The Wichita City Eagle.

VOLUME III. WICHITA, SEDGWICK COUNTY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER, 3 1874. NUMBER 22

The Wichita Eagle.

N. M. MURDOCK. E. P. MURDOCK.

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PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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On and after date the postoffice will be open for the delivery of letters and the sale of stamps from 7 A. M. to 7 P. M.

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M. E. Church—J. T. HANNA, pastor. Services every Sabbath at 10½ o'clock A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening.

Baptist Church—J. C. POST, pastor. Services at the new church on Market street every Sabbath at 10½ o'clock A. M. and 7 P. M.

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County Clerk—JOHN TUCKER.

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County Surveyors—H. L. JACKSON and A. W. SWANITZ.

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Marshal—WM. SMITH.

City Attorney—JAMES MCCULLOCH.

City Clerk—FRED. SCHATTER.

Surveyor—J. SNOOTE.

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SLUSS & DYER,

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BRICK! BRICK!

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Where I will keep constantly on hand a good assortment of Saddles, Draft and Carriage Harness, Collars, Whips, and every article belonging to the trade, which I will sell at the very lowest rates for cash, or exchange for green hides, furs, notes or fractional currency. I am also prepared to do all kinds of carriage trimming in short order. Repairs promptly attended to for half cash in hand, the balance in twenty years' time, without interest.

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is the ONLY AUTHORIZED person for the sale of my patent Well Tubes at *WICHITA*, from whom all purchases must be made in order to obtain title.

Wichita, Kansas, July 28, 1873.

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All work executed in the neatest durable and modern style, and warranted to give satisfaction.

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WILL ATTEND TO ALL ORDERS BOTH DAY AND NIGHT.

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(First door south of Southern Hotel.)
29-tf

LILLY LEE.

BY ALICE CARY.

I did love thee, Lilly Lee,
As the petred loves the sea,
As the wild bee loves the thyme,
As the poet loves the rhyme,
As the blossoms loved the dew—
But the angels loved thee, too!

Once, when twilights dying head
Pressed her golden sheeted bed,
And the silent stars drew near,
White and trembling with fear—
While the night's repeating frown,
Strangled the young zephyr down,
Told I all my love to thee—
Hoping, fearing Lilly Lee.

Fluttered then her gentle breast
With a troubled, sweet unrest,
Like a bird too near the net,
Which the fowler's hand hath set;
But her meatiful hands the while,
And her spirit-speaking smile,
Told me love could not depart
Death's pale arrow from the heart.

Hushing from that very day,
Passion pleading to have sway—
Folding close her little hand,
Whispering I with her, till the sand,
Crumbled from beneath her tread,
Lowering her softly to the dead,
Where in peace she waits for me—
Sweetest, dearest Lilly Lee.

As the chased heart loves the wave,
As blind silence loves the grave,
As the penitent loves prayer,
As pale passion loves displair,
Love I, and still love I thee—
Angel stolen Lilly Lee!

FARM NOTES.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Far back in ages
The plow with wreaths was crowned,
The hands of king and sages
Entwined the chaplets round,
Till one of spoil
Disdained the soil
By which the world was nourished,
And blood and pillage were the soil
In which their bare flourished.
Now the world her fault dispairs—
The guilt that stains her story,
And weeps her crimes amid her cares
That form her earliest glory.

The throne shall crumble
The diadem shall wane;
The tribes of earth shall humble
The pride of those who reign
And war shall lay
His potap away;
The fame that heroes cherish
The glory curtsied in deadly fray
Shall fade, decay and perish.
Honor waits o'er the earth,
Through endless generations,
The girl that calls the harvest forth,
And feeds the expectant nations.

For the EAGLE.

From a Florida Correspondent.

KEY WEST, FLORIDA, August 19th, 1874.

EDITOR EAGLE: At the date of my last writing I was teaching in Livingston county, Illinois. After closing my engagement there and making a short visit to my relatives in Chicago, I turned my course southward. I left Chicago at night on May 6th. There the spring had been cool and not very wet. Grass was an inch or two high in sheltered places, but the tree buds had scarcely begun to swell. At daylight the next morning the trees showed a pale green tinge and farmers were busy plowing, sowing, etc. As I neared Cairo the color of the trees deepened and the shade grew more dense. Lilacs were in bloom, blue grass in tassel, corn was being planted, etc. Here I had reached the region of the excessive rains that extended to the gulf and produced so disastrous floods. The last one hundred miles would seem worthless to a Kansas man, except for the timber, so broken and rocky was it, yet it has a great value for fruit raising. Eight miles back from Cairo we struck water. The railroad bed was all the dry land visible. The Ohio at Cairo was piled up to the top of the levee, and houses and shops—yes, about the whole city—were founded on land several feet below the water. An extensive break in the levee at the right place would sweep away every vestige of a town. I had the painful pleasure of seeing the Mississippi at its highest all the way down. So many and minute have been the descriptions of the flood that it would be wrong to inflict more upon your readers. Wherever a crevasse occurred the waters rushed back at right angles to the river (instead of following down the valley) till it reached some stream down which it would rush to join the Mississippi again. Old settlers told me that though the destruction and suffering was great, yet it was not equal to the reports published in the northern papers. I had an excellent chance to see the valley, for instead of being from thirty to fifty feet below the banks, I was raised high enough to see all there was to be seen. I was disappointed in seeing so little except water and trees from Cairo to Baton Rouge, but I was told the liability to floods had prevented settlings on the river banks except at a few places like Memphis, Vicksburg, Nachez, etc. So thick was the foliage that one could not see beyond the ordinary channel and could not realize that the river was from thirty to fifty miles wide. At Bolivar, Napoleon, Lake Providence, Natchez, in fact all along down the steamboat landed freight in the second stories of warehouses that stood on bluffs ordinarily thirty feet above the water. At Napoleon the town was disappearing; a large building had just been washed away, and a few people were seen paddling in boats between the few remaing buildings. I was disappointed in the Arkansas river which joins the Mississippi at this place. It is not half as wide as at Wichita, and, in fact, I should not have known it was a river at all had not my curiosity to see the river that swept by my home caused me to keep a close watch and question the mate frequently. While at the Lake Providence landing an old settler showed me where the town site formerly was: a quarter of a mile out in the boiling, resistless stream. At New Orleans the levees were so high and perfect that no indications of high water were apparent to a stranger, though on going back to the lower land the flood showed itself.

Fortunately I made connections with the Key West boat by waiting a few hours. This time I employed in looking around and visiting an old Maine acquaintance whom I had not seen for twenty years; and on the 13th of May, just a week from Chicago, I left the Crescent city for Key West, at which place we arrived safely on Monday, May 18th.

This city, with its cocoa-nut shade trees, with its swarms of Cubans, with the jabbering of Spanish which is heard much more on the streets than English, with the numberless goats kept by the Cubans in place of cows, with the total absence of chimneys on the houses, with the fleet lying at anchor in the harbor, etc., etc., is deserving of a letter devoted to itself alone. It is the most unAmerican city in the United States, in fact is *sui generis*. At some future time I may give your readers a detailed account of the city and its peculiarities. Meanwhile I will go on with my narrative.

I just missed the weekly mail-boat for Biscayno, and so had to lie here a week waiting for the next. On May 24th I left for Biscayno on the mail-boat—a small sloop. The distance is 175 miles, and owing to the head winds the trip occupies four days. We ran along the "keys," which extend as far as Cape Florida and a little farther, as the cape itself is a point on an island, though it was intended to be the end of the main land when named. These keys are generally long narrow islands lying parallel with the main land. They are none of them but a few feet above the water and during hurricanes the waves sweep entirely over them. They are of coral formation, with scanty soil and covered with bushes and shrubby trees. Some of them have settlers on them who are mostly "Conchs," (pronounced konks) and who make their living from the ocean, by wrecking, fishing, sponging, turtling, etc. They pay no attention to cultivating the soil except some who raise pineapples and a few bananas. The keys are, however, most densely populated with mosquitoes, as a resident of this city says "fifty thousand to the cubic foot." I suppose nowhere in the world are mosquitoes worse than on these keys. There are only a few hours in the middle of the day that a man can be out, thick smokes and mosquito bars are indispensible the rest of the day, and if the day is still and cloudy they are very troublesome all day. And as there is no frost here they prevail all the year round though not so very bad except during the summer months. The water along our trip was shallow and of crystal clearness; the bottom can be seen perfectly plain many feet in depth. Sea-weed, grass and sponges can be seen as we pass over them, while on the surface are seen occasionally nautilus, porpoise, turtle, sharks, cormorants, pelicans, gulls, and many water-fowl, and occasionally a school of silvery flying fish in their flight from larger fish rise a few yards from the water and fly swiftly sometimes forty rods or more. The keys appear as emerald gems studding a silvery expanse. Main land is at last seen a long, low level stretch of land covered mainly with pine interspersed with hammock and occasional bits of prairie. The latter are arms of the "Everglades" which discharge the surplus waters during the wet season. They are covered with "saw-grass," a coarse grass from six to ten and twelve feet high. During a large share of the year the surface has no water standing on it. As one goes back from the coast these prairie strips become larger and more frequent till the "everglades" are reached. These "everglades" cover a hundred square miles. Several large rivers rising in the interior of the state flow into lake Okechobee. This lake has no streams as outlets, but instead the waters spread out all over the south part of the state and find their way to the ocean through these prairie arms. The water is always perfectly clear and pure and in the wet season is from one to six feet deep and is interspersed with innumerable little islands. One would think such a country would be aguish, but on the contrary it is one of the healthiest in the world. The reason I conceive to be this malaria is caused by emanations from decayed vegetation infecting the air. Now here there is never a frost to kill vegetation, so there is always a heavy growth of green grass to absorb the malaria of the gradually decaying grass and none is left to poison the air. In the everglades bear, deer, numerous water-fowl, alligators, etc., are found and there is also a remnant of the seminoles. They are, however, quiet and inoffensive, despite the amount of bad whisky the white traders sell them. They live by hunting and fishing. They have no ponies; boats are the one thing indispensable for locomotion. The squaws, too, raise some corn, pumpkins, etc. The United States does not recognize their existence, considering the tribe as removed to Indian territory. They have the right to vote, but persistently refuse to exercise it.

But to return to the description of the appearance of the country. The pine resembles nothing of the pine family I ever saw at the north. The trees are tall, slim, without branches except a few at the top, quite scattering, free from underbrush, and of a lighter green foliage than the northern pine. In fact I could hardly realize that I was not passing along the Arkansas and viewing the cottonwood groves, so similar was the "lay" of the land and the appearance of the trees. The hammocks are small patches of low land between the pine and saw-grass land. Though the soil is very rich the trees are short and stunted in appearance and are filled up with an almost impenetrable underbrush. The trees are all hard wood and evergreen, live-oak, gum, India rubber tree, Florida mahogony, crab-wood, (highly ornamental), and very many others. All along the coast except in places where the high pine land comes to the water's edge, grows the mangrove, a most peculiar tree, and one admirably adapted to its location and business of making land. The top is large and bushy and covered with thick, glossy leaves, also evergreen, resembling somewhat the orange. The roots generally branch from the trunk above the surface of the ground sometimes twenty feet above, and divide out so completely as to seem as though the dirt had all been washed away leaving the trees standing on the tips of their roots. The tree resembles the tops of two trees standing end to end, the lower one leafless. In addition to this hundreds of limbs start and grow straight down to the ground and there take root, thus resembling the famous banian tree of the east. And further, the seeds, which are as large and long as a man's little finger, drop into the water and there float standing on end sending down roots and up leaves, floating till it catches in some suitable spot and there stops and develops into a tree. How perfectly adapted to its location. The wood, too, is very valuable, being quite hard and very durable. Many of the trees have trunks of fair length and size, but always grow after the style I have mentioned; and I have seen many others that seemed to be only top and roots joined in mid air by a trunk a few feet in length. Of all the places for rapid locomotion I think a Maugrove swamp affords the fewest facilities.

The pine land is covered with a network of saw-palmetto roots. These lie along the ground, are from the size of a man's arm to that of his leg. They send down small roots all along, like the legs of a centipede, and send out a tuft of stems two feet high, each with a star-like leaf from one to two feet across and stiff as a palm leaf. It is expensive clearing off these roots as the small roots are as tough as raw hide almost, and must be chopped off with a sharp heavy hoe all along the main root (which is from four to eight feet long) before it can be removed. Attempts to draw them out with oxen and machinery have proven failures, for the main root would tear in two before the small roots would break or draw. There are also oak bushes that have a large sprangly root. In addition to this the ground is underlaid at the depth of two or three feet, with a very soft lime stone, from which rise to the surface stone crests, circular in appearance and the whole resembling a honey-comb of stone more than anything else. This "honey-comb" is in some places so high that the soil is gone and nothing is left but cells two feet deep; at others they are sunk so that only the edges of the cells show at the surface, and still other places show no signs of stone. In digging wells solid stone is reached in about three feet. Solid I say, yet so soft and porous; so soft that only a pick is needed to cut it up, and so porous that the water percolates it, and will fill in so rapidly that a well can not be dipped dry. In connection with wells I will say that the coolest water I have in a well, (I carry a pocket thermometer and test the temperature often), is 75°. So warm water was disagreable, almost nauseating at first, but it being pure and sweet, I soon became accustomed to it, and did not notice the tempature. And I really think such water better, in this warm climate, than ice water; it is so near the temperture of the body that a large drink causes no feeling of discomfort, while I have noticed that a few swallows of ice water here in Key West causes profuse perspiration immediately, while a glass or two taken at once, though very pleasant to swallow, causes an uneasiness of the stomach almost amounting to pain. But what can be done with such a soil, asks one. That is an important question, and one I will try to answer as well as I can.

Not all the soil is as described, tho' most of it is. There are parts of the prairie covered with red top grass, indicating dry soil? A small embankment would keep off all surplus water and a breaking plow would soon prepare it for any crop. The next class of soil is just adapted to cocoanuts, especially that prairie lying next the mangrove on the coast. The cocoanut thrives when its roots are in wet soil, or under water even, in part, salt is food for it, so much so that I have heard it recommended to put a peck of salt under the tree when setting it out, or under the nuts when planting. The wettest saw-grass land can be drained I think, by cutting large trenches and putting the soil thus dug out upon the strips between, proportioning the trenches to the land left so as to raise the land eighteen inches or two feet. The stony pine land is just the place for pine, apple and fruit trees generally. The pine land is not very fertile, but the muck from the saw-grass land, and sea weed from the beach are good fertilizers. The preparation of the soil by clearing out roots and stones would cost $50 per acre.

Now for the crops. On the rich prairie or trench land would grow everything except fruit trees, pine and apple. These require dry soil. Tobacco as fine and fragrant as the best Cuban, (and I have seen both), rice two crops per year of 20 bus. per acre, cotton, which also grows on pine land, grows to be a large shrub and yields for several years in succession, sugar-cane rivaling the cuban will rattoon several years from one planting.

On the pine land, in addition to the fruits, everything else nearly will grow. I think the marsh land better adapted for—coffee, tea, sicab, hemp, mulberry, the spices, aloes, and all the tropical fruits, dates, almonds, figs, sapodellos, guavas, pawpaws, tarwavinds, alligator-pears, manna, zapotez.

The orange is considered the main thing, and as requires six or seven years to commence bearing it should receive the attention at once. Also the lime, lemon, etc. An orange tree will live a hundred year's, and in full bearing will produce from 3,000 to 5,000 oranges per annum. A hundred trees will grow on an acre, 1,000 oranges per tree is a very low rate, and $15 per thousand the bottom price, at this rate a tree would produce $15, and an acre $1,500. Lemons, limes and quavas are at least as profitable. Pineapples grow from sets, and will bear the second year from planting. They are set as close as cabbages, are worth ten cent each, making several hundred dollars per acre. The banana is also raised from sets, and will bear the second year, and is as profitable as pineapples. These fruits as they reach the north, being gathered green to bear shipment, bear no comparison to those properly ripened and eaten fresh. The tropical fruits are the proper crop to depend on. It is not best to try to raise the nothern grains. Vegetables planted in the fall and properly taken care of, yield large returns.

Key West is one of the best markets in the world for potatoes etc. Cattle should be used rather than horses, as they can do without grain. The pine land is full of the Florida arrow-root. A man can dig the roots, wash and with a machine not costing more than $20 make 250 pounds, or more, of the arrow-root per week. This sells in Key West at six cents, per pound wholesale. It is used both as food and as starch. It is made by grating the the roots, washing the pulp, and straining and drying the starch that washes into the water, precisely as potatoe starch is made.

A man who will work, can support an ordinary family by working half the time at starch making, and will have the other half to improve his place.

Land can be homesteaded, or bought at nominal rates and paid for in cutting such ditches as are needed on one's own place.

I have secured 225 acres of choice land, part mangrove, part prairie and part pine land, on the bay, having a water prospect, by cutting a ditch across the land just when it ought to be cut for my own advantage. A company has control of a large tract of swamp and overflow land which they are to pay the state for in a comprehensive system of draining and they sell to others and direct how drains shall be cut to be a part of the system.

There are several enterprising men who have lately taken hold here and we hope for a better time coming when society schools, and churches and the accessories of civilization shall be established. I might write of the abundance of game to be had for hunting, such as bear, deer, turtle, fish, alligators, etc., but I am no sportsman. The business of gathering sponges and selling them in Key West is carried on quiet extensively. They pay a dollar per pound for it.

I came here in the spring to spend the summer here, because I was satisfied I could endure the delightful falls and winters also the springs, but I did not know how the summers would be. I have suffered no more from heat than I did every summer in Kansas. The mercury does not run so high as it does in Kansas. The mercury does not run so high as it does there, but the heat is more constant and the air moister with less wind.

All the natives are complaining of the heat as unusual, and the winds as lighter than common for the season. Now if this is exceptionally warm, I do not anticipate any trouble from extreme heat.

This morning at daylight the mercury stood at 80° now, at 8:30 p. m., it stands at 85° only. I have known the mercury as low as 75 degrees when we have had a north wind and it has been up to 90 to 92 degrees several times. In winter it does not often fall below 60 degrees. Every one seems satisfied with the climate. I hear no grumbling about the heat. The weather is spoken of as quite warm, hotter than usual etc., but I hear none of the chronic grumbling I used to hear in Kansas as to the cold. The fact is I was a pretty good grumbler myself on that score.

Now as to reptiles, insects and other pests. No one ever sees bears and alligators without hunting for them. I have not seen a poisonous snake since I came here. I do not mean here in Key West, but at Biscayne. I have not seen or felt a bee, bed-bug or flea. I was stung once by a scorpeon. It was hardly as bad as a bee sting. I have seen no other poisonous or troublesome insects, except, mosquitoes, and they are bad during this hot weather, mosquito bars and smokes are indispensible. In some situations that is surrounded by thickets, on calm cloudy days, I have seen them intolerable almost at mid-day. But as the country is settled and cleared up this pest diminishes. To prove this I have used no mosquito bar since I came to this city, yet the old inhabitants say it was formerly as much troubled by mosquitoes as any part of Florida.

In conclusion I would advise no one who has a home in Sedgwick county, if it is but humble, and has it paid for and is getting a comfortable living to break up and go anywhere. If, however, any is heartily tired of the cold, and prefers heat, not excessive in degree, with no winters at all, not even a frost, and will consent to suffer privations and labor, and wait for a few years, in five or ten years he will have an independent fortune in his fruit trees and will also have the pleasantest and healthiest climate in the United States—in my opinion.

But we all see with different eyes. Do not break up and sell out a any event till you have come here and seen for yourselves.

Any questions your readers may see fit to ask me I will, with you permission, answer through your columns.

As for myself, I will inform my many Sedgwick county friends and acquaintances that I am employed as principle of the Key West schools for the ensuing year. I am and have been since leaving home, in perfect health. I shall bring my family here next November.

To those who have had the patience to read this article I will say for the present—Adieu.

Respectfully,
JUSTIN M. COPELAND.

For the EAGLE.

From Cowskin.

EDITOR EAGLE: Feeling very much elated over our wheat crop (as by measure from our half bushel it over runs in weight) we were very anxious to see some flour from it, consequently sent some to the Augusta steam mill. The farmer went thirty-five miles with ten bushels to grind, but they would not grind the wheat, but exchanged and took for toll more than a third. I have often heard the story of the miller who took all the grist and then came for the sacks, but never have seen anything that came quite as near the story as this. It is robbery! nothing more or nothing less! Must we be so imposed upon and keep our lips shut? Does such things encourage our farmers? Especially after grasshopper raids and dry weather? We answer no. We wish to be honestly dealt with. After all our hard work it seems that there are some whose consciences have become so seared that they care for nothing but filthy lucre. We are anxious to see the Wichita mills in opperation and shall wait with impatience until it is completed. Bidding good by to the Augusta mill.

Your, COWSKIN.

Somerville and Son.

"Going to that dreadful factory again?" said Mrs. Somerville, looking up as her daughter entered the sitting-room, dressed for walking. "I declare, Nellie, you might as well be a boy as a girl, for any pleasure I have in your society. Every day you are off to the factory, leaving me alone."

"I will come back soon if you want me, mother; but I promised father to come down and give him my opinion of some patterns for molding that are to be sent in to-day."

"As it the opinion of a girl of your age was of any value. You need not hurry back on my account. I can bear the sorrow of having a masculine tomboy of a girl, instead of a gentle, refined companion. Go."

Nellie Somerville pressed a k on the fretful face pettishly away to evade the caress, and en went out very gravely. Her lep, strong and elastic, was unusually low, as she walked toward the factory, where her father waited for he , and for the hundredth time her face was clouded as she debated in her own mind the ve ed question of her duty. Not her imagination—that pointed steadily ay—but her duty.

From time when, grasping her father's ing finger, the little girl toddled by his side, Nellie Somerville had been her father's pride, and the cross of her mother. Child after child had been taken from the home of John Somerville to fill a little grave in the churchyard—the victims of an over anxiety to guard them from every breath of air; to fortify their constitutions by incessant dosing; to force health by combating imaginary weakness.

When Nellie was born, the father asserted his authority, and the babe was brought up almost in the open air, and found perfect health and strength in constant exercise, good food and a total deprivation of all cordials and narcotics. If she cried, she was not dosed on supposition of pain, but comforted by a ride on papa's shoulder, or a race in the garden.

When childhood was passed, school-days over, the girl came home from a seminary in a distant city, and shocked her mother anew. A good scholar, a fine pianist and promising linguist, she was averse to embroidery and worsted-work, fond of riding and walking, and while essentially refined in thought and action, had no affectations or fine lady-isms, such as Mrs. Somerville considered the crowning charms of womanhood. She entered into the details of housekeeping with a hearty zest, though her mother declared she put eggs like a ploughboy, and stirred cake like a milkman."

"You see, papa," Nellie said, confidentially, to her sympathizing parent, "I can't half do anything, and mamma thinks I am awfully mannish. If eggs are to be beaten, I beat them, not slab at them, as if I was in a decline. I do try to please mamma, and I sat all yesterday morning working upon a horrible combination of zephor and canvas for a foot-stool. But mamma says I stab the work; and between you and me, papa, I did wish the foot-stool was in a sufficiently advanced state to warrant me in kicking it. I wish I was a boy; then I could be at the factory all the time."

John Somerville could scarcely look at the handsome, healthy face raised to his own, and wish it different in any way; yet the hidden grief of his life was that there was no son to inherit the name upon the factory sign for three generations. "Somerville & Son" were known for miles around the village where the great factory was located, and their names were good in many of the leading cities of the country. John had inherited the business, from father and grandfather, but his own sons, three dark-eyed boys, lay in the churchyard, and Nellie alone remained of six children.

More than once the thought had crossed his mind, "if she was only a boy," as Nellie followed him over the great building with the keenest interest in every department there.

The business was the manufacture of frames of every description, and Nellie became familiar with every detail, from the purchase of the lumber to the criticism of the finished work. She had a nicety of touch that detected the slightest inequalities of surface even in polished wood, and her eye was at once quick and correct. Little by little, almost unconsciously, John Somerville trusted Nellie with much of the decision in purchases, and the book-keeping was often in her care for weeks together, when there was a pressure of work. Mrs. Somerville whined and fretted over the strangely masculine tastes of her child, but her father became more and more averse to parting with her in business hours.

Two years after Nellie returned from school and just after her twenty-first birthday, she started one morning, as seen in the opening of our story, to look at some patterns to be sent for decision. Such matters were often entrusted entirely to her judgment, so she was not surprised to find her father had gone out leaving the decision to her. But after she had given the order, had answered a lot of letters lying upon the desk, had wandered all over the building and returned again to the office, she was surprised at her father's long absence.

One of the foremen, in the finishing department, coming to the office for some last orders about the shipment of some goods, said that Mr. Somerville had appointed to meet him there at noon, and the proprietor of Somerville & Son's frame factory was a man of rigid punctuality.

Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes Stephen Holton waited in the office, watching Nellie's busy hand as she folded, sealed and directed a lot of circulars, and thinking that never had he seen a face so fair, or heard a voice so clear and musical as Nellie Somerville's. But as the clock struck the half hour, Nellie looked up with a startled face.

"Something has happened, Stephen," she said; "my father is never half an hour behind time. Send some one to look for him."

"The men are all at dinner, Miss Nellie. I will go myself."

But, even as he spoke, a messenger hurriedly entered the office, saying:

"Mr. Somerville was thrown from his horse while on his way here from the village, and is badly injured."

"Where?" broke from Nellie's white lips.

"We took him home, and he asked me to come here for you."

Even in her horror and grief Nellie retained some presence of mind. Looking into Stephen Holton's grave, sympathizing face she said:

"You will take charge here until you hear from my father. I will be responsible.

"Thank you," he said, deeply moved by her confidence in him at such a time. "I will try and do my duty."

"I am sure of that," she said, and extended her hand.

Two minutes later she was hurrying homeward. None too soon was her clear head and quiet resolution to be to bear upon the excited household. Her mother was in hysterics, the servants bustling here and there pur