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Responsible Agents Wanted. To dispose of guarantee for the sale of Landed and other valuable property.

BARR & BOGGS. Practicing Physicians. ARGO, INDIANA.

Physician and Surgeon. Calls attended to promptly.

FASHIONABLE BARBER SHOP. Barber and Michigan streets, opposite E. D. McKim's Hardware Store.

A. C. HOLTZENDORFF, Prop'r. Hair Cutting, Shaving & Shampooing.

W. W. TYNER. Plain, Fancy & Gilded Lettering.

P. C. DETELEFSEN. Manufacturer and Dealer in CIGARS, SMOKING and CHEWING TOBACCO, PIPES, STEMS, &c.

JOHN S. BENDER. Attorney at Law, Notary Public and Far Claim Agent.

JOHN G. SBORNE. ATTORNEY AT LAW. Will attend promptly to all legal business.

Phillips & Johnson. Attorneys, Counselors at Law, Notary Public.

A. C. Capron. Attorney and Notary, War Claim Agent.

DR. A. O. BORTON. URGENT DENTIST. Whole or partial sets of Teeth inserted on the most approved plan.

DR. E. W. COOPER. Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon.

LIVERY. Will undertake having purchased the Livery Stable of Allen & Row, is fully prepared to meet any want of the Livery business.

GUSTAVE BROWN. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Cigars, Tobacco, Snuff, Pipes, Ciga Holders, Tobacco Pouches, Razors, &c.

MEERSCHAUM PIPES. Warranted good - in at very low prices.

J. A. MILLER, IND. Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Feed, Tinsware, Grockery, Notions, Country Produce, &c.

Doctor F. A. Borton. As changed his residence and may be found at his new brick house on Michigan road, a short distance from the residence of A. S. Wharton.

Business Directory.

RAILROADS.

Pittsburgh, F. Wayne & Chicago. On and after Dec. 21st, 1893, Trains will leave Station daily.

Table with columns: Station, Express, Passenger, Freight, Mail.

Poetry.

Waiting for the Spring. As breezes stir the morning, A silence reigns in air; Steel blue the heavens above me, Yet unto me this stillness.

Strangest of all things that do occur, I strain mine ears to listen, If haply where I stand, But oh stray note of music, May sound in all the land.

Why art thou mute, oh Blackbird? O thrush, why dost not sing? Ah! surely they are waiting, Waiting for the spring.

O heart! thy days are darksome; O heart! thy nights are drear; But soon shall streams of sunshine Proclaim the turning year, Soon shall the trees be leafy, Soon every bird shall sing; Let them be silent waiting, Waiting for the spring.

Select Tale. FROM THE GERMAN OF BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

ACTOR OF "ON THE HEIGHTS," "THE VILLAGE OF IRE RINK," ETC., ETC.

Dani was going with me to America, said her uncle as she approached, and she replied, breaking the straw in her hand, 'I have nothing against it. I have not made up my mind what I shall do, but I can go alone.'

'No,' cried Dani, 'that I won't do. You would not get that time with the farmer's wife, when she wished to take you; neither will I go alone, but with you only.'

'Well, think it over; you have sense enough,' their uncle concluded, bolting the shutters again, so that they stood in darkness. He then pushed the children to the room door and out to the entrance, closed the house door, and went to take the key to the charcoal-burner, intending to go with Dani to the village. He cried to Amrei when at a distance: 'You have time till to-morrow morning; then I go away whether you go with me or not.'

Amrei remained alone, looking back after her, and it appeared strange to her how one person could separate from another. 'There he is going away, and yet he belongs to me and to him.'

Strange! as it often happens in actus dreams, thoughts but lightly touched on revive, and are clothed with fantasies. Thus it seemed to Amrei in her waking dream, Dani had only alluded to the meeting with the farmer's wife; the thought was half extinguished in her memory, and now it rose again distinctly, like a picture from a forgotten past. Amrei said, half aloud:

'Who can say, that she does not often think of me without knowing why, and perhaps at this very minute? and down there she indeed promised that she would be my prettiness, at the very spot near the pasture field. Why do the trees remain so that they always can see me? why is a word not like a tree—standing fast, so that you can grasp it? Yes, it depends on this only, whether you will, and you can make it as firm as a tree.'

But what so honorable a woman has said, that is firm and true. And she cried, too, because she was leaving her home; and she had been married out of the village for a long time, and had children,—yes, and one of them was named John. Amrei stood near the tree, and laid her hand on the trunk and said: 'Why do you not go away too, why do not men make you wander forth? Perhaps it would be better for you in some other place. But in truth you are too big, and you did not plant yourself here, and who knows that you would not perish in another place?—They can cut you down, but cannot transplant you. Foolish thought! I might have been forced to leave here. Yes, if it had been my father, I must have gone with him. He would not have needed to have asked me, but he who asks much goes off astray. No one can advise me, not even Amrei. No, my uncle indeed thinks he is doing me good, and that I must repay him for it. Should he be harsh to me, or to Dani because he is not clever, and we left him in this strange wide world? Amrei drew just as you make it, and as our teacher has forbidden from the right to the left.' Amrei signed to him to be quiet. It was fearful and sinful to leave Dani speaking so lightly, here where it seemed to be like a church, in the midst of eternity, quiet away from the world, and yet within. She opened the door of the chamber. The room was as dark as the grave, for the shutters were closed, and only a faint ray of sunshine came through a crevice, and fell on an angel's head upon the tiled stove, so that the angel appeared to smile. Amrei fell down from terror; and when she arose, her uncle had opened the shutters, and the warm air came in. Within here, it was cold. In the room, there was nothing left of the furniture except a bench nailed to the wall. There her mother had spun, and there she had guided little Amrei's hands, how to knit.

'Well, children, less go now,' their uncle said; 'it is not good to stay here. Come with me to the Baker's, and I will buy you some white bread; or would you rather have a pretzel.'

'No, let us stay here a while longer,' Amrei said, and continued to caress the bench where her mother used to sit. Pointing to a white spot on the wall, she continued musingly: 'Our cuckoo-clock used to hang there, and there my father's soldier's discharge, and there the skins of spread my mother spun; she could even spin better than Black Marann, for Black Marann has said so; always a penny more for the pound than any other person, and also even,—there was not the smallest knot in it. And do you see that ring up there in the ceiling? That used to be there when she spun the thread. If I had only known it at the time, I would not have permitted them to sell mother's distaff, it was as precious. But no one took any interest in us. Oh, mother, oh, father! if only you knew how we were tossed about, you would mourn up there in heaven.'

Amrei began to weep and Dani with her. Their uncle, too, wiped away a tear, and urged them to go, for it afflicted him to give unnecessary pain to the children; but Amrei said passionately: 'Even if you go, I will stay here.'

'What do you mean? You will not go with me?' Amrei was frightened, for she now became conscious of what she had said, and she replied: 'No, in the other matter I have determined nothing yet. I only mean this: that I will not leave the house until I have everything again. Come, Dani, for you are my brother; go up with me to the loft, where we used to play hide-and-seek behind the chimney; and then we will look out of the window where we used to dry mushrooms. Don't you recollect what fine good pieces he used to get for them? Something rustled and rolled over in the ceiling. All three were frightened. But their uncle said: 'Remain here Dani, and you too. What do you want up there? Don't you hear what a rattle the mice are making?'

'Come along, they won't eat us,' urged Amrei. But Dani was positive he was not going, and although Amrei was frightened, she still took courage, and went up alone to the loft. But she soon came back as pale as death, with nothing but a wisp of straw in her hand.

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which my father made for him. Father said that house out of old boards, I remember that he said that a starting would not go in a house made out of new boards, and so I feel too.'

'That won't be so bad for you have told me hundreds of stories where a goose-tender was a queen,' Amrei replied. 'That was in the old times. But who can tell? You belong indeed to the old world—it often appeared to me as if you were not a child; and who knows, you old fashioned soul, wonders will perhaps happen to you.'

The hint that she was not even yet on the lowest round of the ladder of life, that there were positions still lower, started Amrei at last. She did not require anything else for herself, but from this time on she would not permit Dani to herd the geese with her. He was to become a man—and it would injure him if any one could reproach him with having been a goose-tender. But with all her zeal she could not make this plain to him, and he became angry with her for it. It was always the case—just at the point where understanding comes, obstinacy begins.—Weakness always imagines itself as being treated with injustice.

Dani in the meantime obtained occupation. He was made use of by his guardian, the farmer of Rodel, to frighten the birds; his duty was to sound a rattle in the orchard of the farmer, in order to drive the sparrows away from his cherry tree and lettuce beds; but he soon gave up his occupation, which at first he considered as play.

It was a pleasant but laborous duty which Amrei had undertaken; and it was often difficult for her, as she did not know how to keep the flock together. Yes, they could scarcely be distinguished from each other, and what Marann once told her was not out of the way: 'Animals that live in herds are always stupid.'

'And I think that geese are stupid, because they are able to do so many things; they can swim, run and fly; but they really are at home neither on the ground nor in the water, nor in the air; and that makes them stupid.'

'I maintain it,' Marann said, 'that you are a little odd witch.'

But the witchery of Amrei's dreams was curiously transfused by the bright hues of reality. In all of her meditations and dreams she knitted away without dropping a stitch; and as in the corner by the wild pear tree the stupifying nightshade and refreshing strawberry grow close together, almost appearing to spring from the same root, so clear perception and dreamy reverie grew side by side in the heart of the child.

The older meadow was not one of those retired spots where the quiet fairy world loves to reveal itself. Through the middle of the meadow a road led to Endringen, and not far from it was the redoubtable fence, hung with the scutechions of two lords whose lands met there. Country teams of all descriptions drove by on this road, and men, women, and young girls passed to and fro with their hoes, rakes and sickles. The foresters of the two estates also went by frequently, and the glitter of their guns was visible from afar. The foresters were often greeted by the geese as they sat by the way, and was often asked whether this one or that one had passed by; but she never had any information to give,—perhaps indeed the confusion of it, from the aversion of the country people, and especially village children, have for foresters, who always appear to them as armed enemies of mankind, roaming about seeking whom they may devour.

The laborer who broke stones in the road scarcely ever spoke a word to Amrei; he went slowly from heap to heap, and his hammering was as incessant as the tapping of the woodpecker in the forest, and blended with the shrill chirpings of the grasshoppers in the neighboring meadows.

Away from all human affairs, Amrei was often borne into the realms of dreams. Freely he mind soared up and floated away into unbounded space. As the larks sing and rejoice in the air and do not care where the lines of estates end, but fly away over the boundaries of whole districts, so this child knew nothing of the limits which confined the narrow realities of life. Familiar things became objects of wonder to her, and what was wonderful appeared as an ever day occurrence.—Hark how the cuckoo calls! That is a living echo of the forest that calls and answers itself; and now the bird is sitting above you in the pear tree, but you dare not look at it, or it will fly away. How loudly it calls! how it sounds, how far it is heard! the little bird has a voice more powerful than a man's. Perch yourself on a tree,—imitate him, and you will not be heard as far as this bird, which is not as large as your fist. Be still; perhaps it is an enchanted prince who will come to you. Yes give me the riddle,—let me only think over it, and I will quickly find the answer and then set you free, and we will go off to the golden castle, taking Black Marann and Dani with us, and Dani will marry your sister, the princess, and we will cause Black Marann's John to be sought for through the whole world and he who finds him shall have a whole Kingdom. Al! why then is this all true; and why have I thought of all this, if it is true?'

While Amrei's thoughts were thus carried away beyond all limit, the geese also felt themselves at liberty and enjoyed themselves in the neighboring clover field. Awakening from her dreams, Amrei would then drive them back with much difficulty, and when the marauders had returned to their companions, they had much to tell of this promised land where they had enjoyed themselves; there was no end to their gabbling and cackling, and for a long time a goose here and there would, as if from a dream, speak out a significant word, and another would stick its bill under its wing and go off into a reverie.—Then Amrei would be off again. See, there fly the birds; there is not a bird in the air that hesitates—not even the swallows in their circles, all are sure, all are free. Oh, if I only could fly too, how the world would look from up there where the lark lies. Hurray! Higher, ever higher and far, far away! I would fly away into the wide world, to the farmer of

Landfried's wife, and see what she is doing, and ask if she still thinks of me? 'Think of you in me in foreign lands? Thus Amrei sang out in the midst of her dreams, and her breath which had become quicker at the thought of flight, as if she were actually floating away high in the air, became compressed and regular again.

But not always did her cheeks glow with waking dreams, not always did the sun shine brightly on the opening buds and waving grain. There came in the spring those cold wet days, in which the budding trees looked like freezing strangers, and the sun was scarcely seen through the whole day, while a strong frost prevailed over all nature, interrupted only by strong blasts of wind, which tore off and carried away the blossoms of the trees.

The lark alone rejoiced in the air far up among the clouds, and the complaining note of the flock from the pear tree, against the trunk of which Amrei was leaning. The stone breaker had stationed himself far below, by the red wooden cross under the linden; and now the hail came down in sheets, and the geese stretched their heads high in the air to guard their tender brains from injury; but over there—back of Endringen—it is all clear again, and the sun was breaking out; the fields, the forests, and the mountains look like a human face which had ceased weeping, and is now beaming with joy. The little flock in the air and among the trees, and the geese which had crowded together during the storm, and which hand in hand in astonishment raised their heads in the air, separate again, and feed and cackle and discourse about the late event with their young downy brood, which had never experienced the like before.

After Amrei had been caught in this straits, she immediately took measures to protect herself in the future. From this time she always carried an empty sack, which she had inherited from her father. Two crossed axes, with the name of her father were still to be seen painted on the sack, and during a storm she covered and wrapped herself up in it; there she sat as if beneath a sheltering roof, and looked out at the wild and confused shades in the sky. A cold shiver passing by would often overcome her, she felt like weeping over her fate, that she was left alone and deserted by father and mother; but she soon acquired a power which is difficult to learn and practice,—to suppress her tears. The eyes thus become brilliant and clear in the midst of affliction (To be Continued.)

CHAPTER VI. THE ALDER-MEADOW.

When her uncle came the next morning, Amrei told him she was going to remain. There was a singular vein of bitterness as well as of kindness in what her uncle then said: 'Truly you resemble your mother who never wished to have anything to do with us; but I can take Dani alone, even if he wished to go. It will be a long time before he can do anything else than eat bread; but you could have earned it. Amrei answered that she wished to do that at once, where she was, and she would afterward, if her uncle remained of the same mind, go with her brother to him.

The manner in which their uncle showed his interest in them caused Amrei's resolution again to waver, but she did not dare to express it, she merely said: 'Say good bye to your children from me, and tell them that I feel it very hard that I have never seen my nearest relation, and especially now when they are going across the ocean, and I perhaps shall never see them in my life.'

Her uncle arose quickly, and only told her to say good bye to Dani, as he had no time to bid him farewell.

He went away.

And when Dani soon after, learned the departure of his uncle, he wished to run after him, and Amrei felt inclined to do likewise; but by an effort she controlled herself. She spoke and acted as if under restraint, for her thoughts followed her uncle along the road he had taken. She now went hand in hand with her brother through the village, nodding to all the people she met. For she now felt as if she had just returned to them. She had been on the point of going away, and it seemed to her that all others must be quite as happy as she was; but she soon remarked, that not only would they be glad to let her go, but that they were really angry because she did not go. Crow Zach opened her eyes, when he said: 'You have a stubborn head, my child, and the whole village is angry with you because you sprang away your good fortune.—But who knows whether it was good fortune, although they call it so, and whoever looks at you calculates what you have cost the community. Therefore do your best to become independent of public charity as soon as possible.'

'But what shall I do?'

'The farmer of Rodel's wife would like to take you into her service, but the farmer won't have it.'

Amrei felt that hereafter she must be doubly careful not to incur any reproach, either from herself or from others, and therefore asked: 'Don't you know anything else for me to do?'

'Indeed you must be afraid of nothing but begging. Have you not heard how silly Fridlin killed two geese belonging to the church farm? The situation of goose tender is now vacant, and I advise you to take it.'

That was soon done, and by noon Amrei was driving the geese on the alder meadow,—as they called the pasture ground on the hill near the village. Dani faithfully helped his sister in her duties.

Black Marann was much dissatisfied with this new occupation, and said, without justice: 'It will follow you thro' life if you once take such an office, people will never forget it; it will never pass from their minds, and every one will respect before taking you into their service,—that is the goose tender; and if they take

you out of pity, you will receive poor wages and bad treatment; for they will always say that it is good enough for a goose tender.'

'That won't be so bad for you have told me hundreds of stories where a goose-tender was a queen,' Amrei replied. 'That was in the old times. But who can tell? You belong indeed to the old world—it often appeared to me as if you were not a child; and who knows, you old fashioned soul, wonders will perhaps happen to you.'

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