hich stand about Haworth vicarage, and it streamed through a window in.

There, by herself, in a lonely room-A lonely room which once held three— Sat a woman at work with a busy pen, Twas the woman all England praised just then; But what for its praise cared she?

Fame cannot dazzle or flattery charm One who goes lonely day by day On the lovely moors, where the plovers cry. And the sobbing wind as it burries by Has no comforting word to say.

So, famous and lonely and sad, she sat, And steadily wrote the morning through: Then, at stroke of twelve, laid her task aside And out to the kitchen swiftly hied. Now what was she going to do?

Why, Tabby, the servant, was "past her work," And her eyes had failed as her strength ran low And the toils, once easy, had one by one Become too hard, or were left half done By the aged hands and slow

So, every day, without saying a word, Her famous mistress laid down the pen. Respected the bread, or silently stole The potatoes away in their wooden bowl, And pared them all over again.

She did not say, as she might have done, "The less to the larger must give way, These things are little, while I am great; And the world will not always stand and wait For the words that I have to say."

No: the clever fingers that wrought so well, And the eyes that could pierce to the heart's

She lent to the humble tasks and small; Nor counted the time as lost at all, So Tabby were but content!

Ah. Genius burns like a blazing star. And Fame has a honeyed urn to fill; But the good deed done for love, not fame, Like the water cup in the Master's name. Is semething more precious still.

A SOUTHERN SKETCH.

In the good old days of slavery, when I was a boy, my father owned a This negro was called "Gran" for short (we had no surnames for negroes in those days). I called him "Uncle Gran," and be called me "Little Mars-

I wish I could describe old Gran to you as I knew him then, but I know I can't do him justice. His frame was large and ungainly, and he was the most unwieldly looking mass of humanity I ever saw. But in a puncheon floor dance, when the patters and singers started up the old plantation negro rhymes no negro could wing higher from the floor, nor last longer in the dance than old Gran, and when he had danced down all his partners, and the singers changed to Juba, Gran was always equal to the occasion, changed his step and branched out as if he had just begun.

In addition to all this, as Uncle Recould "blow a lonesome chune on de quilta"—his strength was equal to his size, and at log rolling in the new ground Gran was always at the butt

Gran's foot alone, if properly and minutely described, would fill a book. I will not attempt to say how large it was, but his track in the mud looked as much as if a pig had wallowed there as it did like the print of a hu-man foot. You could not tell by his track which way he was going, for there was as much of his foot behind his ankle as before it. He never had on a pair of socks until the day of his burial-seldom ever wore a pair of shoes, and when he did, he had the back of them mashed in and a couple of shoe rags stuck in them for socks.

I recollect on one occasion he had an order on a store near by for \$2 in trade, and when Gran, with his black skin showing through his ragged shirt, walked into the store and laid his order on the counter Mr. Crump said

Gran, what do you want for this

"Bacon, sah! Bacon, sah! Bacon, Mister Crump, to de very last cent."
"From the looks of that shirt of yours, Gran, you had better take part shirt and part bacon," said Crump.
"Dat's all 'zactly so, Mister Crump,"
said Gran, rubbing his hands over the

holes his shoulders were shining through. 'Dat's all 'zactly so, sah; but I tells yer what's de fact, Mister Crump, when I calls on dese shoulders for credit I always gits it, but when I axes dese bowels for credit dey always calls for de cash. I'll take all

But Gran's great forte was possum bunting, and he was a noted hunter. He had a dog named Ring, that was never known to open on any trail but that of a possum. Rabbits, coon, deer or any other "varmint" that prowled the woods could play along in front of Ring when he was on a hunt, but he did not even give them a passing sa-late. Next to himself Gran loved Ring, and he would often look fondly

Ring? I fotched dat dog up from a puppy, and I done trained him so no kind of varmint track have any 'fect on Ring 'cept 'tis 'possum. Nothin' never bodder Ring when he's huntin' 'ceptin' tis 'hants,' and when Ring and me is not in the swamps a huntin' and me is out in the swamps a huntin, and I gins to feel de hot puffs of a'r blowin in my face, and Ring he gins to whine roun and pear like he feared to go out and hunt, I knows right den dat 'hants' is walking 'bout, and dere's no use huntin'. So I jest shoulders my ax and puts back to de quarters." This was all Bible talk to me then,

for I believed every word of it, and I haven't exactly gotten over it, even to this day. Many a Saturday night, when the first frosts of winter had ripened the persimmon crop and the woods were full of fat 'possums, has old Gran come up to the "grit house," or "white folks' house," as the plantation negroes called our residence, and beginned me out

beckoned me out.

"Little marster," he would say, tooking up at the clear, starry heavens, "de wind sets jes right to-night and and de moon ain't gwine to rise till jes 'fore day. Best night in de world for 'possums, for dey always prowls in

hunt. Gran was always the autocrat of the occasion and the master of ceremonies, selected his own crowd and always picked four good axmen to assist in cutting down the tree. Each negro carried his only weapon, his ax. One carried a lighted torch and material for more and as we went down terial for more, and as we went down through the turn rows in the field to get to the swamps on the back of the plantation, Ring followed behind us, as unconcerned as if he intended to take no part in the hunt. But when he climbed the back fence on the back of the plantations and talk 'bout de craps and de news o' de neighborhood, and how dey sot dar and listen at old Mrs. Rabbit sing to her chil'en:

"De whippoorwill sing when de daylight gone,

Ring was gone in a moment and the hunt began, and whether Gran instinctively followed Ring, or Ring in-stinctively hunted before Gran, I could never tell, nor could he; but remained so until we got back to the clearing. But old Gran would hunt and ramble for hours and hours, and when the hunt was over and we started back he would strike a bee line for the "quarters," and was never known to miss his course. Every few from Granville county, N. C., where both he and my father were born.

minutes during the hunt, and until from Granville county, N. C., where both he and my father were born.

This minutes during the hunt, and until from Granville county, N. C., where born. occasional yelp, to which old Gran would respond: "Speak to me, Ring!" And in a voice you could hear for a mile and which rang out in the night as clear as a bugle note and echoed far and near through the tall trees and gloomy brakes of the dark woods.

The glare of our torchlight disturbed many a little bird which had nested for the night in some scrubby bush, and as it flitted away to find another hiding place it would give its chirrup of warning to its companions hard by. The solemn old owl from her perch in the tall tree top hooted at her neigh-bor across the lake:

I cooks for my folks,
Who cooks for you all?
Then would be heard the quack of a
startled duck aroused from its quiet repose on the silent waters of some bush hidden bayou, and occasionally a frightened deer would dash through the tangled thickets, nor stop to see who were the midnight prowlers upon his hidden lair. So the hunt con-tinued—Gran in the lead, barefooted and mashing down the vines and brush like a great bear, the rest of us follow-ing as best we could, until Ring struck a hot trail, and then his yelp changed

tinued—Gran in the lead, barefooted and mashing down the vines and brush like a great bear, the rest of us following as best we could, until Ring struck a hot trail, and then his yelp changed to flerce barks.

All then was excitement and we crowded to follow Ring's voice, but long before we could overtake him his prolonged howls far ahead of us told us the 'possum was treed. Ring's veracity was never questioned, for we knew nothing could deceive him but "hants." Our torch man flashed his light up the body of the tree, to see the way it would fall, that it should not fall across "de kerf in," and soon the measured strokes of the four axmer rang out in the still night. Ring squatted close by, just out of the reach of the axes, and an occasional whine told of his impatience, and so the work progressed until the loud crack gave the signal that the tree was giving away. The two choppers on the lower side then ceased their work and that its laxt struggle was over. No excitement so intense and as far beyond description was eyer experienced by man Ring took their stand side by side, both gazing upward at the long, naked branches until their gradual sway told that its laxt struggle was over. No excitement so intense and as far beyond description was eyer experienced by me as that produced by the loud crash and dull thud echoing through the woods when that monarch of the forest met its mother earth. Gran and Ring had both disappeared, both making for the tree top and both rushing to destruction, as it appeared to me, right under the falling branches, and why hoth of them were not crushed to death I could never tell. But they always came out unharmed and seldom with-out the 'possum. A large brush fire late the prossum. A large brush fire late the late to the prossum in the still right was de and been a rollin logs and cl'arin' up dat field, I was de water toter, and I chard a bucket o' water Unc. Gran is add l'arin' up dat field, in the mead on up do kiz' day, when de hands was a I was or law young owen in done kotched a of the axes, and an occasional whine told of his impatience, and so the work progressed until the loud crack gave the signal that the tree was giving away. The two choppers on the lower side then ceased their work and the two on the upper continued. Gran and Ring took their stand side by side, both gazing upward at the long, naked branches until their gradual sway told that its last struggle was over. No excitement so intense and as far beyond description was ever experienced by me as that produced by the loud grash and dull thud echoing through the woods when that monarch of the forest met its mother earth. Gran and Ring had both disappeared, both making for the tree top and both rushing to destruction, as it appeared to me, right under the falling branches, and why hoth of them were not crushed to death I could never tell. But they always came out unharmed and seldom without the 'possum. A large brush fire had been kindled in the meantime by the torch man, and we all dropped the torch man, and we all dropped down around it on the dry leaves to

Then began a genuine negro pow wow, the like of which has forever passed to the things that were. Free and unbridled before me, a boy, who had been raised among them, and and unbridled before me, a boy, who had been raised among them, and who, as they well knew, would take sides with them on all occasions, in every trouble. Overseers, track dogs, "patter rollers," poor white folks, always came in for their full share of abuse. Ghost stories of the most marvelous and startling nature were told alout sights seen and noises heard around the old gin house; how on dark, stormy nights, just at 12 o'clock, Bob King's ghost, an overseer who had been accidentally killed on the plantation long years before, would ride up to the gin house scaffold and call out the weight of the cotton scales, which sat on the edge of the scaffolds would balance up and down every time Bob King would call out a basket; how the out door compass press would then begin to go round, with its screeching noise, and then o'd Uncle Stephen, a negro who died about the same time Bob King did, would pop up on the scaffold, "pint" his finger at Bob King, and then all disappear.

Now you jest fetch me some vittles from old miss' table, and you come go 'long'r old Gran. Don't go to de kitchen for dat vittles, for dat nigger 'oman what's doin' dat cooking, aldo' house to wait on her, and how one she's been bo'n and missed on distance of the state of the s she's been bo'n and raised on dis plantation, and many's de bucket o' water she's toted on her head to de cotton choppers when old Gran was carryin' de lead row 'mong de hands, she's done got so quality 'case she's cookin' for de white folks she don't notice a plantation pigger and she grantation and many's dealer for the wat on her, and how one night jes' as the chickens crowed for midnight, de door flew wide open, and old Aunt Milly, she raised up in her bed and say: 'Dat you, Amos? Come in. You looks mighty cold, Amos. Is you hongry, Amos? You jes' look in 'dat by under little Milly's bed and plantation pigger and the grantation is a superficient of the chickens crowed for midnight, de door flew wide open, and old Aunt Milly, she raised up in her bed and say: 'Dat you, Amos? Come in 'day of the chickens crowed for midnight, de door flew wide open, and old Aunt Milly, she raised up in her bed and say: 'Dat you, Amos? Come in 'day of the chickens crowed for midnight, de door flew wide open, and old Aunt Milly, she raised up in her bed and say: 'Dat you, Amos? Come in 'day of the chickens crowed for midnight, de door flew wide open, and old Aunt Milly, she raised up in her bed and say: 'Dat you, Amos? Come in 'day of the chickens crowed for midnight, de door flew wide open, and old Aunt Milly, she raised up in her bed and say: 'Dat you, Amos? Come in 'day of the chickens crowed for midnight, de door flew wide open, and old Aunt Milly, she raised up in her bed and say: 'Dat you, Amos? Come in 'day of the chickens' control of the chickens crowed for midnight, de door flew wide open, and old Aunt Milly, she raised up in her bed and say: 'Dat you, Amos? Come in 'day of the chickens crowed for midnight, de door flew wide open, and old Aunt Milly, she raised up in her bed and say: 'Dat you, Amos? 'day of the chickens crowed for the chickens crowed for midnight in the chickens crowed for the chickens plantation nigger, and she gwine to give you scraps shore's you born if you go dar. I knows her 'case I done tried her."

Gran always got his supper, so did Dirac always got his supper always got his su Ring, and we were soon off on the and lit out dat window and run cl'ar

bit would meet in friendly intercourse

he climbed the back fence on the back side of the plantation and Gran gave his familiar war whoop:

"Whar you, Ring? Hark to 'em, puppy!"

Plantation and Gran gave be built but sall when de daylight gone, De built bat sall when de sun git low, And de wild goose fly when de norf wind blow, De 'possum eat supper in de dark o' de moon, And de raccoon dance by de builtrog's chune,

De squ'el clam high in de big oak tree, But old Mister Rabbit, he's de man for me." And then: "Br'er 'Possum and Br'er Coon would meet and talk about family matters and dey chil'ens, and they always kept in hearing distance of each other. No particular course was taken, no point aimed for. I was lost as soon as I got in the woods, and Blackbird would start a confab wid ole Mister Crow, and ax Mister Crow:

To which old Mister Crow would re-

"Eber since old Adam's bin bo'n, We bin scratchin' and pullin' up de corn." And so on, until it would take me all night if I told you all the old stories and negro melodies I heard in those bygone days.

recollect one night, after we had finished a famous hunt, had stretched ourselves about the fire, and all these old stories and melodies had been retold and resung, without seeming to have lost one particle of interest to any of us, and certainly not to me, a negro boy called "Loss," who happened to be with us, related the particulars of a story which became much formed. Loss by the way, was one of famed. Loss, by the way, was one of the best mimics I ever saw, and the grandest rascal. He raised up on his elbow and asked old Gran, who was lying on the other side of the fire, "if he 'membered 'bout dat 'possum he kotched dat time when de hands was

a-clearin' up de fork field?"
"Course I does," said old Gran.
"What make me gwine forgit dat 'pos-

"I'll tell you folkses how dat was," said Loss, "and I been a keepin' dat secret for de longest, 'case I was a feared o' Unc. Gran. You see, one

fast asleep.

"I went roun' 'mong de quarters till 'bout de time I thought dat 'possum was done, and den went back to Unc Gran's house to ax him gim me little taste, but when I got dar de ole man still fas' 'sleep. I step in de door and I say, 'Unc. Gran!' kinder low like. De ole man he didn't say nufin. Den I say 'Unc. Gran!' a little louder. But de ole man sno' away and nod backard and forrads and look like he gwine to tumble offen, dat stool chery minute. and forrads and look like he gwine to tumble offen dat stool ebery minute. Den I crep' in, and I tuck de fire stick and poke it frou de eye ob dat skillet lid and tuck it off. U-m-umph! folkses, 'fore God, it seem to me I can smell de fumes o' dat 'possum right now. It smell so good, I clar to gracious, I feard it wake Unc. Gran up. But de ole man he too fur gone; so I sot down on de ha'th and I eat dat 'possum 'senchly up. Den I put all de bones in de skillet and put de lid on 'zactly like I foun' it, and lef' Unc. Gran de graby. Den I tuck some o' de 'possum fat and rub it all ober Unc. Gran's fingers and roun' his mouf, and dodge outen de cabin jes in time to miss ole Aunt Sylvia comin' from de pra'r meetin' singin' dat same song 'bout Mars Jesus callin'.

"Time Aunt Sylvia struck dat door

"Time Aunt Sylvia struck dat door she say: 'You, Granville, what you doin' sittin on dat stool dis time o' would pop up on the scaffold, "pint" his finger at Bob King, and then all disappear.

How old Uncle Amos after he died kept coming back to old Aunt Milly's cabin, and Low old Aunt Milly, when she took sick, kept talking to old Uncle

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Low old Uncle Amos after he died kept coming back to old Aunt Milly when she was a complete to turn himself into a prophet of ill omen, predicted that if France continued republican she would be come a second America. May nothing worse befall her.—Max O'Rell.

de crosses and rastlin' wid Satan on your 'count, and been prayin' mighty hard to de Lord to knock at de door o' your heart for 'mission, but de Lord done tole me to-night you 'fused him so long dat he gwine to turn you ober to de hardness o' your heart and stiffness o' your neck—and woe unto you, Granville!'

Bout dat time de ole 'oman kotch de fumes o' dat 'possum, and she whirled roun', she did, and she say: "Granville, what you done wid dat 'possum you fotch home to-night?' 'Pear like I smell cook 'possum 'bout

dis cabin.' "Unc. Gran he pay no tention to what Aunt Sylvia say, and he raise his self offed dat stool, and he stretches his self, he did, and he mid:

"So he poked de fire stick frou de eye o' dat skillet lid, and he lif' it off easy like, to keep de ashes from drappin' in on de 'possum, and when he peep in dat skillet, I 'clar' to gracious Plattsmouth. he looked like he see'd a 'hant.' He looked and he looked, and den he rub his eyes and he look again, and he say to hisself: 'I wonder what 'come o' dat 'possum,' and he look roun' to old Aunt Sylvia, and den he look back in de skillet and he say

"I wonder if I did git up in my sleep and eat dat 'possum. 'Fore God I don't 'member nothin' 'bout it if I

"Bout dat time de ole man he smell his fingers and snull up his nose, and lick his tongue out roun' his mouf like oxen, whar I done put 'possum fat, and he say:

"'I shorely did eat dat 'possum.
Well, if I did git up in my sleep and abroad. eat dat 'possum, I jis' got dis to say, it sets lighter on my stomach and done me less good dan any 'possum I eber eat since I been bo'n.'"—Sidney Smith in Detroit Free Press.

Our Eccentricities.

America is the home of all forms of eccentricity and daring. Has not the vastness of the continent the Americans inhabit something to do with this? I think so. There is that boundlessness about the notions of an American which must be born of the vastness, the limitless possibilities of such a great territory. To the American, his own daring and eccentricity are the most natural things in the world, and this is what makes a great part of his | Medium for all purposes. charm. He talks of, or does, things that fairly take your breath away just as coolly as if they were matters of every day occurrence. Parisians remember to this day to ask for the loan of the Arc de Triomphe, which he was anxious to decorate in honor of the wedding and sum, when he was sperrited outen dat skillet, and I ain't neber got satisfied skillet, and I ain't neber got satisfied it "he replied: "Then I will buy arch was not to let. "Then I will buy it "he replied: "name your price." it," he replied; "name your price." An American would ask the queen of England to let him have Windsor castle for the shooting season, and if she refused a good price for it, he would probably have a very poor idea of her. The looking upon everything and everybody as being to be had at a price, is one of the chief forms of this daring of the American. It would be an ugly trait in his character if often it were not so preposterous as to be amusing, and if it were not backed by a perfect bonhomic.—Max O'Rell.

Tropleal Fruits.

The impression is no doubt general that the tropics are especially favorable to fruit culture. Travelers describe in glowing colors the appearance of orange trees bearing at one and the same time blossoms, green fruit and ripe. Such a condition of cases where the fruit is raised for home consumption, but it is a serious draw-

In the case of fruit which has to be gathered in clusters, like the grape, this habit of ripening indifferently at any time of year is a most inconven-

ient one.

It is said by observers that in Brazil and in tropical Africa grapes look well, but the bunches never ripen thoroughly. In fact, the same cluster will contain berries of every age, from the smallest green to the oldest purple. For the making of wine this makes necessary a sorting of the berries, which involves a great deal of labor and trouble, as well as a waste of fruit.

Again, in many parts of tropical America, the hot season is also the rainy season. The wet and heat together lead to rapid decay as the fruit approaches maturity.

Not a Bad Fate.

which morals are better regulated than which morals are better regulated than in America, work better paid or education wider spread? Is there a country in Europe where you can find such natural riches and such energy to employ them? So many people with a consciousness of their own intellectual and moral force? So many free schools, where the child of the millionaire and the child of the poor are seen studying side by side? So are seen studying side by side? So many free libraries, where the boy in regs may enter and read the history of his country and be fired with the exploits of its heroes? Can you name country with so many learned societics, so many newspapers, so many charitable institutions, or so much

A Word to the People.

The motto, "What is Home without a Mother," exists in many " I 'spek 'bout time dat 'possum was happy homes in this city, but the effect of what is home without the Local Newspaper is sadly realized in many of these "happy homes" in

THE HERALD

Is steadily finding its way into these homes, and it always comes to stay. It makes the family circle more cheerful and keeps its readers "up to the times" in all matters of importance at home and

During the Year 1889

Every available means will be used to make the columns of THE HERALD a perfect storehouse from which you can obtain all information, and will keep up its record as being the best Advertising

Parisians remember to this day the American millionaire—I was going to say billionaire—who, on the occasion of his daughter's wedding, wrote to the town council of Paris to ask for the loan of the American millionaire—I was going to say billionaire—who, on the occasion of his daughter's wedding, wrote to the loan of the American millionaire—I was going to say billionaire—who, on the occasion of his daughter's wedding, wrote to the town council of Paris

have the special use of during the day. This paper is within the reach of all, and will be delivered to any ad-

The Weekly Herald

Is the Best County Newspaper in old Cass, and this has been well proven to us by the many new names added to our list during 1888. Special merits for the Weekly, are all the county news, six things is convenient and desirable in columns of good Republican Editorial, News Accounts of all importback to exportation. A fixed season for harvesting is necessary if the aim of the culturist be supplying a foreign a choice piece of Vocal or Instrumental Music choice selections of a choice piece of Vocal or Instrumental Music, choice selections of Miscellaneous Reading Matter. Advertising in it brings profitable

Department

Is equal to any, and does work to the satisfaction of patrons the skin of the grape is said to become thick and leathery, and it acquires an unpleasant taste. We all aware how thick is the peel of the orange and lemon, and how abundant is the oil it contains to protect from decay the pulp within. —Youth's Companion.

Is equal to any, and does work to the satisfaction of patrons from all over the county, and receives orders by mail from a distance, which is the peel of the orange and lemon, and how abundant is the oil it contains to protect from decay the pulp within. —Youth's Companion.

We have facilities for doing all kinds of work, from the plain calling eard to colored work, books and blanks. work, from the plain calling card to colored work, books and blanks. Is there any country in Europe in Work neatly and promptly executed. Large stock kept on hand, Legal blanks for sale.

Knotis Bros.,