. "I shall wear it always in remembrance of this hour," she murmured.

For moments I restlessly paced the old familiar room. The ocean no longer rolled between, but time had parted us quite effectually. I glanced at Zathoe. How lovely and lovable she seemed. And she was mine—she said it. The thought was reassuring.

"Sing to me," I begged at last.

Without a word she glided to the open piano, and soon a tender love song filled the room. Her whole soul was in it. She went on from one to another unconsciously. She seemed to have forgotten my presence. The glory of her voice kept me spell bound. When she had finished at last her head drooped upon her hands. I bent over her and fervently kissed her forehead.

She sprang to her feet.

"Forgive me. Music is my meat and drink. I love it next to heavenly."

"Then I can only hope for a third place in your affections," I said pointed.

She did not reply, and we passed out to the veranda, her hand just touching my arm.

The silvery moonlight was over everything, and Zathoe glanced about her appreciately. "Hazelcroft is a beautiful place," she said at last. "I have loved it from childhood."

"Then, why not become its mistress tomorrow?" I asked eagerly.

But she shook her head. "To-morrow I am going away with Cousin Margaret. Her home is in Boston."

"I will follow you there," I continued boldly. "You shall not escape, Zathoe Lynn. I love you more than life itself! Promise that you will try to love me a little in return?"

"I have begun to try already," she answered naively.

"Then at our next meeting I can hope for a different welcome?"

"Yes."

I drew her beautiful face to mine, and covered it with passionate kisses.

* * * *

We were married the following winter. For ten happy years Zathoe has been my cherished wife, and I have every reason to believe that she has long loved me, far better than she ever did the boyish face in the locket.

How to Remove Fowls' Combs.

Fowls that have tall, single combs like Leghorns and Hamburgs should have removed before freezing weather, for it is next to impossible to keep a large flock of single combed fowls through a severe Winter without some of them freezing their combs; and a hen will not lay after she freezes her comb, at least but a few eggs. To remove the combs one should hold the fowl and another take a pair of sharp shears and remove the combs from the hens close to the head and both combs and wattles from the males; it does not seem to hurt them if done quickly and a little lard put on. They heal over in a few days, but care must be taken not to slip any more at one time than you have room to shut them in one a place for they will peck at each other's heads and if they get a taste of blood they will keep it up until they kill each other; but if shut up by themselves for a few days no harm will come of the operation. They should not be clipped until the fowls are nearly a year old, or until their combs have obtained their growth. If clipped too soon they will not heal quickly. Chickens hatched the first of March will do to clip the first of November.

MUST REFORM ITS MORALS.—Chicago must reform its morals before the great exposition in 1893 if visitors are to go there with a feeling of security. Here is a special dispatch from there: "Burglars, footpads and sneakthieves have not been so numerous in Chicago for many years as the [illegible]t winter," and the *Herald*, of Chi[illegible]s: "Houses are looted by scores, [illegible] women are choked, sand-bagged [illegible]ublic streets, business offices and [illegible]e invaded in broad da[illegible] [illegible]very other [illegible]

longe[illegible]

JOB-P[illegible]
—SUCH A[illegible]
HAND-BILLS, CIRCULARS,
BLANKS, BILL-HE[illegible]
executed with neatness and dispatch at satisfacto[illegible] prices.

GOOD NEWS FOR FARMERS.

They Are Soon to Become the Most Prosperous Class in the Land.

Dr. Peter Collier, director of the New York Agricultural Experiment Station, in a recent addres at Ovid, upon "The Future of Agriculture in the United States," presented facts and opinions which have a vital interest not only to agriculture, but to everybody who eats bread and meat. Dr. Collier believes that hard times for farmers is almost at an end and that they will become the most prosperous class in the land. He makes this broad prophecy:

"Awaiting, then, as I think we may, in confident hope the good time so near at hand, what, we may stop to inquire, are duties of the hour; and I would say first, study economy in production. Let me indicate the possibilities, yes, the probabilities which lie in this direction for the intelligent farmer. Two of our leading New York dairymen secure practically the same average product in butter from their herds, and results are nearly three times the average results secured in the State. But one of these feeds a ration costing fourteen cents daily per cow, the other, getting no better result, feeds his cow a ration costing exactly double, twenty-eight cents per day. But one cent a day saved upon the dairy cows of this State means a saving of over $16,000 a day, a saving of nearly $6,000,000 a year. This is one of the practical problems upon which your experiment station is engaged.

"But I wish to say a word as to what seems to me the wisest policy to pursue for the immediate future. We have seen that if there is any over-production it must obviously be of those products which are exported, and they are very few in number; corn, wheat, meats, and cotton constituting as I have said 92 per cent. of our exports. On the other hand, we import annually over $300,000,000 worth of agricultural products, many of which may be, I am sure, profitably produced in this country, for example, sugar and molases, wool, hides, barley, fibres, and horses; these alone aggregating $170,000,000 in value, or 56 per cent. of our imported agricultural products. To me it would seem wise to diminish by a little the production of those products which are in excess of our wants, and seek to produce those products for which the demand exceeds the home supply.

Let me mention only the matter of sugar and molasses, for which we annually expend about $100,000. I have a sample of sugar in my possession representing the result of an extended experiment with several hundred tons of cane which I have no doubt can be produced at an expense not exceeding one cent a pound; and within twenty-five miles of where we now are was produced at great profit a sample of syrup as good or better than any sold in the State of New York."

THE HEAVIEST MAN.

Indiana now lays claim to [illegible]est man in world in the person o[illegible] son Craig, of Danville, Hendr[illegible] Mr. Craig was born in Iowa Ci[illegible] 1855. While quite sm[illegible] to Kentucky, wh[illegible] was about thirteen [illegible] weighed 11 pound[illegible] old his weight wa[illegible] time on his gain [illegible] At the age of two ye[illegible] lbs. During 1858 his parents to[illegible] New York city and entered him as a co[illegible]testant in a baby show inaugurated by P. T. Barnum, and he was awarded a cash prize of $1,000 as the largest and heaviest child on exhibition. At the age of five years his weight had increased to 302 lbs.

During the next year his weight increased to 405 pounds. The following eight years his weight increased to 196 pounds, causing him to put up the beams at 601. At the age of twenty-five his weight wa[illegible] 725; at twenty-seven it had increased [illegible] 758. During the next year he gained [illegible] making his weight at twenty-eight [illegible] From that time on his weight has b[illegible] gradually increasing until he now ups[illegible] scales at 907.

Mr. Craig has never b[illegible] life, is a very delicate e[illegible] to the use of intox[illegible] tobacco in any fo[illegible] five inches in his [illegible] ures eight feet fou[illegible] requires forty-one [illegible] him a full suit— [illegible] and it takes [illegible] him a pair [illegible] says the boys [illegible] him going t[illegible] ure for a p[illegible] whole side t[illegible] No. 12 boots.

The father [illegible] man, weighi[illegible] mother was [illegible] over 110 or 1[illegible] cousin [illegible]

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