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NO. 30

Poetry.

THE DIVINE LULLABY.

I hear Thy voice, dear Lord; I hear it by the stormy sea...

I hear Thy voice, dear Lord, In singing winds, in falling snow...

I hear Thy voice, dear Lord; I hear it by the stormy sea...

Speak on—speak on, dear Lord! And when the last dread night is near...

MISS DILLON.

BY QUINCY.

In the parlor of an unpretentious dwelling on Pembroke Street, Boston...

She was reading one of the morning papers, and ever and anon her delicate brows contracted...

"It is so hard this struggle for mere existence," she murmured. "I wonder what will become of me?"

"Oh, you haven't gone yet, miss," said a cheery voice, as the mistress of the house entered...

"No, I am looking over the 'Wants,'" said the young girl, with a faint smile.

"She sighed, and then a light, scornful expression curved her mobile lips."

"If I had the strength necessary to conquer the washtub or range—"

"Oh, miss, you could never do that!" cried the practical matron.

"Why, you're a lady, and such work is far beneath you as the earth is beneath the stars."

"All this while the girl had kept her gaze upon the paper, and now her lips quivered, her hazel eyes darkened."

"Mrs. Harmon thought it was her words that had caused her emotion, and began a profuse apology."

"WANTED—A young lady as companion for a blind person. Must be patient, refined and a musician."

"Grangewood!" repeated the girl, mechanically.

"Did you speak, miss?" asked the elder woman, and the spell was broken.

Her companion rose and drew on her black thread gloves. The flush lingered on her cheeks and the light in her eyes.

"There is one item there that may amount to something," she said, speaking in the manner of one whose thoughts were preoccupied.

"Good luck, miss," cried the other cheerily, and then the girl in mourning was out in the street, and a while later was speeding over the rails toward Harrison Square.

how I am drawn thither as though by an unseen power. Will I see him? Will he know me? Ah, Heaven, this is a trying ordeal.

She was trembling in every limb when she reached Grangewood and found herself seated in the reception-room of the mansion...

It was a gray-haired woman who stood there, with a look of interest on her patrician face.

"You desire to see me?" she said. "I am Mrs. Granger."

"His mother! Then she is not the afflicted person," thought the girl.

"I have come in answer to your advertisement, madam," she said aloud.

The keen, blue eyes of the other took a quick survey of the slender, girlish figure and sweet, delicate face.

"You are very young," said Mrs. Granger.

"Yes, I am eighteen. I am an orphan, madam, and must depend upon myself. I—I had hoped to gain your favor."

The soft voice was not quite steady, and a mist came over the lustrous eyes.

"I trust, then, for your sake, you will prove desirable," she said.

"You will need patience; your charge will be trying," went on the elder woman.

"What effect did these words have upon the young applicant?"

"After the first start she stood rigid and silent, with the bright color slowly fading from her face, and her hands locked."

"He is fond of literature and music," said Mrs. Granger.

"Dillon—May Dillon."

"Then, Miss Dillon, I think we shall be friends. Will you come and see my place?"

The large, sumptuous apartment where Trevon Granger sat was flooded with the early spring sunshine.

"What was it in the touch that made him start slightly and lean nearer?"

"Miss Dillon is very welcome to Grangewood," he said, earnestly.

"From that hour Trevon Granger's life grew brighter. May Dillon was indeed a pleasant companion."

"The spring ripened into glorious summer and Trevon Granger was a changed man; so much happier and reconciled to his fate."

"Miss Dillon, do you know why I was attracted to you the first time we met?" he asked, one day when they had gone out for a stroll and he lay on a mossy bank at her feet.

She had been reading from Meredith, and now her fingers closed on the gilded volume.

"I cannot tell—were you?" she said, in low tones.

"Yes, it was because you brought to mind one I had known ere—ere I lost my sight. You remind me of her in a hundred different ways."

"Is she dead?" asked the girl. "No, I think not, but—with a sigh—I have not heard of her for many months."

"Oh she surely did not forsake you because you— you —"

"Alas no, true heart! I forsook her I would not let this thing be a blight on her young life."

"Am I like her?" she said at last.

"And your eyes?"

"They are a nondescript color," said Miss Dillon, with a low laugh.

"Your hair—is it wavy and a beautiful Auburn?" asked Trevon eagerly.

"I am sorry I do not look like her. May I know her name?"

"Althea—Althea Clives," said the man, with a sad cadence in his tones.

"I had pictured you like her," said Trevon, disappointedly.

"But they are not. Still, your tones are hers. I am glad you came to Grangewood. Will you read on, Miss Dillon?"

Three weeks after this conversation, news came of a rising star in the medical firmament.

"Trevon Granger had consulted several authorities, but now hope burned again within his heart, and accompanied by his mother and Miss Dillon, he left Grangewood and sought the new celebrity."

Had the patient been her own brother, she could not have displayed more emotion.

Fortune did not turn his back upon him, for the operation proved successful.

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trailing behind her, her hands tightly clasped.

"Althea!" he cried, and the next instant she was on her knees beside him, begging his forgiveness and pouring out her song of joy.

"Then he knew that she had sought him and clung to him in his affliction had prayed for his restoration and now— There was no need for words as he raised her in his arms and kissed her on the sweet quivering month."

"Althea was his—his forever. He knew then why peace had fallen upon him at the first touch of her hand when he met her as 'Miss Dillon'."

THE SOLID SOUTH.

An Absurd Statement Corrected.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Nov. 17.—Referring to the recently published statement that there is a revolt among southern Democrats against their party...

"There are persons—many persons, perhaps—who have been Democrats from necessity rather than from choice."

"The American girl is that she is not so 'missy' as her English sister, and that she (the American) is brought up to run down her own game."

"This is very kind of Mr. Labouchere. An Englishman so prominent in London society as the gentleman is, must have seen much to admire in the American girl."

"Thanksgiving comes just as summer is bidding us a six months' farewell and old wailing winter, with his frozen tears clinging to her fast disappearing skirts skips in and paints the wood-work of nature to suit himself regardless of our feelings concerning the matter."

An Eventful Day.

BY JOSEPH WHITCOMB.

Thanksgiving comes just as summer is bidding us a six months' farewell and old wailing winter, with his frozen tears clinging to her fast disappearing skirts skips in and paints the wood-work of nature to suit himself regardless of our feelings concerning the matter."

"If she gives herself proper care, she grows more mellow in her beauty with the years."

"Time makes her the more beautiful. Where will you find a more charming sight than a refined and cultured American woman whose eye is tempered by years of joy and sorrow, whose actions have the staid dignity of maturity, whose words are full of wisdom and whose head is crowned with a coronet of white hair!"

"The education of the American girl is in the direction of independence. She is taught from her youth that individuality is as desirable in a woman as in a man."

Subscribe for the LINCOLN COURIER, \$1.50 a year.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

From Detroit Free Press.

Unwittingly, perhaps, Mr. Labouchere, the editor of London Truth, has started a discussion on the American girl in her relation to matrimony.

"The American girl is cutting out the English girl in the matrimonial market."

Mr. Labouchere thinks that the main reason for the ascendancy of the American girl is that she is not so 'missy' as her English sister.

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Foolish Controversies.

Mr. Labouchere has had abundant opportunity to judge of the merits of both English and American women.

"The actual sentence passed on Jesus Christ."

The Tablet says: a correspondent of Notes and Queries extracts from the Kalische Zeitung what is called a correct transcript of the sentence of death pronounced against Jesus Christ.

"Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, Intendant of the Province of Lower Galilee that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross."

"Who is Your Best Friend?"

Your stomach of course. Why? Because if it is out of order you are one of the most miserable creatures living.

Statement.

Of amounts paid the Members of the Board of Commissioners of Lincoln County for the year 1888.

To CALLE MOTZ, CHAIRMAN.

To S. D. BURGIN.

To J. W. A. PAINE.

New Postal Card.

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H. E. RAMSAUR, Clerk of the Board of Commissioners.

Decem. 1888.

H. E. RAMSAUR, Clerk.

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