THE HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
—AT—
PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.

OFFICE:
On Main Street, between 4th and 5th, Second Story.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF CASS COUNTY.

Terms, in Advance:
One copy, one year.....$2.00
One copy, six months.....1.00
One copy, three months.....50

# NEBRASKA HERALD.

A. J. MACMURPHY, Editor. "PERSEVERANCE CONQUERS." TERMS: $2.00 a Ye r.

VOLUME X. PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1874. NUMBER 17.

THE HERALD.

ADVERTISING RATES.

| SPACE. | 1 w. | 2 w. | 3 w. | 1 m. | 3 m. | 6 m. | 1 yr. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 square. | $1 00 | $1 50 | $2 00 | $2 50 | $5 00 | $8 00 | $12 00 |
| 2 squares | 1 50 | 2 50 | 2 75 | 3 25 | 6 50 | 10 00 | 16 00 |
| 3 squares. | 2 00 | 2 75 | 4 00 | 4 75 | 8 00 | 14 00 | 20 00 |
| ¼ column. | 5 00 | 8 00 | 10 00 | 12 00 | 20 00 | 28 00 | 35 00 |
| ½ column. | 8 00 | 12 00 | 15 00 | 18 00 | 25 00 | 40 00 | 60 00 |
| 1 column. | 15 00 | 18 00 | 21 00 | 25 00 | 40 00 | 60 00 | 100 00 |

☞ All Advertising bills due quarterly.

☞ Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

Extra copies of the HERALD for sale by H. J. Streight, at the Postoffice, and O. F. Johnson, corner of Main and Fifth streets.

HENRY BŒCK,
DEALER IN
Furniture,
SAFES, CHAIRS,
Lounges, Tables, Bedsteads,
ETC., ETC., ETC.,
Of All Descriptions.
METALLIC BURIAL CASES.

Wooden Coffins
Of all sizes, ready-made, and sold cheap for cash.

With many thanks for past patronage, I invite all to call and examine my
LARGE STOCK OF
Furniture and Coffins.
jan28

DRUGS
AND
MEDICINES
AT
J. H. BUTTERY'S,
On Main Street, bet. Fifth and Sixth.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles, etc., etc.

☞ PRESCRIPTIONS carefully compounded at all hours, day and night. 35-1y

J. W. SHANNON'S
Feed, Sale and Livery
STABLE.
Main Street, Plattsmouth, Neb.

I am prepared to accommodate the public with
HORSES,
Carriages, Buggies, Wagons,
AND
A No. 1 Hearse,
On Short Notice and Reasonable Terms.

A HACK
Will Run to the Steamboat Landing, Depot, and all parts of the City, when Desired.
jan1-tf

First National Bank
Of Plattsmouth, Nebraska,
SUCCESSOR TO
Tootle, Hanna & Clark.

JOHN FITZGERALD.....President.
E. G. DOVEY.....Vice-President.
JOHN R. CLARK.....Cashier.
T. W. EVANS.....Assistant Cashier.

This Bank is now open for business at their new room, corner Main and Sixth streets, and are prepared to transact a general
BANKING BUSINESS.
Stocks, Bonds, Gold, Government and Local Securities
BOUGHT AND SOLD.
Deposits Received and Interest Allowed on Time Certificates.
DRAFTS DRAWN,
Available in any part of the United States and in all the Principal Towns and Cities of Europe.

AGENTS FOR THE
CELEBRATED
INMAN LINE and ALLAN LINE
OF STEAMERS.
Persons wishing to bring out their friends from Europe can
PURCHASE TICKETS FROM US
Through to Plattsmouth.

Excelsior Barber Shop.
J. C. BOONE,
Main Street, opposite Brooks House.
HAIR-CUTTING,
Shaving and Shampooing.
ESPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO
CUTTING CHILDREN'S HAIR
Call and See Boone, Gents,
And get a boon in a
CLEAN SHAVE.
n41-1y

GO TO THE
Post Office Book Store,
H. J. STREIGHT, Proprietor,
FOR YOUR
Books, Stationery, Pictures, Music,
TOYS, CONFECTIONERY,
Violin Strings,
Newspapers, Novels,
Song Books, etc., etc.
POST OFFICE BUILDING,
8-1f PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.

## EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

### Condensed from Telegrams of Accompanying Dates.

MONDAY, July 13.—The *Figaro* has been suspended in consequence of an article inciting hostility to the French Assembly....The Governor of New York has called upon Mayor Havemeyer to answer the charges preferred against him....The fire which broke out at Hoboken on the evening of the 10th was not extinguished until seven o'clock on the evening of the 11th. Total loss $700,000....The army of grasshoppers in Southwestern Minnesota has been reinforced by swarms from the short-grass prairies of Northern Minnesota and Northern Dakota. In the vicinity of Fort Garry, Manitoba, every green thing is destroyed....The roof of Hovey Block, in Cleveland, Ohio, fell in during a heavy rain-storm on the afternoon of the 12th, killing one man and seriously injuring two others.... The 12th was celebrated by the New York Orangemen without disturbance....The New York bank statement of the 11th shows a gain of $5,500,000 in specie, $2,000,000 in deposit and a decrease of $2,000,000 in greenbacks....The business portion of Streator, Ill., was burned on the morning of the 12th....The reported intended resignation of Vice-President Wilson is authoritatively denied by the Washington *Star*.... Gen. W. S. Hillyer, formerly of Gen. Grant's staff, died in Washington on the 12th.

TUESDAY, May 14.—A man named Kullman attempted to assassinate Prince Bismarck at Kissengen, Germany, on the 13th. The Prince was only slightly wounded, and the would-be assassin was secured....The Carlists, according to a London dispatch, are endeavoring to secure favorable reports from the newspapers by killing off the correspondents. Several had been shot as spies..Religious troubles have broken out in Venezuela in consequence of the Bishop of that country refusing to obey the law establishing civil marriages....Theodore Tilton on the 13th addressed a letter to the committee investigating the charges preferred against Mr. Beecher, stating that he should prepare "a full and detailed statement of such facts as are within my knowledge touching matters which compromise the character of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher"....On the afternoon of the 13th a paymaster's train on the Troy & Greenfield Railroad was overturned at Shelburne Falls, Mass., and precipitated down an embankment fifteen feet high. Every person on board was more or less injured....A genuine case of Asiatic cholera is said to have occurred at Louisville, Ky....Gov. Caldwell, of North Carolina, died on the 12th of cholera morbus....The young man who was shot recently by Representative Sloss, of Alabama, is likely to recover, and now threatens to kill that gentleman at sight. Sloss is said to be preparing for another shooting match....On the 13th two reservoirs in the town of Chester, Mass., gave way and swept the valley below clear of bridges, mills and dwellings. Owing to timely warning no lives were lost. The value of property destroyed was $350,000.

WEDNESDAY, July 15.—The Carlists have attacked Cuenca, eighty-four miles southeast of Madrid... Bismarck was waited upon by a large crowd of Germans, at Kissingen, on the 14th, to congratulate him upon his escape from the ball of the assassin. Bismark appeared and addressed the assembly. After expressing his thanks for the demonstration he said the attempt on his life was not directed against his person, but against the cause he represented. A priest named Hauthaler had been arrested as an accomplice of Kullman....Monsignor de Mirode, the private chaplain of the Pope, died at Rome on the 14th....The French Ministry were again defeated in the Assembly on the 14th, on a vote to increase the salt tax. The majority against them was 106....The official returns of the vote in Arkansas on the call for a Constitutional Convention foots up as follows: For the convention, 80,259; against, 8,607. Of the 91 delegates over 70 are Democrats and Conservatives....On the 14th a destructive fire broke out in Oshkosh, Wis., which before it was extinguished burned over territory two miles long and one mile wide, causing a loss estimated at from $600,000 to $1,000,000. One-half of the business portion of the city was destroyed and about one-quarter of the residence portion. Among those killed was W. P. Taylor, the City Treasurer....An incendiary fire was started in the afternoon of the 14th in a rag-picker's shop, in the rear of 527 South Clark street, Chicago, which before midnight had burned over sixty acres of territory, destroyed over 1,000 houses, and rendered 6,000 persons homeless. A stiff breeze was blowing from the southwest, similar in intensity to the wind that prevailed on the day of the great fire in 1871, and burning cinders were carried a long distance, setting on fire numerous structures in advance of the point where the fire originated and where it was sought to be confined. The territory burned over lies between Twelfth street on the south, Clark street on the west, Van Buren street on the north, and the lake on the east. Among the more important buildings destroyed were the Olivet Baptist Church; First Baptist Church; Adelphi Theater; Michigan Avenue, Continental, St. James and Wood's Hotels; the Inter-Oceanic buildings; German Evangelical Church; two Jewish synagogues; the Postoffice; the offices of *Fireside Friend*, *New Covenant* and *Northwestern Lumberman*, the Jones public school and business structures too numerous to mention. Three steam fire-engines were burned, and several persons were killed. The total loss is variously estimated at from $4,000,000 to $7,000,000....The business portion of the town of Iowa Falls, Iowa, was consumed on the afternoon of the 14th. Forty-five buildings were burned, inflicting a loss of $300,000.

THURSDAY, July 16.—A Paris dispatch of the 15th says the Committee of Thirty had submitted its Constitutional bill for the consideration of the Assembly. Its provisions pleased nobody, and it was thought its defeat was certain....According to a Madrid dispatch of the 15th a Ministerial crisis impended in Spain....At the inter-collegiate regatta held at Saratoga on the 15th Princeton won in the six-oared race and Yale in the single-scull race....According to the Chicago *Tribune* of the 16th the insurance companies lost $2,381,400 from the recent fire in that city ....About a block of ground was burned over in the West Division, Chicago, on the evening of the 15th. Loss about $100,000....The Indiana State Democratic Convention met in Indianapolis on the 15th, and organized by the election of Gov. Hendricks as President and J. W. Nichol with two assistants as Secretaries. The President on taking the chair was received with cheers, and spoke at considerable length upon the principles and prospects of the party. Resolutions were adopted—favoring the redemption of the 5-20 bonds in greenbacks; favoring the repeal of the law of March, 1869, which construed the law so as to make such bonds payable in gold; favoring the repeal of the National Banking law; favoring a return to specie payments as soon as the business interests of the country will permit; favoring the adjustment of the volume of currency to the commercial and industrial wants of the country; opposing mixed schools, but favoring a liberal system of education for all, black and white; condemning what is known as the Civil Rights bill and arraigning Senators Morton and Pratt for their votes in favor of the measure; favoring the repeal of the Baxter law and the enactment of a suitable license law which shall protect society and increase the school fund; favoring retrenchment and the reduction of taxes; denouncing the increase of State taxes by the last Republican Legislature; demanding such a change in the laws as shall prohibit the use of public money for private gain; opposing grants of land or money to railroad or other corporations; favoring the abolition of the office of County Superintendent of Schools and the restoration of the former law in relation to the appraisement of real estate for purposes of taxation; demanding that the remaining public lands shall be held for the benefit of actual settlers under the Homestead laws, and demanding the equalization of bounties to soldiers and sailors. The following nominations of candidates for State offices were made: For Secretary of State, J. E. Neff, of Randolph County; Auditor of State, E. Henderson, of Morgan County; Treasurer, B. C. Shaw, of Marion County; Superintendent of Public Instruction, J. H. Smart, of Allen County; Attorney-General, C. A. Buskirk, of Gibson County; Judge of the Supreme Court, Horace P. Biddle, of Cass County.

FRIDAY, July 17.—M. Magne, French Minister of Finance, resigned on the 16th, in consequence of the striking defeat of his financial plans the day before....A Madrid dispatch says that England, Germany and Russia had decided to recognize the Spanish Republic. The Carlists had decided to shoot one Republican for every shot fired at them by the fleet at Bilboa....The ex-King of Hanover is reported dangerously ill at Vienna....Three Cubans who were lately captured by the Spaniards at Camaguay were executed on the Spanish gunboat Neptune, in which they were being conveyed from Nuevitas to Havana....According to a dispatch of the 16th a terrible fire was raging in Galatea, one of the suburbs of Constantinople....The Ohio State Republican Convention will be held at Columbus on the 2d of September....Treasury gold sold in New York on the 16th at 109.77....According to an Omaha (Neb.) dispatch of the 16th an immense cloud of grasshoppers had alighted the day before in the vicinity of Columbus, and were doing much damage....A serious quarrel has arisen between Treasurer Spinner and Acting-Secretary of the Treasury Conant in regard to the civil-service rules in Spinner's bureau. Secretary Bristow sustains Conant in insisting that they shall be enforced and Spinner has appealed to the President....Theodore Tilton and his wife have formally separated. Mrs. Tilton denies the allegations of her husband in regard to Mr. Beecher....Goldsmith Maid trotted three straight heats at East Saginaw, Mich., on the 16th in 2:19¾, 2:16½ and 2:16, being not only the three fastest consecutive heats on record, but two heats the slower of which was better than the best time ever made by any trotting horse in America or elsewhere.

SATURDAY, July 18.—A Constantinople dispatch of the 17th says the fire at Galatea burned six hours and destroyed $2,000,000 worth of property. Two hundred houses were burned....M. de Fourton, French Minister of the Interior, resigned on the 17th in consequence of irreconcilable differences with his colleagues....Recent Cuban dispatches represent that the Cuban insurgents had lately manifested considerable activity. They had captured the garrison of Ganyacales and were holding undisputed possession of Trinidad. They were also in large force in the environs of Puerto Principe. Lauten, the United States Consular Agent at Manzanillo had been ordered to leave the island....The insurance companies lost $251,390 by the recent fire at Oshkosh, Wis....A dispatch from Tiskilwa, Ill., of the 17th, says one-third of that village was burned on the morning of that day. Loss not stated.

## THE MARKETS.

JULY 17, 1874.

NEW YORK.

COTTON.—Middling upland, 17@17¼c.
LIVE STOCK.—Beef Cattle—$11.50@12.50. Hogs—Dressed, $8.25@8.37½. Sheep—Live, $4.50@6.25.
BREADSTUFFS.—Flour—Good to choice, $6.15@6.55; white wheat extra, $6.55@6.75. Wheat—No. 2 Chicago, $1.34@1.35; Iowa spring, $1.35@1.36; No. 2 Milwaukee spring, $1.39@1.40. Rye—Western and State, $1.10@1.13. Barley—....@.... Corn—Mixed Western afloat, 77@78½c. Oats—New Western, 63@65c.
PROVISIONS.—Pork—New Mess, $19.70@19.75. Lard—11¾@11¾c.
WOOL.—Common to extra, 43@65c.

CHICAGO.

LIVE STOCK.—Beeves—Choice, $5.85@6.10; good, $5.40@5.70; medium, $4.75@5.25; butchers' stock, $3.75@4.50; stock cattle, $3.25@4.50. Hogs—Live, $6.00@6.25. Sheep—Good to choice, $5.00@5.75.
PROVISIONS.—Butter—Choice, 23@26c. Eggs—Fresh, 12½@14c. Pork—New Mess, $19.75@20.00. Lard—$11.32@11.40.
BREADSTUFFS.—Flour—White winter extra, $5.75@7.75; spring extra, $5.00@5.50. Wheat—Spring, No. 2, $1.13@1.13¼. Corn—No. 2, 61@61¾c. Oats—No. 2, 51@51½c. Barley—No. 2, 98c@$1.00. Rye—No. 2, $1.00@1.02.
WOOL.—Tub-washed, 45@52c.; fleece, washed, 40@44c.; fleece, unwashed, 30@33c.; pulled, 37@39c.
LUMBER.—First Clear, $50.00@55.00; Second Clear, $47.00@49.00; Common Boards, $10.50@12.00; Fencing, $10.50@12.00; "A" Shingles, $3.25@3.50; Lath, $2.25@2.37½.

CINCINNATI.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour—$5.50@5.75. Wheat—$1.18. Corn—66@68c. Rye—$1.05. Oats—56@62c. Barley—....@....
PROVISIONS.—Pork = $19.75@19.87½. Lard—11@12¾c.

ST. LOUIS.

LIVE STOCK.—Beeves—Fair to choice, $4.50@6.25. Hogs—Live, $5.25@6.25.
BREADSTUFFS.—Flour—XX Fall, $5.00@5.50. Wheat—No. 2 Red Fall, $1.17@1.20. Corn—No. 2, 63@65c. Oats—No. 2, 56@57c. Rye—No. 2, 79@85c. Barley—....@....
PROVISIONS.—Pork—Mess, $20.50@20.75. Lard—10¾@12c.

MILWAUKEE.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour—Spring XX, $5.70@5.90. Wheat—Spring No. 1, $1.30@1.30¼; No. 2, $1.17@1.17¼. Corn—No. 2, 63@63¼c. Oats—No. 2, 51@52c. Rye—No. 1, 90@91c. Barley—No. 2, ....@....

DETROIT.

BREADSTUFFS.—Wheat—Extra, $1.54@1.56. Corn—69@70c. Oats—52@55c.

TOLEDO.

BREADSTUFFS—Wheat—Amber Mich., $1.22@1.22½; No. 2 Red, $1.18@1.18½. Corn—Mixed, 65@66c. Oats—56@58c.

CLEVELAND.

BREADSTUFFS—Wheat—No. 1 Red, $1.24@1.25; No. 2 Red, $1.20@1.20½. Corn—71@72c. Oats—56@58c.

BUFFALO.

LIVE STOCK.—Beeves—$5.00@6.10. Hogs—Live, $6.00@6.75. Sheep—$4.00@4.75.

EAST LIBERTY.

LIVE STOCK.—Beeves—Best, $6.00@6.40; medium, $5.75@5.95. Hogs = Yorkers, $6.00@6.25; Philadelphia, $6.75@6.90. Sheep—Best, 5.00@5.50; medium, $4.25@4.95.

—A stranger gets puzzled in St. Louis He picks up the St. Louis *Democrat*, and finds that he is reading a Republican paper. Incensed at the fraud, he casts it aside and grasping the St. Louis *Republican* finds that he is reading a Democratic paper. Then he rings the bell violently for the hall-boy and wants to know "if everything in St. Louis is a brazen deceit."

LITTLE Penelope Marrowfat is a child who is keenly alive to what is going on about her. Wiping the molasses from her mouth at the breakfast table, the other morning, she sweetly said: "If I should ever die of hydrophobia, papa, you won't let 'em cut out my liver, will you?"

RESIDENTS along the Mohawk Flats have engaged in the cultivation of sweet potatoes.

## *COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.*

I.—ACQUAINTANCE.

May is fair;
Sunshine gilds the balmy air;
Promises most rich and rare
Whisper round us everywhere.
Has she frowns? Ah, yes; we know them
But she has her blossoms too;
And the sly coquette will show them
Wishing what she dare not do.

II.—FRIENDSHIP.

June is dear;
But the promise of the year
Yields no ripe fruition here:
Flowers are less than they appear.
Has she roses? More and sweeter
Than the fairies ever grew;
Yet I wait a joy completer
Than these June days ever knew.

III.—BROTHER-AND-SISTER-HOOD.

Fond July!
'Neath this warmer, brighter sky
All her graces multiply.
Shall my soul be glad, or sigh?
Hopes for fruit and fears of blighting
Work, within my anxious heart,
Strange mosaics, most delighting
When most innocent of art.

IV.—LOVE.

August heat!
Life in love is here complete;
Fruits are ripening rare and sweet;
Hence I would not find retreat.
This is love; so closely blended
With July's prophetic sun,
Who can tell me where it ended
And these perfect joys begun?

—*R. B. Hall, in the Galaxy.*

## AN UNCONVENTIONAL GIRL.

DR. REGINALD DEANE sat placidly sipping his coffee, glancing now and then at the morning paper beside his plate, and listening in not very polite attention to the remarks vouchsafed by his aunt from the opposite side of the table.

College days, medical lectures and clinics were over for him. He had wandered through European hospitals, practiced enough to attain requisite skill and nerve in handling the scalpel, and learned enough of Nature's philosophy to refrain from drugging his patients to death. He wished leisure now for study more than he desired extensive practice, and therefore he came back to the homestead, beautified the neglected grounds, decorated the long-closed rooms, built a conservatory which should open with wide doors from his own especial sanctum, installed "Aunt Rachel" as housekeeper, and announced himself, by a modest door-plate, as ready for surgical calls.

At the house-warming all Ashland had eagerly assisted, whence it was well known that the furnishing was elegant, and many longing wishes to reign in the mansion as mistress filled the heads of aspiring damsels. But Dr. Deane, uniformly polite to everybody, showed no marked preferences, and when invited to parties managed either to avoid attending or else to be only Aunt Rachel's escort; so the sighing damsels turned their hopes in other directions.

All his life Dr. Reginald had dreamed of a "home" that should be "sweet," and he fancied the wife who should sit opposite to him at table and firesides; but he hated care and responsibility, and thought to gain the "home" by establishing Aunt Rachel where a wife would have perhaps given more pleasure, to be sure, but she would demand too much time and attention, he selfishly thought. Six months had gone very smoothly, yet he was conscious that, despite its luxury, his "home" was incomplete.

All this was vaguely passing through Dr. Reginald's mind while he sipped his coffee and listently absently to the lady opposite.

"The Marstons have come home," her last remark, elicited a little closer attention and a definite reply.

"Indeed! Well, we must call at once. Fred is a very agreeable fellow; Mrs. Marston the most perfectly well-bred woman I ever saw, and Miss June—the mischief! Why, she must be a young lady now. I'm half sorry for that; I used to have grand romps with her."

Aunt Rachel's lip curled; in her estimate of feminine attractions "romping" had no place, and the tone in which the doctor was answered was as wintry as the November air outside.

"Miss Marston is not in the least like her mother. I can hardly conceive how it has been possible, under suc training, for her to be so utterly unconventional as she is!"

"Have you seen them?" asked the doctor.

"Yes; I met them yesterday at my dress-maker's, and positively Miss Marston shocked me by her queer ways. She is so unconventional!"

"Indeed!" in a quizzical tone, came from under the brown mustache opposite, while the mouth behind it curled with a derisive, incredulous smile.

"Yes," said Aunt Rachel, unheeding the tone: "she came in to Madame Foy's, and while she was sitting there the Madame called one of the girls from the work-room. It was Mary Niles, whose mother was June's old nurse. Mrs. Marston was giving directions about her daughter's dress, but that young lady rushed toward the work-girl, flung her arms around her and actually *kissed* her before us all! Mrs. Marston looked extremely annoyed, and Madame sent the girl from the room at once." Aunt Rachel waxed warm with indignation, but all the sympathy she received was a quiet

"Pardon me! but I fail to see any dreadful indecorum."

"Why, Reginald! No young lady of any dignity would forget her social position so far as to do such a thing."

"My plants need fumigating, I think," he muttered; so he wandered among his treasures for an hour, lifting their delicate leaves and blowing among them the pretty blue rings which are a smoker's pet achievement, and thinking thus:

"June! It's a pretty name. I wonder if it brings summer sunlight to the owner? I shall like to see a young girl who doesn't try to be prim. If Miss June dare assume any stiffness I'll remind her of sundry episodes at Vevey, before her dresses grew long. I remember her laugh in those days; it was living music, and—really—it would not sound badly floating through this dull old house now. Pshaw!" and the unfinished cigar was flung away impatiently. "I'd better let well enough alone. Aunt Rachel does nicely, in spite of her prosing, and when I need other society I can seek it. These flowers are growing beautifully. Wonder if they would do better if June were always here?"

But all this was very ridiculous; so the doctor drew on his gloves, nodded goodby to Aunt Rachel at the top of the stair-case, and sauntered down to the street.

Looking in at the Postoffice, he encountered Fred Marston, exchanged heartiest greetings, and Fred's house being nearest the two friends went thither. Opening the hall-door, a long, rippling, merry laugh was their first welcome, for June herself was having a grand frolic with two little ones, who were busy at "hide the handkerchief" in the long hall.

"O Fred!" she began; then, spying his companion, started, flushed, then beamed with positive delight, and sprang impulsively forward.

"Mr. Deane! I am very glad to meet you again; but you see I'm not a bit more proper than I used to be."

Mrs. Marston came with her pleasant recognition, and the friends chatted gayly of days that were gone, of days now present and then commenced plans for long evenings, into all of which Mrs. Marston entered with dignified interest, remarking at last that she had already met Miss Deane.

Here June interrupted—"And, oh, Doctor! Miss Rachel said you had quantities of smilax. We can't get it here, and I want some so much! Mayn't I come begging?"

"June!" began Mrs. Marston, severely, and then added: "Dr. Deane, it is not my fault, but June will always act like an impulsive child. I wish she would control herself."

June blushed, the doctor felt uncomfortable, and Fred audaciously whistled, going over to pinch his sister's cheeks, and answering: "It's no use, mother! June will be June, and you can't make November out of her. Rex doesn't mind, I am sure."

The tall doctor arose, saying:

"I shall be delighted to send to you any plants you may like if you will come now and then and see my treasures. You will do so, won't you?"

There was a mischievous twinkle in June's eyes but tone and manner were demurely proper, as she answered:

"Whenever mamma calls upon Miss Deane I shall be happy to accompany her."

The doctor's eyes twinkled back to her own merry thought, but all he said was:

"Very well! I shall take care that Aunt Rachel earns a visit immediately. My flowers are my pets, and they do reward me with such grace and beauty. My roses are lovely, even now."

"Roses! Oh, Doctor!"—and June flushed and dimpled with the quick thrill of delight, looking very sweet, as the Doctor thought, as she added, in spite of mamma's frown:

"Why didn't you wear one here so I could have stolen it? Do you remember how I used to confiscate your button-hole bouquets at Vevey, and how vengefully that poor English old maid would watch me? It was such fun to listen to her endless tirades about 'pert American girls.'"

Mrs. Marston was looking unutterable annoyance at these reminiscences; Fred laughed outright, adding his own bit of absurd recollection, which the doctor might easily have supplemented, but wishing to conciliate "mamma" he only smiled quietly and made his adieus.

Of course poor June received a lecture to which we don't care to listen. The doctor's thoughts are more interesting. "She's grown, certainly, but she is the same charming child I knew three years ago in spite of her added inches. I'm glad she isn't after the pattern of Ashland damsels, and it is decidedly nice that she regards me so much her senior. I'll keep up that illusion for a while. Aunt Rachel shall call this very afternoon, and—yes—well, I think I will escort her."

Arrived at his own door, he went straightway toward the conclusion of his plans, calling from the hall:

"Aunt Rachel! Where are you? Here are some letters, and, oh! I met Fred Marston, and promised him we would call this afternoon. You have no engagements?"

"No. We will go about four, if that will suit you?"

"Exactly. Now I have writing to do."

He felt like a conspirator as he marched straight to his floral darlings, severed bud and blossom, leaf and tendril till his hands were full. Then filling a dainty basket with damp moss he made the flowers nestle closely together; disentangled smilax sprays till he found a root; potted that; and then sent basket and vase to Mrs. Marston's, with a card, explaining that the plant was for Miss June, the flowers for mamma.

If June found deftly hidden under the shining leaves a tiny moss rosebud, it was most improper for her to kiss it and fasten it at her throat, blushing all the time. She couldn't have told "why." It was an instinctive impulse. The flowers dispatched, Dr. Reginald settled himself to write an article upon the treatment of "femoral fractures." He had been provoked beyond measure by some unscientific methods in use among country practitioners. Indeed he had worked himself up to such a pitch of medical indignation that he fancied the treatise in question would almost write itself; but the "divine afflatus" would not come. Even the opening sentence was a failure. He caught himself writing "feminine" for "femoral;" and instead of thigh-bones he thought of a dimpled, flushing face.

Aunt Rachel's tap interrupted his soliloquy—

"Reginald! There has been a dreadful accident! You must go at once. Poor Mr. Niles has fallen from some staging, crushing him horribly."

The surgeon came back from his dreaming. It was the doctor, not the sentimentalist, who snatched his instruments and ran to the sufferer's side.

Of course there was the usual crowd to be dispersed and poor Mrs. Niles was of little use. Mary had come home from Madame Foy's, but it was Dr. Deane's own white hands that prepared everything, and with tenderest touch lightly examined the dreadful bruises. He was dimly conscious that some one had come into the outer room, though all he had heard was a stifled exclamation and a low "hush!" He knew the baby stopped his wailing and that Mary brought him a roll of fine, soft linen that never came from the cottage stores; then he half-heard a quiet murmur of a gentle voice; but when his work was done there was no stranger visible.

Giving his parting directions, he added:

"You will need some delicacies, Mrs. Niles, and I will see that Aunt Rachel sends you some wine at once."

"Indeed, sir! you're very good, but my sweet child—Miss Marston, sir—has been here, and see: she's brought me wine and fruit and jelly enough to last the master for days. I was her foster-mother, sir; she never forgets me nor my Mary there. Bless her sweet face! Why she treats my girl like a sister!"

Mary's eyes were full of tears, but she must add her mite of praise.

"Oh, Doctor! she was trying on a dress at the Madame's when they came for me, and when she heard the news she made her coachman bring me at once!"

"Yes—well," said the doctor coolly though his heart throbbed. "Bless her!" "I'll be in again before night. There is no danger, though there will be intense pain"—and he took his leave.

As he opened the gate there lay in his path a rosebud. Of course he picked it up, and recognized it as the one he had hidden in the smilax leaves two hours before, though why he held it with a caress for a second and then put it in the pocket of his visiting book you must guess.

Four o'clock came and the ceremonious visit was paid. Aunt Rachel's nerves were destined to quiver several times when June laughed, while her disgust at finding the doctor had already been there was evident enough. Worsted work was her one artistic fancy; Mrs. Marston was equally an enthusiast in Berlin wools, and June was asked to bring for display the marvelous flower-piece then in construction. The frame was large, so the doctor gallantly held it while June quickly unpinned the cover from the delicate work, putting the pins in her mouth, girl-fashion, till the doctor could bear it no longer.

"Don't, Miss June! that is horribly dangerous."

"Pooh! I've always done it. The girls at school used to call me the 'perambulating pin-cushion!'"

"You may try it once too often. I can't bear to see you do so."

"When I swallow one you shall take it out," laughed the gay girl. "Don't you covet the opportunity? You can say 'I told you so' all the time you are choking me!"

"June! you are incorrigible. Put down those pins!" was Mrs. Marston's admonition, and June obeyed with a bit of rebellious pouting that was bewitching.

The guests left almost immediately after duly admiring the work, and Aunt Rachel's wrath found vent at once.

"She is like no young lady I ever saw. So self-assured and pert. The idea of her answering you as she did! When I was a girl we were taught to be quiet and retiring. We never spoke to a gentleman except to answer some question. We had to be sought!"

"Why, Aunty! why are you so prejudiced? June has the kindest heart. You told me yourself how warmly she greeted her old playmate, though only a dress-maker's apprentice."

"It was most improper to do it so publicly," interrupted the spinster.

"Well, then, she came to Mrs. Niles' as soon as she heard of the accident; hushed the baby, and with her own hands and gentle ways brought order out of confusion."

"*One swallow doesn't make a summer*, Reginald. She doubtless has kind impulses, but your headlong people are never constant. Did you ever see her at Mrs. Niles'?"—the last query was a suspicion.

"No, I was in the sick-room, and didn't know that she had been there till I came away."

That was all the doctor said, but somehow his hand crept into his pocket, touching the poor little crushed bud he had hidden there with a tender movement, and he thought:

"Poor June. She must make her own summer always. Society prefers wintry propriety.

The days flew by. Not one passed but fresh flowers were sent for June, and twice the doctor encountered her at Mrs. Niles'. The last time there was just snow enough for the sleigh to glide smoothly. The temptation was irresistible, so he invited the young lady to ride, and June nestled down beneath the fur robes, quite forgetful of everything but the electric excitement in the keen air, the music of the bells, and the presence of Dr. Reginald. The longest way is very apt to be selected under such circumstances, so they sped along for more than an hour, overtaking Aunt Rachel as they dashed down the avenue.

Unlucky June! Some merry fancy just then amused her, so it was her own unmistakable laugh that floated out more clearly than the ringing of the merry bells. Her offense against Ashland decorum had been sufficient if she had only ridden quietly with the much-coveted doctor; but oh! that laugh!

Dr. Reginald gallantly lifted his hat, and June bowed, but poor Aunt Rachel deemed it her duty to testify against "such goings on," and the winter wind was warm compared with her salutation. The doctor was indignant. There was a spice of chivalry in his nature that made him care ten times as much for his sweet friend if he must be her champion. He had meant to take June home, but now—"Aunt Rachel should see how much he cared for her frowns." So the prancing horses were checked, then turned sharply round before the good lady's astonished face, and more miles were measured off before they returned.

"You must come in and warm yourself, Doctor!" pleaded June; so the merry pair entered the house.

Mrs. Marston had grown used to the doctor; she saw that June didn't annoy him, and wisely concluded to let them alone in their innocent fun; so she greeted them graciously as they stood near the glowing grate, telling of the "splendid ride," as June phrased it. Her hood was tangled in her curls, its fringe had caught in the fastening of her furs, she had two pins in her fingers, and when those fingers were wanted the pins went into her mouth, while she talked on as gayly as ever; and the doctor watched her, thinking how charming it would be to have such a "June" making a summer for him all the year round.

"Oh, mother! the doctor's horses are perfect; I drove till my fingers grew numb, and—" June stopped, choking, her eyes dilating in horror, and she gasped: *Oh—that—pin!*"

Mrs. Marston screamed, of course. Dr. Deane grew pale, and his heart stopped its regular beat—just a second. The next his arm was around the sufferer, her head thrown back, and every professional nerve in order for service.

"Keep quiet, Mrs. Marston. Give me the case from my overcoat. Now—hold her hands.

"June! I won't hurt you any more than I can help, but it will almost choke you for an instant;" then, bending over her, he whispered, swiftly:

"I can remove it safely, *my darling! trust me!*"

Through the look of agony to the brown eyes were flashed for a second a light that lent fresh nerve to the practiced hand. The bright steel instrument glided to its task; then, as he withdrew it, the doctor shuddered a little, but the danger was over.

Can't you fancy how that instrument was flung aside—anywhere—and how the graceful head *rested*, for an instant, where never a woman's head had lain before? The mother's tears flowed fast now, for with all her icy rebukings June's mother loved her child, and she could find no words to tell her gratitude.

Once more the doctor bending over his patient, a message was given and received, though no syllable was uttered.

"I will come again before evening," said the doctor to Mrs. Marston. "Meantime, please keep all pins at a safe distance."

They were happy thoughts that kept him company till he sprang up the steps of his own residence, with the brightness of his heart shining in his face, and he entered his sanctum singing gayly:

"Nita, Juanita, let me linger by thy side!"

Aunt Rachel never disturbed him till the dinner hour, and then she met him with a lofty air of displeasure that was comical, considering the culprit's six feet of manhood. Utterly ignorant of her displeasure, Reginald sipped his soup, remarking pleasantly, "Mr. Niles can walk on crutches, now, Aunty. I shall take him to ride to-morrow."

"Indeed? I should imagine you preferred daintier company," with a little sneer.

"Sometimes I do, and then I take it: as for instance, this afternoon. Eh, Aunty! is that what you mean?

"You were sufficiently conspicuous in your devotion, and she was evidently in high spirits. Ugh! I can hear that loud laugh now."

There was a dangerous light in Dr. Deane's eyes, but he only answered quietly:

"Pardon me, Aunt Rachel! June never laughs coarsely or boisterously. Her laugh is like music itself."

"*June*, indeed!" retorted the irate maiden. "You treat her—and she seems to like it, too—just as if she was a little girl. No young lady with a particle of self-respect would allow herself to be spoken of in that way. You are making yourself the subject of most unpleasant remarks."

Not a word from the doctor, and Miss Deane was much too eager to notice how the brows were bent together.

"Reginald! What do you mean? You have never paid any lady the slightest attention, though you have met the most elegant girls, and now this saucy chit seems to absorb all your thoughts. It isn't right, and—"

"*That will do!*" came in clear, even tones from across the table; yet there was a ring in them Aunt Rachel had never heard before.

"I believe I am old enough to choose my own way. I have chosen it, Aunt Rachel, and you may as well know it now as at any time. June"—ah! how tenderly he spoke the name—"June Marston will be my wife when the May roses bloom."

Poor Aunt Rachel! speechless for once. All the doctor's anger vanished as he saw her utter dismay; and the old spirit of fear returned, and this is what he said as he left the room:

"You told me, aunt, that '*one swallow* didn't make a summer. Well, perhaps it hasn't; but a *swallow* has hastened the promise of mine. In this case it was the *swallow of a pin!*"

Then he went to his pets, the flowers, and whispered to them his new delight.

It came to our hero with all the dazzling splendor of a revelation. For weeks there had been about him *les avant-couriers* of the wily Cupid. They had whispered sweetest hints of the joy that might come, and now our lover thought no other heart had ever known such supreme happiness.

Meantime, June quite forgot her pain, as she lay with closed eyes reading the look and tone she had met in the moment of peril. Her cheek grew bright—so bright with the leaping blood that Mrs. Marston was anxious lest fever was imminent.

"June, dear! doesn't your head ache? your face is flushed."

The brown eyes opened with a merry laugh shining through them.

"Don't be worried, mamma. The doctor said there was no danger now. He will tell you all about it this afternoon. Mamma, *I'm glad I swallowed that pin!*"

Mrs. Marston shuddered.

"June! how dare you? It was horrible. If the doctor had not been here you would have strangled."

"Yes—but—mamma," and the eyes danced again—"the doctor was here; that's just it. I never was so glad in all my life—but it hurts me to talk."

For once true love ran smoothly. The doctor "asked mamma" in his own frank way. The assent was given, but a conviction of duty required Mrs. Marston to give him at length a catalogue of June's peccadiloes and faults, to all of which the doctor listened with polite impatience.

Fred nearly crushed his hand with a wringing grasp of congratulation.

"Ah, Rex! old fellow; so you propose to have June all the year round? Well, she is