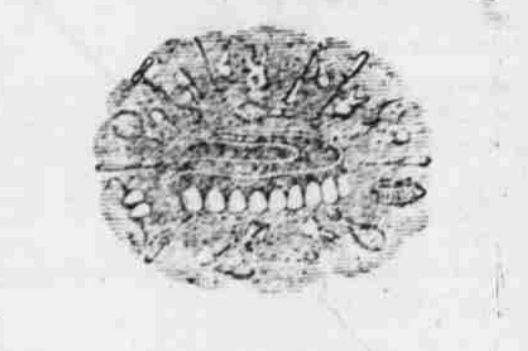


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REPORT OF Committee Upon the Finances of Franklin Co.

Table with financial data for Franklin Co. including amounts paid and received.

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Our Living AND OUR DEAD A weekly Newspaper...

POETRY.

By the Brook Side. Ah! here to sit and watch the brook, As it gently ripples on;

The tide of Time, shall never, My love for thee remove;

ORIGINAL STORY.

FLOATING HEARTS

Mystery of Glenburnne.

CHAPTER X. Mutato nomine. Sometime after the ball, found our friends thinking about returning to their respective homes.

Well, said he, in his jolly good natured way, when she came in, "I have a most delightful little piece of business on hand this morning!

Yes, he replied gaily, "you said your price was a heart, and I am sure Count Hubert has manfully surrendered his."

Yes, but I am not penniless, and I don't know that he can exalt my position so much."

Well," replied the Judge, "you know la beau monde thinks highly of a title and to show how much in earnest the Count is, he told me that should you not give him an affirmative answer now, I must not take no!"

"When a woman will, she will, You may depend on it; When she wont, she wont, So there's an end on it!

Tula Tremont and brother left next morning accompanied by Ross Raymond, who went off in a fit of pique, having failed in another attempt to renew his engagement with Minnie.

"Minnie," said Nita, the last evening of their stay at Wright Villa, "the Count has gone for good now, lets walk over there this evening, I feel like parting with one of my best friends, indeed I believe I owe to Glenburnne my greatest happiness."

"Well, I should like to go, my associations with the place are also very pleasant, I did really like Count Hubert."

"Girls!" burst Annie into the room, "Carl Drayton has come back! Oh! I thought Minnie was in here."

"Let's dress," said Annie, "with a view to our walk."

"Surely they were in a great hurry," she said with a pout. "Carl assisted her in the buggy."

"No," said he in a full sweet voice kneeling on a hassack at her feet. "I have brought you here where they told me Count Hubert wooed you;

A smile curved his perfect mouth, and he asked, "Don't matter much that they are absent, or matters not that I am with you?"

"I thought that you were engaged to Raymond when I left."

"I think there is a striking resemblance between you and the Count."

"No—no exactly," she said wickledy glancing through her long lashes at his beautiful head, at the same time finding out that the absence of his mustache had altered his appearance while an expression of hope had brightened the face she last parted with.

"No, but they were an addition to his appearance," she said wickledy. They had reached Glenburnne and as they joined the others Annie said, "Mr. Drayton, you don't know what you missed by not being here to the Fete and Ball. We all agree that we enjoyed it more than all our other entertainments put together."

"Yes Sir—e" laughed Tom, taking Nita's hand and leading her down the steps, soon followed by Col. Ray and Annie.

"I'm so thirsty!" said a boy at work in a cornfield.

They are a poor set of sheep that don't pay the shepherds in much wool for his tending them.

"I heard that you were engaged to another, and if I won you from your allegiance to her, it showed a want of stability of character that I have made a great essential in him who wins me."

"I saw him just in time to bid him farewell."

"Did you ever see Count Hubert?"

"I never dreamed of such a thing said both girls in one breath."

A lady was going to visit a poor woman, when her nephew, a boy five years of age, brought a biscuit to her and begged her to take it to the sufferer.

"I can do without lunch," said the child, "I have had a good breakfast, and accordingly, he did without lunch, that the poor woman might have his biscuit."

"I'm so thirsty!" said a boy at work in a cornfield.

They are a poor set of sheep that don't pay the shepherds in much wool for his tending them.

"He trembled slightly and said, "this gentleman was the father of Count Hubert Carl Glenburnne," and drawing her to the next frescoed arch, said in almost a whisper, "and this is Count Hubert, alias Carl Drayton."

"Really," said Minnie, "I am overwhelmed with wonder but now I understand it all quite plainly and it don't matter much, for if I had not loved Carl Drayton, I should have loved Count Hubert."

"Nor, I," said Moore grasping his hand and giving it a hearty shake.

"Two more hearts left Glenburnne happier for their visit, thus wearing pleasant and delightful associations around the place.

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