

THE JOURNAL

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THE GIRL NEXT DOOR.

O girl next door, dear girl, next door,
For thy' you care not a snap for us,
We long to know about you.

Are you sweet sixteen, O girl next door?
Are you tender-hearted and true?

Do you speak in soft, low, cooing voices?
Do you wear a No. 5 shoe?

Are your tresses golden or brown or brown?
Are you spry or spritely or human?

Do you speak in a soft, low, cooing voice?
(An exciting thing to woman!)

Are you strong-minded? and do you hold
On flirtation and science? or do you delight
Only in gossip and news?

Are you learned and grave? or silly and gay?
Are you full of rosy cheeks and rosy cheeks?

Are you modest and innocent and classic lore?
In languages living and dead?

Your eyes, are they blue or black or brown?
Do you love the genus homo?

Are you artful, and can you tell
A secret from a secret?

And what is your name, O girl next door?
Is it Susan or Kate or Jenny?

Or Mary Ann? and tell me, pray,
Have you visitors few or many?

Were you ever in love, O mystic girl,
With a perfectly lovely man?

Are you intelligent, bright and sweet?
Are you full of wit?

Do you believe in woman's rights?
Are you very, very nice?

Do you like a tall, or a short young man?
Must his eyes be brown or blue?

Do you like to be out on a rainy day,
With one umbrella for two?

Are you very proper and wise and good?
Do you like to be out on a rainy day?

Do you ever whistle or swing your arms?
Or wear your hair in a bang?

O girl next door, I've found out naught,
The long I have now had.

But tell me truly, who's engaged?

And when are you going to be married?

—Detroit Free Press.

CALDEONNE'S COURTSHIP.

L.

THE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR.

Northbrook came under the auctioneer's hammer by foreclosure of mortgage. It was a valuable country seat and did not bring half what it cost.

The purchaser was Cale Cardonne, an intelligent, wealthy, self-opinioned man, sometimes called by his friends "The German Baron," not because he was of German descent, but probably because of his ruddy face, fine physique, and brusque, positive manners, the latter verging upon rudeness when his passion was aroused.

The neighbors speculated considerably about his advent at Northbrook, and prophecies were made which were not to be borne out. He would introduce new-fangled notions; he would engage in foolish experiments; he would be an easy victim to the fallacies of theoretic farming, and the like.

Well, he came and settled among them, and nothing of the kind occurred. He left farming operations to an experienced hand, devoted his leisure moments to books, enjoyed the fresh country air, and attended so much to his own business that he had no time for other people than he was voted too exclusive.

There was a railroad station at Northbrook, and one day he ran hastily up the steps of the tower to send a message by telegraph. He had leaped from the train without thinking of the valise which he had placed on the seat beside him. Its contents were valuable, and he was anxious to receive it by the returning train.

The operator was a quiet, demure-looking girl, very compact, and plainly clad; her face creamy white, neither approaching to pallor nor indicating ill-health.

He stated his errand. Could she get a dispatch to Croylond before the train got there?

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "How can you identify the valise?"

Her voice sounded as clear as a bell, and her white shapely hand was toying with the button of the telegraph instrument.

"My name is on it," he said. "And your name—is?"

"Cale Cardonne." She had heard of him, but had never met him. She surveyed him in a speculative way, yet with no suggestion of boldness. Her eyes were soft gray eyes, with fabulous depths, and just then tinged with wistful interest.

A few tickings followed, and then a small bell rang. The message had been sent and acknowledged. He flung down a coin in compensation, and then picked up a book which she evidently had been reading.

"Sartor Resartus, by Thomas Carlyle!" he exclaimed, reading the title, an intonation of surprise in his voice. "You are—plodding through this?" he asked, stammering in his choice of words.

"Yes," she answered. "And your name—is?"

"Cale Cardonne." She had heard of him, but had never met him. She surveyed him in a speculative way, yet with no suggestion of boldness. Her eyes were soft gray eyes, with fabulous depths, and just then tinged with wistful interest.

They were seated in the library, little more than the top of the doctor's bald head visible in the smoke with which he had enveloped himself.

"Why so, Weatherby?" They had had a familiar way of calling each other by their last names.

"You might look elsewhere and fare worse," remarked the doctor.

"You have some one to recommend?" Cale Cardonne said, smilingly.

"Aye, I have," replied the doctor. "He is worthy in every respect of any honest man's love. I mean Janet Thorne."

Just then something happened which rather disturbed the doctor's complacency. A pair of brawny arms seized him, lifted him from his chair, then replaced him in it with considerable violence.

The doctor was a small man, but tough as a terrier, with very little temper, or else but a shaggy one. He shook himself, adjusted his shirt collar, picked up his pipe, and recrossed his legs.

"Caronne, I didn't know that you indulged in profanity," he said, his pipe once more in his mouth.

"Did I swear? You are to blame. You provoked me."

"I did, eh?" asked the doctor. "Very well, so I assure you. Dwell under her in this Commonwealth and generation. Still, I would be excused for asking an explanation of such a sudden outburst."

"She jilted me," growled Cale Cardonne, his passion spent.

"Who jilted you?"

"Janet Thorne." "No, she didn't," the doctor said, with emphasis.

"I tell you she did," declared the other, with equal emphasis. "Ought not to know?" I—I—understand it! That's just why I'm so sensitive."

"She did not jilt you," persisted the doctor.

Cale Cardonne was on his feet again. "What do you mean?" he fiercely demanded. "Oh, you want me to be grieved! Well, she rejected me."

We have doubtless the story of the man who tried to steal a red-hot stove; but since the effort to steal the corpse of the fat woman the city of Chicago may not be considered safe itself.—N. Y. Graphic.

odor was wafted from the woods; the frogs croaked in the meadows; an owl called to his mate from a perch under the leaves of the mill.

"It's been long in replying to Cale Cardonne's passionate appeal?" He saw the color come and go in her face. He saw her lips tighten.

"Perhaps she doesn't love you?"

"That isn't complimentary to me, Weatherby. She confessed that she did love me."

"Oh!" ejaculated the doctor, lapsing into silence for a time.

"Cardonne, if she loves you she'll marry you," he slowly said. "There's no mystery about this matter. She is very frank, and abominates concealments."

I have known her from babyhood, and her mother before her. Ha!"

The exclamation was sudden and explosive, and his face intensified.

"I think I know," he said, possibly not aware that he was rubbing his hands. "Cardonne, if you'll apologize to me for that shaking I'll find you a wife."

"Janet?" asked the German Baron, with an illuminated face. "Do it, and I'll get on my knees to you. I'll consider myself your debtor forever. I'll—"

"Oh, don't be so profuse," interrupted the doctor, "push up the tobacco pouch over this way."

"Your mother isn't your mother."

"Janet," Doctor Weatherby said, "it was shabby in you to refuse Mr. Cardonne."

He had stopped in front of the cottage, and she was leaning over the wheel of his gig.

"The blood filled her face, then left, it turned white."

"Did he think so lightly of it as to mention it?" she asked, her eyes snapping.

"Lightly?" cried the Doctor, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I am glad we weren't on top of Notre Dame when he mentioned it! Janet, your mother isn't your mother!"

It was an astounding announcement, and made in the abrupt way usual with the Doctor. It was an income of £1,000, a brother-in-law, a house, and a garden, and set under him. For a moment he seemed bereft of speech and motion.

"Dr. Weatherby, is that true?" she gasped.

"Yes, Janet."

"And father kept it from me."

"There never was any need to tell you."

"Why is there need now?"

"Answer that yourself, Janet. That is why you rejected Cale Cardonne."

"I am, god bless you, Janet. You would not have given the reason—as a physician solely, perhaps. And my mother—was she insane?"

"No, little one."

"Father in Heaven, I thank Thee."

Her hands were clasped, here eyes were reverently uplifted, her face shining like the face of a saint. At least the Doctor thought so.

"Janet, your happiness lies at your feet," magnificently said. "You will be a sensible enough woman to take it."

Janet stole off into the dim woods to be alone under the trees and the wonderful revelation. Her stepmother, whom she supposed was her real mother, had died in the insane asylum raving mad. Poor Janet believed that she had inherited the taint; the dreadful visitation would come some time; she could not bring sorrow to the life of a husband, or shame and suffering to her offspring.

III.

THE CHASE BRIDGED.

There was a great crowd at the church fair. Cale Cardonne, looking not unlike a German Baron, passed from table to table chattering with the ladies and buying their wares.

On his first visit to the festivity of Ivy, he knew to whom they belonged.

His heart ached for a moment, and the light went out of his face.

"A letter for Mr. Cardonne!" cried the postmster from the little window of the pretended post-office.

He walked thither, paid the postage and received his letter. It contained but one line:

"The claus has been bridged!"

He read it twice. It came to him in a flash.

"Then you have simply increased the pain of the consciousness of the great boon I have lost. Do you delight in vacuity?"

"Can I see you home, Janet?"

"She said slowly, looking past him into vacuity. "It is a very miserable over it, but can not blame you," he said, "unless it may be because you have no business to be charming and a queer smile came to his lips.

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IV.

AS AN ANSWER TO THEM.

Cale Cardonne had no congenital friend, a certain Dr. Weatherby, a man a little crochety, but a jovial, good-hearted fellow withal, a most excellent physician, and well read, not only in the classics, but in the popular literature of the day. Every idle evening either found Cale Cardonne in the cozy office of the doctor or the latter in the library at Northbrook.

"Caronne, you ought to get married," he said, one evening.

They were seated in the library, little more than the top of the doctor's bald head visible in the smoke with which he had enveloped himself.

"Why so, Weatherby?" They had had a familiar way of calling each other by their last names.

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"She did not jilt you," persisted the doctor.

Cale Cardonne was on his feet again. "What do you mean?" he fiercely demanded.

"Janet Thorne!" he repeated to himself. "A staid name, and it suits her. Somehow I feel strangely interested in the little thrush."

REJECTED.

The two met frequently after Janet lived in a neat little cottage not far from the station. Her mother was dead and she supported an invalid father.

Cale Cardonne visited her at the cottage, sent her books and flowers, and sometimes walked with her in the woods which