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LOCAL DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES.

Baptist—Services Sunday 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday 7:30 p. m. Covenant meeting first Sat. each month 2:00 p. m.

Methodist Episcopal—Services every Sabbath 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday 7:30 p. m. Covenant meeting first Sat. each month 2:00 p. m.

Catholic—Services every Sabbath 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday 7:30 p. m. Covenant meeting first Sat. each month 2:00 p. m.

St. James Catholic—First St., between G and H. Sunday school 2:30 p. m. Vespers 7:30. Services once a month.

H. A. DEXTER, Pastor.

SECRET ORDERS.

KNOWLEDGE CHAPTER NO. 12, O. E. S.—Meets a Masonic hall the first and third Monday evening in each month. Visiting members cordially invited.

MRS. H. L. HEATH.

ENTER POST NO. 12—Meets the second and fourth Saturday of each month in Union hall at 7:30 p. m. on second Saturday and at 8 p. m. on 4th Saturday. All members of the order are cordially invited to attend our meetings.

J. B. F. CLINE, Commander.

J. A. PECKHAM, Adj.

W. C. T. U.—Meets on every Friday in Wright's hall at 8 o'clock p. m.

L. T. L. at 5 p. m.

MRS. A. J. WHITMORE, Pres.

CLARA G. ESSOR, Sec'y.

The Whippoorwill's Call.

By AUGUSTA LARNED.

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CHAPTER II.

The ducks came waddling from the brook; the hens and chickens ran at sight of Elsie. There was a twinkling of legs, a flutter of feathers, a whirring and clapping of wings, for Paul's pigeons had joined the little cloud of fowls that surrounded Elsie as she stood in the farmyard the day after Uncle Si's funeral.

She looked younger and more girlish than ever in her black gown. Uncle Si had been laid away to rest in the grassy corner of the Bolton graveyard, and a few friends and neighbors had gathered out of respect to the quiet, unobtrusive man who had lived among them void of offense for over 70 years. And now it was all over. The curtains were drawn, the clock again set in motion, doors clapped; the old dog barked; the hens came scratching under the front window; the wheels of life that had passed for a time while the kind old man, the master, lay stark on his bed in the kitchen chamber were moving again to their accustomed tune.

The young man we have seen inscribing his name, Arthur Hapgood, on the hotel register was riding along the country road on a bay horse. Elsie saw him from where she stood feeling the fowls in the farmyard and knew at once who he was. She remarked how well his clothes fitted and what a firm seat he had in the saddle even before she ran forward to greet him as he was fastening his horse to the fence near a struggling row of hollyhocks. Elsie was bareheaded, and the breeze had ruffled the little errant locks about her forehead, and she looked so slim and girlish the young man gave her rather an open stare of admiration.

"You are Mr. Arthur Hapgood," she said as he got down from his horse.

"We have been looking for you. I was so sorry you could not be here yesterday."

"Yes, I know," he returned unhesitatingly. "Poor Uncle Si! It was impossible for me to get here. I did not arrive in time. Of course it made no difference to him, and he bent his eyes upon her with a familiar, patronizing smile. "And you are Elsie Ray, my little cousin?"

"Yes, I am Elsie Ray."

"Cousins, I think," he said, switching off the dust from his trousers with his riding whip.

"Oh, no," she returned, "not at all related. I am only the child of Uncle Si's first wife's niece. But he was very good to me," she added quickly. "He never let me know the difference."

"Who wouldn't be good to you?" said Hapgood in a marked way that made Elsie color. She took the bridle of the bay horse and put it lightly over her arm. "If you will step into the house, Mr. Hapgood, I will put your horse in the barn. Paul Rayner is in the field, and Aunt Prissy and Aunt Hetty are waiting to welcome you."

"So it appears I have relatives here, after all!"

"No real kin, I am afraid," said Elsie. "They are the sisters of Uncle Si's last wife. He gave them a home and took care of them for a great many years. He always let them think it was a great privilege to have them here."

"Old?" asked Hapgood, making an interrogation point of his eyebrows.

"Yes, very old and infirm—I am afraid rather childish. Aunt Prissy has catarrhs coming over both her eyes. Aunt Hetty is very hard of hearing, but they are very sensitive about these things and like to have it supposed they can see and hear as well as ever. They never forget that they were once poor, the Misses Hingham of Littlefield, and danced at one of General Lafayette's balls."

"Indeed," returned Elsie, "I am afraid I don't share my uncle's opinion of herself. 'He is the son of one of the most rich people of this time and we are poor and content to remain as we are, with our memories and our birth and breeding.'"

"You ought to tell Mr. Arthur how, in the good providence of God, the governor's life was spared to his country," said Miss Hetty.

"You tell him, sister. I know it is such a pleasure to you to relate the story, and if you make a mistake I am here to set you right."

"Well, you see," began Miss Hetty after taking a ladylike pinch of snuff and offering her box to Arthur, "some 10 years before the war the governor was a very rich man in land and owned large property in slaves. It was then legal, as you may know, in all the colonies to hold the blacks in bondage, but he was a kind, just master and had abolished the use of the paddle on his estate, a wooden instrument perforated with holes, with which the overseers were in the habit of chastising slaves. He had large farms in New Jersey."

"New York, sister," put in Miss Prissy. "Sister, your memory fails you."

"Well, it was either New York or New Jersey. What does it signify? And after he had lived there some years he made arrangements to dispose of his land at that state and remove to New England, bringing his slaves with him. But the black people were averse to leaving their old homes, and the spirit of discontent among them rose to the point of rebellion, and while the governor was engaged in disposing of his property and preparing to move east his 30 slaves formed a conspiracy and determined to kill him and his entire family."

"There were 40 slaves, sister. I remember perfectly that there were 40."

"Well, 30 or 40, Prissy. What difference does it make? The fact is, he wanted to poison the whole family, as I was saying, and the poison was put into the coffee one morning a few days before the governor proposed to set out on his journey, but it chanced that just as

"To do?" repeated Elsie, looking startled. "They are too old and helpless to do much of anything."

"I mean what plans they have formed for the future, where they intend to live."

"They have no plans, Mr. Hapgood, and they expect to live here to the end of their days. I cannot make them understand that everything is changed, now that Uncle Si is dead."

"That is decided unpleasant," said Arthur, frowning slightly, "but we must try to let them down easy," and he turned on his heel and entered the house.

Aunt Prissy and Aunt Hetty had put on their best black silks, with muslin inside, handkerchiefs and caps trimmed with purple satin bows and their false puffs "made out of the combings of their own hair, as they took pains to explain to their friends. They stood in the hall now to receive him with their best company manners, a courtesy such as had graced General Lafayette's hall."

"We are so glad to welcome you here," said Miss Prissy, holding out her refined, withered hand. "We do hope you will feel quite at home. Brother Simon would have wished it, for he was very hospitable. You will remain for a long time and will make yourself entirely one of us. Brother Simon would have wished it, we are quite sure."

They ushered him into their own large, pleasant room, the farmhouse parlor, which had long given up to their use, with its two high backs, its braided rugs and quaint furniture, and installed him in their best chair opposite the governor's portrait.

"I hope your father, John Hapgood, was in good health when you left home," said Miss Hetty, taking out her snuff-box and tapping on it with two fingers.

"Don't you remember, sister," said Prissy in her good ear, "that John Hapgood is dead?"

"It must have slipped my mind," said Hetty placidly. "Sister is losing her eyesight, and I am losing my memory, and so things are made even. But you know," she continued, turning courteously toward Arthur, "we never knew your father. Poor Sister Nancy was married to Simon Hapgood after your father moved west. We occupied a very different social position when we were young, and Sister Nancy was always thought, though you will excuse us for saying so, married out of her sphere. She was very different from sister and me, and seemed devoid of a proper family pride. But I think Brother Simon appreciated the sacrifices she made in coming here."

"I am sure he did," put in Miss Prissy briskly. "He felt it an honor to be allied with the Hinghams. It is a fine thing to have ancestors, Mr. Arthur."

This was a point that touched young Hapgood rather keenly. He had long felt himself that it is a fine thing to have ancestors and was conscious of his own deficiency in that important particular. It had just occurred to him that he might possibly adopt the Hingham crest for his coat of arms.

"Of course you have heard of Governor Hingham," continued Miss Prissy, pointing to the portrait of the old gentleman in shirt frills and the wig of the great George III in the corner of the room.

"Yes, a colonial governor and a Revolutionary governor as well. From being one of the most loyal servants of the crown he became one of the bitterest enemies of King George III in the colonies. He fitted out a regiment for General Washington's army at Cambridge, sir; armed and equipped it at his own cost, and from that day the Hinghams have been poor in worldly goods. But we are proud of our poverty, Mr. Hapgood. Our ancestor never asked the government to return a penny of what he had done to establish it, nor would we. Since then, and I think that most of the rich people of this time are poor, and we are content to remain as we are, with our memories and our birth and breeding."

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they had seated themselves at the breakfast table and while the youngest child (Roxana Hingham, she that married a Wheeler) was standing up with her hands folded to say grace there came a loud knock at the door of the room where they were seated. The governor rose hastily, no servant being left to answer the summons, and one of the brass buttons of his morning coat caught on the fringe of the tablecloth, and the entire breakfast, with all the dishes, was dragged to the floor. Of course, as you can imagine, the coffee-pot was overturned. The contents ran out and made a large pool on the sanded floor. Now, it appears Madam Hingham, the governor's wife, was very fond of cats. She had four—a white, a black, a tortoiseshell and a tailless Manx cat."

"Four?" put in Miss Prissy. "I have always understood there were five."

"What does it matter, sister?" returned Miss Hetty, a little pettishly. "Whether four or five. The cats scattered to lap up the coffee, and they all fell into horrible convulsions and died from the effects of it, and thus the plot was brought to its end, the governor and his family were saved."

Arthur Hapgood had heard quite enough to satisfy his curiosity about the old gentleman in the tie wig whose picture hung over the chimney piece. He therefore made an excuse to get out of doors and take a ramble about the farm.

The old sisters both rose and courted as he took his leave. "You are to make yourself quite at home," said Miss Prissy, with a gentle air of patronage. "We have told Elsie to prepare the front chamber for you with fresh water and towels and the best linen sheets, for it is to turn them out. Brother Simon's friends exactly as he would have entertained himself. The very best in the house is at your disposal."

Young Hapgood wandered about the house, fields, the old barns and sheds, with a sarcastic smile lightly wreathing his lips. It was very funny that he should be politely asked to make himself at home in his own house, and yet

there was a spice of annoyance in it. Uncle Si, with his family of queer dependents, was proving a great puzzle to the old ladies. The old man's farming was shamefully slipshod, and Arthur began to make material changes and calculations before he had been an hour on the place.

At last he came sauntering round by the back way and entered the great kitchen, where Elsie, with her sleeves rolled up and a white apron tied over her neatly fitting black dress, stood by the sink, washing some bread. Her little floury hands looked quite charming as they twinkled up and down in the bread tray.

Hapgood came and stood by the table and watched the operation in a way that made Elsie nervous. She turned her shoulder toward him and wished with all her heart he would go away. But Arthur was not the man ever to feel himself out of place. With his hands full of mischief, he looked quite charming as they twinkled up and down in the bread tray.

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in other people. Elsie was dumb, with a dull ache at the still beating heart. She did not think of herself or of Paul. They were young and strong, and the world was all before them, but those two helpless old women, so innocent minded and unsuspecting, with all their silly little vanities, this man, she felt sure, was capable of trampling them out to the poorhouse.

She made no reply to Hapgood's speeches, marked with cheery self-confidence, as if quite unaware that he was cutting into the quick of her sensibilities, but went into the pantry to skim the pans