

COUNTRY CLOCK

By JOHN HABBERTON, Author of "Helen's Babies," Etc.

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CHAPTER IX.

CHAPTER IX. NEW, THE NEWS. NY letters. "Sho!" Farmer Hayn and his wife would have made good of it, by their ability to clothe a few words with pantomime of much variety and accuracy. Some of the most time that her husband started to the post-office, Mrs. Hayn had her absent son's writing she must see with her own eyes. Then she polished the glasses again and again, trying them each time by gazing down the road for the bearer of the expected letter. Calmness, in its outward manifestation, was noticeable only after her hope had again been deferred.

As for the old man, who was quite as disappointed as his wife, he studied a partly loosened vest button as it had been an object of extreme value; then he sat down on the seat and looked at the clouds and sections of the sky for a minute or two, and finally ventured the opinion that a middling lively shower might come due about midnight. Then he told his wife of having met the minister, who had preached the sermon, and of a coming auction sale of which he had heard, and how eggs for shipment to the city had "looked up" three cents per dozen. Then he sharpened his pocket knife on his boot leg, handling it as delicately as trying its edge as cautiously as if it were an instrument of which great things were expected. Then both joined in estimating the probable cost of raising the young calf on the farm to its full fattening weight.

spectacles in their tin case, which she closed with a decided snap. "Such a little speck of new is only aggravating," that's what it is. "Small favors thankfully received, old lady, as the advertisements sometimes say. Oh, there was one thing more Mr. Sol said; 'was that he reckoned Phil was doing good on that healthy girl.'"

"Mrs. Hayn received this information in silence; her husband began to throw his open knife at a seat on one of the veranda steps. "You've got to be sure to know anything," Mrs. Hayn, after her short silence. "He isn't the kind that our Phil would go on to, but if he had any such thing to tell, which it isn't certain he has. "Young men don't always have to tell such things, to make 'em known," suggested the farmer. "Fools make everybody know when I was just gone on you, though I didn't say nothing to nobody, not even to the gal herself. "It's no use," said Mrs. Hayn, after another short pause, "nobody explains why he ain't here. He'd want to tell us 'fore anybody else, an' he feels kind of bashful like."

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Lucia, rejoicing Phil. "I really believe it's because you've got a long carriage, as often followed shortly. "You've got to be sure to know anything," Mrs. Hayn, after her short silence. "He isn't the kind that our Phil would go on to, but if he had any such thing to tell, which it isn't certain he has. "Young men don't always have to tell such things, to make 'em known," suggested the farmer. "Fools make everybody know when I was just gone on you, though I didn't say nothing to nobody, not even to the gal herself. "It's no use," said Mrs. Hayn, after another short pause, "nobody explains why he ain't here. He'd want to tell us 'fore anybody else, an' he feels kind of bashful like."

CHAPTER XII. DIM LIVES UP. "I'm not going to marry anybody until I'm asked," exclaimed Lucia, springing from the bed, wringing her hands and pacing the floor, as she went to her window. "I know that anybody ever will, and I'm perfectly miserable; if you say another word to me about it I shall go into hysterics. Nobody ever heard anything but good of Phil Hayn, either here or anywhere else, and if he loves me I'm proud of it, and I'm going to love him back all I like, even if I have to break my heart afterward. He hasn't know how I feel, you may rest assured of that. But oh, Margie, it's just too dreadful. Margie has picked out Mr. Marge for me—she could love such a stick!—and she'll be perfectly crazy if I marry any one else, unless perhaps it's some one with a great deal more money. I wonder how it is that I'm in such a perfectly horrible position!"

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"What else did Sol say?" asked the mother. "He did, but I don't know any special news. He said Phil didn't know he was leavin' his school, like I thought he would. He said Phil was looking for a wife, and he said to him like a sojer in a picture. I'm glad the boy's got a chance to get the plow handle steep out of his shoulders for a few days. See you wouldn't know his face, though, 'cause his hair's cut so short; got a new watch, a chain, too; I'm glad to hear that, 'cause I was particular to tell him to do it."

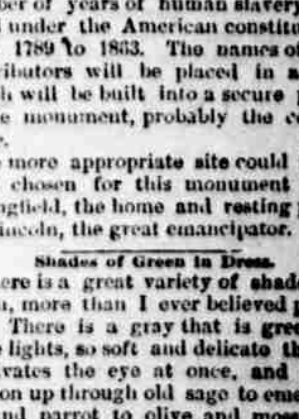
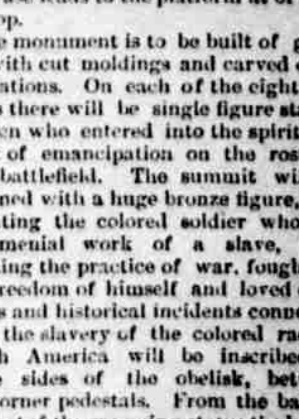
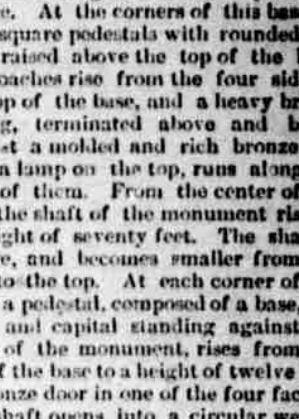
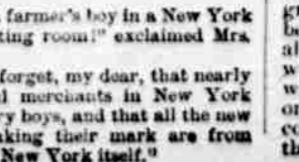
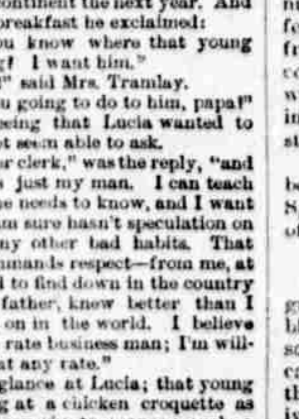
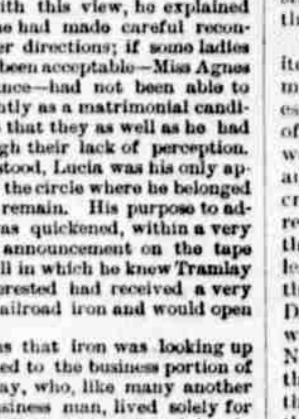
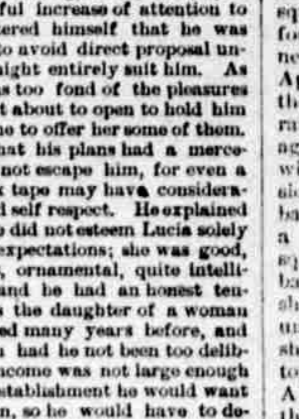
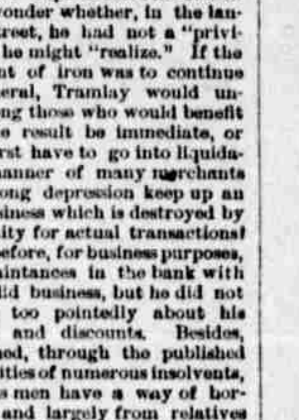
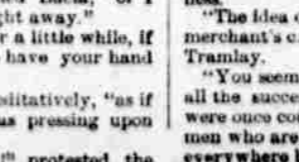
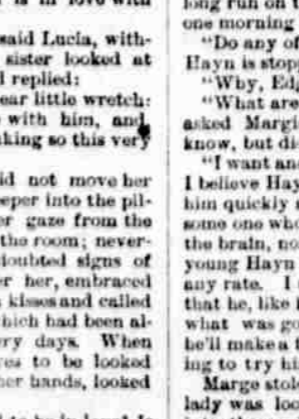
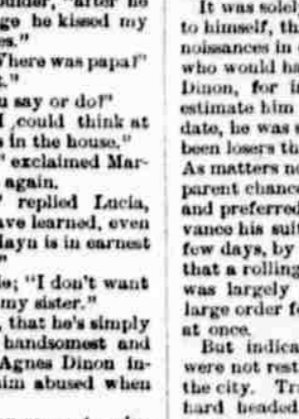
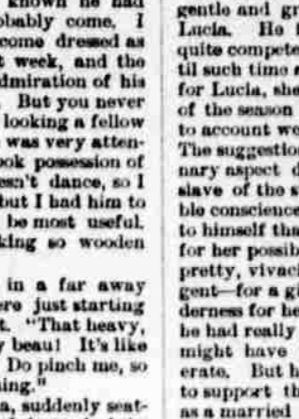
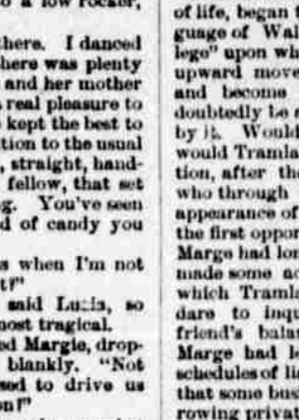
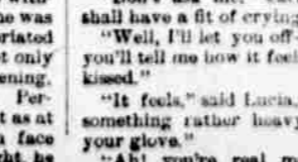
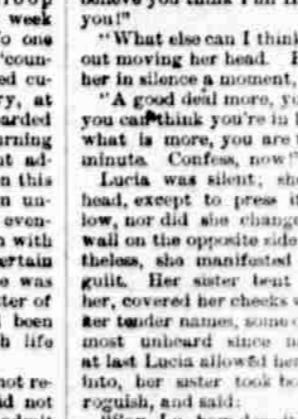
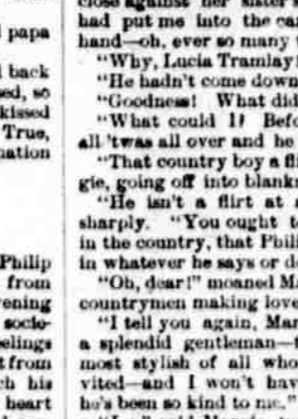
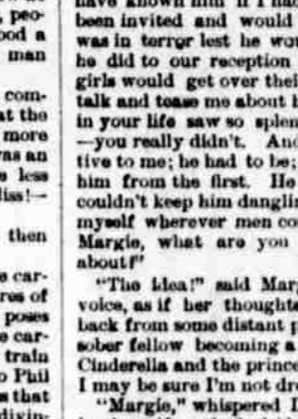
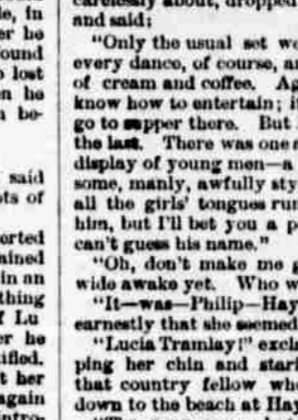
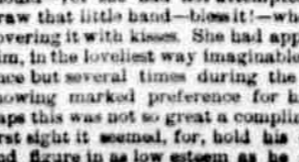
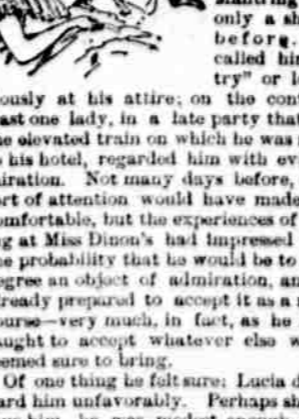
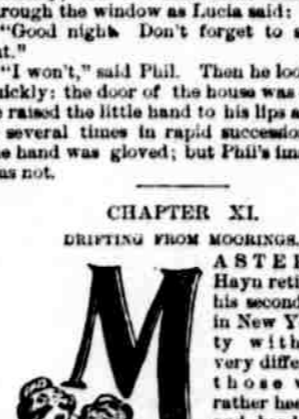
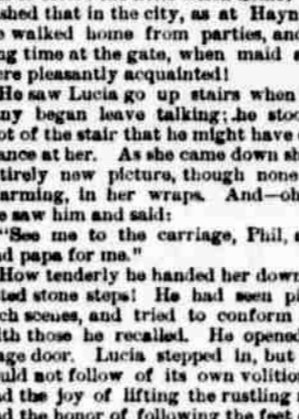
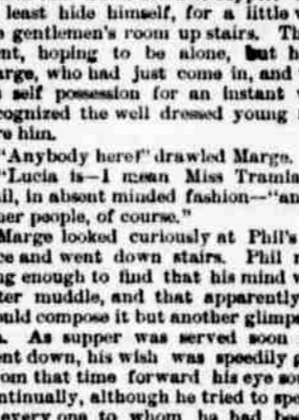
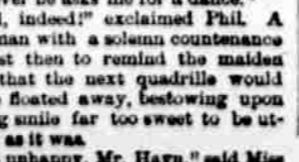
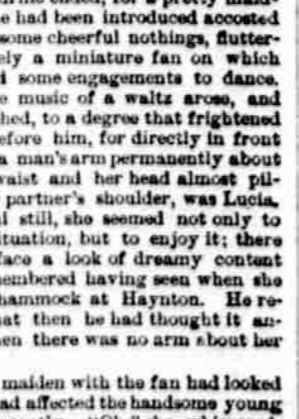
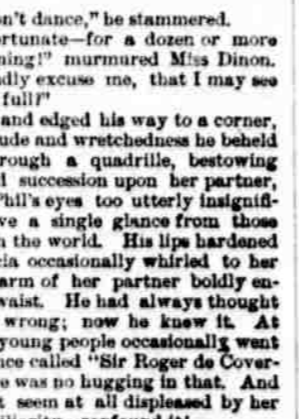
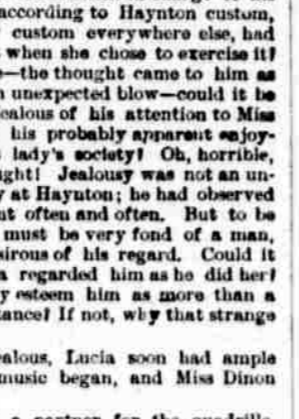
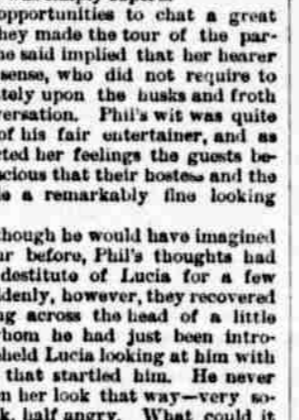
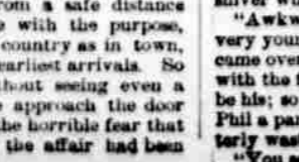
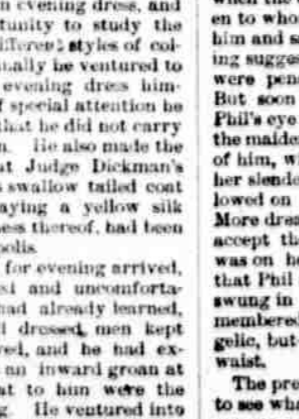
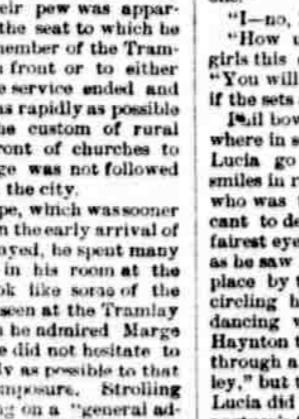
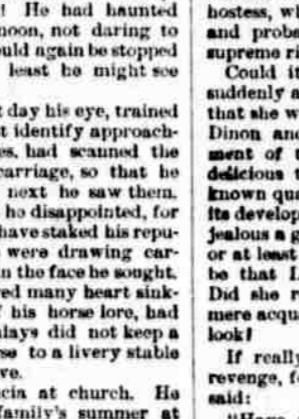
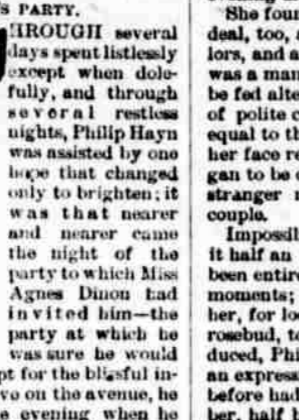
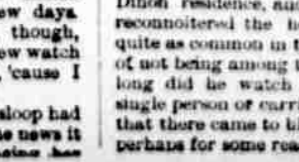
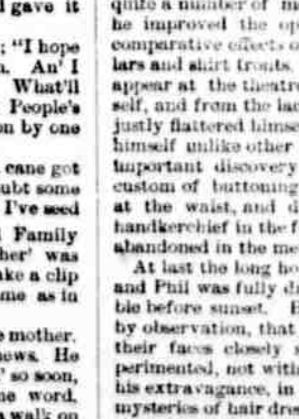
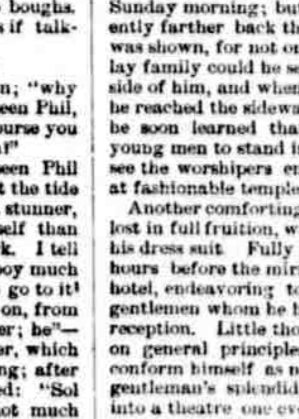
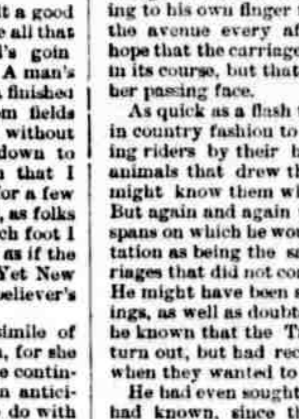
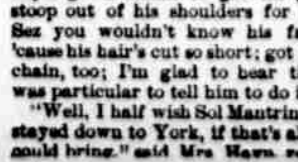
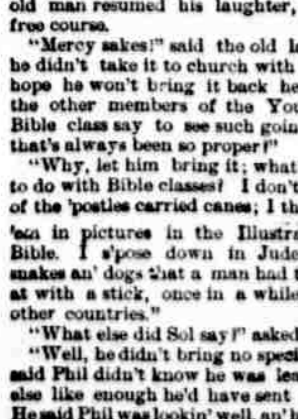
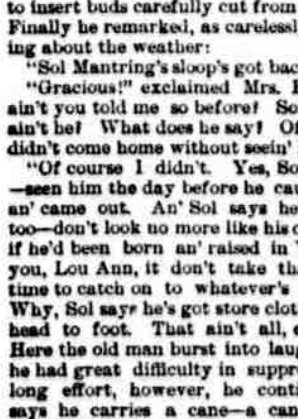
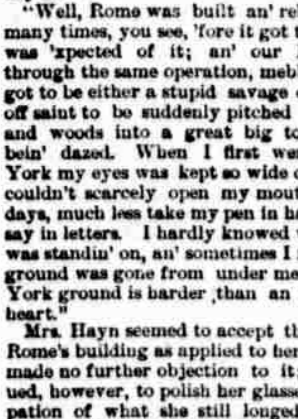
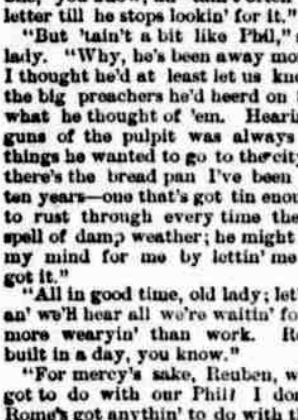
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Continued next Saturday.

EMANCIPATION MONUMENT. It is to be Erected at Springfield, Ill., and is Here Described. It is proposed to commemorate the emancipation of the slaves in the United States and the services of the colored soldiers who fought in the Federal army during the civil war, by the erection of a national emancipation monument at Springfield, Ill.