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SPRING, 1885.

NEW GOODS

EVERY DAY SPECIALTIES

THE INSIDE TRACK.

He came to the bower of her I love
Twanging his sweet guitar;
He called her in song his snow-white dove,
His lily, his fair, bright star.
While I sat close by the brown-eyed maid
And helped her enjoy her serenade.

He sang thus his love was beyond compare
He's voice was sweet as his song;
He said she was pure, and gentle, and fair
And I told her he wasn't far wrong.
I don't know whether he heard me or not
For his Katring snapped like a pistol shot.

He told how he loved her o'er and o'er,
With passion in every word.
In songs that I never heard before,
And sweeter ones ne'er were heard.
But the night grew loose d his guitar string
And they buzz'd out of tune like crazy things.

He sang and he played till the moon was high
And choked in a snort his highest note,
She liked it—and I did—just so-so;
'T was glad to hear his key;
I were echoed him, soft and low,
'Till at last I leaned from the window, and then
I thanked him, and asked him to call again,
And then he went away.
— R. J. Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

LITTLE NAN'S FORTUNE.

"Come in," called Miss Morrin in
her pleasant voice.

So the door opened and Little
Nan, song and dance artiste, appear-
ed on the threshold.

Her thick red hair was twisted in
a tight knot on the top of her head,
a row of curl papers fringed her fore-
head, little dabs of powder were left
on her cheeks, her callico Mother
Hubbard was faded and there was a
long rent in the skirt. She came
timidly into the room and laid a
large white envelope down on the
table.

"It's for you," she said, quickly
turning away. "I heard you tellin'
Mrs. Spratt 'twas your birthday."

Then the door closed upon little
Nan.

Miss Morrin laid down Emerson
and took up the attractive white en-
velope. It contained a birthday
card, a very pretty card. On one
side were a landscape and a solitary
bird on the branch of a tree, and on
the other were printed the following
verses:

There's gloom without, but there's cheer
within;
Rollicking shout and rattling din.
They kiss good luck ' with a rare good will !
Each lucky Jack has a darling Gill.

"A lonely, scar'd old bird like
me " repeated Miss Morrin to her-
self. "Yes I am getting to be an old
bird. I am 36 to-day and James is
38. We are both growing old and
are no nearer being married than we
were ten years ago. Twenty-five is
rather late in life to enter upon a
long engagement. But I would
rather wait on James than marry a
millionaire. Dear James! His think
it is his duty to stay in Maine and
preach to those poor, uneducated
people when he might be pastor of
a rich church with a salary large
enough to support us all. Of course
it is his first duty to care for his
mother and sister. Unfortunately I
am poor too. I wish I had a few
hundred dollars to buy a claim or
grub stake of some poor prospector.
If I was a man I would take a pick
and go up on the mountains and dig;
but being a woman all I can do is
to wait. I wonder what made that
child give me this card. I never
spoke to her until this morning.
They say she dances at the theatre,
and with a shudder at the thought
Miss Morrin went on reading Emer-
son.

Down stairs in the office of the
office of the Grand Hotel old Billy
was smoking his pipe. He wore
long boots that came to his knees,
corduroy pants, and a flannel shirt.
His broad brimmed felt hat was tip-
ped over his eyes. He had tilted
his armchair against the wall and
thrust his hands into his pockets.

"It's her birthday and I gave her
a card," Little Nan was saying. "She
said good mornin' when I met her
on the stairs. Hain't it a stunnin'
card. There was a bird on a tree
and the bird was sayin' poetry. It
said somethin' 'bout bein' a scar'd
old bird."

"By ginger!" exclaimed old Billy.
"You're went and done it this time."
Then he chuckled. "Didn't you
know she was an old maid—a regu-
lar Yankee schoolma'am? Why
didn't you pick out a nice piece bout
young ione and forge me-dont's, and
all that kind o' things."

"It was a mighty pretty card and
dirt cheap," answered little Nan dis-
consolately. "She wouldn't think I
was pokin fun at her, would she?"
looking up anxiously.

"Reckon not," said old Billy, "you
wouldn't find it out if she did. She
is an up and down lady. There
hain't another one of her kind to
keep her company. Ought to send
for her sister or cousin or somethin'.
Don't see what brung her way out
here to keep school."

Little Nan gazed in the fire with
her large blue eyes.

"She hain't like us," she said
slowly, "she hain't a bit like us."

The school children were trouble-
some the next day. Miss Morrin
tried coaxing, then scolding, and fin-
ally was strongly tempted to resort
to corporeal punishment. But she
was slight and frail, and these ston-
some large boys in the school. On
her way home at noon she decided
she was stiff far from being fit for a
minister's wife. There were letters
from Maine on her table. She told
Jones' hard d'af at last—she was 93
—and there had been a church so-
ciable. Sister Mary had saved
enough egg money to buy herself a
black cashmere dress. The thought
of having it made with a killed skirt
and a potomatac. It was a long
dream. Miss Morrin remembered
Just then a woman clad in velvet
and sealskin passed the Grand. Six

...

George Washington was the origi-
nal Government Pap.

THE UNION DEAD.

**Statistics of the Union Soldiers
Who Died During the Civil War.**

Twenty years have passed since
the close of the civil war and now,
at last, a careful official record of the
number of deaths that occurred in
the Union army has been made...

The Early Orators.

Demosthenes was not born an or-
ator. He strangled hard and fal-
tered many times. He was homely,
and he stammered in his speech,
but before he died they came hun-
dreds of miles to hear him talk...

A Daring Act.

A Midnight Call.

Kills His Mother with a Stone.

CINCINNATI, June 10.—Schneider,
who is in the Hamilton, Ohio, jail,
sentenced to be hanged June 26th,
for killing his mother...

Worse than Firearms.

Plants Used by Men.

Facts About Alaska.

The Yukon river in Alaska, is so
long, says Lieutenant Schwatka,
that if its source were at Salt Lake
its waters might empty into New
York Bay...

Golden Gleams.

The rays of happiness, like those
of light, are colorless when unbrok-
en.

The Somerset Herald.
ESTABLISHED 1827.

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