Margaret Vandegrift. The maiden aunt, in her straight-backed chair. With a flush on her pale and wrinkled cheek. and a horrified, mortified, mystified air. Was just about to speak.

And the maiden niece—a nice little maid-Stood meekly twirling her thumbs about. With a half-triumphant, half-afraid. and wholly bewitching pout,

Said the maiden aunt : "Will you please explain What your heads were doing so close together You could easily, I assure you, Jane, Have knocked me down with a feather

When I think of your bringing-up-my care. My scrupulous care-and it's come to this ! you Appeared to be sitting calmly there, and letting a Young MAN KISS you!

Now tell me at once just what he said, and what you replied. This is quite a trial. so do not stand there and hang your head, Or attempt the least denial.

. If I catch you once more in such a-fix, Though you are eighteen, I can tell you, Jane, | -ball treat you just as if you were six, And send you back to school again! Are you going to tell me what he said.

And what you said ? I'll not stand this trifling, till now. So look at me, Jane! Lift up your bead! Don't go as if you were stiffing! Her voice was shaken-of course, with fear:

He said-be said, 'Will you have me, Jane ? and I said I would. But indeed, aunt. dear. We'll never do so again !"

# WOMAN'S LOVE.

The Mystery of Wilhelm Rutter. Helen Jackson (H. H.) in "The Century."]

It was long past dusk of an August eveping Farmer Weitbreck stood leaning on the big gate of his bern-yard, looking first up and then down the road. He was chewing a straw, and his face wore an expression of deep perplexity. These were ublous times in Lancaster County. come, and instead of the stream of labor- strap. ers seeking employment, which usually at his season set in as regularly as river fresh-

who had miles of bottom lands, in grain of one sort and another, all yellow and nodsevine, sickle, or flail on the place. Never I am caught this way anoder

year," thought he, as he gazed wearily up and down the dark, silent road; "but I'll treat him like a son grown and not like that does to me no goot this time that is a baby.'

Gustavus Weitbreck had lived so long on his Pennsylvania farm that he even thought in English instead of in German. and, strangely enough, in English much less broken and idiomatic than that which he spoke. But his phraseology was the only thing about him that had changed. he farmed a little plot of land, half wheat, half vinevard, in the Mayence meadows in the fatherland: slow, methodical, saving, stupid, upright, obstinate. All these traits "Old Weitbreck," as he was called all through the country, possessed to a de-gree much out of the ordinary; and it was they looked upon it. combination of two of them-the obstimacy and the savingness-which had brought him into his present predica-

In June he had had a good laborer: one of the best, known and eagerly sought by every farmer in the county; a man who had never yet been beaten in a mowing match or a reaping. By his help the haying comer. The man's eyes fell. had been done in not much more "What is your name," said. than two-thirds the usual time; but when John Weitbreck, like a sensible fellow, said, "Now, we would better keep Alf on till harvest. There is plenty of odds-andand we won't get his like again in a hurry,"

his father had cried out: "Mein Gott! It is that you tink I must be made out of money! I vill not keep dis man on so big wages to do vat you call odd-and end vork. We do odd-and-end

There was no discussion of the point. John Weitbreck knew better than ever to waste his time and breath or temper in trying to change a purpose of his father's, or convince him of a mistake. But he bided his time, and he would not have been human if he had not now taken secret satisfaction, seeing his father's anxiety daily increase as the August sun grew "No notter and hotter, and the grain rattled in the husks waiting to be reaped, while they two, straining their arms to the utmost, and in long days' work, seemed to produce small impression on the great fields.

"The women shall come work in the he can vork." held to-morrow," thought the old man, as he continued his auxious reverie. "It is not that they sit idle all day in the house, when the wheat grows to rattle like the peas that will be much help; they can do.' And hearing John's step behind him, the human being knew?"

old man turned and said: Johan, dere comes yet no man to reap; to morrow must go in the field Carlen and dry: it is more as two men can do."

"I would rather work day and night, father, than to see my mother and sister in the fields. I will do it, too, if only you will

The old man, irritated by the secret be speaked, and is Germany in hearts; dat his face come align with a face. He size hardened and her blue eyes grew Since the days when he and Carlen had knowledge that he had nobody but him- vill be to you as friends."

more irritated, also, by this proof of what ed over the young man's face, and he left I shall be glad when he is gone. was always exceedingly displeasing to him, the room hastily, without a word of goodhis son's having adopted American stan- | night. with a wrath wholly disproportionate to company he'll be in the field ! I believe I'd dards and opinions, broke out furiously the occasion.

You be tam, Johan Weitbreck. You tink we are fine gentlemen and ladies, like trouble," said Carlen; "I wish we could dese Americans dat is too proud to work do something for him; perhaps his friends vid hands. I say tam dis country, vere are all dead. I think that must be it; dey say all is alike, an' vork all; and ven | don't you think so, mutter?"

childrens vork, too, py tam!"

# Remister,

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the fine yarn between her chubby tingers, all the while humming a low song to which the whirring of the wheel made harmonious accompaniment, he thought to himself bitterly: "Work, indeed! As if they did not work now longer than we do, and quite as hard! She's been spinning ever since daylight, I believe."

Carlen turned her round blue eyes on him with astonishment. There was something in his tone that smote vaguely on her consciousness. What could be mean, asking such a question as that?

But when you do it very long it does make the arms ache, holding them so long in the same position; and it tires one to stand

"Ay," said John, "that is the way it tires one to reap; my back is near broke with it to-day.

"No!" said John angrily, "and that is what I told father when he let Alf go. It is good enough for him for being so stingy and short-sighted; but the brunt of it comes on me; that's the worst of it. . I don't see what's got all the men. There

to the West to farm; to Oregon, he

"Ay, that's it!" replied John. "That's where everybody can go but me! I'll be going too some day, Carlen. I can't stand things here. If it weren't for you I'd have been gone long ago."

"and I don't think it would be right for you to! What would father do with the farm without you?" "Well, why doesn't he see that, then, and treat me as a man ought to be treated ?"

impossible to nire any one.

The explanation of this nobody knew or could divine; but the fact was indisputable, and the farmers were in dismay,—

table, and the farmers were in dismay,—

table, and the farmers were in dismay,—

table and the warp, as sue cows norms or wood, boxes and small figures the knew whether she were fair or not; safely sit that way by the hour and gaze whether she lived or not. She came and whether she were fair or not; safely sit that way by the hour and gaze whether she were fair or not; safely sit that way by the hour and gaze whether she were fair or not; safely sit that way by the hour and gaze whether she were fair or not; safely sit that way by the hour and gaze whether she were fair or not; safely sit that way by the hour and gaze whether she were fair or not; safely sit that way by the hour and gaze whether she were fair or not; safely sit that wa

John laughed. This was always the way cross he felt in the beginning. "I won't, then!" he exclaimed.

"May I be there to see," said Carlen

merrily, "And you remember free The words I said to thee.

that's a good boy. While we have talked, my yarn has tangled." In modes of feeling, habits of life, he was | holding the candle high over Carlen's head, the same he had been forty years ago, when she bending over the tangled yarn, the seemed not averse to seeing people. He stranger-a young man seemingly about silent, taking no part in the general good-

> handsome, but with a face so melancholy that both John and Carlen felt a shiver as

dere vould be mans come!" John looked scrutinizingly at the new-"What is your name," said John.

"Ten days."

"Where are your friends?" "I haf none. " None? "

the yarn between her thumb and finger, her eyes fastened on the stranger's face. A thrill of unspeakable pity stirred her. So young, so sad, thus alone in the world; who ever heard of such a fate?

"Haf done vid too much questions,

and his wife plied Wilhelm with questions about their old friends in Mayence. He theless he shook his head. the mutter; it must; the wheat get fast too | was evidently familiar with all the localihad he seen his mother and sister at work possible in monosyllables, and he spoke no man bewitched; I know not if there be so stern a look.

> lad," said the farmer, as he bade him goodnight and clapped him on the shoulder.

"He's a surly brute !" cried John; "nice | the subject of a laborer. sooner have nobody !" "I think he has seen some dreadful

the can help, and vimmins ish shame to and reticence. These traits were native in is home he vants, no oder ting; he work reproach. if he can help, and vimmins ish shame to and reticence. These transfer to an abnor- not for money."

he seen york; it ish not shame to be seen her, and had been intensified to an abnor- not for money."

"Father," said John carnestly, "there wik: I vork, mein vife vork too, an' my mal extent by thirty years of life with a John walked away, his only resource were such as to make silence and reticence when his father was in a passion. John the sole conditions of peace and comfort. occupied that hardest of all positions, - To so great a degree had this second nathe position of a full-grown mature man ture of the good frau's been developed, in a father's home, where he is regarded that she herself did not now know that it As he entered the kitchen and saw his pretty sister Carlen at the high spinningwas a second nature; therefore it stood

more placid and contented wife than she. silent acquiescence in all that Gustavus he exclaimed. said, of waiting in all cases, small and great, for his decision had in the outset disagreements with him. And as for Gustavus himself, if anybody had hinted to him that his fran could think, or ever had than right, he would have chuckled complacently at that person's blind ignorance

"Mein frau, she is goot," he said; "goot frau, goot mütter-American fraus not goot so she; all the time talk and no vork; American fraus, American mans, are sheep

from her usual phlegmatic silence. Carlen's | member; at least this was true of John; appeal to her had barely been spoken, the table, the old woman said, solemnly,

"Yes, Liebchen, he goes with the eyes like eyes of a man that saw always the dead. It must be as you say that all whom | who wanted only shelter and home, and | ing form: boy. It is now that one must be to him mother and father and brother." "And sister too," said Carlen, warmly.

"And I not his brother, till he gets civiler tongue in his head," said John. "It is not to be brother I haf him brought, " interrupted the old man. " Al-John did not see the flush; "he was going vays you wimmen are to soon; it may be he are goot, it may be he are pad; I do revived in full force, and he was in a mood | ran zigzagging through it, and here and not know. It is to work I haf him brought." "Yes," echoed Frau Weitbreck,

mother had thought, to be like mother and Wilhelm steadily at work as usual at his grew on these rocks, and belts of wild flag sister to Wilhelm. The days went by, and carving, his eyes closely fixed on it, his and sedges surrounded their base. The still he was as much a stranger as on the figure, as was its wont, rigidly still; and cows, in a warm day, used to stand kneeevening of his arrival. He never volun- Carlen, -ah, it was an unlucky moment deep in there in shade of the rocks. tarily addressed any one. To all remarks John had taken to search out the state of It was a favorite place of Wilhelm's. He or even questions he replied in the fewest Carlen's feeling toward Wilhelm,—Carlen sometimes lay on the top of one of these words and curtest phrases possible. A sitting in a posture of dreamy reverie, one rocks the greater part of the night, looking smile was never seen on his face. He sat hand lying idle in her lap holding her down into the gliding water or up into the at the table like a mute at a funeral, ate knitting, the ball rolling away unnoticed sky. Carlen from her window had more than Never before had the farmers been so put exclaimed John; "he thinks I'm no older without lifting his eyes, and silently rose on the ground; her other arm thrown carehad soon selected his favorite seat in the eyes fixed on Wilhelm's bowed head. "I think fathers and mothers are always kitchen. It was on the right-hand side of John stood still and watched her, watchthat way," said the gentle, cheery Carlen, the big fireplace, in a corner. Here he sat | ed her long. She did not move. She was brother, that there was "nothing between" | Carlen?" each time how to wind the warp, as she cows' horns or wood, boxes and small fig. Hereyes did not leave his face. One might passed; never a look or tone to betray that to ask him if he had relatives in Germany;

"I do not see, Wilhelm, how you can hand trembles so that I can but just carry grasping parent! my cup to my lips."

right hand straight out at arm's length, with the delicate figure he was carving poised on his forefinger. It stood as steady as on the firm ground. Carlen looked at him admiringly. "It is good to be so steady handed," she said.

this was ever drawn from him. Yet he

tion; no book, no paper, no name on any article. It would not appear possible that a man of so decent a seeming as Wilhelm These replies were given in a tone as could have come from Germany to America with so few personal belongings. Frau Weitbreck felt less at ease in her mind about him after she examined this pack. He had come straight from the ship to about this thing too, if I'm her brother. their house, he had said, when he arrived; By -, no tramp like that is going to had walked on day after day, going he knew not whither, asking mile by mile for about him!" and before the terrified old "But there were people who came with you in the ship?" said John. "There is name from another. He simply chose to long strides across the kitchen, through go south rather than north, always south the best room, and reached the stoop, say- absorption. It had produced scarce a rip-

He did not know. the grain falling to right and left at his John did not like the appearance of steps. From sunrise to sunset he worked ing. things. "Too much mystery here," he tirelessly. The famous Alf had never done thought. "However, it is not long he so much in a day. Farmer Weitbreck betray by any change of feature that he had attention and divert his thoughts, all in which parted them.

man? Oh, but he make swing de hook!"

"Ay, ay," he said, "I never saw his equal. But I like him not. What carries had he seen his mother and sister at work in the fields. John had been born in America, and he was American, not Ger-

"I see not that he haf fear in his face. replied the old man. me cold shivers like a grave under foot.

Farmer Weitbreck laughed. He and his son were likely to be again at odds on retorted John. "But be vill not go. I haf said to him to stay till Christmas, may be always."

in the winter?" "It is not that to feed him is much, and sight of prudence, he poured out on her a hill. It was Carlen. all that he make vid de knife is mine. It torrent of angry accusation and scornful

must be something wrong about that man. I have thought so from the first. Why taunted her with it. should he work for nothing but his board, a great strong fellow like that, that could hang dog trick of not looking anybody in make good day's wages anywhere? Don't the face," he cried. "Look up now! look and I ran after you. Do not be angry keep him after the harvest is over! I can't me in the eye, and say what you mean by with me, brother. It breaks my heart." bear the sight of him."

all this."

John started. "Good heavens, father! "Oh, you need not speak by de heavens,

mein son," rejoined the old man, in a taunting tone, "I tink I can mine own vay, vidout you to be help. I was not vesterday born!"

John was gone. Flight was his usual efuge when he felt his temper becoming too much for him; but now his steps were quickened by an impulse of terrible fear. Between him and his sister had always been a bond closer than is wont to link brother and sister. Only one year apart intimacy like that of twins; from their cradles till now they had had their sports, was he to find it no longer true of Carlen? when, rising in her place at the head of He would know and that right speedily. As by a flash of lightning he thought he and turned in another direction. saw his father's scheme: if Carlen were to wed this man, this strong and tireless a hard and bitter tone she said, pointing worker, this unknown, mysterious worker, with a swift gesture to Wilhelm's retreathe loves are in the grave. Poor boy ! Poor | cared not for money, what an invaluable | hand would be gained on the farm! John nothing between us. I do not know what groaned as he thought to himself how little craze has got into your head," and she anything, any doubt, any misgiving, per-haps even an actual danger, would in his brother. He needed no further replies in father's mind outweigh the one fact that words. Tokens stronger than any speech the man did not "vork for money." As had answered him. Muttering angrily to he walked toward the house, revolving himself he went down to the pasture after these disquieting conjectures, all his first the cows. It was a beautiful field, more like suspicion and antagonism toward Wilhelm | New England than Pennsylvania; a brook well calculated to distort the simplest acts, there in the land were sharp lifts where when he suddenly saw sitting in the square rocks cropped out, making miniature cliffs stoop at the door the two persons who fill- overhanging some portions of the brook's of the suffering which might be in store It was not so easy as Carlen and her ed his thoughts, -Wilhelm and Carlen course. Gray lichens and green mosses for her.

ding, and ready for the sickle, and nobody but himself and his son John to swing good humor in a few minutes, however sickle all day. My arm aches, and my "I will ask mother," he thought; "I

cannot ask Carlen now! It is too late." He found his mother in the kitchen busy getting the bountiful supper which was a "Why does not Carlen help you, mutter," he said hastily. "What is she do-

Frau Weitbreck smiled. "It is not always to vork, ven one is young," she said,

head meaningly.

John clenched his hands. Where had night, unless he was forced to do so, he been? Who had blinded him? How up the slope from the brook, he saw Wilhelm Sometimes Carlen, having said jokingly to had all this come about, so soon, and with-John, "Now, I will make Wilhelm say out his knowledge? Were his father and good-night, to-night," succeeded in sur- mother mad? He thought they must be. "It is a shame for that Wilhelm to so much he clasped both hands over his eyes as if to wish he had never darkened our doors."

brought on his back. This lay on the floor in her fear of being overheard, she went tuated solely by a righteous motherly in- her shining floor at every step and closed her." Then she came close to her son. found nothing whatever there, except a and said in a whisper, "The fader thinks few garments of the commonest descrip- it is goot." At John's angry exclamation angrily reproaching his sister for the disshe raised her hand in warning.

"Do not loud spraken," she whispered. "Carlen will hear." "Well, then she shall hear!" cried John half beside himself. "It is high time she did hear from somebody besides you and father ! I reckon I've got something to say ing in a loud tone: "Carlen! I want to ple on the monotonous surface of his habitsee you!"

Carlen started as one roused from sleep. He was indeed strong. The sickle was Seeing her ball lying at a distance on the interrupted Farmer Weitbreck. "I haf in his hand a plaything, so swift-swung ground she ran to pick it up, and with that he seemed to be doing little more than done. He can vork. It is to be easy see simply striding up and down the fields, her brother. "Yes, John," she said. "I am com-

heard the sound or perceived the motion. "Vat now you say of dat-Alf?" he said As Carlen passed him her eyes involuntaritriumphantly to John. "Vork he as dis ly rested on his bowed head, a world of pity, perplexity in the glance. John saw it and

"Come with me," he said sternly. Come down in the pasture; I want to speak to you.

"I must help mutter with the supper,"

the stoop. Carlen had, with all her sunny cheerful-

"What is he then, if he is not a tramp? "He is no tramp," she replied, still more

"What do you know about him?" said John. "To stay! Till Christmas!" he cried. Carlen made no reply. Her silence irri-What for? What do we need of a man, tated John more than any words could

"You have even caught his miserable kissing him, said:

wheel, walking back and forth drawing been hard to find in Lancaster County a find him goot to see, and," after a pause, a look hardly less angry than his own. all this means that what you have been saying," she cried; "I think you are out of your senses. I do not know what has hap-pened to you," and she turned to walk Nestling herself close by his side, pened to you," and she turned to walk back to the house.

> "Tell me the truth!" he said fiercely. 'Do you love this Wilhelm." second a step was heard, and looking up they saw Wilhelm himself coming toward them; walking at his usual slow pace, his ground; great waves of blushes ran in tumultuous flood up Carlen's neck, checks. disgust and a smothered ejaculation. Wilgarded them with a cold, unchanged eye,

The color deepened on Carlen's face. In John.

"You can see for yourself that there is

almost as rigidly still as Wilhelm himself. her and Wilhelm. Never a word had could divine; but the fact was indisputable, and the farmers were in dismay,—
nobody more so than Farmer Weitbreck,
who had miles of bottom lands, in grain of

who had miles of bottom lands, in grain of

who had miles of bottom lands, in grain of

could divine; but the fact was indisputable and the farmers were in dismay,—
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could divine; but the farmers were in dismay.—
In this work ne nad a
in state.

All dead, he answered,
in such a voice I hardly dared speak again,
but I did. I said: 'Well, one might have
but I did. I said: 'Well, one might have
carvings when finished no one knew. One
the dead, asswered
went in his presence, as did all others,
but I did. I said: 'Well, one might have
but I did. I said: 'Well, one might have
the terrible sorrow to lose all one's relation to the currents of his strange veiled existence than if
the terrible sorrow to lose all one's relation to the currents of his strange veiled existence than if
the terrible sorrow to lose all one's relation to the currents of his strange veiled existence than if
the terrible sorrow to lose all one's relation to the currents of his strange veiled existence than if
the terrible sorrow to lose all one's relation to the currents of his strange veiled existence than if
the terrible sorrow to lose all one's relation to the currents and sick at heart.

The farmer weither the farmer weither and sick at heart.

The farmer weither the farmer with the dead, he answered, as did all others, in such a voice I hardly dared speak again, but a farmer weither the dead, he answered, as did all others, in such a voice I hardly dared speak again, but a farmer weither the dead, he answered, as did all others, in such a voice I hardly dared speak again, but a farmer weither the dead, he answered, as did all others, in such a But it was also true that never since the my father and mother and my brother,first day of his mysterious coming had Wil- only three, and two are already old, and I him indeed as a brother. helm been long absent from Carlen's should have no relatives myself; but if one thoughts; and she did indeed find him, as is left without relatives, there are always happy. She could not laugh. Tale after her father's keen eyes, sharpened by greed, friends, thank God!' and he looked at tale, jest after jest, fell from Wilhelm's had observed, good to look upon. That me-he never looks at one, you know; but lips. Such a story-teller never before sat most insidious of love's allies, pity, had he looked at me then as if I had done a at the Weitbreck board. The old kitchen daily ordinance in the Weitbreck religion.
To John's sharpened perceptions the fact

To John's sharpened perceptio that Carlen was not as usual helping in this labor loomed up into significance.

the labor loomed up into significance. Wilhelm!" The melancholy beauty of be good friends to him; can you not find your tongue? What has cured you in a his face, his lithe figure, his great strength, out for me what it is?" ing there idling with Wilhelm in the all combined to heighten this impression, and to fan the flames of the passion in Carlen's virgin soul. It was indeed, as John

had sorrowfully said to himself, "too late" to speak to Carlen. As John stood now at the pasture bars, his arms crossed on his breast. Presently

we about him? I doubt him in and out. I in John's angry heart as he watched him. sentence. It was not necessary. "What can it be," he said, "that makes Fran Weitbreck glanced cautiously at him hate even the sky? It may be it is a the open door. She was frying sweet cakes sweetheart that he has lost, and he is one of in the boiling lard. Forgetting everything, that strange kind of men who can love but once; and it is loving the dead that makes too old, and to me he will not speak." unlocked; and when the good Frau Weit breck, persuading herself that she was acbreck persuading herself that she

> who had so few short moments ago been women should be to him worse than the grace and shame of caring for this tramp. that a man will mourn his whole life for a But the pity was short-lived in John's bos- sweetheart; is it not, John? Why, men om. His inborn distrust and antagonism | marry again, almost always, even when it | him not before. to the man were too strong for any gentler | is a wife that they have lost; and a sweetsentiment toward him to live long by their | heart is not so much as a wife." side. And when the family gathered at the supper table he fixed upon Wilhelm so suspicious and hostile a gaze that even Wil- a wife than for one he had thought to wed, helm's absent mind perceived it, and he but lost."
> in turn looked inquiringly at John, a sudden bewilderment apparent in his manner. It disappeared, however, almost immediately, dying away in his usual melancholy both the look on John's face and the bewil-derment on Wilhelm's; and it roused in these words, she would have said, "Yes, any one, he insisted on shaking hands with great for vork. Dat Alf vas not goot as ual gloom. But Carlen had perceived all, her a resentment so fierce toward John, it brings misery; but even so it is better each, still talking and laughing with gay she could not forbear showing it. "How cruel!" she thought. "As if the poor fellow had not all he could bear already without being treated unkindly by us," and out being treated unkindly by us," and out being treated unkindly by us," and out the standard of the standard she redoubled her efforts to win Wilhelm's reach his hand across the boundary line

John sat by with roused attention, sharpthey had spent happy hours enough

As he seated himself on one of the rocks. have done; and losing self-control, losing he saw a figure gliding swiftly down the

> "I saw you coming down here, John, just suspicion filled John with tenderness. wont for many nights.

len looked over into the water.

"How long, long ago!" cried Carlen. "It seems only a day," said John. "I think time goes faster for a man than for a woman," sighed Carlen. is a shorter day in the fields than in the house.

"Are you not content, my sister?" said Carlen was silent.

"You have always seemed so," he said eproachfullyt "It is always the same, John," she mur-I would like it to be some days different." ed to love. His heart ached with dread letter, perhaps? A message?" She dread-

Carlen herself cut the gordian knot. "Brother," she whispered, "why you think Wilhelm is not good?" "I said not that, Carlen," he replied evasively. "I only say we know nothing; and it is dangerous to trust where one

answered the loyal girl. "I believe he is good; but, John, John, what misery in his holding his sides. Wilhelm was a mimic. eves; saw you ever anything like it?" "No," he replied; "never. Has he

"Once," sh

It was a cruel weapon to use, but on the instant John made up his mind to use it. | made him seem like a boy. It might spare Carlen grief, in the end. "I have thought, "he said, " that it might be for a dead sweetheart he mourn on again with his merry talk.

After a silence she spoke again: ly with him I think it might be different. A strange reverie, surely, for the brother thus, it is only natural that the sight of

"I have heard," said the pitiless John, "that a man is quicker healed to grief for

that be?" But a look at Carien's pale, perplexed face quickly dissipated this idea.

I would die before any one else should know; even my mother." John could not resist this. "Yes," he said, "I will try. It will be the house, bringing the bunch of flowers our face, and you will see." hard; but I will try my best, Carlen. I in his hand. At the pasture bars he

"Mein Schwester," he said, fondly, - On the morrow it chanced that John wore again the expression of gloomy

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ing at the window, watching to see if he came out again. Then she crept into bed the window of their mother's bed-room,

"Father! Father! Get up, quick! Then followed confused words she could not understand. Leaning from her win-

A terrible presentiment shot into her mind of some ill to Wilhelm. Vainly she could not have slept many minutes. With trembling hands she dressed, and, running swiftly down the stairs, was at the door

"What is it? What is it, father?" she cried. "What has happened ?" "Go back!" he said, in an unsteady voice. "It is nothing. Go back to bed. It is not for vimmins! Then Carlen was sure it was some ill to Wilhelm, and, with a loud cry, she darted to the barn, and flew up the stairway lead-

ing to his room. John, hearing her steps, confronted her at the head of the stairs. "Good God, Carlen!" he cried; "go back! You must not come here. Where is father ?" "I will come in!" she answered wildly, trying to force her way past him. "I will come in. You shall not keep me out. What has happened to him? Let me by," and

with strength almost equal to his. "Carlen! You shall not come in. You "Shall not see!" she shricked dead ?"

"Yes, my sister, he is dead," answered

John, solemnly. In the next instant he

held Carlen's unconscious form in his arms; What had he been about that he had not they, or he, belonged to a phantom world. tives. It needs only that three should die, with a new interest and liking. If this reached the foot of the stairs, the first were the true Wilhelm, he might welcome sight which met his eyes was his daughter held in her brother's arms, apparently life-Carlen alone looked grave, anxious, un-

"No!" said John. "I only told her he was dead to keep her from going in, and she fainted dead away." "Ach," groaned the old man; "dis is hard on her.'

"Yes," sighed the brother; "it is a cruel shame. Swiftly they carried her to the house and laid her on her mother's bed, then returned to their dreadful task in Wilhelm's chamber.

roof-tree beam, there swung the dead body of Wilhelm Rütter, cold, stiff; he had been Carlen grew cold with fear; surely this meant but one thing. Nothing else, noth- deed soon after bidding them good-night. "He vas mad, Johan; it must be he vas mad ven he laugh like dat last night. Dat Later in the evening she said, timidly, "Did you hear any news in the village this man, shaking from head to foot with hor-

double meaning could have underlain his of his being crazy. Look, father!" he continued, his voice breaking into a sob. "He has left these flowers here for Carlen!

> of white "Ladies'-Tress," with a paper beneath it, on which was written, "For Carlen Weitbreck, these, and the carvings in the box, all in memory of Wilhelm. "He meant to do it, den," said the old

"May be Carlen vould not haf him, you

driving rapidly into the yard.
"Mein Gott! Vat bring dem here dis flash through his mind the question, "Can time in day," exclaimed Farmer Weitbreck "I too am old enough to have a home Carlen have spoken with him to-day ? Can "If dey ask for Wilhelm dey must all "Yes," replied John. "That makes no

rand. They were pale and full of excite-Presently she saw Wilhelm going down to | ment, and Hans' first word was:

"Vere is dot man you sent to mine place vesterday?" "Wilhelm ?" stammered Farmer Weit-

"Wilhelm!" repeated Hans, scornfully. " His name is not ' Wilhelm.' His name When they reached the bars, Carlen grew there in great abundance, and he often is Carl; Carl Lepmann; and he is a murderer; he killed von man-shepherd, in our town-last spring; and dey never get thought Carlen, and the tears came into trail of him; so soon he came in our kitch "Brother, will you not try to find out her eyes. After a time, Wilhelm ceased en yesterday my vife she knew him; she

Farmer Weitbreck and his son exsleep. What will become of me! What one to the other in bewilderment. "May pe you tink ve not speak not truth," Hans continued. Just let him come here to

paused, and looked back over the scene. en voice, "we do not think you are not ing it light as day; even from Carlen's again at his father, "We'd better take them up!" he said. The old man nodded silently, even his

(Continued on fourth page.)

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION

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A CULPRIT.

"Is it hard work spinning, Liebchen ?

"No," she said, "it is not hard exactly.

"Has no one come to help yet?" she

have always been plenty round every year "Alf said he shouldn't be here next year," said Carlen, each cheek showing a little signal of pink as she spoke; but it was a dim light the one candle gave, and

'I wouldn't leave mother and father for all the world, John," cried Carlen warmly,

to it for farm service; harvest-time had than when he used to beat me with the as soon as his own meal was finished. He lessly over the railing of the stoop, her ed to go down and comfort his lonely sor-

know I won't. If ever I have a son grown,

Hold the candle here for me, will you, As they stood close together, John kitchen door opened suddenly and their never left the kitchen till the time came for father came in bringing with him a bed; but when that came he slipped away twenty-five years of age, tall, well-made,

time, Johan," cried the old man. "It vill be that all can vell be done now. And it is good that he is from mein own country. He was gone before she knew it. cannot English speak, many vords; but

"Wilhelm Rütter," he answered. " How long have you been in this coun-

"None." melancholy as the expression of the face. Carlen stood still, her wheel arrested,

some one who knows who you are, I sup-"No, no von dat knows," replied the new-comer.

will be here; and he will be in the fields chuckled as he looked on. in pod. They can help, the mutter and Carl- all the time; there cannot be much danger; but who ever heard of a man whom no

man, in his feeling about this.

Without the floor, he had the expression of one lost in thoughts of the gloomiest kind.

I think Wilhelm has made some such bargain. A man could not look worse if he "Make yourself to be more happy, mein

A strange look of even keener pain pass-

You come here, it is dat nobody vill work, Frau Weitbreck was incarnate silence

She never dreamed that her custom of been born of radical and uncomfortable thought, any word or deed of his other

in dere house.'

"I will be his sister."

Wilhelm made no reply, but held his

"You must be strong, Wilhelm." "Yes, he said, "I haf strong," and went on carvprising him before he could leave the

He slept in a small chamber in the barn, dat is nothing; he can work. I tolt you a dreary enough little place, but he seemed to find it all sufficient. He had no possessions except the leather pack he had

As they sat at supper, Farmer Weitbreck John assented unqualifiedly to this praise frowned.

"No," said John, "neither do I see fear.

John's surprise was unbounded.

John seized her shoulders in his brawny hands and whirled her round till she faced him again. Carlen opened her lips to reply. At that

in age, they had grown up together in an | head sunk on his breast, his eyes on the tastes, joys, sorrows in common, not a se- forehead. John took his hands from her But in regard to this young stranger, tastes, joys, sorrows in common, not a se- forchead. John took his hands from her Frau Weitbreck seemed strangely stirred cret from each other since they could re- shoulders and stepped back with a look of

waiting for the herd of cows, slow winding love that way and never smile again." on the rocks below. He had thrown him-

alike, powerless, from the veil in which he was wrapped, ened perception, noting all. Had it been all along like this? Where had his eyes he rejoined. been for the past month? Had he too been under a spell? It looked like it. He of my own," she said, with a gentle digni-Carlen looked up apprehensively into groaned in spirit as he sat silently playing ty of tone, which more impressed John His replies, however, were given as far as he in his heart to be so sour. He is like a his face; never had she seen there with his food, not eating; and when his with a sense of the change in Carlen than father said: "Why haf you not appetite, all else which had been said. John?" he rose abruptly, pushed back his It was time to return to the house. chair, and, leaving the table without a he had done when he was ten, and she missed her. Running swiftly upstairs, word, went out and down again into the nine, John stood at the bottom of the she locked the door of her room, and threw helping with the supper, I suppose, sitting out with you tramp!" and he pointed to quivering stars in the brook shimmered in the help of which Carlen leaped lightly the pale light of a young moon. To John, down. also, the mossy rocks in this pasture were ness, a vein of her father's temper. Her a favorite spot for rest and meditation. "Why do you call Wilhelm a tramp?" yarn, for minnows, he had loved the place; in hand. to count up into days, and not the least paused. Withdrawing her hand from brought bunches of it to her. among the innumerable annoyances and John's and laying it on his shoulder, she irritations of which he had been anxious said: too had perceived the charm of the field, and chosen it for his own melancholy reto be friends with him?"

Diother, will you not try at more eyes. After a time, willneim ceased en yesterday my vite sne knew him; she gathering the flowers, and seated himself wait till I get nome. Ve came ven it vas on his favorite rock; the same one where yet dark to let you know vot man vas in

> "She thinks it is Wilhelm," he said, and again hot anger stirred in him. She stood still, her eyes fixed on the | As she drew near he looked at her withground. Even in his hot wrath John no- out speaking, but the loving girl was not ticed this unwonted downcast look, and repelled. Springing lightly to the rock, taunted her with it.

not help being wretched when I see you in danger, but I am not angry." farm some five miles away, and thus the day passed without John's having found der in an unsettled brain? Even in this

"This is the very rock I fell off of that day; do you remember?" she said, "and comforted herself, thinking, with the that he belonged to another. Long after how wet you got fishing me out! And oh, swift forerunning trust of youth, "To- he had disappeared in the doorway at the

drowned." "It was for letting you fall in he beat he came singing up the road. Carlen and lay tossing, wakeful, and anxious till me," laughed John, and they both grew heard the voice and looked out of the winnear dawn. She had but just fallen asleep tender and merry recalling the babyhood

mured. "Each day like every other day. John sighed. He knew of what this new unrest was born. He longed to begin | body of Wilhelm? Where had disappearto speak of Wilhelm, and yet he knew not | ed the man of slow-moving figure, bent how. Now that, after longer reflection, he had become sure in his own mind that whom until that hour she had known? just as her father appeared there. Wilhelm cared nothing for his sister, he felt an instinctive shrinking from recognizing to himself, or letting it be recognized between them, that she unwooed had learn- | die," she thought. "How could it be? A

knows nothing. "It would not be trust if we knew,"

ed thus. There are men, you know, who Short-sighted John, to have dreamed ing less could have thus in an hour rolled that he could forestall any conjecture in away the burden of his sadness. "I have thought of that," she answered meekly; "it would seem as if it could be afternoon, Wilhelm ?"

"Dear John, if you could be more friend-He is your age. Father and mother are to a reverie of wondering what possible to a living soul. But I never once thought for a dead sweetheart that he is grieving sight of men. But it is very seldom, John, strange, sharp glance at Carlen. "I saw

"You are a man," said Carlen. can tell if that would be true?" "No, I cannot," he answered, "for I It was a late bed-time when the family have loved no woman but you, my sister; parted for the night. The astonishing father. "Now all dat is no more." and on my word I think I will be in no haste to, either. It brings misery, it seems | more apparent than it had yet been. In-

"I hope you will love some one, John, "You would be happy with a is goot, mein son! Dis is goot. Now are of horses' feet and wheels, and looking she said. wife. You are old enough to have a home of your own."

you von of us," and he glanced meaningly at John, who smiled back in secret intellidriving rapidly into the yard. of your own." Only a year older than you, my sister,'

First he walked slowly up and down the entire length of the field, following the "We are not children any more," she said, with a little laugh. "More's the pity!" said John, half brook's course closely, stopping often and lightly, half sadly, as they went on hand

John made no answer. It was a hard John and Carlen had sat the night before. | your house." thing to promise. "For my sake, brother," said the girl. the unhappy girl as she watched him. changed glances; each was too shocked to I have spoken to no one else but you. "He is so full of joy he does not want to speak. Mr. and Mrs. Dietman looked from "I have spoken to no one else but you.

will have a talk with Wilhelm to-morrow." And the brother and sister parted, he only It was a beautiful picture, the moon mak- speaking truth." He paused; glanced the sadder, she far happier, for their talk. "To-morrow," she thought, "I will know! | window could be seen the sparkle of the To-morrow! oh, to-morrow!" and she fell | brook. A sudden revulsion of shame for his un- asleep more peacefully than had been her As he turned to go to the barn his head hard and phlegmatic nature was shaken to

look hardly less angry than his own. It is you who have to say to me what this means that what you have been say
they had always the habit of using the and Wilhelm went separate ways to work and did not meet until noon. In the afternoon Wilhelm was sent on an errand to a larity of his speech and demeanor in the any opportunity for the promised talk. was a strange sad comfort to Carlen. She Carlen perceived with keen disappoint- would rather have him mad, with alternament this frustration of his purpose, but tions of insane joy and gloom, than know morrow he will surely get a chance. To- foot of the stairs which led to his sleeping what an awful beating father gave you, and I always thought it was wicked, for if you had not pulled me out I should have To-morrow!"

When Wilhelm returned from this errand, dow in amazement. Never before had a when she was aroused by cries. It was note of singing been heard from Wilhelm's John's voice. He was calling loudly at voice. She could not believe her ears; neither her eyes, when she saw him walk- | beneath her own. ing swiftly, almost running, erect, his head held straight, his eyes gazing free Come out to the barn!"

and confident before him. What had happened? What could have happened! Now, for the first time, Car- dow, she called, "What is it, John? What len saw the full beauty of his face; it wore | has happened ?" But he was already too an exultant look as of one set free, tri- far on his way back to the barn to hear umphant. He leaped lightly over the bars, he stooped and fondled the dog, speaking to him in a merry tone; then he whistled, then broke again into singing a gay German song. Carlen was stupefied with wonder. Who was this new man in the with him! It was not yet light; she head, downcast eyes, gloom-stricken face, Carlen clasped her hands in an agony of bewilderment.

"If he has found his sweetheart I shall ed to see him. She lingered in her room till it was past the supper hour, dreading what she knew not, yet knew. When she went down the four were seated at supper. As she opened the door, roars of laughter greeted her, and the first sight she saw was Wilhelm's face, full of vivacity, excitement. He was telling a jesting story, at which even her mother was heartily laughing. Her father had laughed till the tears were rolling down his cheeks. John was it appeared. He was imitating the ridiculous speech, gait, gestures, of a man he she wrestled in her brother's strong arms had seen in the village that afternoon. "I sent you to village sooner as dis, if I af known vat you are like ven you come shall not see!" he cried. back," said farmer Weitbreck, wiping his

And John echoed his father. "Upon

into the town, since spring.

"No, young," he answered. haf one child, little baby."

and her face grew sadder.

"Are they old ?"

tions to ask.

"Have they children?" she continued.

Carlen could not contrive any other ques-

"It must have been a letter," she thought,

change in Wilhelm's manner was now even

he exclaimed, in fatherly familiarity: "Dis

gence. As he did so, there went like a

She looks frightened," thought John.

herself on her knees at her open window.

the brook. She watched his every motion.

little white flower, called "Ladies'-Tress,"

"Perhaps it is not for me this time."

Will he stay there all night ?" thought

At last Wilhelm arose and came toward

will become of me!"

Wilhelm laughed a laugh so ringing, it Hung by a stout leathern strap from the "Yes, I have been ill till to-day," he said. "and now I am well," and he rattled

ror, as he helped his son lift down the "No; no news," he said. "I haf heard body. "Yes!" anwered John. "That must As he said this, a strange look flitted be it. I expect he has been mad all along. swiftly across his face; was gone before I do not believe last night was the beany eye but a loving woman's had noted it. | ginning. It was not like any sane man to It did not escape Carlen's, and she fell in- be so gloomy as he was, and never speak

"Did you know Mr. Dietman in Germany?" she asked. This was the name of the farmer to whose house he had been What can it all mean?" On the top of a small chest lay the bunch sent on an errand. They were new-comers "No!" replied Wilhelm, with another

> tink?" "No," said John, hastily. "That is not possible." "I tought she luf him, an' he vould stay

"No!" said the father. "Vimmins does

stead of slipping off, as was his usual hab- not die so as dat. She feel pad may be Wilhelm's hand fast in his, shaking it next be done, how the necessary steps heartly, and clapping him on the shoulder, could be taken with the least possible publicity, when sudenly they heard the sound

know! difference. Everybody will have to know," "I do not much wonder. I will get a word and he ran swiftly down to meet the with her." But Carlen had gone before he strangely arrived neighbors. His first glance at their faces showed him that they had come on no common er-

"No!" said John, in a low, awe-strick-

sank on his breast, his steps lagged. He the depths.