

# THE CITIZEN.

JAMES M. RACER, Publisher.

BEREA, KENTUCKY.

## THE DEAD PAST.

Why sit and sigh o'er things that were?  
Let's look with new, fond hopes ahead;  
The foolish to expect a rose  
To grow upon the bush that's dead.  
Come, let us put regret away  
And face all future winds that blow;  
We can't start up the furnace with  
The coal we burned a year ago.

The mother of the whooping boy  
Can never be a gentle maid  
Back where the balmy breezes blew  
And heroes through her vision played.  
Alas! Why will she sadly sigh,  
Since sighing may not quench her woe?  
We can't start up the furnace with  
The coal we burned a year ago.

Why sit in sorrow, looking back  
At things that might have been, or fret  
Because of things that were?  
They're only happy who forget!  
The past is gone, 'twill ne'er return,  
The withered rose no more may blow—  
We can't start up the furnace with  
The coal we burned a year ago.

E. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

## A KNIGHT OF THE HIGHWAY

By CLINTON SCOLLARD,  
Author of "A Man at Arms," "The Son of a Tory," Etc.

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### CHAPTER VIII. THE HOP-DANCE.

That Miss Merton should regard her cousin and Rossiter with amazement was but natural. On both their faces something unusual was written, on Miss Merton's exhaustion and the lingering traces of a dreadful fear, on Rossiter's a mingled sternness and solicitude.

"What has happened?" Miss Merton cried.

"Your cousin has had a terrible fright," said Rossiter, quickly.

He paused and glanced at Miss Merton. He had spoken thus that she might be saved an explanation if she did not feel that she could make one just then. She gave him a grateful look as she sank upon a seat before the spring. For a moment she gazed at the welling water, then she put her hands to her face and began to sob softly. In an instant Miss Merton's arms were about her cousin, and Rossiter, turning his back upon them, moved a few paces away.

If the ghost of a longing that it might be his right to comfort the distraught girl came into his heart, he put it quickly from him. She was not for such as he to soothe with any endearing or assuring words. Though he had no fear that the motionless form in the woods would recover to molest them, he fell to watching every bough-sway and every leaf-stir intently.

"Mr. Rossiter!" called Miss Merton, presently.

"Yes," he replied, swinging about and facing her.

"Will you walk back with us?"

"Certainly, if you wish it."

"It would be so good of you," said Miss Merton, who looked as though the least jar might snatch her from consciousness. "I am not quite sure of myself."

Miss Merton upon one side of Miss Denmore and Rossiter upon the other, they slowly climbed the slope towards the orchard. For some moments nothing was said. Gradually, however, Miss Denmore regained her self-control, and at length she turned to Rossiter.

"Will you tell me how you came to be in the wood?" she asked.

"I had strolled down from the house with a newspaper and magazine which Mr. Parmelee lent me," he replied, "and was sitting in a little glade a short distance down the logging-road when I heard you cry."

"I must explain to you—" she began.

"Don't Sylvia, don't now!" interrupted Miss Merton, and Rossiter added a gentle remonstrance.

"Yes," said Miss Denmore, "I must, then we'll not refer to it again. I was watching the water ripple away into the wood when I fancied I heard a footstep. I was so startled that I sprang up, and there was that man. He could not have been more than 30 feet from me, he had crept up so noiselessly. I have no idea from which direction he approached, but when I first saw him he was standing behind me in the path by which we came. He began to move towards me, and I cried out to him to go on about his business. He gave no heed to this, so I ran to the other side of the spring, putting the depression and the water between us. He was grinning at me, and oh, his face!—I am afraid I shall dream about it, and if I do I shall go mad."

"Of course you've heard about the hop-dance?" she exclaimed. "It's to be one of the largest we have ever had. Sylvia's never seen one, and she's very curious about it. You're familiar with hop-dances, I suppose, Mr. Rossiter?"

"No," said Rossiter, "I can't say that I am."

In his college days a number of his companions were in the habit of attending these rustic frolics, but it chanced that he never had accompanied them.

"What! Why, how funny! But I forgot, you're not a farmer, are you? Well, you'll have a chance to see what a hop-dance is like. I've asked a few friends up from Hintonville, and we are going in for a grand good time, aren't we, Sylvia? We are ex-

pecting you'll ask us to dance, Mr. Rossiter."

"Dance!" cried Rossiter in bewilderment. Was the girl making game of him? Apparently not, for she seemed wholly in earnest.

"Certainly," she said in reply to his exclamation. "You dance, do you not?"

Rossiter was compelled to admit that he had danced.

"Then we shall feel very much slighted if you do not dance now, and if you neglect us," she added. "Won't we, Sylvia?"

"I am sure Mr. Rossiter is not accustomed to slight his friends," said Miss Denmore.

"But I haven't danced in a number of years, and—" began Rossiter.

He had heard the gayereties of the following night talked about among a number of the younger pickers—Mamie Beecraft was in a twitter over them—but the gossip had meant nothing to him. He danced! It was absurd. Not that he lacked skill in the art. Once he had been considered the most accomplished, a partner who was welcomed by all whom he sought, but that was in another existence. He was surprised that Miss Merton and her cousin proposed joining in the free-and-easy rollickings of the hop-dance, but evidently the two girls were bent on a lark, and Miriam was doubtless eager to show Miss Denmore all the phases of the hop-harvest.

"You haven't completed your sentence," said Miss Merton. "That 'and' does not mean because you haven't danced in some time you won't dance now, I hope."

The pole-puller glared down at his clumsy shoes and at his attire.

"People don't wear their finery at hop-dances," said Miss Merton.

And yet Rossiter would not promise. Much as he knew the pleasure would be to him, this more intimate and friendly association with the two cousins, he had a feeling that their gratitude prompted them to urge him, and, moreover, he shrank from meeting, in his coarse garb, Miss Merton's Hintonville friends. The girls renewed their attack the next morning, but without avail.

"I'm too rusty," Rossiter plead as an excuse. "I should be treading on everyone's toes!"

It chanced that afternoon that Miss Merton had left the yard for a few moments, and Miss Denmore was picking alone. Rossiter was passing, and she called to him.

"My cousin is sadly put out," she said, "because you are so obstinate. She is very anxious, as you must have seen, to arrange a set by ourselves. There are three men and two girls coming from Hintonville, and Jack (that's Mr. Parmelee, you know) can't dance all the time, for he's got—everything to look after. Don't you realize how much you could help out if you only would?"

"This put the matter in quite a different light.

"I will do what I can," said Rossiter, simply. "I didn't quite understand."

"Thank you," and her smile carried more real joy to him than anything he had experienced, it seemed to him, since he could recall.

Evening came, and all preparations for the gayereties had been made. The floor of the large hop-house had been cleared and the room lighted with lamps and lanterns. About the walls festoons of hops had been hung, a small platform erected for the musicians, and seats placed for the dancers when they were not on the floor. Before eight o'clock the music, two fiddlers and a celloist, arrived, and soon the pickers from two or three adjacent farms drove up in large hop-wagons. Then shortly Miss Merton's little party from Hintonville appeared, and by half-past eight the dancing was in full swing.

Rossiter did not join in the merriment at the outset, but stood in the background near the door watching, with not a little amusement, the antics of some of the rustics. Several men would occasionally launch into sort of a break-down, and the sound of their energetic efforts, usually in excellent time, would be heard above the combined shuffle of all other feet and the rise and dip of the music. Swains grasped the waists of their dulcineas, as they "swung partners," and whirled them with gay abandon. Though the attire of the men was commonplace in the extreme, that of the women was as extraordinary as it was varied. Bright colors predominated, and not a few of the combinations would have been likely to afflict the artist's eye with an acute optical disturbance.

The leader of the orchestra, if it be permissible thus to dignify the music, especially entertained Rossiter. His black hair and whiskers had evidently been elaborated for the occasion, and shone with a luster which was unmistakably oily. He handled his bow with an exaggerated ease and called the changes with a delicious gusto. One particular change in the quadrille appeared to be a great favorite with him, and he always preluded it with a grand sweep across the violin strings. His voice gathered more than common animation, and he broke into something like a tune:

"First lady balance to the right-hand gent, with the right-hand round, the right-hand round, the right-hand round; balance to the next with the left-hand round; lady in the center and seven hands round. A-la-main to your partners!" And with what a magnificent flourish came the close!

There were no waltzes or galops, but the lancers followed the Virginia reel, and the money-musk the quadrille. By and by, when there was a lull in the music, Jack Parmelee sought Rossiter, and presently the whilom vagabond found himself

chatting to a pleasant-faced maiden who called Hintonville her home, and then, ere he realized it, he was upon the floor dancing. It came to him naturally, and when there was a general change to a bar of waltz music—they were engaged in a quadrille—and the others waltzed, he followed suit, with his vis-a-vis, who chanced to be Miss Merton.

"You must let me thank you," she said. "And to think that you tried to make out that you were 'rusty'! Why, one would imagine you did nothing but 'trip the light fantastic'!"

"If it's true that men are deceivers ever," he returned, "women are certainly flatterers ever."

Once the ice was broken, Rossiter enjoyed himself thoroughly. Miss Merton's friends apparently ignored his rough garb, and after a little

they found a seat that was unoccupied.

he himself in a large measure forgot it. Joe Beecraft occasionally observed him with a mingled admiration and wonder, and so the evening wore on.

Between eleven and midnight refreshments were served—new cider and some of Mrs. Merton's unapproachable doughnuts. While the repast was in progress Rossiter managed to absent himself, though when the music struck up he was again on hand to be chidden by Miss Merton for running away. He had danced twice with Miss Denmore, and now ventured to ask her to favor him for a third time. Money-musk had just been called.

"Will you not wait for a quadrille or the lancers?" she suggested. "I should like to rest a little longer. I'm not very strong, you know."

He lingered at her side for a moment, not seeming to be inclined to seek another partner.

"If you are not intending to dance," she said, "perhaps you will take me into the orchard. I should very much like a breath of air."

Just without under the trees rustic seats had been placed, and above, in the branches, Japanese lanterns hung. They found a seat that was unoccupied and sat watching the dancers through the open door. There was a singular unreality about the whole scene. The music, softened a little by distance, lost none of its blitheness, but took on a mellow charm that it had not within. The flitting figures, crossing the space visible through the doorway, were like a succession of pirouetting puppets. Out of the night came the clearly chorched cricket thrumming.

It was impossible not to be touched by the subtle combination of light and sound, and Rossiter let go of the tense hold he had kept upon himself. The girl beside him seemed like a rare exotic in whose presence he was permitted, by an inscrutable chance, to linger for a brief space. Why should he not, he asked himself, enjoy the exquisite sense of beauty that her personality exhaled? Into what surge and plunge of life he might soon be carried it was idle to conjecture. At least he would bear with him one fragrant recollection, one drop of a precious attar to sweeten what might be a desert future.

[To Be Continued.]

The Boy That Was Wanted.

A Philadelphia physician who is something of a wag, and a fair ventriloquist besides, recently was in need of the services of a boy, and wanted one of nerve. He inserted an advertisement in the daily papers. Each applicant was shown to a private apartment where there was the full-sized skeleton of a human frame and a bowl of boiling porridge. The doctor explained that one of the duties of the boy was to feed the skeleton each day with the porridge, and he desired him to commence at once. Some immediately declined; others took the spoon in hand and poured the porridge into the mouth, whereupon the doctor caused the skeleton seemingly to gurgle, "Ugh-h-h, but it's hot!" This, in a dozen cases, was the signal for a wild scramble—the doctor having only a fleeting glance at a rapidly disappearing figure. At last a sturdy little Irish chap presented himself. When his turn came the performance was repeated. "Ugh-h-h, but it's hot," said the skeleton. The lad never moved. "Why don't you blow on it, ye and bony?" he said. That boy secured the position.

Philosophic Maudering.

What a fool is man to think in his conceit that he is not a fool.

It requires years of experience to ripen man's receptive faculties for solid truth.

The human brain is a piece of machinery that requires oiling the instant it squeaks.

We have a lot of respect for the girl who can play the piano well and cook a steak better.—Baltimore News.



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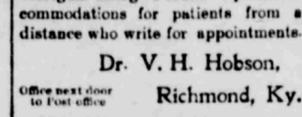
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Office next door to Post office Richmond, Ky.



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Who would keep their children in good health, should watch for the first symptoms of worms, and remove them with White's Cream Vermifuge. It is the children's best tonic. It gets digestion at work so that their food does them good, and they grow up healthy and strong. 25c. at the East End Drug Co.

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