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The Bedford Inquirer

A Local and General Newspaper, Devoted to Politics, Education, Literature and Morals.

LUTZ & JORDAN, Editors and Proprietors.

BEDFORD, PA. FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1870.

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SUBSCRIPTION TERMS, &c

The Inquirer is published every Friday morning at the following rates: One year in advance, \$2.00; Six months, \$1.25; Three months, \$0.75; Single copies, 10 cents. All payments in advance. The subscription is for one year, unless otherwise specified. Single copies of the paper for sale at five cents each.

Inquirer Column.

TO ADVERTISERS:

A Postmaster is required to give notice by letter, returning a paper does not answer the law when a subscriber does not take his paper out of the office, and state the reasons for not being taken; and a neglect to do so makes the Postmaster responsible to the publishers for the payment. Any person who takes a paper from the Post office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not is responsible for the pay.

THE BEDFORD INQUIRER.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY LUTZ & JORDAN.

OFFICE ON JULIANA STREET, BEDFORD, PA.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

IN SOUTH-WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA. CIRCULATION OVER 1500. HOME AND FOREIGN ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED ON REASONABLE TERMS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

\$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK DONE

WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

LATEST & MOST APPROVED STYLE,

SUCH AS POSTERS OF ANY SIZE, CIRCULARS, BUSINESS CARDS, WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, BALL TICKETS, PROGRAMMES, CONCERT TICKETS, ORDER BOOKS, SEAGRAM LABELS, RECEIPTS, LEGAL BLANKS, PHOTOGRAPHER'S CARDS, BILL HEADS, LETTER HEADS, PAMPHLETS, PAPER BOOKS, ETC. ETC. ETC. ETC. ETC.

OUR FACILITIES FOR DOING ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING

are equalled by very few establishments in the country. Orders by mail promptly filled. All letters should be addressed to LUTZ & JORDAN.

ITEMS.

LIBEL suits against newspapers have not this far paid the plaintiff very well. Out of fifty suits of this kind that have been instituted during the past ten years, only three thousand dollars damages have been awarded.

STURMUR DISCOVERIES.—One of the good results growing out of the construction of the Suez Canal, has been the discovery, on the shores of the Red Sea, at the entrance of the Gulf of Suez, of two inexhaustible deposits of sulphur. One of these is located in a perfectly rainless desert, on the African coast, and consists of a hill six hundred feet in height which is composed of sulphur. The sulphur is obtained by blasting, as Arabs are blasted in a common quarry, Arab workmen, under French supervision, are employed, and the product is ten tons a day, for the transportation of which to refuelling furnaces, a railroad is being constructed.

MR. HUBBARD presented certain statistics of telegraph by his address before the Senate Postal Committee at much to the credit of the monopolists. In twenty-one States of Europe there are 294,793 miles of wire, costing \$41,200,000, in gold. In this country the Western Union Company has 104,554 miles of wire costing \$48,000,000 in currency. It would appear from this that governments can construct four miles of wire at the same cost involved in the construction of one mile by a corporation. Over the European lines 29,338,000 messages cost \$13,567,370. Over the Western Union lines 8,100,770 messages cost \$5,737,627.

THE Dominican Republic has formally declared her annexation to the United States. The vote, which was officially proposed to the people by the government, has been taken, and as recorded here, shows an overwhelming majority in the affirmative. The votes of Santiago, La Vega, and Azua led the demand for admission to the Union and nowhere was there any visible opposition. The United States steamer Swatara, Captain Allen, arrived yesterday in time to hear the vote declared. The Council of Ministers estimate the public debt at less than \$11,000,000.

STEEL RAILS A SUCCESS.—In their report the Massachusetts Railroad Commissioners say that on the 1st of January, 1870, there were at least 100,000 tons of steel rails laid down on the railroads of this country, and probably 10,000 tons of steel had laid besides. The commissioners sent a circular containing interrogatories in regard to the use of these rails to a large number of roads throughout the country, and from the replies received conclude that extremes of temperature do not injuriously affect the steel rails; that their durability far exceeds that of the best iron rails, no steel rail having yet been reported as worn out; that heavy grades and sharp curves do not materially affect their wear; that rails should be carefully inspected before laying, and that usually all flaws and imperfections can then be discovered, and subsequent breakage in the track prevented.

SOUTHERN ICE MANUFACTURE.—To meet the anticipated demand for ice during the coming summer, and the prospective high prices, an enterprising citizen of Columbia, S. C., has ordered an ice machine from Europe, which is to turn out 1,000 pounds of ice an hour. The process is chemical, a solution of ammonia being the agency. The machine costs \$9,000, and the freight from Halle to Columbia, which is several hundred miles, is included in the price. The manufacturer through sufficient ammonia to run the machine for years with a slight occasional replenishing to keep a given strength. The machine is worked by a steam engine of three-horse power. The cost of manufacture including labor and material, and using the largest machine, is estimated at nine cents for 100 pounds of ice. A firm in Mobile is said to be about to engage in the manufacture of ice also the coming summer. It is reported that they are to use a machine invented in New Orleans.

THE CADETSHIP BUSINESS.—Dewees, of North Carolina, and Goidaly, of Kentucky, have both resigned their seats in the House to avoid expiation. Mr. Dewees is a Republican and served in the army. Mr. Goidaly is a Democrat, and on the 29th of January last he made a speech in favor of repudiation. The investigation has uncovered a perfect nest of rascals in cadetships, and two cases appear to be quite pitiable. That of Butler, of Tennessee, is about the hardest yet. He, being certain of expulsion, telegraphed his resignation to Governor Senter, who, being a half way Democrat, declined to accept it. Another hard case is that of some unnamed Democratic member from Ohio, who, having sold his cadetship to a Republican, has the honor of a Democratic delegation in the House down on him. It is probable that he will be unable to resign, as the Governor of Ohio is a Republican. But the hardest phase of the story is that the vote of censure on poor Whittemore was a unanimous one, and all these self-righteous individual cast their censure upon that unfortunate scoundrel, for the very crime of which they also were guilty.

CHICAGO, March 1.—Red River advises say that Rich was unanimously elected President of the Provisional government after the adjournment of the convention which framed the bill of rights. The English residents are reported as greatly increased at the manner in which their delegation knuckled to the French in the late convention, and an uprising was regarded as imminent. A letter from Pembina, dated February 1, says that Colonel Bolton, of the Dennis survey party, has a force of loyal English and Canadian men, with a liberal sprinkling of Indians, and was moving upon Fort Garry, where President Rich was waiting to receive them. The following are the other provisional officers elected with Mr. Rich: James Reize, Chief Justice; Thomas Banker, Secretary of State; W. B. O'Donoghue, Secretary of the Treasury. The New York Times considers the bill of rights adopted a very moderate one. A general amnesty for political offenses will be published. Governor McLavish and his contractors had been set at liberty. The convention appointed Judge Black, Revam Rice, and Alfred S. O'Leary in behalf of the settlement. A Pennsylvania letter of February 18, contains the story of a Sioux Indian raid upon the Red River insurgents.

Poetry.

KISSES.

CHILDREN'S KISSES. Scattered from among the roses, Where a budding wealth reposes, Little dimpled lips invite; Springing from the heart's deep treasure, With a never failing measure, Given with a pure delight.

ROUGH KISSES.

Muffled footsteps softly tripping, Up behind, and softly slipping, Round your dear, familiar arms; Though warm hearts may touch unbidden, Where you keep your kisses hidden, Shelter them from rude alarms.

MOTHER'S KISSES.

Little cheeks, full of badness, Little faces full of sadness, Claim a mother's tender kiss. Every little childish sorrow Finds a solace none can borrow, In a mother's soft caress.

FRIENDSHIP'S KISSES.

A kiss is friendship's highest token; A sympathetic language spoken, By tender nature for distress, 'Tis friendship's sweetest motto bestowing, 'Tis admiration's overflowing, That loving lips so fondly press.

CUPID'S KISSES.

Prompted by some wild emotion Of the heart, that hidden ocean, Throbbing in the human breast; It may be love's increase burning On the lips, or Fancy's yearning, Like "a bird without a nest."

SILENT KISSES.

Some strange, sweet cord of kindred feeling, Some nameless yearning softly stealing, Earth has no dearer tie than this, Heart to heart in sacred meeting, Does heaven afford a purer bliss?

PARTING KISSES.

The last, and it may be the dearest, For hearts are parting seem the nearest, Clasp for the dear "farewell," But 'oh! the last that cold lips never Give answering touch, the lips forever, Are sadder than the funeral bell.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Old master Brown brought his ferule down, His face was angry and red; 'Anthony Blair, go sit you there, Among the girls," he said.

So Anthony Blair, with a mortified air, And his head hung down on his breast, Went right away and sat all day, By the girl who loved him best.

Miscellaneous.

OUT IN THE RAIN.

SPRINKLE rain! shower! right down on Millie Warner's tasteful little hat and graceful shawl, unprotected save by a thin shawl, notwithstanding the beseeching glance of the prettiest pair of hazel eyes ever looked up to a cloud in that way.

The inexorable, stony-hearted thing just poured out its deluging treasures without minding them the least bit in the world. Now, Millie wasn't afraid of a shower, unless there was thunder and lightning; but she had quite a regard for her pretty hat, which was not two weeks old, and did hate dreadfully to have it spoiled. Besides, she knew—vain little girl!—that it was exceedingly becoming. Her glass told her that, and Squire Johns, the great man of the town, had whispered to her just the same, looking at her very admiringly all the while. It was too, too bad. And our country's Millie's handkerchief, which she threw over her hat, just about half covering it. She drew it off, the next moment, and laughed. As if such a deluge of handkerchiefs could do any good, she said to herself. "How could she be so silly!"

Millie, not so very wise yet, tried next to run away from the shower; but, in her haste ran into several mud puddles, thereby muddying the pretty little feet in a perfectly scientific manner. She walked quite leisurely, after that, saying, philosophically: "As my hat is spoiled already, there can be no use in hurrying. I am neither sugar nor salt."

Nevertheless, when Millie came to a large white farm-house, she very gladly, and rather hastily—for just then there was a heavy peal of thunder—opened the gate and went up the flower-bordered path to the house, and knocked for admittance. Nobody answered, and as another peal of thunder was heard, accompanied by a vivid flash of lightning, Millie entered, without ceremony. She took in at a glance the contents of the first room she came to—a large square room, plainly but neatly furnished—the cane-seated chairs, the pretty chintz-covered lounge, book case filled with books and sheet music; the violin in its case in the corner, the vase of faded flowers and ornaments on the mantel. There was no one there, but she heard childish voices in the room, and again knocked. A dark eyed girl of ten or eleven years opened the door.

Millie explained why she was there. With the ease and good manners of one much older, the child bore her welcome, placed a chair near the stove and took Millie's dripping hat and shawl. "I was just beginning to get dinner. That was the reason I didn't hear you knock. It will be a long time before the shower is over, and you must stay with us to dinner. It will be ready by the time Ben comes; but that will not be for about half or three quarters of an hour."

"Es, dinne! I'll be weddy when Ben tums." The elder child, whose name was Hetty, resumed: "I can't get a very good dinner, I ain't quite old enough, but Ben says I do nicely. He puts it on for me, and I see to it. But he does not allow me to take off kettles, for fear I will burn or scald myself; but I think I am large enough to do that. I like to have everything ready for him when he comes in tired and hungry. I can't make biscuit—I wish I could—for Ben likes them ever so much; but Martha who comes in to make bread for us, says she will teach me."

"Where is your mother?" asked Millie of the little Eva, when Hetty was out of the room. "We is got no mudder but Ben," the little one replied. "When Hizz came back, Millie said, 'Now I have got nicely warmed, and

my dress will dry just as well at work as sitting still, so I will help you get dinner. If you like I will make some biscuit, and we will have dinner ready in a very short time."

Hetty was delighted. Ben would be glad. Might she look on and learn how? Millie was young, and frank, and gay, and she and the children soon became very well acquainted over the biscuit. She said, presently, trying a potato with a fork: "The potatoes are done. I will pour the water off so, then put them on again to dry. That will make them mealy. In a few moments he will peel them, and then dinner will be all ready except taking it up."

The dinner seemed very meagre to little Hetty as she ran over the items in her mind—potatoes, peas, pork, biscuit, butter, cucumbers, milk, water. She had wanted to make tea for her visitor, but she declined decidedly. The poor child said, apologetically: "When father and mother were alive we used to have a good many things for dinner, and Martha, our hired girl, used to get them all, but when they died, and Squire Johns said he bought a mortgage on our farm, and that we had to get by every cent the day it was due or lose everything, we had to do without a good many things, and we can't have enough to pay it, and my father says we may look for no mercy from Squire Johns, for he is a very hard man to the poor, and he has always wanted our farm, because it joins some of his own land where he wants to build. I heard all about it when one of the neighbors was talking with Ben, though he didn't want me to know about it."

Millie had listened to this with a curious mixture of feelings, for Squire Johns was a declared lover of hers, and though she had not yet accepted, she had been both pleased and flattered with his attention, and she certainly given him encouragement. Moreover, he was to receive his final answer in three days from that time, and she was sure the answer reserved and hid away for that time was "no." True, Millie was in love with him, but she had waited so long in vain for that ecstatic state of feeling she had heard and read so much about, that she was quite decided that she was not capable of love, and that to like any one as much as she could expect. But she certainly liked Squire Johns as well if not better than any one, and his love must certainly be disinterested, for he could not know that—But now Millie stopped. Could he not? Might he not have found out in some way? If this story were true, would such a man be likely to marry a poor girl for Millie Warner was really an heiress in a small way. She was sole inheritor of a fine unencumbered farm from her father, and five thousand dollars in bank stock. But the farm was two hundred miles south of this town, where she was visiting a cousin, and nobody knew of it; and during her visit she had helped her cousin in her work as she had always helped her mother when she was at home—capable, industrious little girl that she was.

This story agreed with things that she had heard hinted at, but only hinted at, and even that the next moment was smoothed over, for Squire Johns was a rich and influential man, and people could not afford without some reason, to lose his favor. She remembered it all now. Could he in reality be such a scoundrel?

She could judge better about the truth of the story when she had seen Ben. Who was Ben? Two or three enquiries had amounted to nothing. The children spoke just as if everybody must know who Ben was. Was he an uncle, cousin, hired man, or what? Evidently somebody very old by the way Hetty spoke of him. Whoever it was, what would he think of her intrusion? But she couldn't help what she thought, she shrugged her shoulders as she looked out at the still pouring rain.

Young Ben Hazwell, out in the field pitched up the last hay on the load, leaped his pitch-fork against a tree, and took his straw hat to cool his moist forehead. His gate followed the hay cart, went over the broad lands and returned. "The hay has gone in," he said with a long breath of relief. "I could not afford to lose even one load now. I don't know that I can do it, but if I can sell part of the land I may. It is a hard old pull though."

There was a noise of carriage wheels, and he looked towards the road. His brown face darkened as he looked. "I could, perhaps, have got an extension of time if that villain had not got the mortgage in his hands, and dastardly ruined me, who makes it his business to rob and defraud the poor and the fatherless, he may take this farm; he will if he can; for he has been maneuvering for it a long time; but he shall have it with the soundest horse-whipping that ever a man had. Twice I thrice the number of strokes of the united forces of my tender sisters; and my arm is strong!" And he looked after the carriage with his hands firmly clenched.

"My two years at college did me but little good. If I could have finished, and got a profession, or had a good trade, I should not have been so helpless, if the worst comes to the worst. But I won't look on the dark side."

The young man followed the cart into the barn. The storm was at its height when he went toward the house from the back way. He stopped in surprise, as he saw through the window some one standing at the table, with arms bare to the elbow, mixing flour. It must be Martha's, neither hers, the slender, graceful figure. As he came nearer, he could distinguish the sparkling sequent face. She was laughing and talking with Hetty, and evidently giving her the directions for what she was making. Hetty was gazing upon her, eager and much absorbed. Little Eva was sitting at the table in her high chair, working at a piece of dough.

"A take for Ben." It was as black as her soiled little fingers could make it; but it did not occur to Eva that that was any objection. It was a pretty, pleasant sight in that long desolate home; and he stood there, unconscious of the pouring rain, eagerly gazing at this fair young stranger, himself a picture of manly beauty, till the voice of one of the men calling to the oxen, awoke him from his reverie.

By and-by there was a spluttering of water heard in the next room by Hetty. "Ben has come," running hastily forward and opening the door. "Ben has tums," cooed the little one, clapping her hands and leaping, as she

is, bright and smiling, what she had in store for him: "I is made a take for oo, I is."

He caught her up in his arms and gave her a kiss, while she laughed and shouted; but his eyes were seeking the stranger. "Hetty said prettily: 'My brother Ben.'" Then it was: "This lady got caught in the shower, Ben, and is staying until it clears up. She has been so kind as to help to get dinner, and has made some splendid biscuits."

They both stood mute a moment, she with surprise at the real Ben, young handsome, and well bred; he with admiration, and a strange new feeling he could not define. He had hardly made her welcome, with a return of his self-possession, when there was a loud rap at the street door. Hetty went to the door, came back pale, and whispered to Ben: "Squire Johns."

Millie drew quickly back from the half-closed door. Ben went in to his visitor, closing the door after him, but every word was distinctly heard by Millie, for Squire Johns did not speak in the low, suave tone she was accustomed to hear him, but loud and peremptory. "I am in haste, young man; I just stopped to get that the time for the payment of the money due me, being day after tomorrow. If it is not ready I shall be obliged immediately to resort to severe measures. 'Impossible!' exclaimed the young man in a surprised and excited tone, 'you are very much mistaken. It is not due till the 28th, and it is now but the 18th. At that time, if I sell the piece of land partly owing to do, I hope, with some other money coming in, to be able to pay it.'

"You are laboring under a singular mistake young man. Here is the mortgage and you can see for yourself that it is the eighteenth."

"Let me see it."

The figures danced upon the page. He passed his hands over his eyes and calmed himself with a great effort. He grew ashy pale as he read. "It reads so, certainly, but I can't understand it." He went to the desk. "Here is a note my father made of the circumstances, and it is the 28th, and he was a very sure, methodical man, and would not be likely to make a mistake that might be fraught with very important and evil consequences to me. 'I believe—' a sudden suspicion coming into his mind, as he detected a lurking triumph in Squire Johns' eye, 'I believe there's some villainy about this matter, and that you are at the bottom of it,' he exclaimed excitedly, fixing his eye firmly upon the lawyer, who changed color in spite of himself.

"Be careful what you say, young man, or you may get yourself into trouble," he said angrily. "Yes, sir, I believe that you are a base villain. I remember that you are the lawyer who made out the mortgage at the time, and know that you have been asking for years to get hold of this property. If there is justice in law you shall be exposed."

"In the meantime you had better have the money ready," coolly and insultingly replied Squire Johns. "That is impossible as you know. You know very well I could not raise so much money in two days, when you made our diabolical plans."

"Then you know the consequence."

"And what is to become of my young sisters?"

"I neither know nor care. That is your lookout."

The young man strove to repress his passion yet. "Squire Johns, by the 28th I can pay this debt, I expect."

"That will do you no good. It must be ready by the 18th, or I take possession. I might have shown you mercy but for your insinuations. Now, none."

"That is false! liar! villain! and you know it. You never showed mercy in your life. You have won your ill-gotten wealth by robbing the widow and the fatherless. If you take this property may it bring you a curse with it, now and forever! But while it is in my hand I'll kick you from it, you dastardly scoundrel!"

The Squire was a small man as well as a coward, and while he was being ignominiously ejected from the house by the angry and excited young man, Hetty was crouched down close to Millie, pale and frightened. Eva was sobbing in her lap, and Millie—it would be difficult to describe her feeling.

Ben did not come into the room for some time afterward. When he did, he looked haggard and aged, and was passing through hastily, as if to escape notice, when Millie business like and straightforward little girl that she was, began: "Mr. Hazwell, I want to talk to you a few minutes. There would be no use in pretending that I haven't heard what you and Squire Johns have been saying, for I heard every word. I think I know of some one who can help you; but first may I ask you a few questions?"

Ben, at first, looked displeased and angry; but her kind, straightforward manner disarmed him. He bowed assent. "What is the amount of this mortgage?"

"Two thousand dollars and interest," was the brief reply.

"What is the total value of the farm?"

"My father valued it at ten thousand dollars."

"Are there other mortgages?"

"None."

"Very well, I am quite positive I know some one who can loan you the money. I am Millie Warner. Call on me to-morrow, at my cousin's, Mr. Sanford's."

Ben's dreams were strangely mixed up that night with mortgages and hazel eyes. The next day was a long time of suspense and anxiety, and early in the evening found Hetty at the Sanfords, where he was received by Millie herself.

The next morning, accompanied by a neighbor, he called on Squire Johns. "He was at breakfast," the servant said. An angry light shone in Squire Johns' cold, gray eye, when he heard who was his visitor.

"How dare he come here? I warrant, though, the chap isn't quite so high and mighty as he was the last time I saw him. Humble enough this morning. I will hold out; hopes of mercy until he grovels and begs my pardon—grovels low as he laid me, and then I'll be revenged. To-morrow this splendid farm, added to my other property, and the possession of Millie Warner's hand and fortune, will make me a rich and happy man, indeed. I will vitalize him to his heart's content."

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He caught her up in his arms and gave her a kiss, while she laughed and shouted; but his eyes were seeking the stranger. "Hetty said prettily: 'My brother Ben.'" Then it was: "This lady got caught in the shower, Ben, and is staying until it clears up. She has been so kind as to help to get dinner, and has made some splendid biscuits."

They both stood mute a moment, she with surprise at the real Ben, young handsome, and well bred; he with admiration, and a strange new feeling he could not define. He had hardly made her welcome, with a return of his self-possession, when there was a loud rap at the street door. Hetty went to the door, came back pale, and whispered to Ben: "Squire Johns."

Millie drew quickly back from the half-closed door. Ben went in to his visitor, closing the door after him, but every word was distinctly heard by Millie, for Squire Johns did not speak in the low, suave tone she was accustomed to hear him, but loud and peremptory. "I am in haste, young man; I just stopped to get that the time for the payment of the money due me, being day after tomorrow. If it is not ready I shall be obliged immediately to resort to severe measures. 'Impossible!' exclaimed the young man in a surprised and excited tone, 'you are very much mistaken. It is not due till the