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TERMS OF COURT. 1894—April 18, October 16, December 12. 1895—February 13, April 17, October 9, Dec. 11. Zala A. Church and S. M. Ellwood, Judges.

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Original Notice. In the District Court of Iowa for Crawford County.

Plaintiff, vs. Defendant. Original Notice. October Term. A. D. 1895.

To the above named Defendant: You are hereby notified that there is now on file in the office of the Clerk of the District Court of Crawford County, Iowa, a petition by the plaintiff, Stone & Temple, a partnership, claiming of you the sum of \$10.00, with interest thereon at 8 per cent from March 25th, 1895, and statutory attorney fees and cost of suit upon one promissory note given by you to the plaintiff, which petition further asks an attachment against your property.

For particulars see petition when on file. Now unless you appear thereto and defend before noon of the second day of the next term of said Court commencing at Denison, Crawford County, Iowa, on the tenth day of October, A. D. 1895, default will be entered against you and judgment rendered as prayed.

J. P. CONNER, Attorney for plaintiff.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

LITTLE LOVERS.

Two little lovers, aged six and ten, Aying the manners of women and men. He so ardent and she so shy Only when somebody else is by. When they're alone, her shyness flies, Capt. mounts quickly his throne in her eyes: When they're alone, this trident-haired miss Gives her wee lover a soft, warm kiss.

Yet a sad little coquette is she; Every attention she welcomes with glea, Many a heart has she filled with pain; Constant she finds it so hard to remain; Lovers will come to her feet to woo; What is the dear little damsel to do? Is it her fault that they love her so? Is it her fault that they won't take "No"?

Long be the lives of this little pair, Sweetheart and maiden so bonny and fair! Long may they live while their loves intertwine, Each with the other, like stems of the vine! Or will this baby love droop and die Ere many years have flown hurrying by? Then will they deem it but childish fun, Feeling no smart since no harm has been done.

—F. P. in Tinsley's Magazine.

HER EXPIATION.

We had been "inseparables" before his going, and we would be so never again I felt convinced. She had absorbed him. Mind, desire, future, were packed in the little palm of her hand. Yet I was not vulgarly jealous. I loved Aubrey Yeldham better than I could have loved a brother, but I had seen her and had caught the reflection of his sentiment, though in a tempered degree. I had met her but once, in a verdurous Devon lane, where she had lost her bearings and we had come to her assistance.

Her name was Ruth Lascelles, and she was a widow. That was the sum total of our knowledge. She might have been 20, but we estimated her age at 25, deducing our theory from a certain fatigued languor of voice and expression that accorded ill with the girlish satin of her skin. This was arrived at on the first day of our meeting—we had not discussed her since. But one morning when he had called at the little farm cottage where she lived and had found her down without a word of regret his despair had been too much for him. The whole story rolled from his lips; his love for her, her seeming reciprocity, their wanderings in the woods, her reliant, trusting attitude—that had taught him to wish himself some knight of the Holy Grail and not a mere bemired man of many passions.

I was so out of it, as the phrase is, that I could volunteer small elucidation. That she was a coquette of the first order seemed the most feasible solution, and I offered it. He derided the notion—it was apparently so frivolous a venture that it failed to anger him. But one day, after we had returned to town and were working well in harness, he with his book, I with my illustrations for it, he burst out afresh: "She unintentionally let out where she lived. It is a village on the coast of France. She must have returned."

"Well?" I said, suspending my work and pretending to extract a hair from the fine point of my drawing pen. "Well," he burst out, "the world is our oyster. If we shirk opening it, we can't hope to filch pearls."

"That means?" I inquired expectantly. "That means, in plain words, that I don't intend to give up the biggest pearl that God ever sent to make a man rich."

"You intend to follow her?" I questioned—needless indeed, for his kindling eye contained a fire of decision and energy that for 14 days, since the sorry one of her disappearance, had smoldered.

He had been absent but a week when I received the telegram announcing his intended return. I stood—with my back against the mantel and hands warming themselves behind my sheltering coat—eager to recognize his rampant mount of the stairs, to feel the clasp of his hand or the thump on the shoulder blade and hear his cheery "Congratulate me, old fellow!" that I knew must come. A cab stopped outside and a key turned in the lock. Then a slow, heavy tread ascended. We met in the passage. There was no need for more than a glance at him to abridge the exuberance of welcome that had bubbled to my lips.

The silence was so long—so pregnant with unsyllabled anguish—that at last I closed a warm hand over his fingers as they clasped the arm end of his chair. "Well?" "Well," he said huskily, starting a little from his coma and poking a coal with the toe of his boot, "it's over."

"So I supposed, and the pearl was not?" "Not for my handling," he interrupted. "I knew you'd think something hard of her, but you won't, you won't when I tell you!"

He stretched his hand to his glass and emptied it before continuing. "It came about sooner than I intended—the horizon was so serene I wanted to lay to for a bit—but it was no use. We were talking of something—I forget what—and I made a quotation. You know the chap who said, 'Show me a woman's clothes at different periods of her life and I will tell you her history?'"

"Yes, I forget his name, but I think it was a Frenchman." "Well, I quoted him, pretending to a like perspicacity. It was a sneaking, cowardly ruse to know more of her." "Well?" "She snapped at my offer—was almost ardent in her wish to test me."

"I caught her wrist as it turned the handle of the wardrobe door and remonstrated: 'I refuse to see them. I know nothing of clothes, and I'm not a detective. I won't pry into your past secrets either of sorrow or of joy.' "Her hand shook in my clasp. "Don't stop me," she cried imperatively. "Help me—I want you to know them."

"So be it," I said and pushed back the door. Then she suddenly flung herself in front of it, between me and the row of dainty frocks and shimmering laces. She looked like Cassandra guard-

ing the gate of a citadel, though her lips said in a tone richer than wine, sweeter than music, "Kiss me first."

There was a long pause—Yeldham sat blankly staring at the ovals, and I gazed intently into the mists of nicotine that curled upward to the ceiling. "There are some kisses," he said presently, "that are worth the whole sum of human pleasure. Pleasure! Faugh! A rotten word—belonging to those who only half live."

He handled a cigarette mechanically and lit it. "We had gone through most of the dresses when we came to some fine azure drapery incrustated with Japanese gold. "It was mine," she said, "and was worn by a woman I hated. She borrowed it one night after coming over in the rain."

"Yet you hated her?" I asked, taking my cue from the curl of her lip. "Not then. In those days I thought men were true—George trusted of all—and women good."

"I looked down at the gold storks on the heavy eastern silk, and said, 'And when did you change your opinion?' "When I hung away this gown, and determined it should never touch me."

"I rose to put my arm around her, to break the skein of unpleasant associations, but she moved away, and said in a hard, almost defiant voice: "There is one more, tell me its tale if you can, and if not—"

"She paused while I took the fine lace and lawn into my fingers. It seemed a summer dress, scarcely crushed. In front, however, and on the sleeve was a splash of dull red brown. "Paint?" I suggested, "or blood. An accident perhaps?" and in questioning I met her eyes.

"Don't, don't!" I cried, "don't speak!" I flung myself back in the chair and covered my face to avoid the sight of hers—the expression of horror that was starting from it.

"I will, I must speak. Yes, blood; his blood. Oh!" she exclaimed, standing in front of me in that Cassandra-like attitude I had noticed before. "I can see it now. George had gone to the country—so he had said—and I, to pass the time, dined with an uncle at Big-nard's. You know the room—the thousand lights and loaded tables, the clink of glass and glow of silver—the gay and brilliant company that is always there? We dined, and were leaving afterward for the opera. My uncle passed out first and I was about to follow him, when, at a little table, I saw George and her; George looking down, down into her eyes with a hot red flush in his cheeks and a lifted wineglass in his hand. I don't know what happened; I burst between them, flung the glass from his fingers, and then—"

"I thought she must scream, but only a gasp escaped her. She looked at something on the ground and added in an awed, strangely intense voice, 'He was dead.' "The tone compelled me to her side; a torrent of agony seemed frozen at her lips.

"Listen!" she cried, still standing rigid, though the thrilling tone of her voice confessed her emotion. "The verdict of acquittal was merely a doom to perpetual remorse. A life for a life, was cried to me from even the daybreak chirping of the birds.

"Oh, Aubrey, be merciful—spare me all you can, for I am like a pilgrim who faints in sight of the great road. I know now that it is not the pulse of life, but the color and the scent of it, that makes one's sacrifice. I believe that every guilty soul must have his moment of high opportunity, of expiation, and this is mine. You are brave, you are great, you are generous. Shall you tempt me—and stay, or will you save me—and go?"

Poor Yeldham's voice broke to a hoarse whisper, and I laid a sympathetic hand upon his knee. "And you, Aubrey, you went?" "I am here," he answered, with a groan that was more pitiful than tears.—Condensed From Black and White.

LOVEMAKERS COME TO GRIEF.

An excellent anecdote was told of a west country parson's experience the other day. Mounted on the upper deck of one of those hideous "three-deckers," as the wooden abominations where parson and clerk took up their places were nicknamed, the cleric in question commanded an extensive view of his bucolic congregation. Even the depths of the old-fashioned high pew failed to escape his searching glances. In one of these pews he observed a youth and a maiden, who clasped hands tenderly and gave themselves up to endearments which even the Scriptural exhortation of "Love one another" did not entirely warrant.

The parson was filled with a great and righteous indignation, and fixing his glance not on the guilty pair, but on the west gallery, he abruptly arrested his discourse and informed his abashed congregation that "two young persons of opposite sexes were behaving in a manner that was highly indecorous and unbecoming, and unless these sinners came round to the vestry at the conclusion of the service and assured him of their penitence their names would be publicly proclaimed on the Sunday following." With regard to the after service scene in the vestry, 17 shame-faced pairs, gnawing their gloves or smoothing their forelocks, as their sex dictated, had gathered to offer their apologies to their outraged vicar.—London Sketch.

A Blow to Sentiment.

"Dearest, do you sit up late at night reading over and over my love letters to you?" "I would, Henry, but the truth is they put me to sleep."—Detroit Free Press.

Should Fire the Cook. "Does your husband say grace at the table?" "No. He returns thanks for safe preservation from the last meal."—Chicago Record.

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