

I wandered at midnight in the graveyard; The smell of damp grass was in my nostrils; I heard my heart throb in the awful silence.

ELEANOR IN LOVE.

She held in her hand the letter. Should she send it? That moment was one of those wistfully critical epochs of existence upon which may swing, as upon a hinge, the door of destiny.

Thus she reasoned. So the days went by, and the letter and Jack went almost out of mind. Occasionally a remark or tone of voice, or a marked passage in some favorite book they had read, would recall him.

she had received a letter from Jack in Texas, purely friendly, but the closing paragraph of which was this, "May I expect an answer, and may I hope that you do regret, just a little, the ending of our summer idyl?"

The winter days wore on. From indifference to curiosity, from curiosity to pique, and now from pique to anxiety and fitful depression her feeling had passed.

As when she sought the kitchen to assist with old Aunt Eunice. One afternoon following the arrival of the daily stage she and the Kensel girls proposed walking up to the village post-office for letters.

SAVE MONEY AND BUY OF THE LEADING ONE-PRICE CLOTHIER PLATTSMOUTH. THE WASHINGTON CORNER OPERA HOUSE CORNER.

Time Table. GOING WEST. No. 1, 3:30 a. m. No. 2, 7:05 p. m.

R. PETERSEN THE LEADING GROCERS. HAVE THE MOST COMPLETE STOCK IN THE CITY.

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