

THE COUNTY PAPER.

BY DOBYSN & WALLER.

ORE ON. MO

A BLACKSMITH'S LOVING.

I had resolved, with many persons no doubt who had shaken off the yellow dust, never to visit the dismal little town of Bloomsbury again. It was so called, perhaps, because of its utter lack of vegetation, and because of its being a Sahara of red clay roads and sandy plains, over which sickly shrubs and vines strove and knotted together. I had left it in July, with a dull, hot sun cracking and seaming the dry marsh, leading to the town, and felt as if I were the commission of a crime by the sudden telegram which recalled me to the city. I whipped my horse into a mad gallop, and looking neither to the right nor to the left, animated by a vague wonder as to how any one existed there.

Again it was July, and by a singular chain of circumstances found myself rambling leisurely on horseback down the dusty high street of Bloomsbury. The same red sun was blistering the paint on the little new post-office, and the same brassy blacksmith wiped the sweat from his brow before his forge, and stopped work to stare at me in a vacant way.

"I had passed some idle hours in his shop before, and after a stolid scrutiny he recognized me.

"Back again, eh?" he asked, giving me a familiar nod. "It be a matter of three years now since I shod your gray mare in the off hand foot."

He was evidently proud of this piece of memory.

"Fully that," I said again, wondering how he had endured all these days and nights in this God forsaken spot. He raised his muscular arm, and with a blackened finger pointed to the tiny gables of a house near by.

"I be married since. I've got a boy up here, an' he'll be a smithy I reckon, though his mother inclined to the trade of shoe-strings, tapes and the like. I hate it, I do. Them be all white-skinned, creamy fellows, with no grit in 'em."

I had never deemed it a possibility that he could be marrying or giving in marriage here. In this respect Bloomsbury resembled heaven in my sacrilegious mind. Perhaps the "old old story" of love had made it a paradise to the young blacksmith.

I gave my horse a brief rest and a drink from the good fello's trough, as I inquired the current news of the town. "The Lord knows, nothing could be further from my thoughts than to care what news there was. I had seen but once, for a moment, a face which even faintly interested me in that horrible place, and try as hard as I could, I could never drive away that vision."

I had strolled into the little yellow church one sultry day to escape the thunder-storm which was rapidly coming up from the west, and stepped into the porch just as the first heavy drops pattered on the roof, and on the bleached grass about the tumbled down headstones in the yard.

It was indeed a lovely face which appeared as a pale star in the organ-loft, among common-place, tawny-featured faces with black and brown ringlets, streaming around them. She did not blush or return my gaze coyly, as young girls are wont to do in country places, but looked over and beyond me in a pitiful, vacant, meaningless way. I don't know what she was thinking of, but I am sure it was a cloudy, filmy sort of dream, admirably suited to her large gray eyes and rings of yellow hair. Her bonnet was a sweet little thing, tied up with white ribbon. Her chin was like alabaster, her cheek was scarcely less pale.

I lingered in the church porch after the congregation had trooped out and the sexton had shuttled up the gloomy little edifice. I had stupidly missed her in the throng, or she had gone out at the choir entrance. I had forgotten the incident directly, and remembered it now only as young Jansen, the brawny Norwegian, spoke of his wife and baby.

"There was rather a pretty young lady there three years ago," I said, blifing a bit of raw straw, and looking over the pollard window at the church steeple. "A pale, white girl, in a straw bonnet."

An indescribable flush mounted to his swarthy cheek and stained his brow. He dropped the hammer with a sharp clank, and let his iron cool while he looked at me thatchattingly for an instant. The tigerish green faded from his eyes and left a dull, red glare.

"She was considered handsome then, I know who you mean."

"I hope she is pretty still. That was a face I thought a man might see over his tea urn every day for a lifetime and not tire."

"Do you think so, verily?" said Jansen, sending up a shower of sparks. "It be all owing to how the face look at you. If it be with dead, cold eyes, and icy lips—why man, death itself at times could not match it. It was a sweet face to hang in a locket."

With great simplicity he had expressed my thought.

"Now, your wife," I said in a bantering way; "I dare say she is a smart girl given to teasing you, and coming to meet you with your son on her back, and then you three romp away home again."

"All that I say makes him a great ass—this blacksmith—the more so because he is a poor man and keeps his liliot in a stiff gown with white ringed fingers and in stir gowns instead of linsey; and, bless you, he has given up all his ways, dropped all pipes and drinks at the public house for the sake of a wench who utters nothing but sighs. This Norwegian of yours is a prime calf, Mr. Detective."

This Norwegian was a lord, a demigod, a philosopher, a humanitarian, whose bulk overshadowed puny men such as the grave-stone maker and I, as a great tree would overtop a sunae.

Now I could understand all the mean little daggers I had driven into his heart a while ago—this great, splendid fellow, who wore his heart in his sleeve for jaykaws to pick at. Bit by bit during the next two days I gathered the whole sad history of his marriage. There had been no courtship at all. The poor girl's people had cast her off, being puritans who wore gray gowns and slept in night-caps. She had not a friend in the world, and was in a sore strait, being in urgent need of women friends and medicine. Ugel Jansen went to her with the smoke and grime of the forge on his face and hands, and spoke very feelingly and simply to her. She went with him to the minister, and Ugel's sister, with much horror, but wholesome fear of Jansen, took charge until all was over. Daily and hourly Ugel watched by her, asking nothing but "Is she any better?" and by her baby whom all hated to see his big brown fingers to hold, and the little fellow slept in peace.

All this made Ugel the sport of the village and furnished the town an ever-lively scandal, but it was talked of in a smothered way. Jansen had the strength of an ox, and kept it wholly to himself on one man when he could find him. I conceived the notion to help him in this project.

My mare understood her business well enough about this time to cast a shee. Jansen was not at the forge, the shop was closed, and I was directed to his house, a retired little spot, with a cluster of clove pinks in a tiny pot in front.

The poor wife's baby was ill—dying—with a bunch of clove pinks on his pillow and Jansen's finger fastened in his cold little fist. Mrs. Jansen sat still and gazed vacantly at Ugel, while he shivered as with an ague. Perhaps he had prayed to God to take back that child. He had done nobly by it, though, and now he was even sorer.

It was the same pale face of the organ-loft, surrounded by a tangled mass of curls of red dead gold hue, and the sight of her gave me a pang. Jansen unlocked the little hand and scattered the pinks recklessly. Then he bent over his wife and said soothingly: "Come out, the air is delicious—Jane will take care of the body—he will be all right now."

She got up mechanically and they met me at the door. The sight of me had a strange effect. She began to remember days before her sorrow. She put her hand to her heart, and with a great cry fell at Jansen's feet. Afterward she was sane and begged, and begged, and he went away at once—forever. She thought he must loathe her. He held her fluttering little hand to his lips while a big tear fell on their wedding ring.

"You've had a great black wrong, lass, when I've righted that you may cry till you wash. I am your brother—neither higher nor better than you. I am your bound body, and soul."

I came away with me, and in the shop she began to whet up a huge knife. "The poor little wretch be gone now," Jansen referred to that other man's child. He smiled in ugly way at the brood, keen blade of the knife, and passed his fingers down it caressingly.

"Long ago," he said, speaking with a bitter taste in his mouth, "Adelaide had a sleep she could not awake. She slept in a little place in the turret of her father's house. He was the curate here. He is a damned devil, though." Jansen began at the knife again.

"Some one sealed the wall. I must find that man. I will restore her to her home, and I will leave this place—there is a curse of the earth here."

"I will help you," I said simply. "He grasped my hand and shut up the shop and put a huge chair across the door. He was going out indefinitely. His shirt was still, and a thin bit of stem arose from a damp stone on which the hot sun streamed.

A boy near by rigging a line to catch tad-poles said that Becord, the mason, had gone to stop the coping in the third story of Tyler's mill, where the rocks had slipped, and Becord was a dangerous place, and Becord was the only fellow who could climb and carry mortar. He had been a sailor once in French wars. I had well-nigh forgotten my affairs in this time, but my name was safely housed at a little resort out of Bloomsbury.

At 6 o'clock all the bells in the place rang sharply, and housewives put on fresh aprons. I met Jansen at the end of the street leading to the mill.

His looks frightened me. He told me briefly that he had followed Becord, who looking down from his narrow parapet, saw a terrible knife waiting him. Whether with intent or from fright his foot slipped, and with a fearful cry the mason went down into the lowest level of the mill. I dropped into the cottage after supper. I found Jansen and his wife sitting hand in hand on the porch.

"She be my wife now," he said proudly. "She won't leave me, but I know I am not fit for her. I am a blacksmith. She got up and left a kiss on my forehead. "And do you think, my friend Ugel, that I am a base or ungrateful as to leave you? Besides, I have nothing else. You forget that your goodness has made me love you."

Then he held her in his arms until the pinks were wet with dew. Jane was scandalized.

I have never known a happier pair than Jansen and Adelaide.

WEEKLY REVIEW.

Domestic.

Frost is reported at Astoria, Ill., on the morning of Aug. 8th.

Several negroes were killed near Lexington, Ky., by a land slide.

Bishop E. O. Haven died at Salem, Oregon, Aug. 3, aged 60 years.

John A. Clark, once Surveyor General of Utah and New Mexico, is dead.

Wm. Kane was accidentally drowned near Abingdon, Ill., Aug. 4th. He was a coal miner.

A steam thresher boiler exploded at Columbia, Ill., Aug. 9th, killing five persons.

The paper mill of Oglesby & Moore, at Middleton, Ohio, burned Aug. 2nd. Loss \$8,000.

Fourteen buildings in the business part of Augusta, Mich., burned Aug. 3d. Loss \$25,000.

Higbee & Co's elevator, near Fremont, Ohio, burned Aug. 4th, with a loss of \$52,000.

Mrs. Bunce, her child, and Miss Annie Bunce, were drowned at Madison, Ind., Aug. 5th.

A fire in the lower part of Deand, Ore., Aug. 8d, destroyed 25 buildings, causing a loss of \$100,000.

An Ice house at Pullman, near Chicago, on the night of Aug. 10th, was burned. Loss \$25,000.

The engine house of the Buffalo Creek Railway Co., at Buffalo, N. Y., burned Aug. 5th. Loss, \$50,000.

Secretary Windom has approved Judge Robertson's bond as Collector of Customs of the port of New York.

A large portion of Pawnee City, Nebraska, was destroyed by fire Aug. 8th. The damage is estimated at \$40,000.

Judge James D. Coats, of the State Supreme Court of Massachusetts, suicided at Pittsfield, Aug. 6th, by shooting himself.

All the houses except three, in the town of Trafalgar were burned from the sparks of a locomotive, Aug. 10th. Loss \$50,000.

The Laughlin nail mills at Martin's Ferry, Va., were burned, Aug. 9th. Loss, \$60,000. The fire leaves two hundred people out of work.

The Harlem Railroad express train ran into a working train July 29th, and the result was two locomotives and five cars smashed up.

Charles Fleischfresser was drowned at Watertown, Wis., two sons of Mr. Cook, at Beloit and Edward Kroes, at Two Rivers—all Aug. 5th.

Kaufman Ingersoll, a farmer in Washington county, Nebraska, suicided by shooting Aug. 10th. His body was found on his farm.

At East Saginaw, Mich., Aug. 10th, the fire residence of J. B. Billings burned. His father and daughter-in-law perished in the flames.

Thirteen deaths have occurred from the explosion at Walker's distillery at Peoria, Ill. The remaining four victims are doing well, and will probably recover.

The McLean Manufacturing Company's woollen mill at Jansville, Wis., burned Aug. 9th. Loss, \$50,000. Fifty hands are thrown out of employment.

One hundred and fifty female operatives of the Novety rubber company, at Brunswick, N. J., struck Aug. 4th, for a 10 per cent increase in their salary.

At Puerto Plata, San Domingo, on the night of July 10th, a tremendous fire destroyed the fortress. Twenty-five lives were lost, principally by explosion.

The principal portion of the small town of Cavolo, Colorado, burned on the night of Aug. 4th. The fire originated from an over turning lamp. Loss, \$55,000.

Miss Minnie Williams, daughter of Prof. Williams, of Hastings, Nebraska, suicided by drowning in Scott creek at Lincoln, Aug. 10th. Cause, depressed spirits.

In making an excavation for a public garden in front of the Cathedral at the City of Mexico recently, a column of an old cathedral, erected in 1530, was discovered.

Leonidas Robertson, a wealthy farmer near Madison, Ind., always lively headed before, on the 9th of Aug, clothed himself in his wife's dress and sun bonnet, and hung him self.

A rye flouring mill was destroyed by a supposed incendiary fire at Cleveland, Ohio, Aug. 5th. Loss, \$25,000. Fifteen thousand dollars worth of lumber was burned in an adjoining yard.

Fourteen shots were fired into the steamer Handy as she was approaching Portland, Ore., Aug. 7th. The shots came from a wagon close on the river bank. The pilot was compelled to lie flat upon his face. The balls entered the cabin, and barely missed one lady passenger. The shots also entered the engine room. Efforts are being made to arrest the criminals. No cause is known for the attack.

David Goodnow, a Boston merchant, was fleeced out of \$50,000 by some young sharper who claimed to be an agent of the Peppermint Manufacturing Company, of Biddeford, Maine, and got him to ship a large cargo of cotton, wool, etc., to Biddeford, and to buy the ship. The ship cleared July 28, and has not been seen since. The Peppermint Company don't know the man, who gave the name of G. D. Fuller.

The Indian Bureau has received information of the killing of Spotted Tail at the Rosebud Agency, Aug. 25th, by Crow Dog, another Sioux Chief. No particulars. There has been a bad feeling between these Chiefs lately. The Secretary of the Interior ordered Spotted Tail to come to Washington to consult with the Department about the Sioux. The Department thinks Crow Dog got jealous of Spotted Tail's prominence and influence, as the latter was killed the very day he was to have started for Washington. Crow Dog was Captain of the police at Rosebud Agency. When Spotted Tail and Crow Dog were in Washington together the last time, there was bad blood between them, carrying pistols for each other. Spotted Tail was ambitious to become chief of all the Sioux, and Crow Dog was an aspirant for the great honors.

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The grand jury have indicted the abducting New York clerk and taken steps to secure his extradition from England.

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At Lake Village, N. Y., Aug. 9th the corpse's jury in the case of the three children of Charles Moody, colored, who were burned on the evening of July 4th, returned a verdict that the children were murdered and the house burned to conceal the crime. Moody and his wife were arrested.

A vagabond named Jackson at Burton, Mo., having insulted Mrs. Langford, her husband attempted to chastise him, but was stabbed to death. Mrs. Langford then appeared upon the scene and shot Jackson in the breast. The villain attempted to stab her, but fell from loss of blood, having been mortally wounded.

Forty masked men made an ineffectual attempt to capture two brothers named Hardin, confined in jail at Fredonia, Kansas, Aug. 7th. A woman being overpowered, gave her pistol to one of the Hardins, who used it to kill the ringleader, John Hoffman, whereupon the remainder of the gang fled, pursued by the sheriff and a posse.

Taylor Underwood, the leader of a band of desperadoes in southwestern Missouri, and the murderer of Deputy Sheriff McElrath, was arrested at Carthage, Mo., Aug. 5th, after a desperate struggle with Detective E. S. Pike. Three of the Underwood gang were lynched by the citizens of Dade county for being concerned in the murder of McElrath.

The Kansas City Journal, of Aug. 9th, publishes reports from nearly every town in Kansas reached by telegraph, giving the condition of crops. Considerable alarm was caused by continued dry weather, but the reports are in the main cheering, showing the damage to be much less than was feared. On account of the failure of crops in the western part of the state last year, it seems fair to estimate this year's crop of both wheat and corn in the state at large to be nearly up to the amount produced last year. Some sections have suffered severely, while others have an average crop. In localities which suffered last year there is a cheering prospect at present. Reports from southwestern Missouri are much the same as from Kansas.

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