The American Union.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE COUNTY.

VOL. 35.—NO. 50. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, AUGUST 4th 1892. $1.00 PER ANNUM

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IN AN OLD CEMETERY.

She sits upon the worn old grave,
And gayly uses as a pillow
The battered headstone, rudely carved
With funeral urn and weeping willow.

The epitaph she puzzles out,
With words and laughter light and mocking,
Displaying well a dainty shoe,
And quite an inch of silken stocking.

She jests about the curious name,
The verses with quaint old phrases laden;
And yet—what if in future years
Some saucy Twentieth century maiden

Upon a summer afternoon—
An ancient cemetery choosing—
Should flirt upon her grave, and think
It all so jolly and amusing?

—Juliet W. Tompkis in Kate Field's Washington.

Jarvis Murray's Campaign

Some people would have said it was Florence Craven's own fault that she had lost her faith in man. Perhaps some people would have been right, and perhaps they would not. However, that has nothing to do with this story. The fact is what concerns us, and the fact is that Florence Craven did not believe in men. She did not believe much in women, either, but that also has nothing to do with this story. When Florence was 18 years old she had ideals. Every woman has ideals when she is young, just as children have mumps. The girls usually get over their ideals just as successfully as children do over the mumps, and then they settle down to a substantial basis of fact and find that, after all, the world as it is is a very good place—quite as good as the world of imagination.

That is what happens to a girl who has the ordinary run of ideals. These usually consist of a man who is a combination of Richard Cœur de Lion Adonis, and the Angel Gabriel. That is the kind of ideal the average young girl sets up for herself. It does not occur to her at first that in order to be fit for the society of such a man she herself ought to be a combination of Joan of Arc, Venus, and Amelia Sedley. By and by she finds out that women are not built on that scale, and she concludes that man may be a little lower than the angels and still do. Florence Craven, however, did not begin life with such a tremendous demand on human nature. Her idea of a man was not that he should be like Virgil's Dame Rumor, with his feet on the earth and his sublime head among the stars. All she asked was that a man should be tall, handsome, strong, kind of temper, frank, patient, humble, forgiving, earnest, sincere, affectionate, industrious, clever with his hands, intellectual, and passionately in love with her. It was not much for a young girl to ask, and so Florence demanded it with all her soul and with all her strength. And the first thing she knew the man arrived.

He had the whole of the above catalogue of qualities except one. He was not in love with Florence. That, however, did not discourage her. She set out to make him love her. It was at a Summer resort that she met him, and at first he regarded her sprightly allurements with a sort of patronizing good nature, which stirred Florence's spirits to their depths. She vowed with a deep determination that she would bring him to her feet. Several times he seemed to be on the point of saying something very earnest to her. and then the amused look would come back into his eyes and he would say something else. This happened so often that Florence became fiercely hungry for that earnest utterance which always refused to come. One night she even went up to her room and wept bitter tears of vexation, of course, because he would not say it. The next day she fished more vigorously. They walked, danced, rode together. The gossips of the hotel married them regularly every day, and still he did not say it. And Florence wished more than ever to hear him say it.

Finally the end of the season came. The September breezes whispered around the corners of the hotel and the September stars looked down on piles of trunks ready to be taken away the next morning. That night he spoke. He said he had been trying to tell her something all Summer but his courage had failed him every time. He felt that he had not been quite right in keeping it to himself so long, but she had made his summer so pleasant that he had really been unable before that minute to tell her that he was going to be married that Winter. His sweetheart was in Europe and would be home in about two weeks.

And that was the earnest remark of the man who was tall, handsome, strong, kind of temper, et cetera.

Florence took it bravely as far as outward appearances went. She laughed in his face and told him she had known it all along. Then she wished him joy and ran upstairs. In the inviolate secrecy of her own room she fell flat on her face and staid there for two hours. At the end of that time she arose, looked at herself in the mirror, and smiled a miserable smile. At that moment her ideals went out of the window and were blown out to sea by the west wind. The next day Florence Craven was a manhater and a flirt of the most desperate character. For two years she cut a swath. Her change of heart was most sincere. She simply despised men. She took pleasure in transfixing them with the arrows of love and seeing them writhe. She had no more pity than a seal hunter, and she was as devoid of sentiment as Butler's "Analogy." She never made the slightest pretense. She treated all men with sarcastic contempt, and they seemed to like it. She counted her victims by the score. She broke up engagements by the dozen. She made regiments of girls jealous. She played Venus Victrix to perfection, and had all the mothers in society wild with a desire to cast her into the bottomless pit.

All except one. Mrs Chasby Soden had a daughter who didn't go off. She hung fire dreadfully. The only man who had ever shown a disposition to gather her to himself had been switched off by the insatiable Florence Craven, who wrung his heart dry and then sent him packing. Then Mrs. Chasby Soden rose up and said:

"That Craven girl has got to be married."

The only question was who was to marry her? Mrs. Chasby Soden studied that problem long and carefully, and finally she came to the conclusion that she knew the man. Then she sat down to study out a plan by which he could be led to devote himself to Florence and to conquer her. She spent a whole morning in deep thought. At luncheon she appeared with a severe headache and a written letter.

"If that does not bring him," she said to herself, "I must simply give it up."

It did bring him. He was Jarvis Murray, Mrs. Chasby Soden's nephew, the son of her oldest brother, now dead. Jarvis Murray was 30 years old, and not pretty to look at. He had a knife scar just above the bridge of his nose, and the rest of his face was corrugated with smallpox marks. He was not tall, but his deep chest and long arms indicated strength. He was not especially bright or cheerful in conversation, having been close enough to death on several occasions to make him rather serious. Jarvis Murray had begun life as a naval cadet. He had been shipwrecked once and had two desperate fights with pirates. He got that cut over the bridge of his nose in one of them. Then he resigned from the navy to accept the command of a merchant vessel. A collision, fire, and five days on a raft finished his career there, though he was honorably acquitted of all blame He decided that dry land would suit thereafter. He secured a position with an electric company, and was now in a fair way to become a millionaire. But he was not an attractive man. He knew it, too, and as a rule steered clear of the fair sex. But Mrs. Chasby Soden succeeded in setting him afer Florence, and he opened up a campaign that for variety and movement has seldom been equaled in the history of love.

It began with some masterly inactivity. The first thing Jarvis Murray did nothing, and he did it well. He was introduced to Florence, looked at her critically, and then walked away. That made Florence angry, and filled her with a deep determination to make him notice her—and to his sorrow, of course.

"Excellent," said Mrs. Chasby Soden; "I should say that the first skirmish is decidedly in your favor."

"I don't like it," said Jarvis Murray, reflectively. "She is as beautiful and bewitching as you painted her, and more so. I'd rather lie right down at her feet and surrender."

"And be laughed at for your pains? No, my dear boy, do just as I tell you, and the most captivating of girls is yours. Watch her for a day or two, and you'll agree with me that my plan is the only one that can succeed."

Jarvis watched her. He saw her deliberately draw Forrest Burney into a proposal and then treat him with a measureless contempt that sent the young fellow away heart broken. If Jarvis had not been let into the secret of Florence's lack of faith in men he would have called her heartless. As it was, he understood that her heart was exceedingly active and was feeding on its own fires. He decided that Mrs. Soden's plan of campaign was a wise one.

"Set a thief to catch a thief," he mused. "It isn't fair. Mrs. Chasby Soden is an old campaigner. She's up to every move on the board. Pity that daughter of hers, my estimable cousin, isn't a man. The mater would have had her married long ago. But the Craven girl has got the whole field to herself. and now that we're alone, Jarvis, we may as well admit that she deserves it. She's the first girl I've ever seen that I'd like to own. And I'm going to do it."

The next day Jarvis Murray treated Florence Craven with deliberated indifference all day. He took the trouble to keep within sound of her voice and sight of her eyes, so as to let her see that he was indifferent. She tried several times to draw him into conversation, but he answered in monosyllables and then turned to speak to another girl. That night one of the full dress hops took place. Right in the middle of it Jarvis Murray shouldered his way through the crowd of moths around Florence and said:

"The next is our waltz, I believe."

You can't put the assurance of his manner on paper.

"I think not," she said.

"You are mistaken," he replied, lifting her dance card. The dance was not taken. He calmly wrote his name, and showed it to her. "You see, it is my dance.

At that moment the music began, and before Florence could recover her breath, he had her floating over the floor.

"Mr. Murray," she said angrily, "your impudence——"

"My what?" he asked, looking intently into her eyes.

He knew how to look very hard. He had once looked a mutiny out of countenance.

"Your impudence," she began again, but he interrupted her.

"A man would dare anything for you," he said. Her face flushed and her eyes sparkled. Jarvis Murray waltzed liked a featherweight angel. He did not say another word till the end of the dance. Then he said:

"Have you another dance left?"

She had. She had been saving it for a purpose; not this purpose, but she thought now she would let the other one go. Do you know Jarvis did? He put his name down for that dance and went up stairs to bed. She did not see him till next day. She was weak enough to take him to task for not appearing to claim his dance. He told he was sorry she had missed him, and assured her it should never occur again. That made her so angry she would not speak to him again. Then Jarvis Murray turned his attention to making himself agreeable to ladies. He knew how to do it, too. He had two dozen ideas in as many seconds, and everyone of his ideas was fruitfnl in pleasure to the women. All sought Florence, of course. She wouldn't speak to him, so she was left out of his plans. She sat around the hotel all the afternoon with three or four tall, handsome men who made love to her to the best of their ability, while the other girls went out sailing with Murray and had a glorious time. Somehow or other her favorite sport palled on her that afternoon, and, of course. she blamed it all on Murray. He met her face to face in the corridor as she was going to her roon to dress for dinner. She was going to pass him in dignified silence, but he stopped and held out his hand.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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A Literary Find.

Mr. Bok has succeeded in unearthing a quantity of unpublished material by Henry Ward Beecehr, which will shortly be published as a series of articles in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. The material is especially valuable since it deals with a range of topics both varied and timely and will advance, for the first time in print, the great preacher's views on a number of such interesting questions as marriage, home government, woman in public and private life, politics, etc., etc, Mr. Bok has secured the co-operation of Mrs. Beecher and Professor Ellinwood, Mr. Beecher's private reporter, in the editing of the material.

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