THE ADVERTISER.

Subscription, $2.00 per Year, in Advance.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

THE NEAR.

O near ones, dear ones! you, in whose right hands
Our own rests calm; whose faithful hearts all day
Wide open wait till back from distant lands
Thought, the tired traveler, wends his homeward way;

Helpmates and heartmates, gladdeners of gone years,
Tender companions of our serious days,
Who color with your kisses, smiles and tears
Life's warm web woven over wonted ways.

Young children and old neighbors and old friends,
Old ser vants—you, whose smiling circle small
Grows slowly smaller till at last it ends
Where in one grave is room enough for all.

O shut the world out from the heart you cheer!
Though small the circle of your smiles may be,
The world is distant and your smiles are near,
This makes you more than all the world to me.

—*Owen Meredith.*

[From Chambers' Journal.]

THE CHEADLEWOODS' MONEY.

[CONTINUED.]

Here the gentleman interposed with an explanation. He spoke English well, though with a foreign accent. "This lady is the niece of the Messrs. Cheadlewood," he said, "and the only child of my late friend, Mr. Silas Cheadlewood, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making during a brief residence in New York. It was her father's wish that upon his decease Miss Cheadlewood should at once seek the protection of her uncles, and as I was about starting for England at the time of her great loss, I was only too happy to escort the young lady to this country. Now you understand our appearance here."

Robert bowed, and tried to look satisfied with this explanation; but he felt in an awkward position. He brought forward chairs, and invited the unexpected visitors to sit down and await Messrs. Cheadlewoods' return. Then he went back to his desk, and made an effort to resume his work. But this was difficult with such distracting influences about him. Again and again his eye wandered from his task to rest upon the girl who sat within a few yards of him, talking in a quick, low tone to her strange-looking companion. She appeared very young, scarcely eighteen one would have judged her, though in reality she was older. She was dressed in mourning; but to increase her comfort whilst traveling had thrown over her black garments a large shawl of Rob Roy tartan, whose bright color well became her saucy style of beauty. She had a small round face, with dimpled chin, and rosy, wilful mouth. Her forehead was half hidden by the thick curling dark locks which fell over it; whilst, escaping from beneath her bonnet, long ringlets clustered in profusion at the back of her beautifully rounded throat. Her eyes were of the darkest, deepest blue, fringed with long black lashes and shadowed by delicately penciled eyebrows.

Such charms could not fail to attract the eye, and Robert Ware might well be pardoned if for once his diligence was scarcely proof against the temptation which assailed it. He observed with some suspicion Miss Cheadlewood's companion. Although he had the air of a gentleman, he was but shabbily dressed, and he had an uneasy, furtive look in his eyes, which Robert did not approve. He wondered if he sustained any relationship to Miss Cheadlewood beyond that of mere friendship. He was far older than she; in all probability his age verged upon forty. Yet there was something lover-like in the devotion with which he hung over the young lady, and listened to every word she uttered; and she also appeared to entertain for him a warm regard. As he conceived this idea, the strong aversion to foreigners said to be characteristic of our insular nation made itself powerfully felt in Robert Ware's breast.

It was a relief to him when the foreigner rose, and, intimating that a business engagement prevented his further stay, bade his protege an impressive adieu, promising to call again in a few days to inquire for her welfare, and make the acquaintance of her uncles. The young lady seemed reluctant to part from him. She accompanied him to the door, and lingered there to say a few parting words. Through the window Robert could see them as they stood together on the step, and thus gazing he saw the stranger lift the girl's hand to his lips as he took his departure.

Tears were shining in Miss Cheadlewood's eyes as she came back into the room. "That is the best friend I have in the world," she said, abruptly, as if to explain her emotion; "he is Count Grimaldi."

"Indeed, Miss; a Count?"

"Yes, that is his title, for he is of a noble Italian family, although he is now poor and unknown. He has lost all his property and has been very unfortunate."

"Have you known him long?" asked Robert, with a lawyer's caution.

The girl's face flushed. "Only since a few weeks before my father's death," she replied, in a low, tremulous voice; "we were lodging in the same house. My father was poor, too," she added. (Robert soon learned that reticence was not a distinguishing trait in Miss Cheadlewood's character.) "He earned money by copying for the lawyers. I used to help him. I can copy deeds as well as any one. I have turned out many such documents as that you have before you." And advancing to Robert's side, she placed her finger on the parchment which lay on his desk.

"Indeed!" said Robert, in surprise; "I did not know that women ever did such work as this."

"I don't suppose many do," she replied; "but father taught me. He said I might be glad to earn my living by copying some day."

"And the Count? how did he support himself?" asked Robert.

"I do not know," answered the girl, simply; "I never saw him do any work. I don't suppose such a gentleman could work. He was often away for several days at a time; but he never told us where he went, nor what he did." She sat down again as she said this, and looked about her with a weary look. "O dear, I wish those uncles of mine would come, for I am so tired. We only landed this morning, after a dreadfully trying voyage."

"Perhaps you would be more comfortable in the next room," said Robert, doening the door of the small back-parlor.

Miss Cheadlewood peeped into the room, but did not seem inclined to enter. There was no fire in the grate, and the old straight-backed arm-chair which stood by the gloomy hearth was not inviting. She drew back. "No; thank you. I would rather stay here with you if you have no objection. Shall I disturb you by remaining?"

Robert politely assured her to the contrary, and again offered her a seat.

"Are they very rich?" she asked, presently.

"Whom do you mean?" inquired Robert.

"Why, my uncles, of course." This was said with some touch of impatience in her tone.

"I cannot say," answered the young man, discreetly. "You must know, Miss Cheadlewood, that I am only your uncles' clerk, and though they give me their confidence in matters of business, they do not see fit to acquaint me, nor do I wish to be acquainted, with their private affairs."

"But you must know," she returned, in the same tone; "you cannot help knowing whether they are rich or not. My father used to say he was sure they were making money as fast as they could. I have no doubt they are immensely rich. Well, if it is so, I shall always think they were horribly mean to allow my father to struggle on in poverty till his health broke down." Here the voice grew tremulous, the rosy lips quivered, and Robert feared that an outburst of weeping would follow. His heart was full of compassion for the pretty young creature before him. What effect her tears might have had upon him it is impossible to say, for just at this moment the outer door opened, and as the step of Mr. Jonathan was heard in the passage, the girl regained her self-possession with marvelous quickness, and stood up prepared to meet him.

Jonathan assumed an air of business-like expectancy at the sight of the young lady. It did not occur to him that this was the niece whose proposed arrival had so disconcerted him. He imagined that the lady had come on business, and with a polite but ungraceful bow, and an assumption of his most oily manner, he awaited her speech.

"You are my uncle, I suppose?" she said, as her quick eyes scanned him, taking in every detail of his unlovely appearance. "I hope you had my letter to prepare you for my coming."

"Ah!" he ejaculated, with a rapid change of manner, the smile disappearing from his face in a twinkling, and a hard, sharp look taking its place. "So you are my niece, are you? Yes; we had your letter, but not till last night; and I've just been to the docks to inquire for your vessel. How is it that I missed you, I wonder?"

"We landed at Gravesend," explained the young lady; "we thought it would save time."

"We?" he repeated. "Are you not alone?"

"Yes; but a friend who traveled with me kindly brought me to this house."

"Indeed; what was her name?"

Miss Cheadlewood looked annoyed by this question. Her cheek flushed, but she held up her head proudly and answered: "It was a gentleman. His name is Grimaldi."

"Grimaldi? A foreigner, I suppose!" said Jonathan, snappishly, in a tone intended to convey his contempt for all foreigners.

"Yes; he is a foreigner," she returned.

At this moment Barnabas Cheadlewood made his appearance. His greeting to his niece was more cordial than his brother's had been. He did his best to infuse a little affection into his manner, but the fount of human kindness within his breast had sunk so low that it was hard to force any to the surface, and in spite of his efforts, his coldness chilled her.

"I am afraid you are not glad to see me, uncle," she said; "is it very inconvenient for you to receive me?"

"O no; we are pleased to see you," said Barnabas, in his slow, deliberate manner. "We naturally feel an interest in you for the sake of your poor dear father, whose life has been cut off so sadly. It was a great grief to me to learn of my brother's untimely death." No undertaker could have looked more solemn than did Mr. Barnabas Cheadlewood at this moment, as he raised his eyes to the ceiling, and mournfully shook his head. It is to be hoped he believed in the genuineness of the grief he professed.

"We shall be happy for you to remain with us for a few days," put in Jonathan, anxious to correct any impression of unstinted hospitality, which his brother's words might have conveyed; "till you can look about you, you know, and decide on your plans for the future. What is your name, by-the-by?"

"Mopsy," replied his niece—"Margery, I mean," hastily correcting herself. "Father always called me Mopsy." She was near breaking down as she uttered her pet-name; but she bit her lip desperately, and by force of will drove back the tide of emotion.

It now occurred to Barnabas Cheadlewood that his niece might be glad to remove her wraps, and summoning Mrs. Rasper, he desired her to take the young lady to the room which had been hastily prepared for her. And as Mopsy followed the sour-faced old woman up the dark rickety staircase, she felt that a very few days in that dreary house would be more than bearable.

"What do you think of the girl?" Barnabas asked his brother, a few minutes later, in the privacy of the back-room.

"Oh, it's easy to see what the girl is," groaned out Jonathan, "vain and frivolous, and extravagant; women who look like that always are. I foresee that she will give us a good deal of trouble." By which it will be seen that Jonathan Cheadlewood did not believe it possible for beauty and discretion to go hand in hand.

The vision of his employers' lovely niece lingered in Robert Ware's mind that night. It puzzled him to think that so fair a being was akin to the Cheadlewoods. How wretched a home for her seemed that gloomy old house. What prospect of happiness could there be for one so young, in the society of those two narrow-minded old men, whose hearts were as dry and unfeeling as the yellow parchments over which they loved to pore? Then he remembered that Mr. Jonathan had hinted that his niece was only welcome to remain with them for a few days. For a few days; and what then? Would they have the heartlessness to send that lovely young girl to earn her own living, and win her way in the world as best she might, when they could so well afford to provide for her? A flood of hot indignation against Mr. Jonathan surged over Robert's mind at this thought. He had long cherished a secret contempt for the man; now he positively detested him.

The lawyer's clerk was not a romantic young man. Hitherto his one aim in life had been to improve and develop his own powers, and to pave the way for future success; and although he was five and-twenty years of age no flame of love had as yet been kindled in the heart of Robert Ware. All the more probable was it that the fire, once lighted, would burn with strong and steady heat. It is often upon such natures, outwardly so cold and constrained, that the passion the most suddenly fastens. Robert would never have admitted that he was one to experience "love at first sight;" and yet, the "stound" had come; for the fascination which Miss Cheadlewood's presence had exerted upon him, and the attraction which now made it impossible for him to banish her from his thoughts, was the awakening of a love which was destined to grow stronger and stronger till the happiness of his life was involved in its satisfaction.

In spite of the desire to be rid of her, which her uncle Jonathan had evinced, and her own shrinking from the dreary aspect of her uncles' home, Margery stayed on in the old house. Mr. Barnabas quickly discovered his niece's skill as a copyist, and did not scruple to make use of it. He represented to his brother that as the girl had been ill-educated, and was unfit for a governess, and there seemed no other means by which she might earn her living, it would be well to retain her in the house as a copying clerk, giving her a home in lieu of salary. The parsimonious Jonathan saw that the girl's services, procured at so economical a rate, would be of great value, and agreed to the arrangement. Mopsy having no choice but to accede to their plan, it was no happy life she now led, and Robert Ware often wondered that she could endure it. But from her earliest days Mopsy had been used to "rough it," and had thus learned a knack of adapting herself to circumstances, and making the best of things, however dark they might look. She toiled without a murmur at the wearisome work her uncles gave her; and they were no gentle task-masters.

It never entered their heads that the girl needed fresh air, and a little recreation now and then. Nor did she remind them of the fact, but watched her opportunity, and when they were away, would sometimes slip out of the house and take a walk by herself. It was often necessary to work late at night, or rise early in the morning, to make up for the time thus lost. The copying she undertook naturally brought her into close connection with Robert Ware. Sometimes they worked together in the office, and between whiles there would be an opportunity for a few minutes' friendly chat. Mopsy was never a whit more reserved than she had been on the day of their first acquaintance. She looked upon Robert as a friend, and talked to him freely of all that was in her mind. How tenderly he prized her childlike confidences, and how hard he found it to maintain the calm, cool, elderly manner which he deemed befitting his position, need not be told. The girl seemed so free and glad in his presence. It was as if a weight were lifted from her spirits when her uncles went out and left her alone with Robert. Then the fun and frolic belonging to her nature leaped forth, and Robert had hard work to keep his gravity as he listened to her witty remarks or watched her mischievous pranks. He was of course aware of the stolen walks in which she indulged in the absence of her guardians. A word from him would have kept her at home; but he, whom his fair companion had made her confidant, could not refuse her this indulgence when she pleaded for it. He disliked the idea of her walking alone in the London streets, where her appearance was almost certain to attract attention; but as she carefully attended to his directions, and never went far from the house, he soon ceased to feel anxious during her absence.

Barnabas Cheadlewood observed the intimacy which was springing up between these two, and, strange to say, he approved of it. His cunning mind was devising a matrimonial scheme. Not, as we know, that he was one to smile upon early marriages, or to sympathize with young love. But ever since the day when Margery's letter had arrived just as he was considering the duty of making a last will and testament, he had entertained the idea that his niece must be his heiress. Perhaps some compunction for the severity with which he had treated her father urged him thus to make amends to Margery. Yet the thought of his property passing into the hands of one so young and thoughtless was unsatisfactory, till the notion occurred to him that he might leave his money to Robert Ware on condition that he should marry Margery Cheadlewood. Barnabas had a high opinion of the young man's business ability and prudence of character. He believed him to be of a thrifty and cautious turn of mind. Painful as it was to think of relinquishing his precious gains at the call of Death, there was comfort in imagining them in the hands of one who would know how to husband his resources and to add to them by wise investment. The more Barnabas deliberated upon the idea—an idea, however, which he did not confide to his brother—the better he liked it; the only difficulty to a man of his avaricious and world-loving nature being to rise to the occasion and act upon it.

CHAPTER III.

One evening about this time Mopsy was sitting in her own room up-stairs busily engaged in finishing some copying, which should have been done earlier in the day. It was close upon midnight, and the girl's eyes ached sorely as she strained them to write by the light of the solitary tallow-candle. She was feeling worn out, but she kept at her work with desperate energy. Presently, to her vexation she discovered that a paper necessary to the completion of her work was missing. She must have left it down-stairs in the back-room, where she had been writing earlier in the evening. For a moment she was at a loss what to do, but summoning up her courage she resolved to go in search of it. It was not pleasant to think of going down into those dreary rooms after every one in the house had retired to rest, but the work was important, and it would be far more unpleasant to encounter her uncle Jonathan's angry looks if he found her task unfinished. So, candle in hand, and treading as lightly as possible, she proceeded down the dark, rickety staircase. Having reached the gloomy hall, the unwonted presence of a human being at that time of night caused unbounded consternation to a company of black-beetles who were holding a social meeting. The sight of this "black-watch" filled the girl with horror, and she retreated a few steps up the staircase, and was about to give up the undertaking, when she perceived a light coming from beneath the door of the back-room. Who could be there at this late hour? Her uncles were believers in the early to bed and early to rise theory, and were usually most regular in their habits. Curiosity getting the better of fear, Mopsy moved nearer to the door. She now saw that it was ajar, and with a cautious movement she pushed it a trifle wider open, and peeped into the room. To her surprise she beheld her Uncle Barnabas standing within. He, like herself, had evidently descended for some purpose after he had retired to his room, for he wore a loose, greasy-looking dressing-gown, and carried a bedroom-candlestick in his hand. Afraid though she was of attracting his attention, Margery could not draw back. Her uncle's appearance was so mysterious, that she felt constrained to stand and watch his movements.

Placing his candle on the mantel-shelf, he turned to the side of the fireplace, and apparently touching some hidden spring there, caused the wooden panel to slide back, disclosing a smal iron safe neatly fitted into the side of the wall. Taking a bunch of keys from the pocket of his dressing-gown, he proceeded to open this safe. With a hard, rasping sound, the lock flew back. A heavy, substantial-looking cash-box stood just within the door. Drawing this forth, he sat down in his chair, and placing the box on his knees, he unlocked it, and began to examine its contents. There was money in the box; how much Mopsy could not tell, but she heard the yellow coins chink as her uncle turned them over in his tremulous fingers. There were crisp bank-notes, too, in the box; she heard the peculiar rustle of the paper as he took up roll after roll, gazing at them, with the covetous joy of a miser irradiating his features.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—Bookkeeper Keese, of the National Bank of Virginia, on being rallied by the President about a big patch on his trousers, remarked that he could dress better if his salary was larger. This would have led to an increase had it not been discovered that the fellow was an embezzler to the amount of $20,000.

Boerland Beauties.

Such even of the belles as have had their manners polished and their minds enlarged by travel in Natal and a visit to the "city" (namely, Maritzburg) seem to fling aside the embarrassing trappings of civilization when they return to the parental roof. Not that I would be understood to hint that the Boer maidens could be guilty of such an impropriety in its most literal sense; far from it. Beneath the orange trees and blue-gums of the paternal residence the lovely ladies continue to bloom in all the brilliant hues of the most glaring red and yellow cotton dresses which Manchester can produce. By the side of a bevy of young Boeresses a tulip-bed is dingy indeed, and even red and yellow poppies would have enough to do to hold their own against the masses of color with which these coy damsels love to decorate themselves. None of your neutral tints or paltry touches of color here and there for your genuine Dutch Boeress; nothing but the brightest scarlet or orange will serve her turn, and a good solid mass of it, too. A fine stout calico dress of a strong pink or blue, with a bonnet in the complementary hues of green and orange, form one of those neat and harmonious toilettes which make a party of Boer girls a vision of startling splendor to the sober Britisher.

This style of dress has the advantage, moreover, of enabling the wearer to be visible almost as far as the flash of the heliograph, until she is actually—if one may use the expression—hull down on the horizon. It is fortunate for these ladies that, considering the not very chastened character of their taste in dress, nature has endowed them with a brilliancy and purity of complexion which not even the forcible coloring of their raiment can avail to kill. The pure red and white of their round cheeks, and dazzling fairness of their throats, surpass even the famed complexions of England, and are only retained by the strictest care on the part of their buxom owners. The thickest of veils and the most nun-like of forehead and chin-bands are worn whenever there is the slightest chance of exposure to the outer air; and as for the sun, he is never allowed to imprint even the most fugitive kiss on the blooming cheeks of the belles of Boerland. On the occasions of the periodical visits to the towns to attend the "Nacht-mahl," or Sacrament of their church, the groups of veiled beauties peering from the wagons give the Boer the aspect of a Turk traveling with his harem. Nor, by all accounts, was the engaging naivete of these houris calculated to inspire ought save terror to the British breast.—*All the Year Round.*

Wouldn't Duplicate Garfield's Experience.

"I want a suit of clothes," said a pleasant young man entering a tailor shop and addressing the proprietor.

"Well, sir, we shall be glad to serve you."

"It may not be necessary to add," continued the young man, "that I haven't any money."

"Not necessary, sir; nor is it necessary to add that you cannot get the clothes."

"My friend, I wish to relate to you a little circumstance. Once when President Garfield was a young man, just at my age, a tailor trusted him for a suit of clothes. 'I don't know you, sir,' said the tailor, when young Garfield made the wardrobial proposition.

"'You have no advantage of me,' said Garfield, 'I don't know you.'

"'But I never saw you before,' said the tailor.

"'No advantage,' reiterated Garfield, 'I never saw you before.'

"'Hanged if I don't trust you,' said the tailor. And now look at him today. Garfield is President, while the tailor is rich and has been offered any office within the gift of the Government. Now, note the chain of coincidences. Garfield was poor; so am I. He was just my age; so am I. He did not know the tailor, and the tailor did not know him; I do not know you, and you do not know me. The tailor had never seen him before, and he had never seen the tailor before. You never saw me before, and I never saw you before. Now, sir, there is just the prettiest chain of golden-linked coincidences I ever saw. I would go to some other tailor, but they know me ——"

"Very likely," said the tailor.

"Well, sir, I say that I would go to some other tailor, but all the other tailors in Cleveland know me, and this breaks the chain."

"Let me relate a coincidence," said the tailor. "Once a young man tried to beat a tailor and failed. Then another young man tried to beat a tailor and failed. You are either or both of these young men."

"I am refused, am I?

"Rather!"

"All right sir, have it your own way. I am not particular, only wanted to help you along. Come out and I'll take a drink with you. No? Well then, good day. I see that you are crazy and I shall take steps towards sending you to an asylum."—*Cleveland Herald.*

A Curious Physiological Averment.

Teachers in the great valleys say that the vocal structure of young California is incapable of successful musical development, and some who have taught for ten years say they have never yet found a native Californian with a fine voice. We have teachers in San Francisco, also, who hold the same theory. By all these it is claimed that California produces flat chests and extremely small necks, from which nothing in the way of a loud noise can be expected.—*San Francisco Post.*