

THE ALAMANCO GLEANER.

VOL. 6. GRAHAM, N. C., MONDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1880. NO. 42.

The Alamanco Gleaner,
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
Graham, N. C.
Eldridge & Kernodle,
PROPRIETORS.

TERMS:
One Year \$1.50
Six Months 1.00
Three Months75
Every person sending us a club of ten subscribers with the cash, entitles himself to one copy free, for the length of time for which the club is made up. Papers sent to different offices No Department from the Cash System
POSTAGE PREPAID AT THIS OFFICE.

ADVERTISING RATES:

	1 in.	2 in.	3 in.	4 in.	5 in.	6 in.	7 in.	8 in.	9 in.	10 in.
1 week	\$1.00	\$1.50	\$2.00	\$2.50	\$3.00	\$3.50	\$4.00	\$4.50	\$5.00	\$5.50
2 "	1.25	2.00	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00
3 "	1.50	2.25	2.75	3.25	3.75	4.25	4.75	5.25	5.75	6.25
4 "	1.75	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50
5 "	2.00	2.75	3.25	3.75	4.25	4.75	5.25	5.75	6.25	6.75
6 "	2.25	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50	7.00
7 "	2.50	3.25	3.75	4.25	4.75	5.25	5.75	6.25	6.75	7.25
8 "	2.75	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50	7.00	7.50
9 "	3.00	3.75	4.25	4.75	5.25	5.75	6.25	6.75	7.25	7.75
10 "	3.25	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50	7.00	7.50	8.00

Yearly advertisements changed quarterly if desired.
Local notices ten cents a line, first insertion. No local inserted for less than fifty cents.

OUR GOVERNMENT.

Officers of the Federal Government.

THE EXECUTIVE.
Rutherford B. Hayes, of Ohio, President of the United States.
William A. Wheeler, of New York, Vice President of the United States.
THE CABINET.
William M. Evarts, of New York, Secretary of State.
John Sherman, of Ohio, Secretary of Treasury.
George W. M. Curtis, of New York, Secretary of War.
Richard W. Thompson, of Indiana, Secretary of the Navy.
Carl Schurz, of Missouri, Secretary of the Interior.
Charles Devens, of Massachusetts, Attorney-General.
Horace Maynard, of Tennessee, Postmaster-General.

THE JUDICIARY.

THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.
Morrison R. Waite, of Ohio, Chief Justice.
Nathan Clifford, of Maine.
Noah H. Swayne, of Ohio.
Samuel J. Miller, of Iowa.
David Davis, of Illinois.
Stephen J. Field, of California.
William M. Strong, of Pennsylvania.
Joseph P. Bradley, of New Jersey.
Ward Hunt, of New York, Associate Justices.
OUR STATE GOVERNMENT.
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.
Thomas J. Jarvis, of Pitt, Governor.
James L. Robinson, of Macon, Lieutenant-Governor.
W. L. Saunders, of Wake, Secretary of State.
John M. Worth, of Randolph, Treasurer.
Donald W. Bain, of Wake, Chief Clerk.
T. C. Worth, of Randolph, Auditor.
Dr. Samuel L. Love, of Haywood, Auditor.
Thos. S. Kennan, of Wilson, Attorney-General.
John C. Scarborough, of Johnston, Superintendent of Public Instruction.
John Jones, of Burke, Adjutant-General.
McDonald Turner, of Keokuk, State Librarian.
Sherwood Heywood, of Wake, State Librarian.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JNO. W. GRAHAM, JAS. A. GRAHAM,
Hillsboro, N. C. Graham, N. C.
GRAHAM & GRAHAM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Practise in the State and Federal Courts,
and give prompt attention to collecting.

J. D. KERNODLE,
Attorney at Law,
GRAHAM, N. C.
Practises in the State and Federal Courts
and will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to him.

E. S. PARKER,
ATTORNEY,
GRAHAM, N. C.
Will attend regularly the Superior Courts of Alamance, Caswell, Person, Chatham and Randolph, and the Federal Courts at Greensboro. Business entrusted to him shall have faithful attention.
6-180, Jy.

T. B. Eldridge,
Attorney at Law,
GRAHAM, N. C.
Practises in the State and Federal Courts.
All business entrusted to him shall receive prompt and careful attention.

James E. Boyd,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE AT
Graham & Greensboro.
Practises in all the Courts.
67 Days at Graham, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. At Greensboro, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. 714

Dr. J. W. Griffith
DENTIST
GRAHAM, N. C.
Is fully prepared to do any and all kinds of work pertaining to the profession.
Special attention given to the treatment of diseases of the MOUTH.
CALLS ATTENDED IN TOWNS OR COUNTRY

Dr. Geo. W. Long
GENERAL PRACTITIONER
OF
Medicine and Surgery
GRAHAM, N. C.
Pure and fresh drugs always on hand.
9-180, Jy.

BLUE EYES ARE TRUE.

Lilla, do you remember that handsome young stranger we used to meet so often when out with Madame for our walks? The one you said looked like a Prince in disguise?
Lilla's frank face glowed with a sudden remembrance at her friend's question. She had completed her studies and left the pensionment a year before. Grace had been pronounced "finished." So, although they had kept up a brisk correspondence, Grace had not been told of the romance which had made her life of late seem like a dream of Eden; for Lilla knew that her letters must be read by Madame before they could reach their destination, and she shrank from unveiling her heart's most precious secrets to those cold eyes.

The words which would have now enlightened her were trembling upon Lilla's tongue; but they remained unspoken, for Grace rattled on without waiting for an answer.
Well, I saw him yesterday in the Art Gallery, where Gerome's last picture is on exhibition, and he was with a young girl to whom he seemed perfectly devoted. I'm sure he's engaged to her. So, Miss Lilla, I must bid adieu to the fancy which I have been harboring about you and him during all these long months. But what is the matter?
With a mighty effort Lilla caught at her self-possession, and said with a brave assumption of calm:
"Are you sure it was the same person, Grace?"
"Sure as I am that the Sun rises and sets. Who else could have that graceful yet dignified pose of the head? or a face handsome enough to have been cut from marble, and yet with a mellow richness of coloring which makes me ashamed of comparing it to anything so cold? Come with me this afternoon and you can see for yourself. I heard him make an engagement to be there at 4. What say you—shall we play a spy upon a pair of lovers?"

There was a strange expression in Lilla's eyes as she assented to Grace's playful proposition. But it was not noticed, and to her great relief Grace soon excused herself and she was alone with her thoughts.
Lilla was an only and petted child. Her parents first object was to make her happy, and they had yielded to her wish to remain abroad a few years, so that she might see something of the great foreign world before returning home to her own beautiful America.
But during a ramble by the romantic waters of Constance Lake, Lilla had met her fate. A pair of earnest eyes had thrilled the innermost sanctuary of her pure heart as in answering to her father's introduction, she looked up and recognized in their possessor one who had long been familiar to her thoughts, although outwardly a stranger. For Leon Tracy had seen the modest school-girl, as Grace had said, upon her daily walks for exercise with her companions, and had conceived a passionate admiration for her sweet face; so that if a day passed without a sight of her—even at a distance—it was a loss day to him. But it was with a strange new delight in her very existence that Lilla laid her head that night upon her pillow! Her heart sang for joy that at last she knew the unknown hero—that her dear old father, too, had sanctioned the acquaintance. For, lieutenant and indulgent as he was in all else, Lilla understood well that one must be good and of a noble nature to win upon him sufficiently to be brought within the sacred precincts of the home circle. So she gave unresisting entrance to the sweet dream which was knocking at the door of her heart. A month had passed since they had become engaged, and each day had brought with it a more complete love and trust in her noble young betrothed.

But now! Grace's words had burst upon her like a whirlwind, which threatened to uproot all the tender flowers which had taken root in her heart.
It was her first experience of that most cruel passion—jealousy; and under its brutal promptings gentle Lilla was transformed for the time into a character completely at variance with her real self. Yes! she would see with her own eye; and it—it—but the sentence remained unfinished. There was too much involved in its conclusion. She would wait—and then?

Four o'clock came. Punctual to their appointment Grace and Lilla were there, station where they could see without being observed themselves. As the hour being interesting to both—but in such a widely different way—drew near, Grace said playfully to her Cousin Horace who has good naturedly undertaken the part of escort:
"Cos, you will miss an important chance

of education as the learned ones say, if you don't go at once and make a serious study of Raphael's Holy Family in the farther gallery."
Horace looked at her somewhat ruefully.

"Am I to take that as a sentence of banishment from your society? or are you really anxious to have me distinguish myself as an art student?"

"Either," answered Grace, so that you do as you are told, and the young man went with a parting exhortation to Grace not to get into mischief during his absence.
So obediently Lilla gave a start and caught Grace by her arm with a force that almost made her cry out.

"See him. It is indeed, Leon! Oh, Grace, take me home or I shall die. That man is betrothed to me! The false, faithless heart!"

In mute dismay Grace looked in the direction toward which Lilla's departing face was turned, and saw a proud, handsome head bent low to catch the whisper of the beautiful girl who leaned upon his arm. But she had not time for a second glance, for Lilla had faded. It was but for a moment that she lost her consciousness. Then she regained herself and stood white as still.
"Take me home, Grace," she said piteously.

"Yes, my poor darling," said Grace nervously, drawing a tiny vial containing salts from her pocket, "swallow that while I go for Horace."

The pungent odor kept Lilla from yielding again to the deadly feeling which was struggling for the mastery, and in a few moments she was passing through the throng, leaning on Horace's arm, and scarcely conscious of anything but the heavy, agonizing beating of her heart. Then, in her carriage, with Grace's tender arms about her, and her murmured words of sympathy in her ears, fully conscious that she was going home.

Once there pride awoke.
"Promise me, Grace, as you wish me to feel that you are my true friend, that you will not mention what has passed,"

"I promise," sobbed Grace, frightened by Lilla's set face and stony calm.
"That is my own Grace. Now, dear, go and leave me. I shall be best alone."

And there, in the silence of her own room, she fought her battle, and came forth outwardly calm to meet her parents. They should not suffer by knowing what had befallen her, and she kept her resolve, though it was like tearing her heart from her breast to carry it out.

"Father," she said, "if you love me, I want you to take me away from here at once. I do not want to meet Leon again. He is not what we have thought him."

The old gentleman adjusted his spectacles in surprise and concern, to get a better view of his daughter's face.
"Are you sure?" he asked, incredulously.

"As sure as that I am your own Lilla. I never want to see him again."
"Well, well, I'm sorry," and actually Mr. Fean felt a sudden moisture in his eyes, and had to clear his voice vigorously to proceed. "I couldn't have thought more of the young man if he had been my son. But don't cry, as Lilla broke down and began to sob—"I'll go to S-beria to-morrow if you wish it."

Then, after father's consent to suddenly denounce the acquaintance. For, lieutenant and indulgent as he was in all else, Lilla understood well that one must be good and of a noble nature to win upon him sufficiently to be brought within the sacred precincts of the home circle. So she gave unresisting entrance to the sweet dream which was knocking at the door of her heart. A month had passed since they had become engaged, and each day had brought with it a more complete love and trust in her noble young betrothed.

But now! Grace's words had burst upon her like a whirlwind, which threatened to uproot all the tender flowers which had taken root in her heart.
It was her first experience of that most cruel passion—jealousy; and under its brutal promptings gentle Lilla was transformed for the time into a character completely at variance with her real self. Yes! she would see with her own eye; and it—it—but the sentence remained unfinished. There was too much involved in its conclusion. She would wait—and then?

Four o'clock came. Punctual to their appointment Grace and Lilla were there, station where they could see without being observed themselves. As the hour being interesting to both—but in such a widely different way—drew near, Grace said playfully to her Cousin Horace who has good naturedly undertaken the part of escort:
"Cos, you will miss an important chance

of education as the learned ones say, if you don't go at once and make a serious study of Raphael's Holy Family in the farther gallery."
Horace looked at her somewhat ruefully.

"Am I to take that as a sentence of banishment from your society? or are you really anxious to have me distinguish myself as an art student?"

"Either," answered Grace, so that you do as you are told, and the young man went with a parting exhortation to Grace not to get into mischief during his absence.
So obediently Lilla gave a start and caught Grace by her arm with a force that almost made her cry out.

"See him. It is indeed, Leon! Oh, Grace, take me home or I shall die. That man is betrothed to me! The false, faithless heart!"

In mute dismay Grace looked in the direction toward which Lilla's departing face was turned, and saw a proud, handsome head bent low to catch the whisper of the beautiful girl who leaned upon his arm. But she had not time for a second glance, for Lilla had faded. It was but for a moment that she lost her consciousness. Then she regained herself and stood white as still.
"Take me home, Grace," she said piteously.

"Yes, my poor darling," said Grace nervously, drawing a tiny vial containing salts from her pocket, "swallow that while I go for Horace."

The pungent odor kept Lilla from yielding again to the deadly feeling which was struggling for the mastery, and in a few moments she was passing through the throng, leaning on Horace's arm, and scarcely conscious of anything but the heavy, agonizing beating of her heart. Then, in her carriage, with Grace's tender arms about her, and her murmured words of sympathy in her ears, fully conscious that she was going home.

Once there pride awoke.
"Promise me, Grace, as you wish me to feel that you are my true friend, that you will not mention what has passed,"

"I promise," sobbed Grace, frightened by Lilla's set face and stony calm.
"That is my own Grace. Now, dear, go and leave me. I shall be best alone."

And there, in the silence of her own room, she fought her battle, and came forth outwardly calm to meet her parents. They should not suffer by knowing what had befallen her, and she kept her resolve, though it was like tearing her heart from her breast to carry it out.

"Father," she said, "if you love me, I want you to take me away from here at once. I do not want to meet Leon again. He is not what we have thought him."

The old gentleman adjusted his spectacles in surprise and concern, to get a better view of his daughter's face.
"Are you sure?" he asked, incredulously.

"As sure as that I am your own Lilla. I never want to see him again."
"Well, well, I'm sorry," and actually Mr. Fean felt a sudden moisture in his eyes, and had to clear his voice vigorously to proceed. "I couldn't have thought more of the young man if he had been my son. But don't cry, as Lilla broke down and began to sob—"I'll go to S-beria to-morrow if you wish it."

Then, after father's consent to suddenly denounce the acquaintance. For, lieutenant and indulgent as he was in all else, Lilla understood well that one must be good and of a noble nature to win upon him sufficiently to be brought within the sacred precincts of the home circle. So she gave unresisting entrance to the sweet dream which was knocking at the door of her heart. A month had passed since they had become engaged, and each day had brought with it a more complete love and trust in her noble young betrothed.

But now! Grace's words had burst upon her like a whirlwind, which threatened to uproot all the tender flowers which had taken root in her heart.
It was her first experience of that most cruel passion—jealousy; and under its brutal promptings gentle Lilla was transformed for the time into a character completely at variance with her real self. Yes! she would see with her own eye; and it—it—but the sentence remained unfinished. There was too much involved in its conclusion. She would wait—and then?

Four o'clock came. Punctual to their appointment Grace and Lilla were there, station where they could see without being observed themselves. As the hour being interesting to both—but in such a widely different way—drew near, Grace said playfully to her Cousin Horace who has good naturedly undertaken the part of escort:
"Cos, you will miss an important chance

of education as the learned ones say, if you don't go at once and make a serious study of Raphael's Holy Family in the farther gallery."
Horace looked at her somewhat ruefully.

"Am I to take that as a sentence of banishment from your society? or are you really anxious to have me distinguish myself as an art student?"

"Either," answered Grace, so that you do as you are told, and the young man went with a parting exhortation to Grace not to get into mischief during his absence.
So obediently Lilla gave a start and caught Grace by her arm with a force that almost made her cry out.

"See him. It is indeed, Leon! Oh, Grace, take me home or I shall die. That man is betrothed to me! The false, faithless heart!"

In mute dismay Grace looked in the direction toward which Lilla's departing face was turned, and saw a proud, handsome head bent low to catch the whisper of the beautiful girl who leaned upon his arm. But she had not time for a second glance, for Lilla had faded. It was but for a moment that she lost her consciousness. Then she regained herself and stood white as still.
"Take me home, Grace," she said piteously.

"Yes, my poor darling," said Grace nervously, drawing a tiny vial containing salts from her pocket, "swallow that while I go for Horace."

The pungent odor kept Lilla from yielding again to the deadly feeling which was struggling for the mastery, and in a few moments she was passing through the throng, leaning on Horace's arm, and scarcely conscious of anything but the heavy, agonizing beating of her heart. Then, in her carriage, with Grace's tender arms about her, and her murmured words of sympathy in her ears, fully conscious that she was going home.

Once there pride awoke.
"Promise me, Grace, as you wish me to feel that you are my true friend, that you will not mention what has passed,"

"I promise," sobbed Grace, frightened by Lilla's set face and stony calm.
"That is my own Grace. Now, dear, go and leave me. I shall be best alone."

And there, in the silence of her own room, she fought her battle, and came forth outwardly calm to meet her parents. They should not suffer by knowing what had befallen her, and she kept her resolve, though it was like tearing her heart from her breast to carry it out.

"Father," she said, "if you love me, I want you to take me away from here at once. I do not want to meet Leon again. He is not what we have thought him."

The old gentleman adjusted his spectacles in surprise and concern, to get a better view of his daughter's face.
"Are you sure?" he asked, incredulously.

"As sure as that I am your own Lilla. I never want to see him again."
"Well, well, I'm sorry," and actually Mr. Fean felt a sudden moisture in his eyes, and had to clear his voice vigorously to proceed. "I couldn't have thought more of the young man if he had been my son. But don't cry, as Lilla broke down and began to sob—"I'll go to S-beria to-morrow if you wish it."

Then, after father's consent to suddenly denounce the acquaintance. For, lieutenant and indulgent as he was in all else, Lilla understood well that one must be good and of a noble nature to win upon him sufficiently to be brought within the sacred precincts of the home circle. So she gave unresisting entrance to the sweet dream which was knocking at the door of her heart. A month had passed since they had become engaged, and each day had brought with it a more complete love and trust in her noble young betrothed.

But now! Grace's words had burst upon her like a whirlwind, which threatened to uproot all the tender flowers which had taken root in her heart.
It was her first experience of that most cruel passion—jealousy; and under its brutal promptings gentle Lilla was transformed for the time into a character completely at variance with her real self. Yes! she would see with her own eye; and it—it—but the sentence remained unfinished. There was too much involved in its conclusion. She would wait—and then?

Four o'clock came. Punctual to their appointment Grace and Lilla were there, station where they could see without being observed themselves. As the hour being interesting to both—but in such a widely different way—drew near, Grace said playfully to her Cousin Horace who has good naturedly undertaken the part of escort:
"Cos, you will miss an important chance

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

Chambers' Journal, in a very interesting article of epitaphs, gives the following:

"Here lies, wrapped in clay,
The body of William Wray.
I have no more to say."
Sarcenic epitaphs, not necessarily involving a pun upon the name, are, we suspect, seldom to be found really engraved on tombstones; and only in some cases written by relations of the deceased. If Dryden really wrote the epitaph on his wife, attributed to him, and which he intended for her tombstone, and he outlived her, he must indeed have felt and owed her but little affection:
"Here lies my wife; here let her lie,
She's now at rest, and so am I."
One Mrs. Shute gave occasion, we are told, for the following:
"Here lies, cut down like unripe fruit,
The wife of Deacon Amos Shute;
She died of drinking too much coffee."
Anny Dornay, eighteen forty.
James Watt, of course, took no part in the concoction of this effusion:
"At rest beneath this church yard stone,
Lies stony Jenny Watt;
He died one morning just at ten,
And saved a dinner by it.
The occupation of a dyer has suggested many epitaphs of an obvious character such as:
"He dyed to live, and lived to dye."
Also:
"He died himself, and dyed no more."
So many jokes are fired off at the late Sir William Curtis—an Alderman distinguished for defective epitaph couched thus:
"Here lies William Curtis,
Our late Lord Mayor,
Who has left this berg world,
And gone to that there."
A useful hint is wrapped up in the following:
"Died of thin shoes, 7 January, 1839."

Almost any man can stand adversity but it takes a strong mind to grapple with success prosperly. An instance of that comes from Washington. Augustus J. Ambler passed Friday night in jail, sleeping off the effects of a big spree. He was a man of rare ability, and invented several useful things. One device for smelting ore had a fortune in it. But Ambler had no money, and he took in company a couple of St. Louis men, and they in turn took him in. They patented the invention in their own names and let Ambler out in the cold. He sued them and for years the suit went on. Resolutely for years the determined man fought the wealthy windlars from one court to another. Suddenly, last June, to his own astonishment, he won the case being awarded 1,375 shares in the company and \$677,534 in cash. The success turned his head, and he went on a prolonged spree. He was sent to jail for twenty days.

Gleanings.
Libraries are the shrines where all the relics of saints, full of true virtue, and without delusion and impatience, are preserved and reposed.—Bacon.
After a girl has spent half a day in sewing red trimming around the bottom of her dress, nothing bothers her so much as to have a friend whisper: "Your petticoat is coming off."
"Talk about the power of the press," softly murmured the aged granger, as he held up to view a hand he had inadvertently left under the cider machine, till it looked like a pound of raw liver, "well, I should remark."
A gentleman told his colored servant yesterday:
"Mattias, if you will bring back the right change from market every morning I'll give you a dollar a month extra."
"Dat ar won't never cover it. You hasn't got no idea what a big business dis heah firm is doing."
He was up betimes who found a purse of gold," said the father of his sleepy-headed boy. "Ay, father," replied the son "but he was up first who lost it."
The little girl who was disappointed because her name couldn't be found in the Bible says: "Never mind! I will be such a good girl that if ever another Bible is written, my name shall go into it."
The bashful young man who asked a lady if he "could see her home," was much surprised to hear her reply: "That he could go up and see it if he wanted to, but she didn't think her father wanted to sell," and then coolly walked off with the man of her choice.
Solway Moss, on the western borders of England and Scotland, is said to have closed over a troop of soldiers in 1542. At the end of the last century a horse, and man in complete armor, were found. It is seven miles in circumference. It is now, through drainage, as fertile a tract of land as is found in England.
The mother of two sons, twins, met one of the brothers in a field one morning. "Which of you two boys am I speaking to?" asked the mother. "Why do you ask?" inquired the lad proudly. "Because if it is your brother I will box his ears." "It is not my brother, it is I." "Then your brother is wearing your coat, for you had a hole in it." "No, mother, I am wearing my own coat." "Good heavens," cried the mother, looking at him intently, "you're your brother after all!"

Young Mr. Litchbourn was sitting on the porch the other night watching a seventeen-year old girl trying to keep awake long enough to see the mounting star rise. They talked astronomy. "I wish I was a star," he said smiling at his own poetic fancy. "I would rather you were a comet she said, dreamily. "And why?" he asked tenderly, at the same time taking her nursing little bands in his own; "and why," he repeated imperiously. "Oh," she said with brooding earnestness that fell upon his soul like a bare foot on a cold oleoth, "because then you would only come around once every 1500 years." "He didn't say anything until he was half way down to the front gate, when he turned around and shook his fist at the house, and muttered between his teeth that 'by the duds it would be a thundering sight longer than that before he came around again.' But by that time the poor girl was bed and sound asleep.

HE TOOK THE HINT.

Young Mr. Litchbourn was sitting on the porch the other night watching a seventeen-year old girl trying to keep awake long enough to see the mounting star rise. They talked astronomy. "I wish I was a star," he said smiling at his own poetic fancy. "I would rather you were a comet she said, dreamily. "And why?" he asked tenderly, at the same time taking her nursing little bands in his own; "and why," he repeated imperiously. "Oh," she said with brooding earnestness that fell upon his soul like a bare foot on a cold oleoth, "because then you would only come around once every 1500 years." "He didn't say anything until he was half way down to the front gate, when he turned around and shook his fist at the house, and muttered between his teeth that 'by the duds it would be a thundering sight longer than that before he came around again.' But by that time the poor girl was bed and sound asleep.

Young Mr. Litchbourn was sitting on the porch the other night watching a seventeen-year old girl trying to keep awake long enough to see the mounting star rise. They talked astronomy. "I wish I was a star," he said smiling at his own poetic fancy. "I would rather you were a comet she said, dreamily. "And why?" he asked tenderly, at the same time taking her nursing little bands in his own; "and why," he repeated imperiously. "Oh," she said with brooding earnestness that fell upon his soul like a bare foot on a cold oleoth, "because then you would only come around once every 1500 years." "He didn't say anything until he was half way down to the front gate, when he turned around and shook his fist at the house, and muttered between his teeth that 'by the duds it would be a thundering sight longer than that before he came around again.' But by that time the poor girl was bed and sound asleep.

Young Mr. Litchbourn was sitting on the porch the other night watching a seventeen-year old girl trying to keep awake long enough to see the mounting star rise. They talked astronomy. "I wish I was a star," he said smiling at his own poetic fancy. "I would rather you were a comet she said, dreamily. "And why?" he asked tenderly, at the same time taking her nursing little bands in his own; "and why," he repeated imperiously. "Oh," she said with brooding earnestness that fell upon his soul like a bare foot on a cold oleoth, "because then you would only come around once every 1500 years." "He didn't say anything until he was half way down to the front gate, when he turned around and shook his fist at the house, and muttered between his teeth that 'by the duds it would be a thundering sight longer than that before he came around again.' But by that time the poor girl was bed and sound asleep.

Young Mr. Litchbourn was sitting on the porch the other night watching a seventeen-year old girl trying to keep awake long enough to see the mounting star rise. They talked astronomy. "I wish I was a star," he said smiling at his own poetic fancy. "I would rather you were a comet she said, dreamily. "And why?" he asked tenderly, at the same time taking her nursing little bands in his own; "and why," he repeated imperiously. "Oh," she said with brooding earnestness that fell upon his soul like a bare foot on a cold oleoth, "because then you would only come around once every 1500 years." "He didn't say anything until he was half way down to the front gate, when he turned around and shook his fist at the house, and muttered between his teeth that 'by the duds it would be a thundering sight longer than that before he came around again.' But by that time the poor girl was bed and sound asleep.

Young Mr. Litchbourn was sitting on the porch the other night watching a seventeen-year old girl trying to keep awake long enough to see the mounting star rise. They talked astronomy. "I wish I was a star," he said smiling at his own poetic fancy. "I would rather you were a comet she said, dreamily. "And why?" he asked tenderly, at the same time taking her nursing little bands in his own; "and why," he repeated imperiously. "Oh," she said with brooding earnestness that fell upon his soul like a bare foot on a cold oleoth, "because then you would only come around once every 1500 years." "He didn't say anything until he was half way down to the front gate, when he turned around and shook his fist at the house, and muttered between his teeth that 'by the duds it would be a thundering sight longer than that before he came around again.' But by that time the poor girl was bed and sound asleep.

Young Mr. Litchbourn was sitting on the porch the other night watching a seventeen-year old girl trying to keep awake long enough to see the mounting star rise. They talked astronomy. "I wish I was a star," he said smiling at his own poetic fancy. "I would rather you were a comet she said, dreamily. "And why?" he asked tenderly, at the same time taking her nursing little bands in his own; "and why," he repeated imperiously. "Oh," she said with brooding earnestness that fell upon his soul like a bare foot on a cold oleoth, "because then you would only come around once every 1500 years." "He didn't say anything until he was half way down to the front gate, when he turned around and shook his fist at the house, and muttered between his teeth that 'by the duds it would be a thundering sight longer than that before he came around again.' But by that time the poor girl was bed and sound asleep.

Young Mr. Litchbourn was sitting on the porch the other night watching a seventeen-year old girl trying to keep awake long enough to see the mounting star rise. They talked astronomy. "I wish I was a star," he said smiling at his own poetic fancy. "I would rather you were a comet she said, dreamily. "And why?" he asked tenderly, at the same time taking her nursing little bands in his own; "and why," he repeated imperiously. "Oh," she said with brooding earnestness that fell upon his soul like a bare foot on a cold oleoth, "because then you would only come around once every 1500 years." "He didn't say anything until he was half way down to the front gate, when he turned around and shook his fist at the house, and muttered between his teeth that 'by the duds it would be a thundering sight longer than that before he came around again.' But by that time the poor girl was bed and sound asleep.

Young Mr. Litchbourn was sitting on the porch the other night watching a seventeen-year old girl trying to keep awake long enough to see the mounting star rise. They talked astronomy. "I wish I was a star," he said smiling at his own poetic fancy. "I would rather you were a comet she said, dreamily. "And why?" he asked tenderly, at the same time taking her nursing little bands in his own; "and why," he repeated imperiously. "Oh," she said with brooding earnestness that fell upon his soul like a bare foot on a cold oleoth, "because then you would only come around once every 1500 years." "He didn't say anything until he was half way down to the front gate, when he turned around and shook his fist at the house, and muttered between his teeth that 'by the duds it would be a thundering sight longer than that before he came around again.' But by that time the poor girl was bed and sound asleep.

Young Mr. Litchbourn was sitting on the porch the other night watching a seventeen-year old girl trying to keep awake long enough to see the mounting star rise. They talked astronomy. "I wish I was a star," he said smiling at his own poetic fancy. "I would rather you were a comet she said, dreamily. "And why?" he asked tenderly, at the same time taking her nursing little bands in his own; "and why," he repeated imperiously. "Oh," she said with brooding earnestness that fell upon his soul like a bare foot on a cold oleoth, "because then you would only come around once every 1500 years." "He didn't say anything until he was half way down to the front gate, when he turned around and shook his fist at the house, and muttered between his teeth that 'by the duds it would be a thundering sight longer than that before he came around again.' But by that time the poor girl was bed and sound asleep