

THE ADVERTISER.

Subscription, \$2.00 per Year, in Advance.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

THE SINGING BIRD.

"Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet," the swallow sung
From the nest he built high;
And the robin's captured echo rung
From the leafy perch close by.
"Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet," rang the joyful
tune,
"Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet is the world in
June."
"Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet," the maiden said,
As she tucked her hair with slowest;
From bed and blossom the echo sped
Through the long and blissful hours.
"Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet," rang the joyful
tune,
"Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet is the world in
June."
"Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet," the swallow sung
On the summer's dying night;
And "Sweet, sweet, sweet," the echo rung,
As the robin plumed for flight;
"Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet," when first begun,
And sweet, sweet, sweet, when her life is
done.

But the maiden never a word she said,
As she tossed her head of woe;
The bird that sang in her heart was dead,
With the summer of long ago;
The sweet, sweet, sweet of the bloom and bird
As idle mocking her dull ear heard.
"Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet is the whole glad
earth,
When the summer days are here—
And sweet, sweet, sweet is the time of death,
Though the autumn days are dear—
If only deep in the heart is heard
The gladness song of the "singing bird."

[From Chambers' Journal.]

THE CHEADLEWOODS' MONEY.

[CONTINUED.]

But miser though he was, Mr. Cheadlewood was not guilty of the folly of keeping his gold at hand, that he might have the joy of fingering it. Margery knew how it was that he chanced to have so much in the house this night. She had heard him complain to his brother that a client had paid a long-standing account too late in the day for the money to be taken to the bank. She recalled the peculiar chuckle with which Mr. Jonathan had prefaced his remark, that it was well to get the money at any hour, and it would be as safe in the house as at the bank, since it need be a clever thief who could discover where they kept their cash-box. Mopsy now saw the point of that last observation, and she laughed to herself to think how angry her uncles would be, if they knew that she had discovered their secret hiding-place.

Our heroine felt a sort of contemptuous pity for her poor old uncle as she looked at him now. She had already suspected his miserly propensities; now she saw plainly that he was indeed one who loved money for money's own sake, and to whom the hard, dead coin, which represented wealth, was dearer than the love of any human being. She watched till she saw him close the cash-box and replace it in the safe; then, as he made a movement towards the door, she slipped back quickly, and with rapid yet noiseless steps, made her way to her own room, from which she did not again dare to descend.

The following day was a general holiday. Mopsy would not have known the fact, however—for the work of the office went on as usual—if she had not heard her Uncle Barnabas regret that, as all the banks were closed, the money he had received must needs remain in the house for another day.

In the course of the day Mopsy had a visit from her friend Count Grimaldi. She had been expecting him for many weeks, until at last she had ceased to hope that he would come and see her as he had promised. Again and again she had harrowed Robert's feelings by her frank avowal of her longing to see the Count, and her disappointment at his non-appearance. Robert consoled her as best he could, whilst conscious of an ardent wish that the foreigner might keep away altogether. It cost him no slight pang, therefore, that day, as he and Mopsy sat together in the office, to hear her cry of delight as she recognized the Count at the door and darted forward to welcome that distinguished individual.

Perhaps Margery guessed that Robert was incapable of appreciating the Count's peculiar talents, for she did not introduce her friend to his presence; but taking advantage of her uncles' absence, she led the gentleman into the back room, with many assurances of her pleasure at seeing him, and questions as to what he had been doing in the interval since they parted. The Count's answers to her questions were not ready, but he was all courtesy and devotion, and Mopsy felt flattered by his charming manner. His assumption of regret on learning that both the Messrs. Cheadlewood happened to be out did credit to his powers of dissimulation, considering that he had been sauntering about the neighborhood of the house for more than an hour, and had not dared to enter till he had watched Margery's uncles safe off the premises.

Having skillfully evaded the girl's more pointed questions, the gentleman at last condescended to give some account of himself. It was a mournful but vague tale of disappointed hopes and unrecognized merit. He had been induced to come to England on the promise of a person of influence to procure him a post under Government. This individual, although under deep obligations to Grimaldi, had nevertheless ignored his promise, and treated his benefactor with the utmost ingratitude and injustice. Not content with refusing him the promised assistance, he had striven to cast discredit upon the Count's character, and thus render it impossible for him to gain a position such as he was qualified to fill. Indeed, so well had his malice succeeded,

ed, that ever since the Count's arrival in England the latter had vainly attempted to obtain employment, till now his money was all gone, and he was absolutely penniless, unable to procure himself either a meal or a night's lodging.

The Count's manner of narrating his misfortunes was pathetic in the extreme, and Mopsy was deeply touched by it. It pained her sympathetic heart to think of one who had been intimately connected with herself and her father—one whom she revered as of noble birth—being reduced to such straits. Moreover, the Count's appearance made a powerful appeal to her pity. Never before had she beheld him so shabby and miserable. Any one glancing at him now, would scarcely take him for a gentleman, much less a nobleman.

"Oh, I am so sorry, so very sorry for you," exclaimed the girl, in a burst of sympathy; "what can I do? Is there no way in which I can help you?"

The nobleman was profuse in apologies. He would not have dared to tell her of his troubles if he had imagined she would take them thus to heart. And yet it made him infinitely happy to know that she felt for him. No; there was nothing she could do for him, unless—well, if she very much desired to serve him, there was a small matter, a very trivial thing, indeed.

"Pray, tell me," urged Mopsy, as he hesitated to name the slight favor.

Well, he was really ashamed to name such a thing; but if Miss Cheadlewood would be so kind as to oblige him with the loan of a few shillings, just to help him over the next day or two, till a friend who would not fail to find him employment should arrive in London, he should feel exceedingly indebted to her.

Mopsy's cheeks crimsoned at his words. "A few shillings!" He might have said a few pence, and it would be equally impossible for her to help him.

"Oh, I am so grieved," she cried, in a tone of the utmost distress; "I would give you all my money if I had any, but I have none, absolutely none. My uncles do not give me a penny."

The Count's face changed. He had not calculated on this; but he made an effort to hide his disappointment.

"It is nothing," he said, lightly; pray do not let my difficulties trouble you. I thought that as a friend you might lend me the money rather than that I should have recourse to other means; but it will make little difference to me. For your own sake, my dear Miss Margery, I am vexed to hear what you say. How can your uncles treat you so? They are rich, are they not?"

"Oh, very," exclaimed Mopsy; "but they are very mean. Do you know, Uncle Barnabas is really an old miser. Fancy! I saw him last night in this room sitting counting his money, when he supposed every one else was in bed."

"Indeed," said the Count, whose countenance suddenly betrayed a look of deep interest. "Do you mean to say that he keeps his money in the house?"

"Not much of it, as a rule," replied Mopsy; "but this was some which came in yesterday afternoon, too late to be sent to the bank. Stay; I will show you where it is. You would never guess the place." And with a quick movement she touched the tiny knob, which her sharp eyes had discerned beside the mantel-shelf, and suddenly the panel glided back and revealed the iron safe within.

"Dear me, how curious, how very ingenious," exclaimed her friend, leaning forward with eagerness to examine the safe. It was wonderful how it interested him. He went quite close to it, and felt the safe all over, examined the lock, and made as careful a survey of the whole concern as if he contemplated making a similar one. The safe was an old one, and by no means so secure as the Cheadlewoods believed, unless they imagined its safety to depend upon the ingenuity with which it was hidden from sight, rather than upon the strength of the lock.

Mopsy, half-frightened at what she had done, was anxious to close the panel again as quickly as possible; but the Count would not allow her to do so till he had examined the safe as fully as he desired. "A very clever contrivance," he said. "I suppose your uncle keeps his ready money here. He must be a very rich man."

"Yes, I believe so," said the girl, as she hastily pushed back the panel.

"And you will be a rich woman, Miss Margery, when you inherit his fortune; for of course he must mean to make you his heiress."

"Me," stammered Mopsy, flushing with surprise at an idea which had never before occurred to her—"me; do you mean it—do you think uncle will leave me his money?"

"Why, surely; to whom else can he leave it? He has no child, nor nephew. The wealth of both your uncles must come to you in time. Ah! you will, indeed, be a rich woman. You will scorn the poor Count, then; you will spurn his friendship."

"Never!" cried the girl, impetuously; coming forward and giving the Count her hand. "You, who were my friend when I was poor and lonely, shall always be my friend; and if ever I am rich, as you think I shall be, though I can scarcely believe it, I shall want to give you some of my money."

"Ah!" ejaculated the Count, drawing her nearer to him, "you make me too happy." And then he bent his head and murmured some words, which made the girl's cheeks flush crimson. Her thoughts had at that instant been planning an innocent scheme for the temporary relief of her unfortunate friend; and making the Count's embarrassing words (whatever they were) a pretext for quitting his presence for a

few moments, she hurriedly left the room.

It was some minutes ere Mopsy returned, and just as she was about to enter the room, she fancied she heard the peculiar click of the spring in the wooden panel which hid the safe; but when she opened the door all was as she left it, and Grimaldi stood with his back to the mantel-shelf, and his arms folded before him.

"I am so sorry that I cannot lend you the money you need," said Miss Cheadlewood, in a faltering tone; "but I have brought you my dear father's watch. I should not like to part with it altogether, but I thought you might meanwhile be able to get for it some money. When you are better off, as you surely will be before long, you can return the watch to me."

"You are too kind to me, my dear Margery," exclaimed the Count, with feeling; "but I really do not like to take this from you."

"Oh, do take it," urged the girl; "I would so much rather you did. Indeed, I shall feel quite unhappy if you refuse."

"Then I cannot make you unhappy," said the Count, graciously accepting the large, old-fashioned gold watch which Margery pressed into his hand; "and I promise to restore it to you at the first opportunity. And now with a thousand thanks for your generosity, I must bid you good-by. No; I must not stay longer, much as I should like to do so." And with a hurried leave-taking the Count was gone.

Mopsy went back to her work with flushed cheeks and agitated manner. Robert's heart sank within him as he noted her looks. "Your friend has paid you a long visit," he remarked.

The girl's color deepened, and the long, dark lashes drooped over her downcast eyes as she murmured: "Indeed? The time did not seem long to me."

The clerk's heart grew heavier, and his dislike to distinguished foreigners more bitter than before. He watched Mopsy closely during the remainder of the day, and observed that she spoke little, and that her thoughts seemed far away. He was right in supposing that Mopsy's mind dwelt on the Count. The story of his misfortunes had made a deep impression on her susceptible nature. Moreover, a few words which he had uttered kept recurring to her mind, bringing each time a tide of warm color to her cheeks. Whether she can respond to his attachment or not, a girl's heart is apt to be tender toward her first lover; and to Mopsy in her lonely orphanhood there was something inexpressibly sweet in the thought of being beloved.

Her sleep that night was broken and unrefreshing. Wild dreams attended her slumbers, in which both Count Grimaldi and Robert Ware figured in the most remarkable manner. Once on awaking she fancied she heard footsteps and strange noises in the rooms below. But curious noises were not unfrequently heard in that ruinous old dwelling, and the wind which was whistling round the house and fiercely rattling windows and doors, might well be accountable. So Mopsy easily persuaded herself that it was fancy, and fell again into uneasy sleep. When next she awoke it was considerably past her usual hour, and remembering that her uncle Jonathan had frequently lectured her on the virtue of early rising, Mopsy sprang hastily from bed. As she made her toilet, she was conscious of unusual bustle and confusion below. She could hear her uncles' voices raised high above their ordinary pitch, speaking in great excitement, whilst Mrs. Rasper's shrill voice chimed in at intervals. Wondering what could have occurred to disturb the serenity of the household, Mopsy quickened her movements, and was soon down stairs. The door of the back parlor stood open, and inside the room she saw her uncles and Mrs. Rasper—all three looking greatly agitated. Mopsy caught the words, "Robbers," "House-breakers," "Police."

"What is the matter?" she cried, as she entered. "Have robbers broken into the house?"

"Ay, or at least one robber has," exclaimed her Uncle Jonathan, pointing to an opening in the wall from which the panel had been pushed back. "See! the lock of that safe has been picked, and the cash-box carried away."

"Containing no less than one hundred and twenty-five pounds," groaned her Uncle Barnabas, whose distress it was pitious to behold. "Such a loss—such a terrible loss! And the numbers of the notes not taken!"

"Depend upon it, Barnabas, there is more in this than meets the eye," remarked Jonathan, with bitter emphasis. "It is very remarkable, to say the least of it, that the cash-box should be taken away just on the very night when it happened to contain an unusually large sum of money."

"But who could have known that the money was there; and what thief could have discovered our safe?" moaned Barnabas.

"Ah, that is the question," returned Mr. Jonathan, eyeing Margery suspiciously. "I feel sure that it was no ordinary thief who did this thing; or if so, he must have received information from some one acquainted with our concerns."

"I hope you don't mean me," put in Mrs. Rasper, hotly. "I'm sure I could not inform the thief, for I never know'd of no safes there."

"Silence, woman! you need not attempt to clear yourself before you are accused," interposed Jonathan, sharply.

"Perhaps the young lady can tell you something about it," suggested Mrs. Rasper, her voice growing sharper with spite. "I know as how she was a-talking to a strange man in this very room yesterday morning."

Mopsy's face had grown deadly pale, and her limbs trembled beneath her as she listened to their words. With her first knowledge of the crime there had flashed on her mind the terrible possibility that the Count was the criminal. She remembered the minuteness with which he had inspected the safe, and how on returning to the room after her brief absence she had heard a sound which had led her for a moment to believe that he had been examining the safe in her absence. But swiftly as the thought came did she drive it back. No; it was impossible; it was monstrous to think of such a thing. The Count a housebreaker! It was a mere coincidence that the robbery should have happened on the night following his visit. She was indignant at Mrs. Rasper's insinuation.

"How dare you say such a thing?" she cried, turning angrily upon the woman; "that 'strange man,' as you call him, is a gentleman and a Count. He was my father's friend, and he is my friend. It is impossible that he could have had anything to do with the robbery."

But of this Mopsy's uncles were naturally less confident, and the reluctant answers the poor girl gave to their questions only strengthened their suspicions, till at length they forced her to confess how she had first learned of the existence of the safe, and how in a careless moment she had thoughtlessly shown it to her friend.

The wrath of the brothers Cheadlewood was fearful to witness; and the epithets they hurled at their luckless niece were harsh as they were unjust. She was a mean, artful girl; she was a spy; she was little better than a thief herself, for she had harbored and befriended a thief. They rued the day she had entered their house.

Jonathan Cheadlewood was, however, in his heart, apart from the mere loss of the money, not altogether displeased with what had transpired; for he had not forgotten the chance words that had fallen from his brother at first when their niece had come, as to making her their heir; and he was satisfied from what he saw and heard in connection with this misfortune that no such folly was now possible on the part of his brother.

Mopsy bore the situation with overwhelming anguish. Over and above her distress at being thus blamed was the painful dread lest her uncles' words should prove true, and the Count be indeed the man they represented him to be.

Robert Ware on reaching the office was horror-struck upon learning what had happened. He felt much sorrow and pity for Mopsy; but when she appealed to him to declare that it was impossible that the Count could have taken the money, he shook his head, and could say nothing. He had not Mopsy's unbending faith in distinguished foreigners, and it seemed to him that appearances were much against her noble acquaintance. The manner in which the robbery had been effected showed that it was the work of some one well acquainted with the interior of the house. The robber had entered by the office-window, having cut his way through the shutter and forced open the window. From the office he had passed into the back-room, and there in the most expert manner had forced back the lock of the safe; and, having abstracted the cash-box, had made good his escape.

Bringing his cool common-sense to bear on the matter, Robert Ware was of the opinion that the Cheadlewoods were right in judging the Count to be the offender. His heart ached for Mopsy. It was a day of trial to her. Jonathan Cheadlewood lost no time in putting the affair into the hands of the police, and ere long these functionaries arrived on the scene, and she was obliged to reply to their searching questions. All the evidence appeared to lead to one miserable conclusion. But it remained for Mopsy herself to discover conclusive proof of her friend's guilt. That afternoon, while gazing from the window through which the thief had passed, her foot trod on something hard; and, stooping to discover what it was, she lifted a clasp-knife, which she recognized at a glance as the Count's, and which that adroit individual had evidently dropped in his hurried exit. Margery could not be mistaken; she had often seen it in his hand, and once on their voyage home he had amused her by a sight of the various little tools which were comprised in this article. It was furnished with a cork-screw, a gimlet, and a screw-driver; and now as she picked it up, the screw-driver was drawn out, as if it had been lately used.

It was a painful discovery for poor Margery. She could now no longer doubt that the Count was guilty. And this was the man whom she had regarded as her best friend! Alas for the trust of her heart! she had been grievously deceived. Mopsy hid the knife in her pocket, thankful that she, and no one else, had discovered it. Meanwhile, her uncles treated her with great severity, and but for Robert's constant kindness she would have been miserable beyond endurance. Her face grew pale and thin, and her once lustrous eyes wore the sad, patient expression of hopeless misery.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—Here is something new, and whether it exists in fact or not, it forcibly exhibits what most people call the "instinct" of bees. In a hot dry valley in New South Wales, the bees suffered last year from a long-continued drought. This year, says a contemporary of that colony, the wonderful little fellows have made provision against another like trouble, by filling a large number of external cells in each hive with pure water instead of honey.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Rosa Bonheur, the artist, is in very poor health and is recruiting at Nice.

—It is proposed in London to erect a statue of Carlyle on the Thames embankment opposite Cheyne row, and to place a bust of him in Westminster Abbey.

—The United States Census of 1880 is expected to be the most complete and excellent in existence, and its digest, by Professor F. A. Walker, is awaited with great interest.

—A glass dress is being made for Fanny Davenport in Pittsburgh. It will have a long train of woven glass and be elaborately trimmed with glass lace. To make the texture of the glass is first spun into fine threads and then woven.

—The new public building now going up on the Government Square at Denver, Col., is to be one of the finest structures in the West. One wing is designated for the High School, the other for a free public library. There will also be a lecture hall with a seating capacity of 1,000.

—There has been some surprise that nothing was left in her will by George Eliot to her husband, Mr. Cross, but that all the money went to the family of her first husband. This was, however, an arrangement entered into previous to her second marriage, by the express desire of Mr. Cross, who is himself very well off.

—Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., is known in Boston as a worker of wonderful embroidery. She has just sold a bit of her own design for \$500. It represents the lower sash of a window, through which the starlit Charles River is seen. The surface is dark blue satin, in three frames of ebony, to represent the window frame.

HUMOROUS.

—Bosom companions—Studs.

—A fiery steed—The horse radish.

—"The poor ye have with you always," but the rich go away in summer time.

—"Some people may think that the job of sitting on the safety-valve is a pleasant one, but I can assure them it is not."—[Alexander III.]—Chicago Tribune.

—Country groccerymen have had to furnish an extra supply of sitting accommodations around the stove the past winter.—Syracuse Herald.

—The editor wrote the headline: "A Horrible Blunder." To go over a railroad accident, but, thought it was the printer's fault that it got put over the account of a wedding, the editor was the man thrashed.—Boston Post.

—There was a dance at the North End the other evening, and the only musician present was a fuddled fiddler, whom a witty participant in the exercises of the floor characterized as a full orchestra.—Boston Post.

—"Deacon," said the widow, as she gently stroked in a feline manner the matinee tabby that evidently lay in her lap for that purpose, "don't you long for spring, with its balmy breath, its warm sunshine and its gentle showers, which awakens nature, and puts life into everything that has laid cold and dead during the long winter, and brings everything up out of the cold, cold ground into light and life?" "Well, hardly, widow, responded the old deacon, "you know I buried my second wife last fall."—Rochester Herald.

Jaunty Overskirts.

While many of the costumes are made in two pieces, skirt and corsage, there are others with most graceful or jaunty overskirts. The appearance of height can be given to petite figures by having the fullness or drapery below the hips. An exceedingly pretty overskirt, to wear with an underskirt of plush or velvet, consists of five points of brocade arranged from the waist-line, one overlapping the other, each being slightly gathered half way up and finished at the end with a jeweled tassel.

Another conceit shows open front, embroidered side aprons, with large loops on one outside finished with fringe, while on the other side are perpendicular platings ending in a fringe-edged tassel; the back is full and slightly draped. Quite as elegant is an overskirt with two deep side points of rich brocade, with a still longer point in the back. Over this skirt, in front, falls a round pointed apron of soft, clinging material, which is draped over the sides and is looped fully in the back.

A decided novelty has full drapery in the back finished with fringe or tiny knife-platings, while in front, about an eighth of a yard below the waist-line, the garment is shirred and closed; below this the skirt front opens, the half being draped over either side, with the ends caught to the back with bows after the manner of window curtains.

An effective overskirt has the front slightly full in the center of the right side, while the left is plain, the lower edge being upturned to form a pointed revers, of either plain or brocaded velvet. The sides are cut in separate pieces and filled in, the lower portions edged with brocade; the back is cut long and draped in the center in points, leaving, however, a deep point finished with brocade at the bottom.

Large and small bows, cords and tassels, laces, fringes and beaded trimmings enter largely into the combinations of costumes this spring, and never before have garments been more carelessly graceful. The sleeves are losing their stiff outlines and are growing more expansive at top and above wrist, and it is with a sense of relief that one can feel that the consumption contraction of bust and shoulders, last year's craze, is entirely obsolete and free circulation of the blood and perfect ease of movement is demanded of her votaries by Queen Fashion.—Philadelphia Times.