

# WILMINGTON

# Joliday Journal.

Literature and Society.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1879.—NO. 4.

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There will also be found at my other Store No. 408 King Street a large assortment of Wood and Willow Ware also Tin and Branch Goods.  
**J. H. SHOEMAKER,**

## THE HERMIT.

BY WM. H. KERRICK.  
It was on a beautiful day in spring, when the air was perfumed with the odor of opened blossoms, that a merry party of young girls gathered in the dell of "the cascade." The cascade was formed by a stream that leaped over a precipice with a fall of sixty feet, and then, rippling through the dell a distance of half a mile, mingled its waters with the Mississippi river.

A consultation was held by the girls, who had become somewhat wearied with romping and roaming over hills and meads flowers, about the next scheme for amusement, and among the suggestions was one to visit the "hermit of the cascade" which was agreed to; so, with nervous apprehensions and whispered remarks, they proceeded to make the visit.

Following a narrow footpath rising obliquely by the west side of the dell, they gained the mouth of the cave occupied by the hermit. The entrance was covered by what appeared to be some kind of dried skin, and a short distance could not be distinguished from the surrounding hillside. Susie Bell, a dark-eyed honri, called to the hermit, when one side of the covering was drawn aside, and a face appeared at the opening. The owner of the face inquired what was wanted. Susie replied that they wished to know their future destinies. The hermit said—

"Do you know, young ladies, that some destinies are better not known? Have you thought well on the subject?"

They all answered in the affirmative, and, after some chatting as to how they should go through the ordeal first, Susie Bell went forward.

She left his presence with a troubled look, and was unusually quiet the rest of the day.

Eva Manning came next, a meek and lovely girl of fourteen. The hermit gazed on her with a look of thoughtful inquiry, as if his thoughts were in the dim past. At length he said—

"Your life has been unusually full of anxiety for one so young; but soon you will experience changes that will conduct your thoughts in a different channel. A bright and unexpected future is in store for you, and companionship with one heretofore unknown to you."

During his remark Eva was unconsciously toying with a locket which she wore on her neck, and, becoming unobserved, it disclosed a face of uncommon beauty, and the hermit's eyes, resting on it, he sprang eagerly forward, and, taking it from her, stared with intense earnestness at the

pictured face, and in an agitated voice inquired—

"Who—where did you get this?"

Eva said—

"My mother gave it me; it is her picture."

"What is your mother's name?"

"Fanny Manning."

"Is your father living?"

"He is not; he died three years ago in Kansas city."

"Is your mother well?" the hermit anxiously asked.

"She has been very delicate for two years," answered the wondering girl.

"Will you come here again in a day or two?"

"If my mother can spare me I will."

"What is your name?"

"Eva Manning."

"Don't fail to come soon, if you possible can. Good-by, Eva."

Much amazed the maiden withdrew. Two or three other girls interviewed the hermit, and they all prepared for their return home, some with thoughts confused and strange.

When left alone, the hermit gave way to many thoughts of the past, for he had just gazed on the pictured face of the only woman he had ever loved and whose marriage to another, while he was travelling abroad for his health, had made him a wanderer on the face of the earth.

Three days had passed, and the hermit, whose name was Gus Worthington, not receiving a visit from Eva Manning, became restless and uneasy, knowing that he was near the woman who was still dear to him, and he could not concentrate his thoughts on his usual occupations. On the morning of the fourth day Eva made her appearance, but looking more careworn and sad than usual. She said she could not come sooner, as her mother was very ill from overwork.

"Are you kept very busy?" asked the hermit, or Guy, he might say now.

"Oh, yes, we have to work for our living sewing."

"By sewing? Are you so poor?"

"Yes, sir, since papa died we have had hard times to get along."

"Will you ask your mother if she would like to see an old friend, and be sure and let me know to-morrow?"

"I will try and do as you wish. I must go now."

"God bless you, Eva! Good-by."

On Eva's return from her visit to the hermit, Mrs. Manning reclined on the sofa. The girl approached her with noiseless footsteps, and inquired how she felt.

"I am not feeling quite well, Eva, but I am not uneasy about myself. I am only tired."

"Mamma, would you like to see an old friend?"

"An old friend! Who old friend?"

Eva.

## The Model

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[CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE.]