

MANNING, S. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19, 1890.

he might perhaps learn to love me!" This thought is almost insupportable. Her pride rising in arms, she subdues The Haunted Chamber. all remaining traces of her late emotion, and, turning suddenly, confronts him. Her face is quite colorless, but she can not altogether hide from him the sadness that still desolates her BY "THE DUCHESS." Author of "Monica," "Mona Soully,"
"Phyllis," etc., etc.

eyes. "You are right," she agrees. "In the future our lives will indeed be far distant from each other, so far apart that the very tie of friendship will readily be forgotten by us both." It is the evening of the theatricals; and in one of the larger drawing-rooms at the castle, where the stage has been

how absurd was my former idea that

"Florence, do not say that!" he entreats, believing in his tarn that she alludes to her coming marriage with his cousin. "And—and—do not be angry with me; but I would ask you to ing-so are many hearts behind the scenes-and a low buzz of conversaconsider long and earnestly before taking the step you have in view. Remember it is a bond that once sealed

can never be canceled."
"A bond! I do not follow you," exall faces turn curiously to the small but perfect stage that the London work-men have erected. Every one is very anxious to see what his or her neighbor is going to do when

"A bond! I'do not follow you," exclaims Florence bewildered.
"Ah, you will not trust me; you will not confide in me!"
"I have nothing to confide," persists Florence, still deeply puzzled.
"Well, let it rest so," returns Adrian, now greatly wounded at her determined reserve, as he deems it. He calls to mind all Mrs. Talbot had said about her slyness and feels disheartened. At brought before a critical audience. No-body, of course, hopes openly for a break-down, but secretly there are a few who would be glad to see such-and-such a one's pride lowered. her slyness, and feels disheartened. At least he has not deserved distrust at her hands. "Promise me," he entreats

such a one's pride lowered.

No mischance, however, occurs. The insipid Tony speaks his lines perfectly, if he fails to grasp the idea that a little acting thrown in would be an improvement; a very charming cousin Con is made out of Miss Villiers; a rather stilted but strictly correct old lady out of Lady Gertrude Vining. But Florence Delmaine, as Kate Hardcastle, leaves nothing to be desired, and many are the complimentary speeches uttered from time to time by the audience. Arthur Dynecourt too had not overat last. "that, if ever you are in danger, you will accept my help."

"I promise." she replies faintly. Then trying to rally her drooping spirits, she continues, with an attempt at a smile, "Tell me that you will accept mine should you be in any danger. Remem-ber, the mouse once rescued the lion!" —and she smiles again, and gl: ces at him with a touch of her old archness.
"It is a bargain, And now, will you Arthur Dynecourt too had not over-

praised his own powers. It is palpable to every one that he has often trod the rest here awhile until you feel quite reboards, and the pathos he throws into stored to calmness? his performance astonishes the au-dience. Is it only acting in the final "But you must not remain with me." scene when he makes love to Miss Hardcastle, or is there some real senti-ment in it?

"But you must not remain with me." Florence urges hurriedly. "You guests are awaiting you. Probably—with a faint smile—"your partner for this waltz is impatiently wondering what has become of you."

I think not." says Adrian, returning her smile. "Fortunately I have no one's manie on my card for this waltz. The question arises in many breasts. They note how his color changes as he takes her hand, how his voice trembles; they notice too how she grows cold, in I say fortunately, because I think"—glancing at her tenderly—"I have been able to bring back the smiles to your face sooner than would have been the spite of her desire to carry out her part how instinctively she shrinks from his touch. Then it is all over and the curtain falls amidst loud apply use. Florcase had you been left here alone to brood over your trouble, whatever is may be." sponse to frequent calls, gracefully,

"There is no trouble," declares Flor-ence, in a somewhat distressed fashion, turning her head restlessly to one side. only more apparent. Sir Adrian, watching her with a heart faint and cold with grief and disappointment, ac-"I wish you would dispossess yourself of that idea. And, do not stop here, they-every one, will accuse you of discourtesy if you absent yourself from the ball-room any longer.

"Then, come with me," says Adrian. See, this waltz is only just beginning: give it to me."

very little when a bouquet directed at her feet by an enthusiastic young man Carried away by his manner, she lays her hand upon his arm, and goes with him to the ball-room. There he passes his arm around her waist, and present-Arthur Dynecourt, who has accompanied her to the footlights, and who joins in her triumph, picks up the bouly they are lost among the throng of whirling dancers, and both give themquet and presents it to her.

As he does so the audience again beselves up for the time being to the comes aware that she receives it from him in a spirit that suggests detesta-tion of the one that hands it, and that mere delight of knowing that they are

Two people, seeing them enter thus together, on apparently friendly terms, regard them with hostile glances. Dora lalbot, who is coquetting sweetly with dently overpowered by her attentions. letting her eyes rest upon Florence as she waltzes past her with Sir Adrian, colors warmly, and, biting her lip, forgets the honeyed speech she was about the pained expression that of late has te bestow upon her companion, who is the owner of a considerable property, and lapses into silence, for which the gaunt man is devoutly grateful, as it gives him a moment in which to reflect

timid and reserved with Sir Adrian, and has endeavored to avoid his socieon the safest means of getting rid of her without delay. ty. She is oppressed with the thought Dora's fair brow grows darker and that he has read her secret love for him and seeks, by an assumed coldness of darker as she watches Florence, and notes the smile that lights on her beaudemeanor and a studied avoidance of tiful face as she makes some answer to him, to induce him to believe himself one of Sir Adrian's sallies. Dynecourt, that he has not been on the spot to prevent this dance, she wonmiserable by this avoidance, in the thought that probably Mrs. Talbot has told Florence of his discovery of her attachment to Arthur, and that she dreads his taxing her with her dupliciders. She grows angry, and would have stamped her little foot with im-

the fear of displaying her vexation.

As she is inwardly anathematizing ty, and so makes strenuous efforts to keep herself apart from him. They Arthur, he emerges from the throng, and, the dance being at an end, rehave already drifted so far apart that minds Miss Delmaine that the next is to-night, when the play has come to an end, and Florence has retired from the

patient wrath at this moment, but for

Florence ur willingly removes hand from Sir Adrian's arm, and lays it upon Arthur's. Most disdainfully she moves away with him, and suffers him to lead her to another part of the room. And when she dances with him, it is with evident reluctance, as he knows by the fact that she visibly shrinks from him when he encircles her waist with his arm.

Sir Adrian, who has noticed none of

these symptoms, going up to Dora, so-licits her hand for this dance.
"You are not engaged, I hope?" he says anxiously. It is a kind of wretch-ed comfort to him to be near Florence's true friend. If not the rose, she has From a distance the sweet strains of

at least some connection with it.

"I am afraid I am," Dora responds, raising her limpid eyes to his. "Naughty man, why did you not come sooner? I thought you had forgotten me altogether, and so got tired of keeping barren spots upon my eard for you."
"I couldn't help it—I was engaged. A
man in his own house has always a bad

feels lonely and neglected, and, burying her head in the cushions of the time of it looking after the impossible lounge, sobs aloud.

She does not hear the hasty approach of footsteps until they stop close beside people," says Adrian evasively.
"Poor Florence! Is she so very impossible?" asks Dora, laughing, but her, and a voice that makes her pulse throb madly says, in deep agitation—
"Florence—Miss Delmaine—what has happened?" What has occurred to dis-

pretending to reproach him. "I was not speaking of Miss Del-maine," says Adrian, flushing hotly. "She is the least impossible person I ever met. It is a privilege to pass one's

time with her."
"Yet it is with her you have passed. the last hour that you hint has been devoted to bores," returns Dora quietly. This is a mere feeler, but she throws it out with such an air of certainty that Sir Adrian is completely deceived, and believes her acquainted with his tete-a tete with Florence in the dimly lit ante-

she controls herself, and says, in a room.
"Well," he admits, coloring again. your cousin was rather upset by her acting, I think, and I just stayed with suppose, or the nervousness of acting before so many strangers, that has upset me. It is over now. I beg you will not remember it, Sir Adrian, or speak of it to any one." her until she felt equal to joining us all again."
"An:" exclaims Dora, who now knows

all she had wanted to know.

"But you must not tell me you have no dances left for me," says Adria".

gayly. "Come, let me see your card," He looks at it, and finds it indeed full. "I am an unfortunate." he adds.
"I think," says Dora, with the pret-

tiest hesitation, "if you are sure it would not be an unkind thing to do, I could scratch out this name"-pointing to her partner's for the coming dance. "I am not sure at all," responds Sir Adrian, laughing. "I am positive it will be awfully unkind of you to de-prive any fellow of your society; but be unkind, and scratch him out for my sake.'

you in any way."

"It is impossible," murmurs Florence, in a stilled tone.

"You mean you will not accept my help"—sadly. "So be it then. I have no right, I know, to establish myself as your champion. Incide are oncers, no doubt, whose happiness lies in the fact that they may render you a service when it is in their power. I do not complain, however. Nay, I would even ask you to look upon me at least as a He speaks lightly, but her heart beats high with hope.
"For your sake," she repeats softly drawing her pencil across the name written on her programme and substituting his. ask you to look upon me at least as a

"But you will give me more than this one dance?" queries Adrian. "Is there nobody else you can condemn to misery out of all that list?"

"You are insatiable," she returns, blushing and growing confused. "But you shall have it all your own way. Here"—giving him her card—"take what waltzes you will." She waltzes to

perfection, and she knows it.

dancers. In the meantime, Florence growing fatigued, or disinclined to dance longer with Dynecourt, stops abruptly near the door of a conservatory, and, leaning against the framework, gazes with listless interest at the busy scene

"You are tired. Will you rest for awhile?" asks Arthur politely; and, as she bends her head in cold consent, he leads her to a cushioned seat that is placed almost opposite to the door-way, and from which the ball-room and what is passing within it are distinctly

cushions of the sent he has pointed out to her, Florence sights softly, and lets her thoughts run, half sadly, half gladher thoughts run, half sadly, half glad-ly, upon her late interview with Sir Adrian. At least, if he has guessed her secret, she knows now that he does not despise her. There is no trace of contempt in the gentleness, the tender-ness of his manner. And how kindly he has told her of the intended change in his life! "Thei, paths would lie far asunder for the future," he had said, or something tantamount to that. He spoke no doubt of his coming marriage. Then she begins to speculate dreami-ly upon the sort of woman who would

ly upon the sort of woman who would be happy enough to be his wife. She is still idly ruminating on this point when her companion's voice brings her back to the present. She had so far forgotten his existence in her day-dreaming that his words come to her like a whisper from some other world,

"Your thoughtfulness renders me sad," he is saying impressively. "It carries you to regions where I can not To this she makes no reply, regard-

ing him only with a calm questioning glance that might well have daunted a better man. It only nerves him however to even bolder words.
"The journey your thoughts have taken—has it been a pleasant one?" he

asks, smiling.
"I have come here for rest, not for conversation." There is undisguised dislike in her tones. Still he is untouched by her scorn. He even grows more defiant, as though determined to let her see that even her avowe, hatred can not subdue him.
"If you only knew," he goes on, with

slow meaning, regarding her as he speaks with critical admiration, "how surpassingly beautiful you look tonight, you would perhaps understand in a degree the power you possess over our fellow-creatures. In that attitude, with that slight touch of seorn upon your lips, yea seem a meet partner for a monarch."

She laughs a low contemptuous augh, that even makes his blood run notiv in his veins.

"And yet you have the boldness to offer yourself as an aspirant to my favor?" she says. "In truth, sir, you value yourself highly!"
"Love will find the way!" he quotes

Love with find the way. He quotes quickly, though plainly disconcerted by her merriment. "And in time I trust I shall have my reward."
"In time, I trust you will," she returns, in a tone impossible to misconstrue.

At this point he deems it wise to change the subject; and, as he halts rather lamely in his conversation, at a loss to find some topic that may in-terest her or advance his cause, Sir Adrian and Dora pass by the door of the

Sir Adrian is smiling gayly at some little speech of Dora's, and Dora is looking up at him with a bright expres-sion in her blue eyes that tells of the happiness she feels. "Ah. I can not help thinking Adrian is doing very wisely," observes Arthur-Dynecourt, some evil genius at his el-

pow urging him to lie. "Doing-what?" asks his companion, roused suddenly into full life and interest.

"You pretend ignorance, no doubt" smiling. "But one can see. Adrian's marriage with Mrs. Talbot has been about for some time amongst his intimates.

A class like ice seems to seize upon Miss Delinaine's heart as these words drop from his lips. She restrains her emotion bravely, but his lyax-eye reads her through and through.

"They seem to be more together tonight than is even usual with them," goes on Arthur blandly. "Before you honored the room with your presence, he had danced twice with her, and now again. It is very marked, his attention

As a matter of fact Adrian had not danced with Mrs. Talbot all the even-ing until now, but Florence, not hav-ing been present at the opening of the ball, is not in a position to refute this,

as he well knows.. "If there is anything in her friendship with Sir Adrian, I feel sure Dora would have told me of it," she says

slowly, and with diffictly.
"And she hasn't?" asks Arthur with so much surprise and incredulity in his manner as goes far to convince her that there is some truth in his statement. "Well, well," he adds, "one can not blame her. She would doubtless be sure of his affection before speaking

even to her dearest friend."

Florence winces, and sinks back upon the seat as though unable to sustain an upright position any longer. Every word of his is as gall and worm-wood to her, each sentence a reminder—a reproach. Only the other day this man now beside her had accused her of making sure of Sir Adrian's affec-

tion before she had any right so to do. Her proud spirit shrinks beneath the ernel tagent be hards at her.
"You look unusually "done up," ne goes on, in a tone of assumed commisseration. "This evening has been too much for you. Acting a part at anytime is extremely trying and labor-

She shrinks still further from him. Acting a part! Is not all her life becoming one dreary drama, in which she acts a part from morning until night. Is there to be no rest for her? Oh, to escape from this man at any price! She rises to her feet.
"Our dance is almost at an end," she

"Our dance is almost at an end," she says; "and the heat is terrible. I can remain here no longer."

"You are ill." going to her side. He would have supported her, but by a gesture she repels him.

"If I am. it is you who have made me so." she retorts, with quick passion, for which she despises herself an instant later.

"Nav. not I," he rejoins, "but what my words have unconsciously conveyed to you. Do not blame me. I thought you, as well as every one else here, knew of Adrian's sentiments with re-

This is too much for her. Drawing herself up to her full height. Florence casts a glance of anger and defiance in his direction, and, sweeping past him

in her most imperious fashion, appears no more that night.

It is an early party, all things considered, and Dora Talbot, going to her room about two o'clock, stops before Florence's door and knocks softly thereon. thereon. "Come in," calls Florence gently.

"I have just stopped for a moment to express the hope that you are not ill, dearest." says smooth-tongued Dora, advancing towards her. "How early advancing towards her. "How early you left us! I shouldn't have known how early only Mr. Dynecourt told me.
Are you sure you are not ill?
"Not in the least, only a little fatigu-

ed," replied Florence calmly.
"Ah, no wonder, with your exertions before the dancing commenced, and your unqualified success! You reigned "Then this, and this," says over everybody, darling. Nobody could Adrian, striking out three names on hope even to divide the honors of the

her card, after which they move away together and mingle with the other simply superb."

"Thank you," says Florence, who is not in bed, but is sitting in a chair drawn near a window, through which the moonbeams are flinging their pale rays. She is clad in a clinging white dressing-gown that makes her beauty saintlike, and has all her long hair fall-

saintlike, and has all her long hair falling loosely round her shoulders.

What a charming evening it has been!" exclaims Dora cestatically, clasping her hands, and leaning her arms on the back of a chair. "I hardly know when I felt so thoroughly happy." Florence shudders visibly. "You enjoyed yourself, of course?" continues Dora. "Every one raved about you. You made at least a dozen conquests; can er half a one—" with a careful hestitation, it her manner is femiled to im-

itation in her manner intended to impress her listener—"is as much as poor little insignificant me can e sect."

Florence looks at her questioningly. "I think one really lemest lover is worth a dozen others," sie says, her voice trembling. "Do you mean me to understand. Dorn, that you have gained one traight?"

Florence's whole soul seemed to hang on her cousin's answer. Dora simpers, and tries to blush, but in reality grows a shade paler. She is playing for a high stake, and fears to risk a throw lest it may be ventured too soon. "Oh, you must not ask too much!

"Oh, you must not ask too much!" she replies, shaking her blonde head. "A lover—no! How can you be so absurd! And yet I think—I hope—"
"I see!" interrupts Florence sadly. "Well, I will be as discreet as you wish; but at least, if what I imagine be true, I can congratulate you with all my heart, because I know—I know you heart, because I know-I know you will be happy."

Going over to Mrs. Talbot, she lays

her arms round her neck and kisses her softly. As she does so, a tear falls from her eyes upon Dora's cheek. There is so much sweetness and abandonment of self in this action that Dora for the moment is toucked by it.

she puts up her hand: and, wiping away the tear from her cheek as though it burns her, says lightly—
"But indeed, by dearest Flo, you must not imagine anything. All is vague. I hardly know what it is to which I am alluding. 'Trifles light as air' float through my brain, and gladden me in spite of my common sense, which whispers that they mean nothwhich whispers that they mean nothing. Do not build castles for me that may have their existence only en Es-

pagne."
"They seem very bright castles," observes Florence wistfully.
"A bad omen. 'All that's bright must fade,' sings the poet. And now to speak of yourself. You enjoyed

"Of course"-mechanically. Ah, yes; I was glad to see you had made it up with poor Arthur Dynecourt!"
"How?" demands Florence, turning

upon her quickly.

"I saw you dancing with him, dearest; I was with Sir Adrian at the time, and from something he said. I think he would be rather pleased if you could bring yourself to reward poor Arthur's long devotion."
"Sir Adrian said that? He discussed

me with you?" "Just in passing, you understand. He told me too that you were somewhat unhappy in the earlier part of the evening, and that he had to stay a considerable time with you to restore you to calmness. He is always so kind, dear Adrian

"He spoke of that?" demands Flor ence, in a tone of anguish. If he had made her emotion a subject of common talk with Mrs. Talbot, all indeed is at an end between them, even that sweet visionary offer of friendship he had made to her. No; she could not sub-mit to be talked about by him, and the woman he loves! Oh; the bitter pang it costs her to say these words to herself! That he now loves Dora seems to her mind beyond dispute. Is she not his confidante, the one in whom he chooses to repose all his secret thoughts and surmises?

Dora regards her cousin keenly Florence's evident agitation makes her fear that there was more in that tete-a tete with Sir Adrian than she had at

"Yes; why should he not speak of it?" Dora goes on coldly. "I think by his manner your want of self-control shocked him. You should have a greater command over yourself. It is not good form to betray one's feelings. not good form to betray one's feelings to every chance passer-by. Yes; I think Sir Adrian was both surprised and astonished."

There was nothing to cause him either surprise or astonishment," says Florence haughtily; "and I could well have wished him out of the way!"

"Perhaps I misunderstood him," re-joins Dora artfully. But certainly he spoke to me of being unpleasantly de-layed by—by impossible people—those were his very words; and really altogether—I may be wrong—I believe he alluded to voil. Of course, I would not follow the matter up, because, much as I like Sir Adrian, I could not listen to him speaking so lightly of you!"
"Of me—you forget yourself, Dora!"
cries Florence, with pale lips, but head

erect. "Speaking lightly of me!" she repeats. "Young men are often careless in

their language," explains Dora hur-riedly, feeling she had gone too far. 'He meant nothing unkind, you may "I am quite sure"-firmly.

"Then no harm is done"—smiling brightly. "And now, good-night, dear-est; go to bed instead of sitting there looking like a ghost in those mystical "Good-night." says Florence icily.

There is something about her that causes Mrs. Talbot to feel almost afraid to approach and kiss her as

want of rest will spoil your levely eyes," adds the widow airily; "and your complexion, faultless as it always is, will not be up to the mark to-morrow So sleep, foolish child, and gather roses from your slumbers."
So saying, she kisses her hand gayly

to the unresponsive Florence, and trips lightly from the room. [Continued.]

How Gold Rings Are Made.

them either flat or grooved. Each strip nealed. The oxide of copper comes to the shape of a ring of the size desired. and left her forever. He wrote her

alloy of inferior fineness to the quality

steel filings, then with tripoli and rouge.—St. Louis Republic.

ARP ON MATRIMONY.

HE THINKS THE PEOPLE MUST BE PROSPERING.

only with death. Our people have The Foundation of This Belief is the Number of Marriages Among the Young Folks-Some Recollections. tlanta Constitution.

Our people must be prospering, for

the young folks are mating and marrying all around us. It seems to epidemic or a contagion or something, and the town talk is, "who next."--Some of the poets sing sadly about marriage, but most everybody takes a lively interest in the performance, and it looks less like a funeral than anything I know of. Only a few days ago one of the churches was dressed in bridal robes, and half the town gathered there to see and to hear and give good wisnes, and everybody felt so street, in the very heart of the city of good, that they kissed all-round, and Dallas. they have been talking about the handseme couple and their bright prospects ever since. And there was another one yesterday at another church, and the young people put in again to lend a helping hand. My coung folks stayed at the church all day, with a whole flock of chattering birds, and they said they wanted a frame for a wedding bell to hang in the centre of the arch, and so I had to hunt up an eld bird cage and take out the bettom and squash in the top and make it bell shape, and then I got an old wash pan and cut out the bottom and turned it upside down and fastened it securely and made a first class bell frame. The girls covered it with evergreens and roses and used a large calla lily for a clapper, and so it was a success and I contributed my mite to the elysian show. There was nobody crying that I observed, and all went

nerry as a marriage bell. I like the Episcopal marriage ceremony better than any, execept for one thnig that sometimes don't fit the poor fellow when he has to say "With all my worldly goods i thee endow," and perhaps he hasn't got anything but a dog and a pecket knife. It reminds me of the fellow who wanted to quit his wife and consulted a lawyer as to the division of the assets. "Squire," said he, "sposin' a feller what had nothin' married a gal what had nothin' tried to end her life Wednesday night. and they agree to quit one another, is his things hisen and hern hern-or tieth street, by taking a dose of mor. how?"

I married a couple once. It was

thirty-five years age, when I was a judge of the inferior court and lived out in the flat woods among the poor Hawes duirng his confinement in the folks. They sent for me one night, county jail, and who was in the habit of and I walked about a mile to a little visiting him daily, much to the annoylog shanty that had but one room and ance of the jailer, who was often called two beds and a mud and stick chimney upon to admit her to him two or three and a great, broad fire place. times a day. The woman's frequent old weman was baking biscuit and visits to the jail attracted no little attengingerbread on the hearth, and frying tion, but at the time very little was chicken and roasting 'taters and maksaid about them. ing coffee. She had a pipe in her mouth and her daughter had a snuif Hawes must hang and the death watch stick in hers. There were about a dozen of the neighbors standing around that her visits to the celebrated criminal the door, and when I said howdy, I asked if the parties were ready: They must cease. This information appeared pointed to the girl and said she was. tears, but finding her ceportunities of no but Jim hadn't come. In a few minutes Jim put in his appearance. He was a rough country boy and chewed his tebacco hard and fast. He was "skeered," the boys said, and so was I. The bouquets. outsiders came in and I soon had Jim and Sally before me. I had got my lesson pretty well and was proceeding along to the close, when suddenly remembered that the law required me any one. to see the license before performing the ceremony. I paused and said: 'Jim, I forgot. I must see the license before I proceed." Jim looked bewildered and alarmed. Sally put the stick in her mouth. After a tew moby prompt medical aid was brought ments of silent embarrassmeut one of back from the verge of the grave. -Birthe boys came forward and handed mingham Age-Herald. the document and said: "I reckon that's hit. I forgot to give it to Jim So I had to begin at the beginning and do it all over again. When I pronounced them man and wife the old She is Miss Lula Smith, the pretty little woman smiled and said: "Jim, salute fourteen-year-old daughter of Sheriff Z. the bride-that's the way I was mar- S, Smith. At 5 o'clock Monday afterried." Jim gave her a smack that noon Miss Lula was playing near the jail sounded like pulling a stopper out of with some other children, when she a jug and the boys all followed suit, happened to see a prisener slide out of and they looked at me in such a way the jail through a newly made hole in that I took a delicate taste of what the wall. The little Miss knew that they had left on her juicy lips. I think | would never do, so she ran quickly to she enjoyed it, for I was pretty good the side of the jail and picked up a big stone. She began to pound a second klaky head, poked nearly through the

looking then. The old woman invited me to stay to supper, but I excused myself and de-parted these coasts repeating those a few licks were necessary to drive the

beautiful lines of Tom Moore about prisoner back. Standing by the hole on marriage: marriage: "And oh, there be an elysium on earth It is this-it is this!

ers ready to crawl through the hole and escape, but the little woman stood guard A poet cannot disguise his heart, and A poet cannot disguise his heart, and at the outside, dared them to poke out it is a comfort for woman to know that their heads. She gave the alarm, and the greatest and purest and best of soon her father was on the scene and them have paid homage and tribute to the prisoners all locked up in their cells. the marriage relation. But the man By some means or other the prisoners and the women must be mated as well | had cut a hole through the thick brick as married. It is the mismating that wall, and had it not been for Miss brings so much discredit upon the ie- Lula a wholesale delivery would have stitution and keeps the young men from prospering. They are a fraid to venture—more afraid than the women. They have been been for a trifling oftense. I have known many a girl to keep her lover in tew, but at a respectful distance, hoping for a better catch. After awhile she accepts him as a last resort. plan of Mr. Alexander Doyle, a New Colonel Stansell told me to-day of a York architect, has been adopted for the monument of Mr. Henry W. young married woman who some years ago who came to him to procure a about stating her grounds for asking to be separated, he encouraged her by reading over the various things that the law expressed, out she said no to by a lew balustrade, from the centre plowed out with the sub-soiler, and all of them. When he pressed her of which rises an exquisitely proportion- 300 pounds of nitrate of sola was sowfor a reason, she blushed and said she ed pedestal, and on this elevation stands ed in these rows, and worked in with bad married his for fifty, but had a bronze figure of Mr. Grady in one of a hand harrow er cultivator. On the Gold rings are made from bars nine found out he was seventy-four. The his most natural attitudes. On one side 25th, the Thomas harrow was run to fifteen inches long, two inches wide poor thing had been tempted by his of the pedestal is a bronze figure of through the wide rows, to break the

flock of good children.

and three-sixteenths of an inch thick. is worth \$1,000, and will make 300 he tightened his grip, and she was four pennyweight rings. A dozen neither an old man's darling nor a posite side is a figure of the South, with plant-food, but had been those processes and twenty minutes' time are young man's slave. How sadly roman-required to convert this bar into meric was Sam Houston's marriage. He of a favorite son; the other two sides also well worked underneath by the chantable rings. First a pair of shears was a great man, a grand man; the of the pedestal bear only a palm leaf sub-soil plow, so that the whole soil cuts the bar into strips; then by the turn of a wheel a guillotine-like blade attached to the machine cuts the bar into strips; then bar turn of a wheel a guillotine-like blade attached to the machine cuts the bar tiful and lovely woman, and they had more experience as a monumental artist best facilitates root growth. To into slices, one, two, or three-sixteenths apparently every reason in the world than almost any man of his years in of an inch wide. A rolling machine next presses out the slices and makes union he observed that she was not which is considered one of the finest the alternate rows, where there was happy, and on pressing her gently for works of art in the country, is the pro- more room for this purpose, three furis then put under a blow pipe and an- the cause, she told him frankly that duct of his genius. The Jasper monushe had married him through pique- mest in Savannah and the Ben Hill the surface, and is put into a pickle of that she had another lover whom she monument in Atlanta were also designed sulphuric acid, after which the ring is had discarded without just cause, and by him. Mr. Dovie was a strong adstamped "14k," "16k," or "18k," ac- her heart was breaking. Hous:on mirer and a warm personal friend of cording to quality. Next it is put here upbraided her, but in a few days Mr. Grady's, and his present work will through a machine which bends it into kissed her an affectionate farewell, receive his closest attention.

But tieing and untieing are very against him. Randolph, on the other hand, was acquitted and exonerated.

The ends are then soldered with an from the Cherokee nation to sue for a Expelled From the Southern Society. divorce, as he had abandoned her. She NEW YORK, March 13 .- Major Hanof the ring. Many people think that did so, and was married to her lever cock Ciark, the man who shot Milton rings are molded because they can't the day the divorce was granted. Hous-see where they are soldered. The ring ton married Miss Lee, of Alabama, af-Randolph as a result of a quarrel at the ton married Miss Lee, of Alabama, af-Southern Society, a short time ago, was spins through the turning lathe, is terwards, with whom he lived most rounded, pared, and polished, first with happily, and they were blessed with a after an investigation of the charges

THE CORN CHAMPION.

different things. The one is glad and the other is sad-very sad. There is

long been blest with comparative free-

overrun the North. Illinois has only

twice our population, but twelve times

our number of divorces, and it is near-

ly as bad in all the Northern States

They tie and they untie at their pleas-

ure, but still they are unhappy because

the negro an't vote. May the good

Lord deliver us from their miserable

A BOLD GRAB FOR DIAMONDS.

Five Thousand Dollars' Worth Stolen at

One of the boldest robberies that ever

occurred in Texas took place Mon-day night, at 9:30 o'clock, at 608 Main

Domnar & Samuels are jewelers, and

keep a magnificent display of costly goods behind the plate glass of their large

show window. Within and without are

electric lights, and the neighborhood is

While Mr. Domnar was waiting on a

customer, ke heard a terrific crash of the

window, and turning his eyes barely in

time to see a tray of valuable diamond

The man who was a slender white

man, about 5 feet 8 inches high, with-

out whiskers, and wore a black suit and

After he ran up the stairs in front he

rear and go out through the alley. The

sheriff and other officers followed with

trained blood hounds and are now on

FOR LOVE OF HAWES.

Bessie Enright, of Birmingham, Attempts

to End Her Life.

Later developments in the case of

Bessie Inwright, the young woman who

in a house on Third Avenue and Twen-

phine, develops the fact that she did so

Bessie, it appears, is the woman who

Bessie was told

became so completely infatuated with

After the execution ber grief was un-

that she would attempt to take her life,

until she was discovered in her room

A Brave Girl's Act.

There is one brave girl in Charlotte.

The Grady Monument.

It has already been stated that the

through love of Dick Hawes.

vas placed over him,

kept almost as light as day.

ings, valued at about \$5,000.

light colored hat.

his trail.

One Time.

condition.

no gloom upon earth as dark as that which hangs over broken vows. It SOME FACTS ABOUT CAPTAIN brings a cankering, corroding sorrow DRAKE'S TRIUMPH. that preys upon the heart and ends

How Two Hundred and Fifty-three Bu hdom from the flood of divorces that els of Corn were Grown on One Acre-American Agriculturist

The acre entered by Z. J. Drake was a sandy soil in Marlbo:ough growth was oak, hickory, and longleaf pine. Three years ago, before rains followed frequently, and no irriper acre was a fair valuation, while Drake says, "he season was the most thirty years ago, the plantation of which this acre is an average speci- and wide, and farmers and planters men was called by its owner "Starvation's Empire." It had a gentle slope, with northern exposure, and was naturally well drained. The acre was land in the South, and its improvement and productiveness affords an instructive lesson. As late as 1885, when it was in corn, it made a poor crop—practically nothing. In 1886, us that the crop, when pulled, was the acre yielded about 300 pounds of knee deep on the ground. The yield seed cotton, two dollars' worth of was not much of a surprise to those emmoniated fertilizer being used in the way common to ordinary cotton rings disappear, he ran out is an instant, culture. The fertility was so reduced but the thief had disappeared up the that, in 1887, the yield of corn was stairway at the side of his store. The not over five bushels per acre. But break was made with a rock weighing now Mr. Drake undertook to improve twenty pounds, wrapped in paper. The it. To rovide the vegetable matter tray centained forty-two fine diamond or humus so much needed, the land

was literily covered with rakings of leaves, straw, etc., from the neighboring woods. On top of this, 25 horseloads of stable manure were evenly spread broadcast; also, 75 bushels ef cotton seed, 500 pounds of Wilcox. was seen to descend to the street in the Gibbes & Co's manipulated guano, 250 pounds of cotton seed meal, and 250 pounds of kainit This heavy dressing was all plowed under with Starke's Dixie turning plow. It was laid off in rows with the same plow, two furrows to the row, four feet apart; rows were throw into a ridge with the same plew. The Peterkin cotton was planted with a Leytch cotton-planter, and made the great crop of 917 pounds of lint cotton on the acre, showing conclusively the result of the improve-

ment. Mr. Drake decided that this acre was the one for him to enter in the corn contest, and he determined to make the biggest crop on record, season permitting. The last of February, therefore, he hauled upon the contest and will probably get through with acre fifty one-horse wagon-loads of the business before them in fifteen acre fifty one-horse wagon-loads of stable manure, averaging twenty bushels to the load, or 1,000 bushels of manure in all, worth \$50, to which should be added four dollars for hauling and spreading. This was the droppings of horses and mules, fed on corn and fedder, and was not moved until haul-When the Supreme Court decided that ed to the acre. At the same time 500 | Piedmont boom the better it will be pounds of manipulated guano, cottonseed meal and kainit were also by casted, and the whole was then plowed under. Following the plow, whole to overcome her and she burst into cotton-seed were literally strewn in each furrow,600 bushels being applied avail, after repeated fruitless visits to to the acre. A subsoil plow came afthe jail, she finally abandoned all hope ter, breaking the soil to a total depth of seeing Hawes and took to sending of 12 inches, and also burying the him affectionate notes and handsome whole cotton-seed deeper than the other manure. Thus, the decaying As the time for Hawes' execution seed should back up the crop later in drew near she grew morose and low the season when its roots had penetraspirited, kept her room a good deal of ted below the first layer of manure. of the time and was disinclined to talk to One horse and a man did the plowing, also the subsoiling; both jobs being completed in one day (March 1), at a bounded, but no fears were entertained total expense of two dollars. The acre was harrowed on the same day, with a Thomassmoothing harrow, one man and two horses doing the work in about one hour. The next day, March 2, the acre was laid off, with suffering from a dose of morphine, and the Starke plow, in each row. The rows were alternately three and six

feet apart-that is, there were six feet | working on the share system-twelve between two rows, then three feet, then six feet, and so on. The seed planted was one bushel of The seed planted was one bushel of ing in the colony, in house or field the common Gourd variety of the They cultivated about 500 acres of Southers white dent corn, but it was land, twenty acres to the hand, and a strain that had been improved by sent to market in two seasons \$40,000 twenty years of careful selection from worth of sugar and molasses. the best of the corn grown on this plantation. The planting was done culate the field hands on the plan by four hands in half a day, on March | tions and farms in Louisiana in 2, the weather being warm and the at 175,000. The Grevemberg co land moist. Five or six kernels were made \$800 to the hand for two y dropped to each foot of the row. The besides making corn and feed for latter were five inches deep, but the teams and poultry and hogs, and seed was only covered lightly an inch of the food for their families. T deep, by raking in the sides of the fur- women paid their grocery account row. Rain the next day washed in chickens and eggs and vegetables. more soil, and covered the seed rather all the field hands of the State had deeply. There were good rains March done as well, they would have sent 10 and 15, the plants began to show on to the market \$140,000,000 worth of the 16th, and by the 25th there was a staple products besides making rice, tolerably good stand. On April 8 the tobacco, hay, corn, potatoes, crop was heed for the first time, thin- beans, vegetables, fruits, etc., for home ned to one stalk every five or six consumption. The doctor's bills, inches, and the few missing places re- their physician stated, did not exceed planted. On the 20th, the wide spa- \$100 a year for the colony. ces (six feet) between the alternate soil plow. Then a mixture, composed of 200 pounds each of manipulated guano, kainit, cotton-seed meal, acid phosphate, and animal bone, was evenly applied by sowing in each furrow (thus confining this application of plant food to the wide spaces), after His health has for several years been very feeble, and he has been unable to which the whole acre was gone over with a Thomas harrow. There was Grady in Atlanta. The Constitution says a rain on the 24th, and two days later

> stimulate further root development, rows were run, side by side, in the of the guests dined not wisely, but middle of the wide rows, with the too well. As Fitch stood upon the sub-soil plow, and 200 pounds of ma- stoop, bidding h's host good night, Mr. nipulated guano was applied in these furrows, the rows, then being worked there was about an inch of rain, about you will see two cabs. Take the first by a Thomas harrow. The next day six inches of rain fell four days later, and on June 2 the land was slightly stirred with a hoe. A little earth was hoed into the corn making the land about level. There was more rain June 4 and 5, and, on the Sth three furrows were again turned in the middle of the wide rows, this time with a

equal parts of manipulated guano, cotton-seed meal and kainit was strewn in the wide spaces, and the corn on the entire field was heed. Rain came the next day, but, on June 11th, 100 pounds of nitrate of soda was sowed in the narrow rows and hoed in

The crop was now a wonderful sight. It soon became necessary to put up posts and nail slats to them, on each side of the row, to prevent the corn falling. No hilling was done but the whole acre was kept perfectly level. County, South Carolina. The original Arrangements for irrigating had been made, but the season was early and wet, as compared with other years; the land was improved, eight dollars gation was necessary. In fact, as Mr. favorable for corn I ever saw." The fame of the contest acre spread far came from all parts of Marlbore and and adjoining counties to behold it. Our engraving, from a dim photograph, gives but an incomplete idea of this tremendous crop. P. L. Breeden, a a fair specimen of much of the poor great cotton-planter, and one of the most progressive farmers in the State. says it was "a wonder to behold." S. A. Brewn, editor of the Marlboro Democrat, writes: "The harvest was indeed a curiosity. One laborer told us that the crop, when pulled, was knee deep on the ground. The yield who visited the crop while growing. Some Marion county farmers put the estimate at about three hundred

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bushels.

General Southern News

The Chattanooga marble and stone quarries did an exceptionally large trade last month. They shipped seventy-nine carloads of stone during the month, each car containing 200 cubic feet of stone. The ramifications of this firm are between the lakes and the gulf, and the Atlantic and Pacific.

100 pounds of guano were applied in able girls by saying that they "look the furrows, and then each pair of fur- no more like God Almighty's woman

- \n Arkansas negro plewed up a jug containing \$16,000, and in his joyous delirium ran off to town to tell of his find, leaving the jug in the field after loading himself with \$400 of the treasure. When he returned to the field the jug had been stolen.

-The Tennessee Legislature is getting down to business in good earnest days.

-All the towns which have been established and boomed in Jefferson county have added to the growth and development of Birmingham. The same thing will be true of Anniston. The larger Oxford, Jacksonville and for Anniston.

Jackson, Tenn., is a very old lady, and came to that country fifty eight years ago, settling three miles north of town, where she has lived ever since. She says that when she passed through Jackson the court house was a little log hut sitting in one corner of the present court square, and that though she has lived within three miles of Jackson all these years she has never seen the town since. She knows it must be a great deal larger from the number of whistles she can hear blowing the dinner hour. She is the mother of a large family of children, who, with their children, are among Madison's,

active, progressive farmers.

A Louisiana Plantation.

In 1871 and '72, on the Grevemberg plantation, bayou Teche, parish of St. Mary, there was a colony of Creeles families, 100 persons, about twentyfive working hands, not a negro work-

It would be a large estimate to

A Traitor to His State.

Ex Governor William Holden, of North Caroliza, was stricken with paralycis at a late hour Saturday night, and his condition is extremely critical. His health has for several years been walk much this winter. Four years ago he had a stroke of paralysis. His leath is now expected at any hour. He was for a quarter of a century one of the leading public men in the State. He was editor of the Standard and afterward was appointed previsional governor by President Johnson, and in 1868 was elected governor. In 1870 he was impeached for high crimes and was convicted and lost his citizenship. He was postmaster here several years. His age is about seventy-five.

An Adieu After the Banquet. A good story was told at the expense of Congressman Ashbel P. Fitch, of

New York. . Not long ago he received an invitaion to dine with the Hon. Herman Stump, of Maryland, at his residence in Baltimore. The table was spread with all the delicacies of the seasen. Rare wines were served and there was a plentiful supply of champagne. Many Stump said:

"Go down carefully, Mr. Fitch: When you get to the feet of the steps one. The other isn't there."

Encounter With Brigands. CONSTANTINOPLE, Merch 13 .- A ter-

rific encounter between Turkish troops and a band of Brigands has taken place ateEllasonis. The Turkish troops succeeded in dispersing the Brigands, pounds of a mixture composed of lost tweaty, killed in the fight.

CHAPTER. IV.

erected, and also in another room be-hind connected with it by folding-

doors, everybody of note in the county is already assembled. Fans are flutter

tion is being carried on among the com-

Then the curtain rises; the fans stop

rustling, the conversation ceases, and

half rehictantly, with a soft warm blush

upon her cheeks and a light in her eyes that renders her remarkable loveliness

knowledges sadly to himself that never

has he seen her look so beautiful. She

advances and bows to the audience,

and only loses her self-possession a

her smile withers as she does so, and her great eyes lose their happy light of

Sir Adrian sees all this too, but per-suades himself that she is now acting

another part—the part shown him by Mrs. Talbot. His eyes are blinded by

jealousy; he can not see the purity and truth reflected in hers; he misconstrues

For the last few days, ever since her

momentous interview with Arthur Dynecourt in the gallery, she has been

mistaken.
But Sir Adrian is only rendered more

dressing-room. Sir Adrian does not dream of approaching her to offer the congratulations on her success that he

would have showered upon her in a

Hamiler hour.
Florence, feeling lonely and depressed, having listlessly submitted to her maid's guidance and changed her

stage gown for a pale blue ball-dress of

satin and pearls—as dancing is to succeed the earlier amusement of the

evening—goes silently down-stairs, but, instead of pursuing her way to the ball-

room, where dancing has already com-

menced, she turns aside, and, entering

sinks wearily upon a satin-covered

German waltz comes to her ears.

There is deep sadness and melancholy

in the music that attunes itself to her

own sorrowful reflections. Presently

the tears steal down her cheeks. She

Sir Adrian is bending over her, evidently in deep distress himself. As she starts, he places his arm round her and raises her to a sitting posture; this he

does so gently that, as she remembers

all she has heard, and his cousin's as-

surance that he has almost pledged

himself to another, her tears flow afresh. By a supreme effort, however,

"I am very foolish; it was the heat,

All this time she has not allowed herself to glance even in his direction, so fearful is she of further betraying

"Is it likely I should speak of it!"

turns Sir Adrian reproachfully. "No; anything connected with you shall be

sacred to me. But—pardon me—I still think you are in grief, and, believe me, in spite of everything, I would deem it a privilege to be allowed to befriend

"I shall always regard you as a

friend," Florence responds in a low voice. "It would be impossible to me

to look upon you in any other light."

"Thank you for that," says Adrian mickly. "Though our lives must of chickly.

quickly. "Though our lives must of necessity be much apart, it will still be a comfort to me to know that at least,

wherever you may be, you will think of

me as a friend."
"Ah," thinks Florence, with a bitter

the mental agony she is enduring.

a small, dinnly lighted antechamber

lounge.

tress you?"

faint voice-

you in any way."

a moment before.

saddened her face.