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The Lincoln Courier.

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NINETTE'S CAREER.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

It was snowing still, sharp prickles of whiteness in the gloomy December dusk, when Ninette Beauvoir was driven up to her cousin's house. The air was intensely cold, the houses on either side of the street loomed up like huge phantoms, and the gas-jets seemed to thrill and shiver in the wind. And the welcome of Mrs. Berry, her cousin's housekeeper, was a dead match for the weather and the wind.

"I am expected, I suppose?" said Ninette, wondering why the woman did not open the door a little wider.

"What name?" cautiously inquired Mrs. Berry.

"Miss Beauvoir, from Atlanta, Georgia."

"I have heard nothing of it," said Mrs. Berry, without opening the door a fraction of an inch farther.

"Mr. Trebleton is at home, I suppose?"

"No, miss, he's not" still frigidly.

"I will come in," said Ninette, trying to swallow the suffocating sensation in her throat. "I will wait for him. It is so cold, and I—I am half frozen."

Mrs. Berry hesitated a moment, then opened the door, ungraciously enough.

"Well," she said, "I suppose you can wait in the study until he comes."

She showed Ninette into the red-curtained, cozy little room, lined with books, lighted by the soft ring of flame that streamed from a shaded gas-jet, warmed with the glow of a coral-red fire upon the hearth. And here, surreptitiously turning the keys in the secretary-drawers and writing-table and taking them out, Mrs. Berry left her.

"There are the paper-weight," said Mrs. Berry to herself, "and the ivory paper-cutters and the inkstand with the stag's head in bronze; but I don't believe she'd take *them!*"

While Ninetta, left alone, crouched down in the low chair before the fire and burst into tears.

"Is all the North as cruel, as hard, as frozen cold as this?" she asked herself, with a convulsive shudder.

"Oh, it would have been better to have died of stavation in my own sunny, golden South! If a stray dog, there, had crept in out of the storm at night, they would, at least, have given him a bone and a kind word. But for me there is such welcome!"

When Mr. Trebleton came in at nine o'clock, he found Ninette still looking at the fire through eyes that swam with tears.

"I am Ninette Beauvoir, your cousin's child," said she, rising with varying color.

"Happy to make your acquaintance, I am sure," said Mr. Trebleton, apparently so busy in removing his gloves that he never noticed her offered hand. "What can I do for you, Miss Beavoir?"

Ninetta looked at him with large, grave eyes.

"Papa said, before he died," she faltered, "that you would give me a home with your daughters. I have no longer a home of my own. Papa's illness was expensive and took all our means."

"Quite out of the question; quite out of the question," said Mr. Trebleton, hurriedly, as he took up a poker and began beating the topmost lumps of coal on the fire. "Perhaps you are not aware, Miss Beauvoir, that I have a large and expensive family of my own, and I couldn't think of undertaking any additional expenses."

Ninette listened apparently incredulous of her own senses.

"But what am I to do?" she asked.

"What do other girls do who are thrown on their own resources?" rather curtly demanded Mr. Trebleton, secretly wishing that the interview was over.

"I don't know," said Ninette, simply. "I am only an ignorant Southern girl. No one ever told me. I suppose, of course, that I could come and live with you!"

"Humph!" said Mr. Trebleton, 'They teach; they take in sewing; they go into stores, shops, factories; They strive for independence.'

'Cousin Trebleton,' said Ninette, with a quivering lip, 'if I could see your wife—your daughters—they are women like me; they—"

'I am very sorry,' said Mr. Trebleton, stonily, 'but they are out of town. There, there; don't cry. If there's anything I hate, it is to see a woman make a scene. Of course, you can stay here to-night. My housekeeper, Mrs. Berry, will take care of you. In the morning you will find yourself more able to look things in the face.'

Mrs. Berry, still, stiff and silent, conducted Ninette to an arctic cold bedroom at the top of the house, where the very candle seemed to shiver.

'What's the matter now?' said Mrs Berry. 'Why are you crying?"

'I am so hungry,' sobbed Ninette, in whose nature starvation had completely overcome the heroic element. 'I have nothing to eat since eight o'clock this morning.'

Mrs. Berry bit her lip impatiently.

'And the kitchen fire gone down,' said she, 'and not a drop of milk left! Well, I'll go down and see what I can find.'

But when she came back, poor little Ninette, who had crept into bed to get warm, was sound asleep. And the niggardly sandwich and slice of withered cake were too late.

Mr. Trebleton took Ninette to a genteel intelligence bureau the next day.

'This lady,' he said to her, indication a stout female in black-silk behind a tall desk, 'will procure decent lodgings for you, and put you in the way to employment. And, if I can be of any further service to you, pray let me know.'

And he had given her hand a fish-like pressure and was gone, before she fairly comprehended that this was his way of getting rid of her.

Poor Ninette! Poor little tropical child of the South, how infinitely lonely she felt at that moment.

But the stout female took up a pen, opened a big book and began to ask questions with bewildering brusqueness and rapidity, and Ninette soon caught the infection of her energy.

The rest of the week was like the shifting scenes which Ninette remembered to have seen a pantomine, years and years ago. She was hurried from place to place in the great, noisy bedlam of a city. Nobody wanted a nursery governess: the school lists were crowded to overflowing; from the stores Ninette shrank with trembling horror, after she had seen the smooth, nice, oily-faced superintendents of one or two.

'I can do nothing more for you,' said the stout female, at length, 'unless, indeed, they can give you employment at the Decoration Rooms. It won't cost anything for you to go and see!'

To the Rooms of Decorative Art Ninette accordingly went. The directress was engaged. She would see the young person presently. Let her be shown into the work-room.

A great, bright, well-ventilated apartment filled with busy workers, some at frames, some at tables, some standing before easels; and one pale, middle-aged woman was drawing a design for wall-paper on a huge sheet of coarse paper—daisies, corn-flowers, trailing vines, all tangled together.

'That is not right!' exclaimed Ninette, involuntarily, as she watched the slow, uncertain progress of the pencil. 'Let me show you how to bring that vine out?'

The woman stared, but Ninette had caught the pencil from her hand, and, with two or three bold strokes, altered the whole character of the design. From mediocre it became original; from stiffness, it took on a wild, woodland grace.

'How did you do that?' asked the stupid, middle aged woman in bewilderment.

'I don't know,' confessed Ninette, crimsoning. 'But don't you see—can't you comprehend? It *couldn't* be otherwise! It *must* come out so!"

A hand was laid lightly on her shoulder, and turning around, she found herself looking into the calm, amused eyes of the directress.

'You are right, my child,' said she, "it could not be otherwise. But it is not in a thousand who would know it. Come here I must talk with you!'

That half hour in the work room of the Decoration Society was the turning-point of Ninette Beavoir's life. She had found her niche in life's temple.

She could scarcely recon up within her own mind the number of years that has passed when she sat alone in the little private parlor of the Decoration Rooms in the soft dusk of a March evening, with the red gleam of the fire filling the room with dreamy softness. She had grown from an impulsive child into a tall, beautiful, self-poised woman, who presided over the ramifications of the great society with queenly dignity and well-balanced judgment. And Ninette was happy now in having discovered her true career.

The girl entered with lights. Miss Beauvoir glanced up.

"I shall not need the light, Gretchen,' she said. 'I am going home as soon as the carriage comes for me.'

'There is an old gentleman, Miss Beauvoir, to see you,' said the girl, apologetically. 'I told him it was past hours, but he said he had walked a long distance to see you, and seemed so old and feeble that I didn't like to refuse him. He has a portfolio under his arm."

'Where is he, Gretchen? In the reception-room?' interruption Miss Beauvoir. 'I will go to him.'

A tall, stooping old man, with scanty locks, threadbare clothes and gloves mended until they resembled a piece of mosaic, turned as she entered.

'Do I speak,' he asked, 'to the head of the establishment?'

Miss Beavoir inclined her head. In her dark silk dress and mantle edged with fur she looked even older, more dignified than her years.

'I am very poor,' he said. 'I have met with reverses in business and am quite dependent on the exertion of my daughters. They have been brought up ladies, and, consequently, are comparitavely helpless; but they have done a little needle-work, for which they would be glad to obtain a fair price, and—'

'Mr. Trebleton!' cried out Ninette, holding out both her hands.

He flushed deeply.

'That is my name,' he said, 'but I was not aware—'

'Have you forgotten me?' she interrupted. 'Little Ninette Beauvoir! Don't you remember that we are cousins? My circumstances are good," she added, coloring a little. 'I receive an excellent salary here and have money laid up. Do you think I can allow my father's cousin to want? I have a comfortable home; it shall be yours, and my cousin's also. My carriage is at the door now. Let us go together to your home.'

And Ninette, in her enthusiasm, overruled poor Mr. Trebleton's feeble objections.

"A comfortable house" she had called it, but to the poverty-stricken inhabitants of a tenent-house on Grand Street the little brown-stone dwelling seemed a palace, with its bright open fires, its sweetness of hot-house flowers, its moss-soft carpets, dark oiled board and walls tinted with softest of colors.

Mr. Trebleton sat feebly down in the big velvet arm-chair; his pale sickly daughters stood beside him—embarrassed, yet happy in their young cousin's warm Southern welcome.

"Do you mean," he faltered, "that we are to live here—always?"

"What else could I possibly mean?' said Ninette, kneeling to to arrange the coffee and fruit on the table at his side. "Are you not my cousins? Where should your home be but with me?"

Mr. Trebleton brushed something from his eyelashes.

"Ninette, said he, faintly, "I do not deserve this I—I didn't treat *you* so, when you came a solitary orphan to my house!"

"Let all that be forgotten," said Ninette, gently." "Remember, only, that you are welcome, more than welcome to my hearth and home!'

So Stephen Trebleton and his daughters stayed on, always, in the little brown stone house. And Ninette was happy, for she had it in her power to bestow happiness.

"Oh what use is money, if not to help others with?' said sweet Ninette. "And they are my cousins, too!

But Mr. Trebleton had not argued thus on that snowy December night when Ninette Beauvoir came, homeless and solitary, to him.

"Lord be merciful to me a sinner," he breathed. "But I never knew, until I saw it in the uncompromising light of the past, what a miserable selfish brute I was"

HENRY W. GRADY.

Anecdote of the Beloved Georgian Told by a Friend.

Henry Grady used to dictate much of his matter to me, as I was a short-hand writer, and at that time he did not sport a private Secretary,

One day he was dictating a little stuff of a well known man, and here is the way it came out:

"Major Blank will re enter his profession, in which—God forgive me for the lie!—he has made such reputation in the past."

One night Grady and two or three other fellows were standing on the street corner waiting for a car. I was eating dried figs.

"What's that you are eating?" he asked.

"Dried figs," I replied.

"Give me some," he said.

I handed him the figs and remarked:

"You had better get into the light. They are not the best.

"No," he said, as he put a fig into his mouth. "If I were to see 'em I wouldn't eat 'em."

Grady made it a rule of his life never to miss a circus, and used to carry all the small boys for whom he could possibly get tickets. One day he tried to get tickets for nearly every boy in the Sixth ward, and the showman at last, in desperation exclaimed:

"Tell Mr. Grady that we have sent him all the tickets we can spare for this performance, but we will give a show to-morrow night for his special benefit."

One day there was a circus in town and the elevator boy at the Constitution, as he was carrying Grady down, said:

"Mr. Grady, I want to go the show."

"Why don't you go, then?" asked the editor.

"Who'll run the elevator?" asked the boy.

"Stop it," said Grady.

The boy took him at his word, proceeded to the bottom, locked the elevators, and editors, reporters, printers, and everybody else climbed up and down six flights while the kid went to the show.

Grady loved to tease people—to slip in a little joke sidewise

Perhaps who used to visit the Chatauqua at Lithia Springs will appreciate the following:

The night of the opening of the second year's Chatauqua Mr. Grady walked into the beautiful grounds. It was like fairy land. The big light shone from Rose Mound. The thousands of little lights lined the walks. The stars twinkled overhead. Soft strains of music came to the ears. But the crowd—it wasn't there.

Grady walked on in silence till he came to Hon. Joseph S. James who had been one of the leading spirits in the enterprise. He looked at the scene about him; the beggarly rows of empty benches, and then said meditatively, and with mock solemnity:

"The same little Chautaugue; the same little crowd; same little band; the same little blue lights, and"—breaking into a ringing laugh—"the same little Joe James."

Before the New England dinner speech which made him famous Mr. Grady would never allow me to print his speeches. He made many very pretty ones, and I knew they would make "good reading," but he would always come to me and say:

"Don't print what I said. Simply say I spoke."

And so I would sorrowfully cast my shorthand notes away. After the New England speech he never made any objection to the publication of his speeches.

On the day the news came of the death of Hon. Jefferson Davis Mr. Grady was in the Gate City Guard armory, and asked if the boys were going to the funeral.

"Yes we leave tomorrow," said one of the boys, jokingly.

Grady went home. Walter Taylor remarked:

"I beleive if we go out and see Mr. Grady he will raise the money to send us to New Orleans."

The suggestion was acted on. Mr. Grady gave $50 and raised the rest. The company was at the train that afternoon as he was leaving for Boston and gave him three rousing cheers—the last Atlanta cheers that ever thrilled his noble soul, for when he came home the hand of death was resting upon him.

I did not beleive that Grady would die. I know he was very ill but it was impossible to think of him dying. On that sad Sunday morning, about 4 o'clock, I got out of bed and called up the Constitution office:

"How is Mr. Grady?" I asked. The 'phone worked badly, and I could hardly make myself understood.

I caught the reply:

"Mr. Grady is dead."

"Surely that cannot be true!" I exclaimed.

"I don't know what you say,' was the answer," but Henry Grady is dead."—*Josiah Carter in Atlantic Herald.*

The Editor's Ruse.

A subscriber to one of the Southern papers a few years ago, being sadly in arrears for the same, promised the editor that if his life was spared to a certain day he would without fail discharge his bill. The day passed, and the bill was not paid. The conclusion, therefore, was that the man was dead—absolutely defunct. Proceeding on this conclusion, the editor in his next issue placed the name of his delinquent under his obituary head, with the attendant circumstances of time and place. Pretty soon after this announcement the subject of it appeared to the editor, not with the pale ghastly appearance usually ascribed to apparitions, but with a face as red as scarlet; neither did it, like other apparitions, wait to be first spoken to, but broke silence.

"What the—, sir, do you mean by publishing my death?"

"Why, sir, the same that I mean by publishing the name of any other person, viz, to let the world know that you are dead."

"Well, but I'm not dead."

"Not dead? Then it is your own fault, for you told me you would postively pay your bill by such a day, if you live till that time. The day is past, the bill is not paid, and you postively must be dead, for I will not beleive you would forfeit your word; oh, no."

"I see you have got round me, Mr. Editor—but say no more about it; here is the money. And harkee, you wag, just contradict my death next week, will you?"

"Oh, certainly, sir—just to please you; though, upon my word, I can't help thinking you died at the time specified, and that you merely came back to pay this bill on account of your friendship to me."

Sir Walter's Fort Purchased.

The company of North Carolina gentlemen, a portion of whom are residing in Baltimore that was formed in the early part of the present year for the purpose of purchasing the site of Sir Walter Raleigh's fort on Roanoke Island and a good sized tract of the surrounding land have now a sound, fee-simple title to the foot and six acres of the surrounding land free of incumbrance. Maj. Graham Daves, of Newberne, concluded the purchase of his recent trip there, from which he returned Sunday. The company will now soon be incorporated and definite plans settled upon. It is desired to purchase 250 acres more of the contiguous land and a start in that direction has been made but to save this to the company a payment of seven or eight hundred dollar more must be made within the next six months.

The intention is to take the entire tract fix it up suitablp and preserve it is proper shape as a memorial of the first white settlement in America, the birthplace of the first white child and the place where first christain rite of Baptism was administered on this continent.

Some money of course will have to be expended in addition to the purchase money. The total amount that is wanted is $2,500. About one third of this has been raised. Contributions to the patriotic work will be gratefully received by the society from any one who feels an interest in perpetuating the memory of those early days

The Dove's Doings.

One of the voices that helped to make my June musical, and one more constantly heard than any other, was that of the

"Mourning dove who grieves and grieves,
And lost! lost! lost! still seems to say,
as the poet has it.

Now, while I dearly love the poets, and always long to enrich my plain prose with gems from their verse, it is sometimes a little embarrassing, because one is obliged to disagree with them. If they would only look a little into the ways of birds, and not assert, in language so musical that one can hardly resist it, that

"The birds come back to last year's nests,"

when rarely was self-respecting bird known to shirk the labor of building anew for every family; or sing, with Sill:

"He has lost his last year's love, I know,"

when he did not know any such thing; and add:

"A thrush forgets in a year,"

which I call libel on one of our most intelligent birds; or cry, with another singer:

"Oh, voiceless swallow,"

when not one of the whole defrauded of a voice, and [illegible] one is an exquisite singer: or another the nightingale of the superfluous idiocy of holding his (though they always say her) breast to a thorn as he sings, as if he were so foolish as to imitate some forms of human self-torture; if they would be a little more sure of their facts, what a comfort it would be to those who love poets and birds both!

No bird in our country is more persistently misrepresented by our sweet singers than the Carolina or wood dove—mourning dove, as he popularly called—and in this case they are not to be blamed, for prose writers, even natural history writers, are quite as bad.—*Oliver Thorne Miller, in December Godey's.*

Dusk.

Up from the underworld the shadows crowd
And ply with noiseless fingers at the loom
Whereon they weave the star-embroidered cloud
That screens the [illegible] of Day's new-builded [illegible]

—*Frank Dempster Sherman in Dec. Godey's.*

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