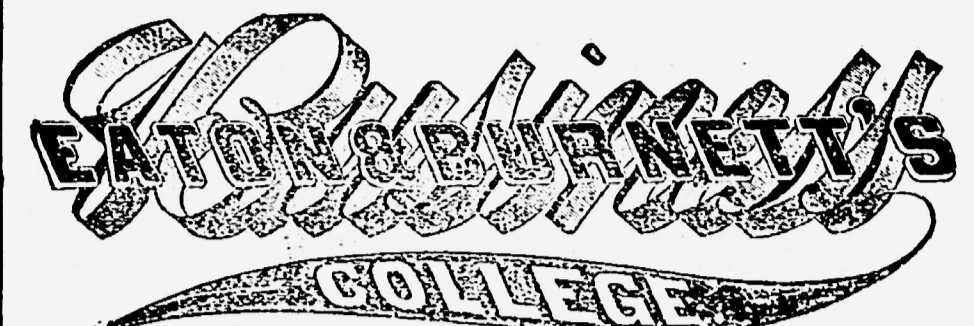


# The Ellicott City

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the best advertising medium. Subscription price one dollar.  
Six pages.

## WHEN THE CHICKENS CROW.

It's well enough, of winter nights to struggle  
down in bed!  
An' draw the homestead kiver all around your  
face an' neck!  
An' lay an' snore till daylight comes  
an' sneakin' in your room  
An' takes the ego off 'o' the cold an' drives  
away the gloom!  
To get it comes to summertime you'll find  
'em all the way!  
To get up bright an' airy, when the chickens  
crows for day!  
It looks so calm an' peaceful like, it makes  
you want to shout;  
An' in the sky a single star that hasn't been  
put out  
Eeeps winkin' an' a-shinin', like it tried to  
flirt with you!  
An' then the sun comes perk in, an'  
sparkles on the dew!  
An' if you want a tonic to drive the blues  
away  
You get up bright an' airy, when the chickens  
crows for day!  
You hear the jay-blends callin' in the oak an'  
elm trees,  
An' through the open window comes the cool  
refreshin' breeze,  
A-waftin' spicy odors from the bushes on the  
corn.  
An' an' makin' face of nature makes you  
thankful you was born!  
Oh, it's better than a circus, an' makes you  
peep an' giggle!  
To get up bright an' airy, when the chickens  
crows for day!  
You hear the crows a-doozin' in the barn lot,  
one by one,  
A-askin' 'phras as may be when the milkmaid  
will be done;  
An' you hustle out to milk 'em, an' a-whistlin'  
as you pass,  
An' 'tarn't in the pasture, while the dew is  
on the grass;  
An' if you want to prosper, you'll find 'em  
all the way!  
To get up bright an' airy, when the chickens  
crows for day!  
Helen Whitney Clark.

## AUDREY'S LOVE STORY.

**GOOD-BYE, Audrey!**  
Audrey gave  
her hand to Ned  
Norway.  
"Good-bye,"  
she said. "And  
you came to  
the whole way  
across to see  
me again!"  
"Thank you,"  
he said. "And  
the look at him,  
so  
tall and straight and handsome,  
realizing for the first time just how she  
felt to Ned Norway."  
"I couldn't have gone without good-  
bye, Audrey," said Ned. "Yesterday  
and last night, with all the strangers  
about at the picnic, gave me no  
chance. Will you think of me now  
and then?"  
"We shall all think and talk about  
you a good deal."  
They sat down under the grape-  
vine.  
"I have great hopes of this jour-  
ney," said Ned. "Uncle Edward  
promises by and by to take me into  
partnership. He's very wealthy and  
a bachelor; a nice old fellow, Audrey.  
You'd like him."  
"Should I?" asked Audrey, thinking  
only to please him, like no one  
except him who had tempted Ned away  
from Blumland's slopes.  
"And I'm bound with him," said  
Ned, "and we shall get on splendidly,  
I've no doubt; and when I'm junior  
partner—"  
"Just then a whistle sounded. "I  
must have to run for it," said Ned,  
catching up his portmanteau. "Well,  
good-bye, Audrey."  
A vague disappointment thrilled  
Audrey; she had thought so much;  
and he had said so little. Just then  
he leaned toward her. "One kiss at  
parting," he said.  
"Oh, woe me!" she thought. "What a  
prude! she would have given her lips  
to any friend leaving her, without a  
thought of wrong; but she could not  
even let the man she loved kiss her; it  
might be a betraying ordeal, who  
knew? Everything or nothing for  
Ned Norway; and he had never ut-  
tered one word of love to her."  
"Good-bye," she said, and gave him  
her hand. And he took it and went  
a little dashed, and just a little wounded.  
When Mrs. Daw came home she  
wondered what made Audrey's eyes so  
red.  
"Oh, woe me! what they glide on  
for, the most part tangled in the  
mesh of little things! There was the  
car to take, a blue bow to be made  
to wear with the white dress; hand-  
kerchiefs to hem; afterwards to be  
spent at friends' houses; friends to  
entertain at home; a book mark to  
be made for the Bible; very important  
things to be done from dawn until  
dusk; but through it all one thought  
ran—a thought born of maidenhood's  
first love, as bright and pure and ten-  
der as any ever sung by poet, though  
sent to death, and the sweetest girl  
and he a nobody with a hopeful  
heart gone out to seek his fortune.  
The time of roses passed away, and  
grape time came.  
"Sombroly!" it was Tom Pepper—  
had had a letter from Ned, who was  
very well pleased with New York.  
"It's been to see everything," said  
Tom. "Wait; it's quite what I call a  
historical kind of a letter, dreadful  
interesting; want to read it?"  
"I wouldn't mind," said Audrey.  
"So Tom gave her the letter. It was  
a loving circle at Mrs. Daw's, and in  
a minute more Audrey slipped out  
into Mrs. Daw's bedroom, and there  
read the letter. Just such a bright  
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