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**Dentist,**  
WOULD respectfully inform the people of this State, that he has permanently located in Statesville, N. C., at the residence of Mr. J. W. Walker, on the corner of Walker's Hotel, on the 1st of February, 1872.

**E. O. ELLIOTT**  
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Statesville, N. C., and the surrounding country. He has a full and complete assortment of all the latest and most improved dental apparatus, and is prepared to give to all who call on him, the most efficient and comfortable treatment. Office at his residence, on Walker's Hotel, on the 1st of February, 1872.

**Z. B. VANCE,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
Charlotte, N. C.  
WILL practice in the City, Circuit, and in the Federal and Supreme Courts at Raleigh, N. C., March 27, 1868-19.

**FRED. D. POISSON,**  
**Attorney and Counsellor at Law,**  
Wilmington, N. C.

**DUBRUTZ CUTLAR,**  
**Attorney and Counsellor at Law,**  
Wilmington, N. C.  
Office on Princess street, between Front and Second streets.

**THOS. S. TUCKER,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
STATESVILLE, N. C.  
Office in view of the Court-House, adjoining Judge Mitchell's, Sept. 22, 1868.

**J. HUSSEY,**  
**ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR**  
**AT LAW,**  
NEWTON, CATAWBA COUNTY, N. C.

**WILL practice in the Counties of Catawba, Alexander, Iredell, Burke and Lincoln, also in the Supreme Court of No. C., and the District and Circuit Courts of the U. S., 22-1870.**

**ARCHIE G. DRAKE,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
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**General Agent,**  
Charlotte City, N. C., Kansas.

**H. KELLY, M. D.,**  
Offers his services to the Public, and may be found at his office when not professionally engaged. Dr. M. W. Hill in the office of Medicine, who may be found at Hall's Drug Store, on the 1st of February, 1872.

**GEO. M. LOWRANCE,**  
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**W. H. WILLIAMS & CO.,**  
NEWTON, N. C.  
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, &c., &c.  
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thought it necessary to make, for she entered without the formality of a knock, seated herself in the rocking chair, or attempted to do so, but immediately resumed her feet again.

"Hum! I advise you to put that chair out of the way, Jimma. One can't be always remembering that the bottom is broken out," she remarked, severely, "unless, indeed, you intend it as a strap to catch your friends in!"

"If that was the object, I'd get it just outside the gate, and try to catch them before they get in," Miss Jimma whispered, rebelliously, to herself, as she went to bring forward another wooden one.

Aunt Hester surveyed it doubtfully, as if she suspected some deception, but finally settled herself in it, shook her black alpaca into proper folds, and said:

"I thought I would call and see how you were getting on."

It did occur to Jimma that if she had known of her coming she would have got so far on as to be out of sight; but she only answered quietly:

"About as usual we are, thank you, Aunt Hester."

"Aunt Jim! Aunt Jim!" cried Rob and Teddy, making a rush from the yard, getting terribly mixed up in the doorway, and each trying to explain the other's marks before he had made any.

"Deed, Aunt Jim, we won't hurt it any—a rumbler to build a barn with; 'cause we can't put our horses nowhere; and we want it top of the chicken-coop. Say, may we?"

"Yes, dear, yes; but don't be so noisy, boys. Don't you see Aunt Hester is here?" answered Aunt Jim, indulgent but distressed.

"Yes; that's what we don't want to come in for!" answered Teddy, with refreshing frankness. "Won't you please to hand the umbrella, Aunt Jim?"

Aunt Jim produced the umbrella, in full consciousness of her visitor was watching with grim disapproval, and was prepared for the speech that came next.

"You are spoiling those children, Jimma—completely spoiling them. I am really astonished at you."

It was a point upon which the lady's astonishment had become chronic, so Jimma did not attempt to lessen it, and a momentary silence ensued.

"Ah!" said Aunt Hester, in a more gracious tone after they had scanned every other article in the room, and rested finally on the bonnet. "What do you propose to do with that, my dear?"

"I don't know," answered Jimma, rather disconsolately.

"I recollect that bonnet. I thought it looked familiar, and I remember now. It was one my daughter Susan wore for a season or so, and then gave to your mother," pursued Aunt Hester, growing complacent over the memory of bygone benevolence. "It is a very excellent braid, with a great deal of wear in it. Out of shape, to be sure, but I think it could be made over into a very suitable bonnet for you."

The "very excellent" article had appeared old enough and ugly enough before, but it looked a trifle older and uglier still to poor Jimma now, though she scarcely knew why. She turned it about on her hand, and fell to wondering a little drearily why it was she never had anything new—anything all her own. It seemed to her that all her life she had been obliged to build upon other people's foundations, and make straight when others had blundered, and take up things where others had stopped. Her work never came to her in the raw material; it was always what somebody had used, or spoiled, or begun. Back through the twenty-eight years of her life, so nearly as she could remember, it had been the same. House-keeping cares had fallen early upon her childish shoulders, when her invalid mother died. Then there had been the constant planning and working to procure what her careless, improvident father did not provide, to economize where he wasted; a pretty sister to be snubbed by and worked for; and, as she made a runaway marriage with a gentleman scamp; and the same sister to console and care for during what remained of her brief life, when she came back, deserted and broken-hearted. Rob and Teddy were the legacies she left. Well, they were not Jimma's own, either; but they were a wonderful comfort to her. Very thought of them made her pause suddenly in the midst of her questioning whether she would not have builded better and more successfully if she could have laid her own corner-stones—neared a structure of her own instead of bling branches in the broken walls of others. Those two little faces stopped the train of "might have been," and made her murmur, woman that she was, "Dear boys! I wouldn't give them up for anything."

"Why, it's the best of braid," interposed Aunt Hester, with some severity. She fancied that remark was a slight disparagement of daughter Susan's taste—a thing not to be tolerated.

"That consounded Aunt Jimma from her very at once. She discovered the good qualities of the braid immediately, and Aunt Hester, somewhat mollified, took her departure.

"Send it to a milliner's and have it bloused and made over; advice very

easy to give, but not so easy to take, under the circumstances," commented Jimma, left to herself again. "No, most excellent bonnet, you will have to submit to being sewed over by my own fingers and no others, not to mention blousing as I can give you, pity, considering your past grandeur—but it can't be helped."

She was an energetic little woman, and so in a very short space of time she had arranged in the back-yard a closely-covered barn, with a pan of cloas sprinkled with matone placed in the bottom of the antiquated brass fastened door, and led to watch in the smoke, Rob and Teddy were duly advised of the contents of the barrel, and warned not to molest it; and then Miss Jimma went cheerily back to the house and her work of darning small stockings and planning for diminutive jackets.

The out-of-door world was very lovely that spring morning, and she stole glances at it now and then through the little window—delighting in the fresh green grass and blossom-laden trees of the tiny yard in front, and watching with kindly human interest the occasional passers-by on the road beyond. These last were not many, for it was only a quiet village road; but presently there passed a team with an unusual load—a large, heavy millstone. The driver walked beside it as it moved slowly along, and following it a short distance behind was another person, whom Jimma scanned more closely—a man some thirty-three or four years of age, medium-sized, bronzed and bearded, and dressed in a plain suit of gray. There was nothing very remarkable in his appearance; nevertheless, he was a personage of some interest to the villagers, as being the new owner of the mill over the hill. The former owner had failed to make it profitable, and for a year or two it had stood idle. When, therefore, it was known that it had been sold, and was to be repaired and put in running order, there was a variety of opinions and some shaking of heads among the sages of the little place. There were some who carried their disinterested kindness so far as to inform the new owner that it would be "a kind money," etc. To all of which Cade Barclay listened good-naturedly, answering but little except with his frank, sunny smile, and then went steadily on his way, apparently quite undisturbed by their predictions.

Of the merits of the question or the man Jimma knew nothing; but there was a quiet, resolute air about him, a certain self-reliance and determination that struck her as being unusual. Such an air, as he passed, that gave her the impression that he saw quite as clearly in his own affairs as others could see for him, and made her fancy that she should trust his judgment as soon as the wisest of them all. The road wound around the little house, and up over the hill at the back of the garden, so that the great wheel and its owner disappeared from her view at the front window while she was still thinking of them. So little that she was new came to disturb the serenity of the place that she did not marvel that the people indulged in speculations concerning this enterprise, or that Jimma, in her look, should feel some interest in it. Her meditations were still tending in that direction, when suddenly there came a rushing, rolling sound, an crashing as of breaking bushes, a scream from Rob and Teddy that would have done credit to two Indians, and then something struck the corner of the house so heavily as to make it all jar and tremble.

Jimma sprang to her feet, and was at the door in an instant. The boys were certainly not killed, she saw that at a glance; neither were they injured in lung or limb, for the shouting and gesticulations were wild and furious.

"Aunt Jim! Oh, Aunt Jim, look! Just look!"

Aunt Jim did look—at the broken back fence, leveled currant-bushes, flattened flower-beds, last at the front yard, where reposed the cause of all this mischief—the large millstone.

"It seemed tumbling the hill right down on to our back yard, and some of the fence was broken, and the currant-bushes, and Rob and me we yelled, you'd better believe!" loudly exclaimed the astonished Teddy.

"It's a mere, you were not killed," began Aunt Jim's trembling lips; but Rob interrupted her with another vigorous "Oh, look!" and pointed to a brick bonfire that was springing up in front of them, Jimma's blushing appearance had been overthrown, and the combs emptied out of the pan had fallen in a blaze. A bucket or two of water soon extinguished the fire; but alas for the bonnet! It was woefully blackened instead of whitened, and burned beyond all possibility of making over.

The group gathered about the ruins in dismay, for the children were quick to detect the look of trouble in Aunt Jim's face, and even they understood the case well enough to know that nothing but a very serious accident could have destroyed her not-always easily replaced.

"No one hurt, I hope?" said a voice just behind them—a manly voice, of a trifle hurried and anxious.

Jimma looked up, met the kindly, questioning glance of a pair of blue eyes, and recognized Mr. Barclay. She started a little, not having noticed his approach, but she answered promptly, "No, sir, no one hurt in the least."

"Really, I don't know how such an accident could have happened," he remarked, as if a great deal bewildered by the affair. "There must have been some carelessness in loading the stone, I suppose, for when we were part way

up the hill the wagon tilted a little, and the stone slipped off and came crashing down. Its force was mostly spent before it reached your place, but I see it has done damage enough as it is; and a swift, comprehensive glance swept flower-beds and broken bushes.

"Nothing very serious—nothing but what a little labor will make right again," courageously and politely responded Miss Jimma, noticing the direction his eyes had taken.

"No, it won't," interposed Master Teddy; "cause Aunt Jim's bonnet that she had abbeachin' in the barrel is all burned up. It was going to be her Sundayest one, too; an' now she can't go to meetin'; not nothin', only I'll lend you my hat, Aunt Jim."

"Hush, hush, Teddy!" whispered Aunt Jim, pressing the little fat hand that alid into hers, in appreciation of the offered sympathy, though her face grew suddenly rosy, and it required some effort to betray no discomposure.

"No, sir; there's not much harm done. I am thankful it is no worse."

"So am I. Some one might have been killed by it," he answered, gravely, stealing a curious glance at the charred barrel, meanwhile pondering Teddy's remark. "Not very well versed in millinery matters was Cade Barclay. A sister he had never had, and his mother had been dead now nearly a year. Where the neat Quaker-like bonnets she had worn during her lifetime came from it never occurred to him to enquire. But he felt tolerably certain that they had not been conjured out of a barrel in the back yard. He knew that there were places where such articles were sold, and fancied that most ladies bought them. Brewing them at home, in barrels, over a fire, struck him as rather an original plan, and he strongly suspected, Teddy's lament taken into account, that it indicated a shortness of funds. He was very sorry for the mischief his rolling stone had caused, and this particular part of it seemed the most difficult to remedy.

"You must let me compensate as far as possible for the trouble I have caused you," he began; but Miss Jimma so quickly and decidedly declared the injury of no consequence that there was nothing more to be said. His honest heart was still perplexing itself over the problem, when a small specimen of the canine race presented itself to view, and Teddy caught it up.

"This my dog; he come to live with us without nobody askin' him. Aunt Jim don't like him much 'cause he ain't a Newfoundland; he is a rat terrier."

"Ah! is he?" said Mr. Barclay, becoming suddenly interested. "Such an animal is very useful about a mill some times, where there are a great many rats and mice. I wouldn't mind giving \$5 for him, if you were willing to let him go. Wouldn't you sell him for that?"

"Yes, sir," answered Teddy, promptly; and a bill was passed into the little palm, and the dog transferred to its new owner. Miss Jimma viewed this proceeding rather doubtfully; still, as she was not consulted in the matter, and the gentleman appearing as much interested in the bargain as Teddy himself, she did not see how to interfere. The dog might be valuable; she really did not know. Mr. Barclay seemed wonderfully well satisfied himself, and held fast to his purchase as if it were a rare prize, while he discussed with Miss Jimma the removal of the ponderous ornament from the front yard.

"You will, at least, let me come and help put this garden into order," he said, as he turned away—a proposition she could not readily have declined, even if he had given her a chance to do so, which he did not.

"Now, Aunt Jim, now you can have a new bonnet; no, not an old smoked one either," said Teddy.

And Aunt Jim did have a new bonnet—a pretty white chip, with fresh, spring-like ribbons, that it seemed a positive luxury to her to put on. You would scarcely think a respectable bonnet could be purchased for so small a sum. Mr. Barclay had entertained some fears on that subject too, though he had offered as high as he dared for the dog; but he was perfectly satisfied when he saw her come into church the next Sunday, leading Rob and Teddy. Was she to be blamed for enjoying the whole service better because of those soft, becoming ribbons that framed her pretty brown hair and quiet face? No; she did not think about the bonnet, she only felt it; but when she was at home again, slowly untying the strings before her little mirror, she whispered softly to herself, "I do believe the Great Love that blesses all our lives, for our happiness even in such little things as these, else all this wouldn't have happened so strangely."

It took a great many evenings to get those flower beds into perfect order again, but Mr. Barclay persevered in his work with praiseworthy fidelity; and leaving bedstows so much loved upon them, it was natural that he should feel a more than ordinary interest in them, and visit them all through the summer. There were many happy evenings spent in the tiny moon lit parlor, with the conversation wandering to deeper than real subjects, and he learned to look upon that spot as a little haven of peace, and gentle thought, full, unselfish Aunt Jim as the pleasantest of companions. So it happened that when Aunt Jim came to her bed, her consent to his taking care of her flower-beds and buying her new bonnet was always.

Aunt Hester, who like many another kindly lady, was an ungracious worshipper of success, greatly approved of Mr. Barclay. She was very gracious in her commendation of the new ar-

agement, remarking with an unwonted attempt at facetiousness, that she did not know that she could "ever believe again that rolling stones gather no moss."

**Where the Gold Goes.**

In the reign of Darius gold was thirteen times more valuable, weight for weight, than silver. In the time of Plato it was twelve times more valuable. In that of Julius Caesar gold was only nine times more valuable, owing, perhaps, to the enormous quantities of gold seized by him in his wars. It is a natural question to ask, "Where does the gold and silver go?" A paper read before the Polytechnic Association by Dr. Stephenson, recently, is calculated to meet this inquiry. He says of our annual gold product, fully fifteen per cent. is melted down for manufacture; thirty-five per cent. goes to Europe, twenty-five per cent. to Cuba; fifteen per cent. to Brazil; five per cent. direct to Japan, China, and the Indies; leaving but five per cent. for circulation in this country. Of that which goes to Cuba, the West Indies, and Brazil, fully fifty per cent. finds its way to Europe, where, after deducting a large per centage used in manufacturing, four-fifths of the remainder is exported to India.

Here the transit of the precious metal is at an end. Here the supply, however vast, is absorbed, and never returns to the civilized world. The Orientals consume but little, while their productions have ever been in demand among the Western nations. As mere recipients, these nations have acquired the desire of accumulation and hoarding, a fashion common alike to all classes among the Egyptians, Chinese, and Persians.

A French economist says, in his opinion, the former nation alone can hide away \$20,000,000 in gold and silver annually, and the present Emperor of Morocco is reported as so addicted to this avoculous mania that he has filled several large chambers with the precious metals. The passion of princes, it is not surprising that the same spirit is shared by their subjects, and it is in this predilection that we discover the solution of the problem as to the ultimate disposition of the precious metals. This absorption by the Eastern nations has been uninterrupted going on since the most remote historical period. According to Elly, as much as \$100,000,000 in gold was, in his day, annually exported to the East. The balance of trade in favor of those nations is now given as \$80,000,000.

**A Queer Story of Superstition.**

The Berlin (Wisconsin) Journal has this story:

A gentleman who resided in this city has related to us a strange story of superstition and barbarity, which he claimed had happened in this city recently. Our informant was a German, and the parties in the story are Polishers, but their names we could not learn. The story as related to us is substantially as follows: About the first of December or last of November a young Polish woman gave birth to a child. About two days afterward she died and was buried in the city cemetery. After about five weeks, the wife of the brother of the dead woman was taken very sick, and it was thought she would die.

It appears that there is a superstition idea among the Polishers that if one of a family dies, unless the head of the corpse is cut off the whole family will be likely to follow in rapid succession. However, if after one has died, another is taken sick, if some of the blood is procured from the dead body and administered to the patient he will recover. In accordance with this superstition, our informant alleges, the husband of the sick woman went to the burying ground on the night of January 5, five weeks after the interment, dug up the body, cut off the head, and took from it blood and other liquid, which he administered to her as a medicine. That shortly after this the sick woman's mandy assumed the form of small-pox, from which she recovered and is now entirely well. Our informant claimed that many witnesses could be brought to corroborate this story, and from what we learned we are led to believe that there is some foundation for the story. The person who gave us our information knows the name of the Polisher in question, but would not disclose it.

**SMALL-POX IN NORFOLK.**—The Norfolk (Va.) Journal says that there are now several cases of small-pox at the hospital in that city, all colored persons, and adds that a strong prejudice against vaccination exists among that class of the population. It says:

"They have a notion that the object of the doctor is to inoculate them with the small-pox, and resist and defy them when they attempt to vaccinate them. One of the physicians appointed by the Board of Health to perform this duty had to employ the services of a policeman, a few days ago, and succeeded with the aid of the officer in vaccinating several colored people, almost by force. Ludicrous scenes occur when a physician visits some of the inmates where they live. The inmates of the houses bar their doors, and sometimes the doctor to reach the inmates has to knock at the windows. Little children, whose mothers have been filled with terror by the stories told them by their parents, fly in horror from the doctor."

In consequence of this prejudice an ordinance has been introduced in the City Council making vaccination compulsory, which has passed one branch.

Light Behind the Cloud.

No people, perhaps, in the whole history of civilization were ever more suddenly overwhelmed with sorrows than were our Southern people at the close of the late war between the two great sections of the Union. There was hardly a household in the Confederacy on which the shadow of death had not unexpectedly fallen—scarcely a family in which there was not a member missing. And these loved and lost were not the aged, gathered to the grave as the ripened grain is gathered in the garner—not the infirm who were stricken from earth because their earthly vigils were out; they were the young, the robust, the buoyant, the pillars of the house—the lusty, trusty youth, the stalwart men in the morning of manhood, upon whom fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers of tender years, reposed in hope, in confidence, in affection, and in pride. And, added to all the anguish of agonizing grief arising from this deep, bitter and sacred source of sorrow, our people were prostrated in a moment from plenty to poverty. Every body was sad; almost all of us were despondent; and it was reasonable; it was natural; it was inevitable that we should be so.

Seven years have passed since then, and although the Southern people are still far from having retrieved their fortunes, they have managed to live, and right rapidly they are moving forward to health and strength, prosperity and happiness again. We have cause to congratulate one another; we have reason to hope on and toil on. And beyond all, above all, we ought to feel grateful to God for our deliverance from the absolute want that threatened us.

The improvement of the South has fallen with special hardship upon the old people, and apparently upon the younger children who are deprived of the means of obtaining such educational advantages as their parents desired for them; but may it not be better for the rising generation, after all, that they have to work more with their minds and less with their hands than they would if they had the fortunes of their fathers to sustain them? It is popularly supposed that head-work is easier than hand-work; but this is an empty illusion. There are some people too, who think it is more respectable to live by mental than by manual labor. Such individuals are as incapable of the one as they are too lazy for the other. Their heads are soft, their hearts are hard, and the bone and sinew of God gave them that they might work, are useless to themselves and to the communities they encounter with their indolence. Colleges and high schools are excellent institutions, and education to the highest degree is desirable. But because a man is highly educated it does not follow that he has more practical sense than he who can only read and write correctly. Our public schools afford sufficient facilities for education to enable any boy who has brains and energy and pluck to learn enough to enter the arena of life, even with a coarse shirt on, as the peer of the proudest and an equal competitor for fame and fortune.

What the South needs now is not dark-room gentlemen, not great knights, but stout, steady, wide-awake, enterprising men to revive her industries and develop her resources. She needs in peace such men as she had in war.

Old men who accumulated wealth before the war, and lost it in that terrible struggle, should not mourn that they have no fortune to leave to their children, for it is often better, far better for a youth to start in life dependent upon himself. He who learns to swim, with life-preservers to support him, will be in much more danger of sinking if he falls overboard than if he had been a swimmer from the first, on the strength of his fearlessness and his faith in himself. Let us not weep, therefore, because we can't send our children to the high schools and colleges, and leave them money enough when we die to enable them to live without labor. It is good for them to work. The necessities of the times, all over the world, require work. And in the development of the true manhood of the rising generation we see at least a little light behind the cloud.—*Norfolk Journal.*

**THE FRESHET IN THE CAPE FEAR.**—The Cape Fear River is now at a higher point than has been known since 1865. It has risen some 60 or 65 feet at Fayetteville, the water being nearly to the top of the bluff. It fell about 5 feet on Monday, but was rising again yesterday. Considerable damage has been caused along the banks by the driving away of timber, staves, fence rails, &c., and in one or two instances barns and store-houses have been washed off. The barn of Mr. Augustus Miller, in Bladen county, was taken up by the water and floated down to a point about one mile below, and there lodged as securely as if it had been built there. At Tar Heel, in Bladen county, the water has risen so high that a store-house at that place is flooded to nearly the top of the counter, and at some points along the line of the river the water has spread out over the country for a distance of two miles from the river banks. A number of the water has been washed off. The water will be much higher, it is believed, than it has been since 1865.

There is a woman living on Sandy Fork, in Alamance county, named Waymarr, who, the Hillsborough Recorder says, on one a burn, without leaving a scar, by simply blowing on it.

**AUNT JEM'S BONNET.**

Did you ever watch a emary flying about in his cage, and turning its head knowingly from side to side, as if it were in deep meditation upon some subject through all its restless flurry? Well, very much after that fashion, Miss Jimma Veer went flitting about in the little drab-house under the hill one bright spring morning. She shook the white muslin curtains with a tender respect for their old age, and arranged them so that the dars should not show, placed a cushion carefully over damages wrought by little feet in the seat of the old-fashioned rocking-chair, and dusted the small clock in the corner as faithfully as if its long hand were not missing. In truth, that room was a sort of hospital for disabled furniture; but then the individuals, although such a cozy, well-cared-for look that no one ever thought of noticing their deficiencies; and the little brown-haired woman who bustled among them was as bright and cheery as need be. But this day had an unsolved problem looking out from its eyes, and now and then Miss Jimma would come to a momentary pause in her occupation, and strike an interrogation point attitude at the end of some mental question. At last she stopped by one of the windows and backward, but it didn't grow any either way; so she closed her fingers over it, with the faintest breath of a sigh, and said, with a decided shake of the head:

"I can't do it. Teddy wants new shoes, Rob must have a jacket, and a bonnet isn't to be thought of."

Which didn't follow at all; for she thought of it more vigorously than ever after having ascertained beyond a doubt that there was no money to buy a new one. She did not need to look at the one she had worn all winter to see how shabby it was; she could feel that, even with it away up stairs in the bandbox. It had been twisted and turned, made and re-made, from year to year, until it was "poor but respectable" no longer, beside being all out of season; and so her head, bereft of an ancient shelter, went seeking a new covering. When the house was all in order, and Rob and Teddy busily employed in trying to play up the back yard with a Root-scraper, she went up stairs, and from among the cast-off treasures of a once dignified and respectable wardrobe, she pulled out a bonnet—immense in size, yellow in color, and of shape indescribable. She laughed at the effect as she tried it on before her tiny mirror, but after all it was not a laughable matter; indeed, it seemed more like a crying one, as she turned the antique affair on her head and wondered soberly what it would be possible to make of it.

Upon her meditation there suddenly broke the light of a new idea, and she, amid the sound of a footstep that spoke of dignity and respectability, and pronounced the coming of Aunt Hester, it was the only announcement that lady

thought it necessary to make, for she entered without the formality of a knock, seated herself in the rocking chair, or attempted to do so, but immediately resumed her feet again.

"Hum! I advise you to put that chair out of the way, Jimma. One can't be always remembering that the bottom is broken out," she remarked, severely, "unless, indeed, you intend it as a strap to catch your friends in!"

"If that was the object, I'd get it just outside the gate, and try to catch them before they get in," Miss Jimma whispered, rebelliously, to herself, as she went to bring forward another wooden one.

Aunt Hester surveyed it doubtfully, as if she suspected some deception, but finally settled herself in it, shook her black alpaca into proper folds, and said:

"I thought I would call and see how you were getting on."

It did occur to Jimma that if she had known of her coming she would have got so far on as to be out of sight; but she only answered quietly:

"About as usual we are, thank you, Aunt Hester."

"Aunt Jim! Aunt Jim!" cried Rob and Teddy, making a rush from the yard, getting terribly mixed up in the doorway, and each trying to explain the other's marks before he had made any.

"Deed, Aunt Jim, we won't hurt it any—a rumbler to build a barn with; 'cause we can't put our horses nowhere; and we want it top of the chicken-coop. Say, may we?"

"Yes, dear, yes; but don't be so noisy, boys. Don't you see Aunt Hester is here?" answered Aunt Jim, indulgent but distressed.

"Yes; that's what we don't want to come in for!" answered Teddy, with refreshing frankness. "Won't you please to hand the umbrella, Aunt Jim?"

Aunt Jim produced the umbrella, in full consciousness of her visitor was watching with grim disapproval, and was prepared for the speech that came next.

"You are spoiling those children, Jimma—completely spoiling them. I am really astonished at you."

It was a point upon which the lady's astonishment had become chronic, so Jimma did not attempt to lessen it, and a momentary silence ensued.

"Ah!" said Aunt Hester, in a more gracious tone after they had scanned every other article in the room, and rested finally on the bonnet. "What do you propose to do with that, my dear?"

"I don't know," answered Jimma, rather disconsolately.

"I recollect that bonnet. I thought it looked familiar, and I remember now. It was one my daughter Susan wore for a season or so, and then gave to your mother," pursued Aunt Hester, growing complacent over the memory of bygone benevolence. "It is a very excellent braid, with a great deal of wear in it. Out of shape, to be sure, but I think it could be made over into a very suitable bonnet for you."

The "very excellent" article had appeared old enough and ugly enough before, but it looked a trifle older and uglier still to poor Jimma now, though she scarcely knew why. She turned it about on her hand, and fell to wondering a little drearily why it was she never had anything new—anything all her own. It seemed to her that all her life she had been obliged to build upon other people's foundations, and make straight when others had blundered, and take up things where others had stopped. Her work never came to her in the raw material; it was always what somebody had used, or spoiled, or begun. Back through the twenty-eight years of her life, so nearly as she could remember, it had been the same. House-keeping cares had fallen early upon her childish shoulders, when her invalid mother died. Then there had been the constant planning and working to procure what her careless, improvident father did not provide, to economize where he wasted; a pretty sister to be snubbed by and worked for; and, as she made a runaway marriage with a gentleman scamp; and the same sister to console and care for during what remained of her brief life, when she came back, deserted and broken-hearted. Rob and Teddy were the legacies she left. Well, they were not Jimma's own, either; but they were a wonderful comfort to her. Very thought of them made her pause suddenly in the midst of her questioning whether she would not have builded better and more successfully if she could have laid her own corner-stones—neared a structure of her own instead of bling branches in the broken walls of others. Those two little faces stopped the train of "might have been," and made her murmur, woman that she was, "Dear boys! I wouldn't give them up for anything."

"Why, it's the best of braid," interposed Aunt Hester, with some severity. She fancied that remark was a slight disparagement of daughter Susan's taste—a thing not to be tolerated.

"That consounded Aunt Jimma from her very at once. She discovered the good qualities of the braid immediately, and Aunt Hester, somewhat mollified, took her departure.

"Send it to a milliner's and have it bloused and made over; advice very

easy to give, but not so easy to take, under the circumstances," commented Jimma, left to herself again. "No, most excellent bonnet, you will have to submit to being sewed over by my own fingers and no others, not to mention blousing as I can give you, pity, considering your past grandeur—but it can't be helped."

She was an energetic little woman, and so in a very short space of time she had arranged in the back-yard a closely-covered barn, with a pan of cloas sprinkled with matone placed in the bottom of the antiquated brass fastened door, and led to watch in the smoke, Rob and Teddy were duly advised of the contents of the barrel, and warned not to molest it; and then Miss Jimma went cheerily back to the house and her work of darning small stockings and planning for diminutive jackets.

The out-of-door world was very lovely that spring morning, and she stole glances at it now and then through the little window—delighting in the fresh green grass and blossom-laden trees of the tiny yard in front, and watching with kindly human interest the occasional passers-by on the road beyond. These last were not many, for it was only a quiet village road; but presently there passed a team with an unusual load—a large, heavy millstone. The driver walked beside it as it moved slowly along, and following it a short distance behind was another person, whom Jimma scanned more closely—a man some thirty-three or four years of age, medium-sized, bronzed and bearded, and dressed in a plain suit of gray. There was nothing very remarkable in his appearance; nevertheless, he was a personage of some interest to the villagers, as being the new owner of the mill over the hill. The former owner had failed to make it profitable, and for a year or two it had stood idle. When, therefore, it was known that it had been sold, and was to be repaired and put in running order, there was a variety of opinions and some shaking of heads among the sages of the little place. There were some who carried their disinterested kindness so far as to inform the new owner that it would be "a kind money," etc. To all of which Cade Barclay listened good-naturedly, answering but little except with his frank, sunny smile, and then went steadily on his way, apparently quite undisturbed by their predictions.

Of the merits of the question or the man Jimma knew nothing; but there was a quiet, resolute air about him, a certain self-reliance and determination that struck her as being unusual. Such an air, as he passed, that gave her the impression that he saw quite as clearly in his own affairs as others could see for him, and made her fancy that she should trust his judgment as soon as the wisest of them all. The road wound around the little house, and up over the hill at the back of the garden, so that the great wheel and its owner disappeared from her view at the front window while she was still thinking of them. So little that she was new came to disturb the serenity of the place that she did not marvel that the people indulged in speculations concerning this enterprise, or that Jimma, in her look, should feel some interest in it. Her meditations were still tending in that direction, when suddenly there came a rushing, rolling sound, an crashing as of breaking bushes, a scream from Rob and Teddy that would have done credit to two Indians, and then something struck the corner of the house so heavily as to make it all jar and tremble.

Jimma sprang to her feet, and was at the door in an instant. The boys were certainly not killed, she saw that at a glance; neither were they injured in lung or limb, for the shouting and gesticulations were wild and furious.

"Aunt Jim! Oh, Aunt Jim, look! Just look!"

Aunt Jim did look—at the broken back fence, leveled currant-bushes, flattened flower-beds, last at the front yard, where reposed the cause of all this mischief—the large millstone.

"It seemed tumbling the hill right down on to our back yard, and some of the fence was broken, and the currant-bushes, and Rob and me we yelled, you'd better believe!" loudly exclaimed the astonished Teddy.

"It's a mere, you were not killed," began Aunt Jim's trembling lips; but Rob interrupted her with another vigorous "Oh, look!" and pointed to a brick bonfire that was springing up in front of them, Jimma's blushing appearance had been overthrown, and the combs emptied out of the pan had fallen in a blaze. A bucket or two of water soon extinguished the fire; but alas for the bonnet! It was woefully blackened instead of whitened, and burned beyond all possibility of making over.

The group gathered about the ruins in dismay, for the children were quick to detect the look of trouble in Aunt Jim's face, and even they understood the case well enough to know that nothing but a very serious accident could have destroyed her not-always easily replaced.

"No one hurt, I hope?" said a voice just behind them—a manly voice, of a trifle hurried and anxious.

Jimma looked up, met the kindly, questioning glance of a pair of blue eyes, and recognized Mr. Barclay. She started a little, not having noticed his approach, but she answered promptly, "No, sir, no one hurt in the least."

"Really, I don't know how such an accident could have happened," he remarked, as if a great deal bewildered by the affair. "There must have been some carelessness in loading the stone, I suppose, for when we were part way

up the hill the wagon tilted a little, and the stone slipped off and came crashing down. Its force was mostly spent before it reached your place, but I see it has done damage enough as it is; and a swift, comprehensive glance swept flower-beds and broken bushes.

"Nothing very serious—nothing but what a little labor will make right again," courageously and politely responded Miss Jimma, noticing the direction his eyes had taken.

"No, it won't," interposed Master Teddy; "cause Aunt Jim's bonnet that she had abbeachin' in the barrel is all burned up. It was going to be her Sundayest one, too; an' now she can't go to meetin'; not nothin', only I'll lend you my hat, Aunt Jim."

"Hush, hush, Teddy!" whispered Aunt Jim, pressing the little fat hand that alid into hers, in appreciation of the offered sympathy, though her face grew suddenly rosy, and it required some effort to betray no discomposure.

"No, sir; there's not much harm done. I am thankful it is no worse."

"So am I. Some one might have been killed by it," he answered, gravely, stealing a curious glance at the charred barrel, meanwhile pondering Teddy's remark. "Not very well versed in millinery matters was Cade Barclay. A sister he had never had, and his mother had been dead now nearly a year. Where the neat Quaker-like bonnets she had worn during her lifetime came from it never occurred to him to enquire. But he felt tolerably certain that they had not been conjured out of a barrel in the back yard. He knew that there were places where such articles were sold, and fancied that most ladies bought them. Brewing them at home, in barrels, over a fire, struck him as rather an original plan, and he strongly suspected, Teddy's lament taken into account, that it indicated a shortness of funds. He was very sorry for the mischief his rolling stone had caused, and this particular part of it seemed the most difficult to remedy.

"You must let me compensate as far as possible for the trouble I have caused you," he began; but Miss Jimma so quickly and decidedly declared the injury of no consequence that there was nothing more to be said. His honest heart was still perplexing itself over the problem, when a small specimen of the canine race presented itself to view, and Teddy caught it up.

"This my dog; he come to live with us without nobody askin' him. Aunt Jim don't like him much 'cause he ain't a Newfoundland; he is a rat terrier."

"Ah! is he?" said Mr. Barclay, becoming suddenly interested. "Such an animal is very useful about a mill some times, where there are a great many rats and mice. I wouldn't mind giving \$5 for him, if you were willing to let him go. Wouldn't you sell him for that?"

"Yes, sir," answered Teddy, promptly; and a bill was passed into the little palm, and the dog transferred to its new owner. Miss Jimma viewed this proceeding rather doubtfully; still, as she was not consulted in the matter, and the gentleman appearing as much interested in the bargain as Teddy himself, she did not see how to interfere. The dog might be valuable; she really did not know. Mr. Barclay seemed wonderfully well satisfied himself, and held fast to his purchase as if it were a rare prize, while he discussed with Miss Jimma the removal of the ponderous ornament from the front yard.

"You will, at least, let me come and help put this garden into order," he said, as he turned away—a proposition she could not readily have declined, even if he had given her a chance to do so, which he did not.

"Now, Aunt Jim, now you can have a new bonnet; no, not an old smoked one either," said Teddy.

And Aunt Jim did have a new bonnet—a pretty white chip, with fresh, spring-like ribbons, that it seemed a positive luxury to her to put on. You would scarcely think a respectable bonnet could be purchased for so small a sum. Mr. Barclay had entertained some fears on that subject too, though he had offered as high as he dared for the dog; but he was perfectly satisfied when he saw her come into church the next Sunday, leading Rob and Teddy. Was she to be blamed for enjoying the whole service better because of those