

G. A. OILLEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LENOIR, N. C.

W. L. WAKEFIELD, WILL CO. NEWLAND, Attorneys at Law, LENOIR, N. C.

JNO. T. PERKINS, Attorney at Law, MORGANTON, N. C.

J. M. Spainhour, Dentist, LENOIR, N. C.

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COUSIN FRANK. BY MRS. E. H. ROUGH.

"I must now bid you good-morning, Miss Ogden; my train is about starting. I am sorry you are obliged to remain here—until tomorrow, in consequence of the break in the road; but you will find everything pleasant here at the Sherman House. I have entered your name on the books, and have also given the name and address of your father, which will be all the guarantee you will require for the best treatment they can give you."

It was now eight o'clock in the morning, and having breakfasted in her room, and while thinking how pleasant it would be to find some one in that great city whom she knew, she chanced to remember having heard her father say that he had a nephew residing there by the name of Charles Brown, a dealer in hardware.

The city directory having been sent for, gave her the address of "Charles Brown, Hardware," and within the next twenty minutes a cab placed the young lady, with her satchel in her hand, at the door of his residence.

"I am a cousin of your husband. My name is Agatha Ogden, and I am a daughter of Ralph Ogden, of Rochester, New York."

"I am much pleased to see you, Miss Ogden!" was the form in which the young lady was received by Mrs. Brown. "Please let me take your hat and wraps. My sister, Miss Williams," she added, as the lady thus introduced entered the room.

"My husband is out of the city, but will return tomorrow. His brother, Frank, is at the store, and will be home to lunch. I know very little in regard to my husband's relatives, and do not believe Frank knows much about them, he having left home when not more than ten years old."

"I do wish I was back at the Sherman House!" Agatha said to herself, the first moment she was alone.

"These ladies seem very kind; but how extremely awkward I shall feel if the gentleman should not be a relative of mine after all! They will think, and so shall I, that I have made a very great fool of myself. And even if they are my cousins, they will no doubt think I came here to save my hotel bill. But I am here now, and they are making me welcome; of course, I cannot do otherwise than to remain until the elder brother comes home. I do wonder if other people ever act as foolishly as I do sometimes! How father and mother would scold me!"

Frank Brown, the cousin who would be home to lunch, was an earnest young fellow, twenty-two years old, overflowing with life, and had seen just enough of the world to make him somewhat bold and self-reliant.

To make sure of Frank's company to lunch, Miss Williams went down to the store soon after the visitor came in, and told him the whole story, ending with:

"She is really a very pretty girl, Frank. We are just delighted with her!" Frank Brown had never heard of

any cousin of that name; but that only made the discovery more interesting.

Having put himself through the hands of his barber and boot embellisher, and given each part of his wardrobe a few extra touches, he ordered a cab to set him down at his door—that unusual precaution having been taken in order to bring himself into the presence of his new cousin in an unsolicited condition.

At the same time—for the whole story may as well be told—he took her fondly and affectionately by the hand, and placing his left arm gently around her, waited a second or two, until he saw her fair blue eyes looking firmly, affectionately, and as he thought invitingly, right into his own, and then gave her a cousinly kiss, not roughly or hastily, but in a very becoming and orderly way. He said again:

"I am delighted to meet you, Cousin Agatha!" To which the young lady responded:

"And I am pleased to meet you, Cousin Frank."

The young man remained at home that day an hour longer than usual—in fact, did not return to the store until one of the clerks came for him, and then remained only long enough to answer a question or two. A little business at the Sherman House required his attention. Cousin Agatha's trunk, the check for which he had received from her, must be sent over to their house, and her name withdrawn from the books. Miss Ogden would be their guest while she remained in the city, and she had already very kindly consented to prolong her visit some two or three days.

"Well, my dear," said the elder Mr. Brown, on hearing the whole story from his wife, immediately after he came home, "this is a comical adventure—one, however, that does not seem likely to damage any of us. The young lady is certainly not my cousin, nor in any manner related to me. I understand, however, exactly how the mistake has occurred. There was another Charles Brown, who left here a year ago, whom I knew very well, for he was also in the hardware business, and he had, as he told me, an uncle by the name of Ralph Ogden, in Rochester. We were talking one day in regard to our respective families, when he incidentally mentioned that fact, and spoke, as I remember, in very high terms of that uncle. The young lady is, of course, the daughter of that gentleman. She is now, as you say, down in the city with your sister!"

"Yes; they went out together an hour ago to do a little shopping, and will soon return."

"Well, we must correct the mistake as gently as possible, and make the young lady's visit none the less pleasant to her. I will go to the store now, and return within an hour, and while I am gone you will, of course, explain the mistake to our visitor. Meantime, I will set Frank all right in regard to the matter, and prepare him to be a little demonstrative."

The mistake was first explained to Miss Williams by her sister, and then both ladies united in making the revelation to their guest, and all were soon laughing heartily at what seemed to them a very enjoyable joke.

As for Frank, his feelings were mixed and peculiar; and our heroine also experienced a sensation that seemed like a gentle confusion, when she thought of the earnest and affectionate kiss she had already received from the young gentleman, whom she had never met before, and to whom she was in no way related.

A slightly awkward and embarrassing situation, and to get back to the formal and dignified propriety which should be observed between strangers, and do so in just the right way, might possibly require more skill and tact than a girl of eighteen would be expected to possess.

"Well, Cousin Agatha, how have you enjoyed yourself since I saw you last?" was the greeting Frank gave their guest, the first time they

met after the mistake was discovered. Agatha flushed a little, but not very crimson, and managed to go through her part of the programme in a way that made all parties feel as if they had found a happy and congenial friend, worth knowing and loving, even though she was not their cousin.

Mr. Charles Brown mentioned to his family, in the course of the evening, that he had learned from reliable parties that the young lady, as he had conjectured, belonged to one of the most respectable families in Rochester.

"A good and worthy girl," he added; "whose visit we must make as pleasant as possible."

And to the carrying out of that programme the whole family addressed themselves—especially Frank.

Of the mistake that brought the young lady to their house, nothing was said to friends who came in. Miss Ogden was simply introduced as a friend from Rochester, who was paying them a visit; and all joined with them in saying how very sorry they were that her visit would terminate so soon.

Whether the cousinly kiss with which Frank Brown and Agatha Ogden greeted each other, when first meeting, was repeated at parting, has never been known—unless to the young people themselves. But for some reason the acquaintance begun in that random way did not end with that visit.

On thinking over the whole matter on her way home, Agatha came to the conclusion that it would not be best to tell any one, except her father and mother, the story of her cousinly adventure; nor did she tell quite the whole story, even to them.

"A letter for you, Agatha, and from Chicago," was Mr. Ogden's remark, while distributing the mail matter the postman had brought in, one morning, a few days after his daughter had returned. "From your cousins, perhaps."

"Have we any cousins in Chicago?" asked an old sister.

"We had some time ago," was the evasive answer which Agatha, with a sly but imploring look, prompted her father to give.

"Who is your letter from, Ag?" asked her sister. "I saw the address—a gentleman's writing."

"Please don't bother me now," replied Agatha, placing the letter in her pocket without reading.

"Just the way," said the sister, "that young ladies treat the first letter they receive from their beaux."

"After they have received as many as you have," retorted Agatha, with just a very little spite in her tone: "I suppose they give the first reading to any one who is willing to perform a service of that sort!"

"A love letter as sure as I live!" exclaimed the sister.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the letter was from Frank Brown, who managed the correspondence so cleverly that, at the end of two months, he was a welcome guest at the residence of Mr. Ralph Ogden, and the accepted lover of his daughter Agatha.

or fourteen. They seemed to have come accompanied, and they hung back timidly while the other visitors were passing into the room for a parting look at the remains. Presently, however, when she could do so unobscured, she ventured to ask, "If she could enter. Of course there was no objection. When she and her young companion beheld the dead old man, no one else being present but myself, they both fell to weeping and sobbing unrestrainedly, the girl in a child's way, and the woman passionately, as though her heart would break. The latter, having raised her veil while giving way to her emotion, showed the features of a still beautiful woman, as yet on right side of forty, I judged. After they had somewhat composed themselves, and while passing out, I heard the little girl say: 'We shall never see poor papa again, shall we mama?' 'Hush, hush, my child!' was the woman's only response, in a sort of agony, as they hurried away together. In spite of the obliquity that has been heaped upon Aaron Burr's private character, I have ever since then always thought that there must have been something good, or at least something exceptionally fascinating, about a man who could thus even from his shroud, after a checkered and stormy career of eighty years, command the heartfelt respect and grief of such a refined woman."

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