

OLD MEMORIES.

"And you'll manage it if you possibly can?"

"Yes, of course; now do go, dear, I've been here quite long enough."

"Nonsense! Come here, Madge; I want you particularly."

"Oh, don't, Rex!"—the last exclamation having rather a smothered sound.

"Alice, do shut that door; these people seem to think that every one must be as impervious to draughts as they are." And as her younger niece rose to obey Miss Owen said, sharply, "And why on earth does she call him 'Rex' instead of his own name?"

"Some love-nonsense, I suppose," said Alice, with a yawn; "they are silly enough for anything."

And she went back to her book, while her aunt went on with her knitting, and thought of Alice's words.

"Some love nonsense." Ah! she could remember the time when she had stood by that very hall-door where Madge and her lover were now quite as happy, quite as thoughtless and quite as contented.

What a long time it used to take Harry to say good night, and how she used to watch until he was quite out of sight under the dark trees of the avenue! It was all pure happiness until Rosamond came. Somehow, things never seemed the same afterward. Harry used to wait longer and longer to hear some favorite piece of music—and Rosamond played so beautifully—so the good night talk grew shorter every day; yet how could one grumble when Harry enjoyed good music so much?

Rosamond was very pretty—every one could see that; so it was no wonder that Harry should admire her fair complexion and lovely hair and eyes, only it was rather dreadful to feel how plain and unattractive one must look beside her, she seemed able to do everything, too; and every one praised her unaffected manner.

I remember the knitting was dropped here, and the face above it grew hard;—I remember Harry telling me he wished I could try to imitate her more, and making myself more generally liked. I suppose I must have made some answer, but I don't remember it. I can only remember a blind, helpless feeling of misery and wounded pride and love.

I could not have changed so much in a few days and Harry had always till now declared that I was the dearest and best of all to him, and he wondered every one didn't fall in love with me. I knew that was nonsense, but what was this?

I went away soon after, and cried as though my heart would break, and I remember saying, over, and over, "Oh, not Harry—not Harry!" It seemed as if I could give up everything else if I might keep his love.

I was dull and stupid that evening; and though he kissed me when he said good-night, it did not comfort me much, seeing that it was accompanied by "I wish dear, you wouldn't make yourself miserable about nothing, and would try to take advice instead of sulking over it."

They were hard words, I thought, but I tried to do as he said, though every day I felt more and more sure that the love which had been mine was given to Rosamond, and at last our engagement was broken off.

It is curious that the remembrance of that day should make me shiver now after so many years; but I suffered very keenly.

Rosamond went away, and soon after we heard that she and Harry were engaged.

I remember hearing that people did not think I could have cared for Harry very much. I took everything so quietly. I was glad they thought so. Why should they have any idea of the bitter heartache I seemed always now to feel? It was a little comfort that they should blame me instead of Harry.

Then, one day, a letter came, telling of Rosamond's happy marriage to a man many years older than herself, but very rich.

There was no word of Harry; and I think I grieved more for him than I had ever done for myself. I loved him still—how dearly no one guessed—and I tormented myself day by day with thoughts of him and his disappointment.

I am so thankful that I saw him again! My mother came to me one morning to tell me a woman was waiting to see me who would give no name or any message, but begged I would come to her directly.

I ran down, for something seemed to tell me the message concerned the one I loved so well, and I knew it was at the moment I saw Mrs. Lewis, Harry's old nurse and housekeeper.

She came to me and taking both my hands, she said:

"Miss Ruth, I am come to give you fresh pain. I do not know how to soften my message. Perhaps the shortest way is the best. Master Harry is dying Miss Ruth, and he begs if you can so far forgive him, that you'll let him see your face once more."

For one moment I felt as though my senses had deserted, and then I felt how precious the moments were, and that the time for grief would come afterward.

It all seems like a dream. My mother went with me. I remember hearing her say to Mrs. Lewis, "It will kill her;" and a reckless hope that it might spring up in my heart, and helped me to keep calm and brave.

I heard my mother asking how the accident had happened; but the old woman could only tell her that three days before her master had gone for a ride in the morning, and in a few hours had been brought home unconscious, with a dark purple bruise upon his forehead; that the doctor had given no hope of his life from the first; and that as soon as he recovered his senses he had sent to me, that he might see me before he died.

We reached the end of our journey at last, and to Mrs. Lewis' eager question the man replied:

"Just as you left him. The doctor is with him now."

Mrs. Lewis went up stairs, returning in a few minutes with the doctor, whom she left with my mother, saying to me: "Miss Ruth, will you come?"

I trembled so that I could scarcely follow her till she said:

"He has asked to see you alone, my dear. Can you bear it, or shall you be afraid?"

"No," I said steadily; "I would much rather be alone."

So she opened the door, and I went in.

All thought of Rosamond had fled. I went up to my darling and took his hand in mine.

"My good angel," he whispered—"my 'my darling Ruth!' And then an expression of pain came across his face, and he added: "Not mine now; I have forfeited that."

I think all the love I had ever felt for him came upon me with twofold force, and kneeling by him, I told him how fully I forgave him, and how dearly I loved him, and how I loved him then.

"I cannot believe it; I am not worth it," he said, sadly.

And I did not know how to comfort him.

"Harry," I said, "did you think I should come?"

"Yes, I knew you would," he answered.

"Why were you sure?" I asked again.

"Because you were always so forgiving and good, darling."

"And because you knew as soon as you were awakened from that bad dream that we still loved each other, just as we did in those happy days which seem so long ago?"

"Faithful until death," he whispered, "my own dear love."

So we stayed for a little while. I could not think then how near our separation was; I could only thank God for giving us back to each other.

In those few precious days Harry told me all the story of his infatuation for Rosamond, how quickly he had repented of it, and how often he longed to break off the engagement, even though he knew there would be no chance of having me for his wife. Then, in a fit of pique at some real or fancied neglect, she threw him over and accepted, and was soon after married to her rich lover.

"I was not sorry for her, Ruth," he said. "I don't think she ever really cared for me. It was more to prove her power of fascination than any thing else that she won me from you. Weak fool that I was," he added bitterly, "to lose my life's happiness for the sake of a dream! How I longed for you, my darling, I can never tell you, but I dared not ask to see you till now, and when I knew that in a few days I must die I could not go without a last word from you, and now it seems harder than ever to say good-by."

It was a very sorrowful week and my lover grew more feeble every day, and even I could see how near the end must be.

It came very quietly and mercifully at last. We were watching the sunset, as we often did, and, as it sank lower and lower, Harry said, "I shall never see another, darling!"

"No," I answered, "but I shall see many, perhaps, and to me they will always speak of you. But some day I shall see my last, and then I shall come home to you."

"Ruth," he whispered, soon afterward, "it is growing so dark; come closer to me."

I knelt beside him, so that his head might rest on my shoulder; and so we waited together.

I wonder I lived through those hours to feel that in a few moments he would be gone from me—that never while I lived should I hear his voice or see his face again—made me feel as though I must cry aloud in my agony.

Still I waited, quietly, till just as the sunset glow was dying out of the sky, he turned his face toward me, and, with a look of passionate longing love, signed to me to kiss him.

"Good bye," he murmured "my wife that was to be."

"Oh, Harry," I said, "I am your wife in heart and life-long love! All my love is going with you, my darling—my darling!"

I can not tell what followed. I knew my mother and Mrs. Lewis were with me, but till he died I never left my place beside him, and then I suppose I must have fainted.

But I have kept my promise, and old woman as I am now, Harry is still "My Harry" to me.

How soon I wonder, shall I see him again?

There was no sharpness in the old lady's voice as she said "Good night!" to Madge, and asked if she had had a happy evening.

Something in her tone made the girl's eyes fill with tears as she answered, "So very happy, auntie; he does love me so!"

And the answer was, "Then thank Heaven for it, dear. True, constant love is the greatest earthly gift he can give you."

Growth of Washington.

Builders are so busy in Washington that it is hard to get the most trifling repairs done. Houses are going up all over the city, and land since 1880 has quadrupled in value. Blaine's house cost \$67,000, including the land; Robeson's cost \$23,000, but he bought his lot several years ago; Don Cameron's between \$4,000 and \$50,000, while those of Pendleton, Windom and Hazen averaged \$35,000. But Robeson asks \$100,000 for his house, and lots everywhere are assuming metropolitan prices. A member could formerly hire a nicely furnished house for \$150 a month during the season; now the same accommodations are twice as high, and floors in good neighborhoods, which four years ago rented at \$50, are now scarce at \$100. The influx here grows each winter. People who cut but a moderate figure on \$10,000 a year in New York and Baltimore can come here and live handsomely. The result is that Pennsylvania avenue of an afternoon is crowded with handsome turnouts, and houses renting at \$2,000 to \$3,000 are in demand. A large number of flats are being erected too.

Mr. Pollard, a Little Rock minister, has married Eliza Mullabey, a pretty quadroon.

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

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