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THE HEIRESS' LOVERS.

Marcus forgot that she was an heiress. It was only a dear little girl, just the nicest creature he ever met, who looked at him frankly with her blue eyes—real blue eyes, not blue gray. He went home in the first stages of love, and sat at the window looking at the moon, and thinking of her nearly all the night.

May Dimple was very inexperienced, and very willing to think the best of everybody. At eighteen she was mistress of a fine fortune, and, being an orphan, her own mistress altogether. Her heart was yet a white, unwritten sheet, and the first that made love to her was likely to win it. Vague longings for that peculiar tenderness which only a lover can offer already possessed her soul, and she was just the sort of a little woman to forget her own advantages and feel very grateful for love and admiration. The doctor was tall and fine-looking, and she caught herself blushing as she looked into the glass after his departure, and thought what a soft look had come into his eyes as he 'hoped they should soon meet together again.'

May had never had anything like a beau in her life. Shut up with an invalid uncle in a great city home that was like a prison—seeing no one but the doctor and nurse, and then some old gentleman whom her uncle was persuaded to admit on the score of old friendship—she had no idea that she might be a belle. Life was all new to her. Even her cousin was a new-found relative who had taken to her when the friends gathered at the old man's funeral.

People who had never remembered little May until the news of her heiressship brought her to notice had been so very kind since. The liberty she enjoyed made the quiet country-house a very happy place; and now two admirers dawning upon her horizon at once, and made life 'perfectly splendid' to May, much as the situation would have bored many an experienced belle.

Matters naturally assumed this form as the time passed on. May had two lovers and hardly knew which she liked best. Marcus Moreland, who was the poor clergyman's son, and had just fought his way through college with a prospect of teaching the male department of the district school that winter as his best one, while working in his father's garden the next morning, was placed in a position to judge on this matter.

He heard a little scream, and looking up saw a very pretty young lady and a very pretty little boy flying in terror from a perfectly harmless, broad-faced, white milk cow, who, in the excess of her content, as she stood deep in the water of a pond, chewing the cud, had elevated her nostrils, and turning her slow, brown eyes in the direction of the pedestrians uttered a long moo-o-o.

'Oh!' screamed the young lady, faintly, 'can't you run faster, Tommy? I think she's coming after us.' 'I beg your pardon, ma'am, but mooly won't touch you. She would not hurt anyone. She is perfectly harmless. See!' cried Marcus, as he approached the pond side and patted the white head. 'See—we have had her ten years, and she is the gentlest creature.'

'I'm quite ashamed of myself, but I'm not used to cows. I thought I'd make her angry, and when you have other people's children with you it's such a responsibility. Tom, don't touch the gentleman's flowers. I'm ashamed of you,' said the young lady. For city Tom, with a general idea that the country belonged to everybody, was helping himself to roses.

Of course, after that, Marcus picked flowers for Tom and a bouquet for the young lady; and as she walked bewitchingly up the road, with the flowers against her pretty chin, decided that the heiress certainly was the loveliest thing that his eyes had ever rested upon.

That afternoon Dr. Parli rode over to Mrs. Parsons' made a call, and was introduced; decided that the heiress was a beauty, conversed with her in a manner calculated to prove that he at least was no country bumpkin, made a point of looking at his beautiful watch before he left, and had the satisfaction of feeling that he had made an impression. Meanwhile Marcus Moreland had been thinking about her more than she guessed, and that evening there was another introduction.

Marcus did not make big eyes at her, nor try to show his superiority to his neighbors, neither had he any gold watch to consult. He was younger than the doctor by ten years, and very much of a boy still, and the rising moon found May, and her little cousin Tom, and Marcus, all sitting together on the lower step of the porch, talking of black-berrying, as three children might. The heiress wore a linen dress and a knot of blue ribbon in her hair.

terring words and went his way. 'It was folly for me to think that he liked me much,' said May, as she left her. 'How formal and cold after all our sociability,' and a little pang nipped her heart, and she smiled more brightly on the doctor when he entered the grove than she had ever smiled before.

He made love to her that afternoon after true story-book fashion. On the stage at —'s he would have caused tender-hearted ladies to say 'How sweet.' It was a pretty little scene rehearsed in private. Had May but known it the night before; and no girl could have failed to understand his parting words:

'To-morrow before you leave I must see you. You will grant me a private interview, will you not? I have something of intense importance, to myself, at least, to say to you. You will let me see you in the garden? I—I—' a falter, a look, a snatch at her hand, a touch of his lips upon it.

'Then the curtain should have dropped. He rode away in his gig, and said to himself: 'I always was a lucky fellow—to think that Providence should have sent an heiress to such a place as this; a pretty one, too!'

When May entered the house a surprise awaited her. Cousin Helen took her at once to her bedroom, and there, behind closed doors, repeated her husband's information. 'You know you are so young and inexperienced,' said she, 'and a fortune-hunter is such a dreadful creature.'

May's face flushed crimson. 'Do you really think nobody could love me for myself?' she asked in a sudden fit of indignation. 'Then common sense came to her aid. She sat quiet for awhile, and then drew near her cousin and whispered something in her ear. It was a long whisper.

'It will prove him,' she said aloud; 'and you will help me?' Cousin Helen promised, and May retired to her own room, there to shed a few not unnatural tears.

Night passed—the morning came. The school house doors were set open for the first time for months. The committee was to meet at eleven to examine the candidates for the teachers' positions.

Old Farmer Parsons walked over, also Farmer Brown. The doctor was there, and the lawyer, Mr. Tripphammer. Miss Cynthia Alderny was seen walking toward the door with a defiant face. Miss Baker followed with a scared one. Marcus Moreland took his way in, and just as all settled into their seats a little figure in buff linen, with a blue-ribboned hat on its head, slipped into one of the doors and stood among them.

'Miss Dimple!' said the doctor, advancing with a gallant air. 'Yes, sir,' said May, quietly. 'I understand you examine candidates to-day. I am fond of teaching, and when one must do something one seizes every chance, you know. May I be examined?'

'I suppose you are jesting, Miss Dimple?' said the doctor. 'Not I,' said May. 'I suppose you have heard that foolish story about me. Two or three hundred dollars may be a very pleasant little sum to spend on a summer vacation, but it doesn't make one a great heiress, you know.'

'Folks will talk,' said Farmer Parsons, with a twinkle in his eye. 'A poor gal is as respectable as a rich one, long as she conducts proper. Set you down, Miss Dimple.' The doctor retired to his seat, his face pale and rigid. Marcus Moreland, on the contrary, had flushed scarlet.

May's two lovers were a strange contrast at that moment. For her own part she was quieter and sadder and more womanly than usual. She went through the examination bravely, under the fire of Miss Cynthia's indignant eyes and amid Miss Baker's despondent sighs. Then she walked home and waited, as she promised, in the garden. Would the doctor keep his engagement? He did.

'My dear Miss Dimple,' said he, as he advanced gayly, but not quite naturally, 'I feared I should scarcely get here in time to bid you good-by. I'm sorry the committee think you too young for the place. They've given it to Miss Cynthia. Really, it would be very dull for you, very. I told you I had something very particular to say to you—didn't I? You remember, I see; I didn't think you would. I wanted to say that I have really enjoyed your little visit to this place so much. Ladies' society is a treat to a poor old bachelor doctor, who expects to be a bachelor all his life, by the way. You know what the society is here, Miss Dim-

ple, and you've quite brightened the summer for me. I've had a treat. So that's what I wanted to tell you and bid you a last good-bye.'

The man who had made such desperate love to her the other day, who had defined his intentions toward her in a manner that no girl could misunderstand, had slipped calmly and smoothly out of the affair, and she could match him in coolness, girl as she was.

They shook hands. 'Adieu,' said the doctor, with the true partisan accent, and jumped into his gig, thanking Heaven that he had escaped making an offer to a poor girl.

The heiress stood by the gate where he had left her, thanking Heaven much more devoutly for her escape. Yet I shall not say she was happy. It was not in nature; for she had thought this man her true, earnest lover. The first bitter thought that had ever troubled her young heart filled it now; her first glimpse of real life was taken. As she stood there she began to doubt whether there was such a thing as true love.

A tear or two fell; she wiped them away and thought the mist that veiled her eyes she saw a bright, ardent young face strangely in contrast with the cool, formal, unmoved countenance, with his handsome features and practiced smile, that had just passed from before her vision. It was the face of Marcus Moreland, and before she was aware of his intention he had passed his arm around her waist and kissed her.

'If I never may again, I must now,' said he. 'I have never dared to tell you while I thought you so rich, but I have loved you since the first day we met. We are both poor; let me fight the battle of life for you. I can do it—I will do it. God always prospers loves like mine.'

The twilight shadows were creeping over the scene. The distant mountains were losing the faint rose-tips that they had worn. A soft, sweet breeze swept up from the meadows full of the fragrance of grass and clover. Did these things bring the sudden calm and sweetness to May's wounded heart?

She stood still, making Marcus no answer; but she did not repulse him. 'Tell me that you like me a little,' pleaded the boy. 'I do like you, Marcus,' said May, 'but don't say any more just now; I can't tell you why; but this is not the time—I—I—just say good-by, now, Marcus. I must go away to-morrow; but I will write to you.'

'Remember, my love is life or death to me,' said Marcus, and they parted. One day when May felt that she had nothing but scorn for her fortune-hunting doctor she did write to Marcus Moreland, and what she said may be inferred from the fact that they are to be married when the next spring comes, and that the people at the store, and doubtless the doctor also, know that Farmer Parsons' pretty young boarder was really and actually an heiress, and that Farmer Parsons, a shrewd old man with plenty of good sense, knew and approved of the ruse that tested the heiress' lovers all along.

Grand Island is in a quandary. A man's wife died. The man was poor but honest. He owed the doctor \$20, and the druggist \$10, for attendance and medicine furnished his wife in her last illness. Having no money to pay these bills, he made a contract with the doctor, who was to take the wife's body for dissection, allowing \$30 for the same, and to receipt his own bill and pay the druggist. This was done. The Dr. paid the druggist his \$10, receipted for the \$20 he himself, and commenced cutting up the body. Objection was made by many citizens and at length public opinion became so strong against the proceeding that the doctor was compelled to bury the body. Here is where the trouble commences. Should honesty cause a man to submit to any loss, even to the loss of his wife? A portion of the citizens argue that since the man received no money from the trade, but merely paid an honest debt, his action was highly commendable, and since the doctor had paid honest money for the subject he was entitled to its possession. It is the general impression, however, if the papers reflect the sentiments of the people, that traffic in dead wives is an enterprise that should not be encouraged in Nebraska even in a time of business depression.—Lincoln Globe.

The Irish land league has this week received £3,500, the greatest amount obtained in any one week, since the land league was established.

A child seeing a bill on a telegraph post: 'Oh, mamma, look! A message has fallen down.'