

FREEDOM.

O Freedom! Thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate
limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his
slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded
man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailed
hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword;
thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is sacred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. —Bryant.

JOHN AND I.

"Come, John," said I cheerfully, "it really is time to go; if you stay any longer I shall be afraid to come down and lock the door after you."

My visitor rose—a proceeding that always reminded me of the genii emerging from the copper vessel, as he measured six foot three—and stood looking reproachfully down at me.

"You are in a great hurry to get rid of me," he said.

Now I didn't agree with him, for he had made his usual call of two hours and a half; having, in country phrase, taken to "sitting up" with me so literally that I was frequently at my wit's end to suppress the yawn that I knew would bring a troop after it.

He was a fine manly looking fellow, this John Cranford, old for his age—which was the rather boyish period of twenty-two—and every way worthy of being loved. But I didn't love him. I was seven years his senior; when, instead of letting the worm of concealment press on his damask cheek, he ventured to tell his love for my mature self, I remorsefully seized an English prayer book, and pointed sternly to the clause, "A man may not marry his grandmother." That was three years ago, and I added encouragingly:

"Beside, John, you are a child, and don't know your own mind."

"If a man of 19 doesn't know his mind," remonstrated my lover, "I would like to know who should. But I will wait for you seven years, if you say so—fourteen—as Jacob did for Rachel."

"You forgot," I replied laughing at his way of mending matters, "that a woman does not, like wine, improve with age. But seriously, John, this is absurd; you are a nice boy, and I like you—but my feeling toward you are more those of a mother than a wife."

The boy's eyes flashed indignantly, and before I could divine his intention he had lifted me from the spot where I stood, and carried me infant fashion to the sofa, at the other end of the room.

"I could almost find it in my heart to shake you!" he muttered, as he set me down with emphasis.

This was rather like the courtship of William of Normandy, and matters promised to be quite exciting.

"Don't do that again," said I with dignity, when I recovered my breath.

"Will you marry me?" asked John, somewhat threateningly.

"Not just at present," I replied.

"The great handsome fellow," I thought as he paced the floor restlessly, "why couldn't he fall in love with some girl of 15, instead of setting his affections on an old maid like me? I don't want the boy on my hands, and won't have him!"

"As to your being 28," pursued John, in answer to my thoughts, "you say it's down in the family Bible, and I suppose it must be so; but no one would believe it; and I don't care if you are 40. You look like a girl of 16, and you are the only woman I shall ever love."

O John, John! at least five millions of men have said the same thing before in every known language. Nevertheless, when he fairly breaks down and cries, I relent—for I am disgracefully soft-hearted—and weakly promise then and there that I will either keep my own name or take his.

And John looked radiant at this concession, for love is a very dog in a manger. It was a comfort to know that if he could not gather the flower himself, no one else would.

A sort of family shipwreck had wafted John to my threshold. Our own household was sadly broken up, and I found myself, comparatively young in years, with a half invalid father, a large house, and very little money. What more natural determination than to take boarders? And among the first were Mr. Cranford and his son and sister, who had just been wrecked themselves by the death of the wife and mother in a foreign land—one of those sudden, unexpected deaths, that leave the survivors in a dazed condition, because it is so difficult to imagine the gay worldling who has been called hence in another state of being.

Mr. Cranford was one of my admirations from the first. Tall, pale, with dark hair and eyes, he reminded me of Dante, only that he was handsomer; and he had such a general air of knowing everything worth knowing (without the least pedantry, however) that I was quite afraid of him. He was evidently wrapped up in John, and patient with his sister—which was asking quite enough of Christian charity under the sun, for Mrs. Shellgrove was an unmitigated nuisance. Such a talker! babbling of her own and her brother's affairs with equal indiscretion, and treating the latter as though he were an incapable infant.

They stayed with us for three years and during that time I was fairly persecuted about John. Mrs. Shellgrove wrote me a letter on the subject, in which she informed me that the whole family were ready to receive me with open arms—a prospect that I did not find at all alluring. They seemed to have their hearts set upon me as a person peculiarly fitted to train John in the way he should go. Everything, I was told, depended on his getting the right kind of a wife.

A special interview with Mr. Cranford, at his particular request, touched me considerably.

"I hope" said he, "that you will not refuse my boy, Miss Edna. He has set his heart so fully upon you, and you are everything that I could desire in a daughter. I want some one to pet. I feel sadly lonely at times, and I am sure you would fill the vacant niche."

I drew my hand away from his caress, and almost felt like hating John Cranford. Life with him would be one of ease and luxury; but I decided that I had rather keep boarders.

Not long after this the Cranfords concluded to go to housekeeping, and Mrs. Shellgrove was in her glory. She always came to luncheon in her bonnet, and gave minute details of all that had been done and talked of about the house in the last twenty-four hours.

"It is really magnificent," said she, lengthening out each syllable. "Brother has such perfect taste. And he is actually furnishing the library, Miss Edna after your suggestion. You see we look upon you quite as one of the family."

"That is very good of you," I replied, shortly; "but I certainly have no expectation of ever belonging to it."

Mrs. Shellgrove laughed as though I had perpetrated an excellent joke.

"Young ladies always deny these things, of course; but John tells a different story."

I rattled the cups and saucers angrily; and my thoughts floated off, not to John, but to John's father, sitting lonely in the library furnished after my suggestion. Wasn't it, after all my duty to marry the family generally?

The house was finished and moved into, and John spent his evenings with me. I used to get dreadfully tired of him. He was too devoted to be at all interesting, and I had reached that state of feeling which, if summarily ordered to take my choice between him and the gallows, I would have prepared myself for the latter with a sort of cheerful alacrity.

I locked the door upon John on the evening in question, when I had finally got rid of him, with these things in full force; and I meditated while undressing on some desperate move that would bring matters to a crisis.

But the boy had become roused at last. He, too, had reflected in the watches of the night; and next day I received quite a dignified letter from him, telling me that business called him from the city for two or three weeks, and that possibly on his return I might appreciate his devotion better.

I inexpressibly felt relieved. It appeared to me the most sensible move that John had made in the whole course of our acquaintance, and I began to breathe with more freedom.

Time flew, however, and the three weeks lengthened to six, without John's return. He wrote to me, but his letters became somewhat constrained; and I scarcely knew what to make of him. If he would only give me up, I thought; but I felt sure that he would hold me to that weak promise of mine, that I should either become Edna Cranford or remain Edna Carrington.

"Mr. Cranford," was announced one evening and I entered the parlor fully prepared for an overdose of John, but found myself confronted by his father.

He looked very grave, and instantly I imagined all sorts of things, and reproached myself for my coldness.

"John is well?" I gasped finally.

"Quite well," was the reply, in such kind tones that I felt sure there was something wrong.

What it was I cared not, but poured forth my feelings impetuously to my astonished visitor.

"He must not come here again!" I exclaimed. "I do not wish to see him. Tell him so, Mr. Cranford! tell him that I had rather remain Edna Carrington as he made me promise, than to become Edna Cranford."

"And he made you promise this?" was the reply. "The selfish fellow! But Edna, what am I to do without the little girl I have been expecting? I am very lonely—so lonely that I do not see how I can give her up."

I glanced at him, and the room seemed swimming around—everything was dreadfully unreal. I tried to sit down, and was carried tenderly to a sofa.

"Shall it be Edna Carrington or Edna Cranford?" he whispered. "You need not break your promise to John."

"Edna Cranford," I replied, feeling that I had left the world entirely, and was in another sphere of existence.

If the thought crossed my mind that Mr. Cranford had rather cheerfully supplanted his son, the proceeding was fully justified during the visit which I soon received from that young gentleman. I tried to make it plain to him that I did him no wrong, as I had never professed to love him, though not at all sure that I wouldn't receive the slaking threatened on a previous occasion, and I endeavored to be as tender as possible, for I felt really sorry for him.

To my great surprise John laughed heartily.

"Well, this is jolly!" he exclaimed. "And I am not a villain, after all. What do you think of her Edna?"

He produced an ivory-type in a rich velvet case—a pretty, little, blue-eyed simpleton, who looked about 17.

"Rose," he continued—"Rose Darling; the name suits her, doesn't it? She was staying at my uncle's in Maryland—that's where I've been visiting, you know, and she's such a dear little confiding thing that a fellow couldn't help falling in love with her. And she thinks no end of me, you see; says she's quite afraid of me and all that."

John knew that I wasn't a bit afraid of him; but I felt an elderly sister sort of interest in his happiness, and had never liked him so well as at that moment. And this was the dreadful news that his father had come to break to me when this narrative was nipped in the bud by my revelations and the interview ended in a far more satisfactory manner than either of us had anticipated.

So I kept my promise to John, after all; and as Miss Rose kept her's, he is now a steady married man, and a very agreeable son-in-law.

The widow of the late Singer, of sewing machine fame, married a Hollander, who became first Baron D'Estambour, and has now elevated himself to the title of Duke of Campofelice.

Truth is Mighty and Must Prevail

Is a good old maxim, but no more reliable than the 'oft repeated verdict of visitors that

COOPERSTOWN, DAKOTA,

is the Queen City of a magnificent county and the most beautifully located of the many new and prosperous places of North Dakota. It is the

Permanent County Seat of Griggs County, and, though only a few months old, already has a representation in nearly every branch of business and each man enjoying a profitable trade. Plenty of room for more business houses, mechanics or professional men. Cooperstown is not only the

TERMINUS OF THE S. C. & T. M. R. R., but is also Headquarters thereof. In short, the place is, by virtue of its situation

The Central City of the Central County of North Dakota.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL CENTER! THE COMMERCIAL CENTER!

THE FINANCIAL CENTER! THE RAILROAD CENTER!

and the outfitting point of settlers for fifty miles to the North and West. The energetic spirit of Cooperstown's citizens, who in most cases have not yet reached the meridian of life, the singleness of purpose and unity of action in pushing her interests, have resulted in giving her an envious reputation for business thrift even this early in her history.

GRIGGS COUNTY

is the acknowledged Eden for settlers and home-seekers. Its soil is unsurpassed; its drainage the very best; its climate salubrious, and its railway advantages par-excellent. Public land in the county is becoming scarcer every day, yet there are still thousands of opportunities for the landless to get homes.

GREAT STRIDES

toward Metropolitan comforts have been made in Cooperstown and the wandering head of the weary traveler can here find rest and entertainment at an

BEAUTIFUL AND ELEGANTLY APPOINTED HOTEL,

erected at a cost of \$21,000. The man who becomes a citizen of Griggs county's thrifty capital can have, without price or waiting, the advantages of

GOOD SCHOOLS AND SPLENDID SOCIETY.

The rapidly growing embryonic city of Cooperstown is surrounded on all sides by the very richest lands in North Dakota. Cooperstown, situated as it is in the very heart of a new and fertile region, must boom to keep pace with the

UNPARALLELED RAPID DEVELOPMENT

of the surrounding country. When you stop and consider the facts you will realize the advantages this new town enjoys. It being the terminus of a railroad, the entire country makes it a

UNIVERSAL TRADING POINT,

a fact demonstrated by the merchants already established and enjoying big trades. Cooperstown is not an experiment but is built on the solid rock of commercial industry. Sound investments can be made in Cooperstown city property or Griggs county farm lands by applying to the

COOPER TOWNSITE CO., Cooperstown, D. T.,

Dr. J. M. BURRELL, Sanborn, D. T.
Plans Sent on Request. Uniform Prices to All.