### r Lamily Storn.

Episode of the War. BY MATT CRIM.

isiana did not suffer seriously invasions of the enemy during far; but not one of the Southern s suffered more, perhaps, in the fuer. They went away in comis, they came back in two's and is to tell of fierce battles beyond fississippi, and to bring last mestrom fallen comrades. down, many of them young and re left desolate. Some of them and again very quickly, but are refused to be comforted. The low of Jeff Airlie proved more con-

low of Jeff Airlie proved more con-ant than some of her friends. She art than some of her friends. She wed near the village of Marion, in Union Parish, with an old aunt of her husband. The Airlies were Georgians, but Dorkis belonged to the soil, descending from an old French Creole family.

family.

Jeff fell in battle a year and a half before the surrender—a friend saw him go down—and Dorkis retired from the world, refusing to be comforted. She had loved her husband passionately, and gave herself up to her grief with all the abandon of the Southern

mperament.
The markets were all closed; but te managed to buy enough black owns, by paying a fabulous price for em, to keep herself in mourning til after the surrender when cloth had been something of a coquette ce her marriage; but her huss death seemed to put an end to great in all men. But in the

before the surrender, Justin mey came up from New Orleans. e had been one of her lovers, but quick Jeff's most devoted friend in those her. eless, untroubled days of her young shood. It had been a fair race for favor between them, and when won his friend remained still oyal to him. True, Justin went away Dorkis was glad with melancholy

gladness to see his face again. She had forgotten that he, ever loved her, forgotton his love, and e when she appeared idow's weeds, her eyes tears. She had never than at that moment. He

ner hand and stammered such vorus of consolation vorus of consolation as occurred to nim. He had been deeply and sincere-y shooked to hear of his friend's death so it was with no pretense of sympathy that he listened when she confided all the harrowing details of her grief He pitied her tenderly, most un-selfishly. She was not the sort of a

woman to bear her trials heroically and alone; she needed some of stronger than herself to lean on. In her joyous girlhood the weaknesses of her nature had not shown forth as the did when put to the test by the loss of her beloved; but they seemed adorable weaknesses to Justin. He fell more and more keeply in love with her, but for a long time he would not acknowledge even to himself that her freedon gave him any hope. Loyalty to his friend held all such thoughts in subection while he listened patiently to her extolling of Jeff's virtues. Every day she had something new to tell him of her hero's perfections, and what a loss the army had suffered in his death; in fact, the whole Confederacy must have felt it. He sometimes secretly wondered if she really believed all that she said—if love so blinded her; and felt sharp pangs of envy—yes, envy of one who had fought and died bravely on the battlefield, if he was not the great hero this one woman asserted

At such times he felt bitter self-contempt, and longed to go away from her; but love robbed him of the will to do so. Once he did hint that he thought it would be best for him to re-Once he did hint that he to New Orleans; but she impulsively said:

'Oh, I am sorry. Don't go just His heart beat high, his face flush-

"Do you wish me to stay, Dorkis?"
"Yes, I do; but don't let my selfish wishes interfere with your plans."
"I have no fixed plans; but if

You were Jeff's best friend. To

"You were Jell's best friend. To talk with you about him seems to bring me closer to him."

He bit his lip and stared silently at the ground. Why could she not see her crueity, he wondered bitterly. It was just like a woman to be so absorbed in her own feelings that she could not comprehend others might be suffering

The idea that he still loved her certainly did not enter Dorkis Airlie's head at that time. She went on torturing him with her confidences and her plaints, and he continued to sympathize and to fight with himself. It was Miss Samantha Airlia Legiaunt, who penetrated his secret. was an old maid with the hard features and the shrewdness of her Scotch ancestors; but a warm, kind heart beat in her withered breast, and she pitied Dellaney. She thought on the situation a good deal over her knitting, and one day she took her crutch or age and rheumatism had made her a cripple-and walked down to the

out from the village.
"Is Dorkis at home, Miss Samantha?" he inquired. he inquired, as a small black groom led his horse away.
"Yes, she is at home; but I want to say a few words to you, Justin, before

you see her."
"Certainly;" and then his dark,
thin face flushed, and he raised his hat, smiling and bowing to Dorkis, who leaned from an upper window of the house, her hair falling in loose curls about her face, the winter sunshine lighting it to a mass of burnished gold. A white merino sacque had replaced the sombre gown she always wore, and it gave the delicacy of her beauty a certain childlike freshness enchanting to the eyes of her lover. Miss Samantha followed his kindling. eager gaze, and her own eyes lighted with a kindly glow.

She looks happier to-day than she has for nearly two years. You are at last.
still in love with Dorkis?'
"Yes, I am," he said, with a sigh.

"I wish you'd marry her, Justin." He wheeled quickly and stared half

amazed at her. Yes. I mean it," she said in reply to that look. "You loved her, I think, fore Jeff ever did." "I've loved her all her life," he ex-

"I've loved her all her life," he ex-claimed, huskily.
"Then do your best now to win her.
She is a delicate creature, body and wonl, and was never created to lead a collitary life. She's loving and lovable. cannot live many years longer, at ast it is not reasonable to suppose at I shall outlive her, and I don't re to think of leaving her alone. tere's another reason, too, why I her to have protection. This vist soon be over, and it is going its without anything but our off.

"What are you waiting for aney demanded, impatiently.

Zurrens Advertiger. us. True I have invested in a good deal of cotton, but it may be a poor deal of cotton, but it may be a poor speculation. You don't love Dorkis for her money, and you can shield her from poverty as well as loneliness."
"Miss Samantha, you are an angel,

roied Dellaney, and seized and kissed her withered hand. She smiled.

"I can trust her with you, Justiv; and 'I'll do all i an to help on your suit. I loved Jed as I would have loved a son; but I cannot be selfish enough to want Dorkis to remain a widow for hisake. widow for his sake. She may not love you as she loved him, but she'll always be tender and sweet and faithful. She has grown morbid in her grief, and we must try to draw her more into the

Dellaney was intoxicated with the sudden hope inspired within him. To have Miss Samantha's sanction meant everything. If she did not deem it disloyal to Jeff's memory for him to marry Dorkis, why should he any longer hesitate?

In the first y drew his whip across his boot leg and turned to speak to the restive horses. Angry impatience had seized Dellaney. He walked restlessly up and down the street, and

Unconscious of the plans for her, Dorkis came down to greet Dellaney, innocently pleased to see nim. She had donned the plain black gown again; but her lover held that charming window picture in his memory. He was careful not to throw off the guise of friendship too quickly; but as often as he could he led her thoughts and conversation away from Jeff. He way home, or else seeking a new one, had never been a fluent talker; but he | thought Dellaney, and feltashamed that found so many subjects to discourse on

that he puzzled and amazed Dorkis. Sometimes after one of his calls she realized that Jeff's name had not been mentioned between them, and reproached herself for it. But that was only the beginning of still greater changes. Before she knew it she was back somewhat into the sociai life of Marion.

The barriers were broken The barriers were proken uown. She could no longer seclude herself like a nun, nor refuse to see that beauty and joy were still in the world, though she had been so long a stranger to them. She rebelled against the possibility of being consoled, and inpossibility of being consoled, and invited every sad and morbid thought he shuddered in the hot sunshine that she could to bear her company; but they refused to come as readily as they once had, put to flight by the quickening of healthier claims within

of the city and would not be present at the wedding; but he sent Dorkis a ruby bracelet, and Jeff a letter of congratulation; and in return, received the heartiest invitations from them to the heartiest invitations from them to the heartiest invitations from the meant to her through time and change the least of the surprise of meeting him. "After the surprise of meeting him." It was to her through time and change fluence drawn closer and closer around her. Miss Samantha talked a great

said Miss Samantha, with a sigh

"You cannot mean"—
"Yes, Dorkis, he loves you." "Then I-he has acted like a coward to pretend to be such a good friend to me, to—to Jeff. Does he think that I could be faithless enough to—oh,

"Jeff has gone where there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage, my poor Dorkis," said Miss Samantha, wiping her own eyes. "You are too young to go mourning all the days of Oh, that ride and too gentle and delicate to be left alone.

Dorkis sat rigidly upright, staring at 'Do you want me to marry again?" she demanded, in a low tone.

"Yes: I do." "Then you are a wicked old woman,

that for a week Dorkis remained in her room, and refused to see her aunt or Dellaney, though her heart relented, and her tender conscience smote for her waywardness. From behind the jealousies of her windows she would watch her lover ride dejectedly away, and sometimes the sense of her power get back, running on in a constant watch her lover ride dejectedly away, and sometimes the sense of her power flattered her, and sometimes sympathy for him moved her to tears.

The week of self-imposed isolation

SICKNESS, OF HIS GROPPICATE AND SICKNESS, OF

wearied her so of her own thoughts that she made peace with Miss Samantha, and received Dellaney into her favor. She had lost instead of gained by it, and to herself acknowledged a sense of defeat. If she had not sought the reconciliation-but the very justness of that act seemed to weaken her. She had grown really to depend a good deal on Dellaney's companionship, and found herself reluctant to give it up. He did not press his suit with rashness, but with the patient steadiness of a man determined

drive him away.
Winter advanced into spring, and spring into early summer. The war was over, and people were trying to take up their former occupations; it would be a long time before the troubled currents of life would settle

arguments until they ended in a declaration of his love for her, then she refused to listen any longer. "But you will not send me away entirely," he pleaded. "Think how long, how faithfully I have loved you, what it is to me to see you to often. Dorkis, Dorkis, be not so cruel to me."

"But I cannot love you, Justin. Would it not be wiser to leave me?" "No, no, let me try to make you love me—just let me try; if I fail, the blame e all on my own head."

'You will think hardly of me." "No, I swear I will not." His wooing moved her to pity, but not to love. Still she felt herself borne onward by it, and by Miss Samantha's approval to the verge of promising to marry him. When she reached that point, he felt certain that he had won her. When she urged him to go away for a week, while she considered the

matter, he readily consented.
"When you return, I shall be ready to say yes or no," she said, trembling, growing white and red by turns.
"It will, it must be yes," he cried.

She turned silently away.
It was the morning of the seventh day. Dellaney had spent the week down on the Ouachita river pretending to hunt and fish, but, in reality, giving himself up to a thousand delightful dreams! He planned a dozen ways of spending the honeymoon when he and the state of the spending the honeymoon when he and the state of the spending the honeymoon when he and the state of the spending the honeymoon when he and the state of the spending the state of the spending to the spending th Dorkis were married. They would travel a year; they would go to some quiet resort, or they would spend the ime in New Orleans-there were so many ways in which they could pose of the time and be happy. Then pose of the time and be happy and let the many ways in which they could dis they would settle down and let the years glide unnoted over them. He gave his fancy full rein, for the certainty of winning her never left him. Fate had denied him a long time only to hold this brimming cup to his thirsting lips

The days seemed long, and yet they passed swiftly, and the last morning found him on the Ouachita steamer, travelling up to Albemarle Landing, where he would take the mail coach for Marion. He would reach the said : village by noon, and then he would ride out to see Dorkis. He walked the deck, humming old love songs, or hung over the railing, gazing dreamily at the high banks where long gray moss swayed from every tree and shrub, looking in the distance like a fine-spun veil spread over the gay green foliage. But he was not conscious of looking at

the scenery. His thoughts were painting far different pictures on his mind from those actually before his eyes.

At the Landing, he hurried from the steamer over to the mail couch; but the driver seemed in no haste to be

off. "What are you waiting for ?"

wagons, with a group of men, women and children huddled together in the

"Pshaw! those people have their own conveyances," he said.
"Are you in a hurry, sir?"
"I am."
"Then I'll advise you to walk on, and I'll overtake you," said the driver, coolly.

coolly.

Dellaney flashed a haughty glance at him; but he merely drew his whip across his boot leg and turned to speak newspaper. As he came out, the immigrant wagons were coming slow-ly up the hill. A solitary foot passenger walked ahead of them, a tall, rather thin, haggard-looking man, in a

faded gray uniform and with a stout walking stick to help along his halting steps. Some poor soldier making his he had grudged the few minutes of waiting. But as the man came nearer, his face changed, grew rigid and

ghastly pale.
"What's this! Airlie, you alive?"
he cried, and reeled foward, clutching the soldier by the arm, as though to make sure of his material substance. The stranger's thin face lighted up

onderfully. "Why. Justin, dear old fellow, what good luck to meet you here."

The immigrants stared curiously at them as they passed by, and the coach driver whistled softly while he waited. The broad, dusty street seemed to rise and fall before Dellaney's dizzy eyes;

"You don't take me for a ghost, do you?" said Airlie, laughing, and noting do vou hesitate?" his friend's strange manner. It is a shock to meet you-this way

her. She felt that Miss Samantha and Dellaney were leagued against her in common purpose to make her forget Jeff, and grew secretly resentful. But she could not cast off the in-

pay them a visit when he could. He had never availed himself of that invitation, and the silence of years fell discovery in the years fell discovery in grow hot with color.

"Has he made you the confidant of his love affair, Aunt Samantha?"

"I have known his heart for years,"

soon as I could travel I set out again, working and tramping my way. Thank heaven, I'm nearly home at last!"

Dellaney smiled in a faint, ghostly

way.
"You have shown pluck; you—you deserve—all that awaits you. Come, we must take the coach. The man is beckoning to us.'

"Are you going up in it too?" ex-claimed Airlic, in pleased surprise; "that is better than I expected. Tell Aunt Samantha, why don't you send him away? It is wicked. I am Jeff's me, have you seen Dorkis lately?" in a low tone, full of eagerness and

Yes, a week ago I saw her; she "My poor girl, my dear girl!" mut-tered the soldier. Oh, that ride! Carrying one man

nearer and nearer his happiness, and the other further and further away from his. They sat side by side, they talked. Airlie with the volubility of one long shut off from friendly companionship; Dellaney in monosyllables. He sank into strange reveries, while his friend leaned from the coach with and I despise you." exclamations of boyish pleasure at The result of this conversation was absorbed, too delighted, to fully rea-lize that Dellaney had not met him with the gladness of a friend, to notice the drawn look of his face, the wild,

friends, above all, about Dorkis and

'Jove! what a surprise it will be to them; but I hope I shall not scare them as I did you, my dear fellow," laughing, and slapping his friend on

Dellaney shuddered, and drew himself further away into the corner.

determined to win. Neither her "Perhaps they will be better pre-caprices nor her fits of coldness could pared to see you," he said. "I know they will be ready to wel-come me," said Airlie, with maddening

confidence. He did not purpose to go to the village, but to leave the coach and take a short cut through a plantation road a mile from Marion. He had traverstroubled currents of life would settle into peace again. One of Dorkis' friends, a young widow, married, and Dellaney sought to advance his own Dellaney sought to advance his own beyond his years. But the fire and the beyond his years. But the fire and the strength of his youth seemed to thrill him again, kindling his eyes, flushing his face until its haggard lines were

all smoothed out under the magical in-He leaped from the coach when it was drawn up at the place he designated to the driver, and turned to wave his friend a final good-bye; but Dellaney followed him.

I will see you across the fields." he said, briefly. In the garish light of the moon he looked so shrunken and old that even Airlie noticed his changed appearance.
"You have been through hard ex-

periences, too," he said in a sympa-thetic, affectionate tone. "We've thetic, affectionate tone. none of us escaped the strife." Dellaney wet his his dry lips with the tip of his tongue. "I have had every hope in life crush-

Is that so? I am awfully sorry." "It is of no consequence now."

"I have been so absorbed in myself that I have not had a thought for anything else this morning," said Airlie, apologetically.

"And perfectly excusable, consider

After that they walked on in silence through the belt of woods and across the sedge-grown fields. Airlie took the lead, his steps unconsciously quickening as he neared home. Dellaney followed him, stumbling like a man grop ing in darkness. Several times ais glance measured the tall figure ahead of him, and his hand sought his pocket; but it dropped nervelessly down again. They had one marsh to cross, a place where sweet gum and cottonwood trees grew thickly together and rank grasses mingled with tall weeds. A low bridge spanned the marsh and on either side of it were stagnant pools of water covered with green slime. It was dark and rather cool under the trees, but a foul smel rose from vegetation rotting in the The two friends were midway water. the bridge, when Dellancy abruptly

Stop here, Airlie." It was more a command than a request, and the seldier wheeled impatiently to find himself covered with a For a moment he stared in amazement. Had his friend gone mad? What does this mean, Justin?" he

asked, calmly.
"That I intend to kill you, Jeff Airlie-kill you."
"Why?" said Airlie, still composed

and fearless. Because you've no right to come between me and happiness any longer."
the other man burst out. The question had loosened his tongud. Rapidly, tion had loosened his tongue. Rapidly, but it swung gently open and before passionately, he poured out the story of his second wooing. The sparrough husband. The battlefield had given detail of it from the time the had first up its dead.

"To see if there is anybody on the ferryboat who wants to go up into the country. I alway wait until the last minute I have to spare," said the man, and he spat leisurely out into the dusty road.

Dellaney looked down the long, sloping hillside to the ferry. The great flat barge was slowly crossing theriver, loaded with white-covered immigrant wagons, with a group of men, women and children huddled together in the against you; but now, now to have the cup dashed from my very lips by your hand "—He paused, the blood rushed violently to his face, his eyes seemed to swim in a flery glow.
"Does she love you?" said Airlie, in

low tone, gripping the railing of the bridge.
"Love me? No," he cried. "Did! not have to listen to the story of her grief, for you, day after day, week after week? She seemed to forget that I had ever loved her, that I might still have a heart. Love me! would never have loved me as she loves finally entered the postoffice to get a you! but I could have won her confinewspaper. As he came out, the dence, her affection, could have made dence, her affection, could have made her happy in time"

"And for the sake of winning that poor shadow of love you intend to take my life," said Airlie, quietly. "Well, the advantages are all on your side. I am unarmed and so enfeebled in body that I cannot offer any resistance. You are the only acquaintance I have so far met. You can kill me, then fling my body over this railing into one of these pools of water, and your secret will be as safe as though I had really fellen on the battlefield. Is that

your plan?"
"Yes." said Dellaney. "When we first met this merning, I was stunned: I knew not what to do, then this thought came to me. I could have taken your life easily as we crossed the field.

This is decidely the best place for murder, Justin." "Why do you take it so coolly? Why don't you beg for mercy, or show some fear? Man, do you realize your position? "Could I fail to, when I see my best friend ready to shoot me down? Why

Dellaney threw up his hand, and Airlie instinctively, braced himself to meet the shot; but it did not come. The pistol circled through the air, struck sharply against a tree, startling a flock of black vultures with the harmless shot it sent into their midst, thou against a short into their midst, then sank with a hissing sound through the green ooze of the marsh. closed his eyes for an instant, the sense of relief making him dizzy. He had faced death too often to cower before wind, from twenty-five to one hundred it now, but to have it come when so

meet it with composure. A strange sound smote the silence He looked up. Dellaney stood with water."
his face hidden in his hands weeping In rehis face hidden in his hands weeping like a woman, and yet un'ike one in that it was a thousand times more terrible. What emotion moved him so deeply, his friend did not know; but just inside the Golden Gate at San between the state of the content of the state of the content of the state of it was a sight to stir all that was generous in Airlies, generous nature. went nearer; but when he laid his hand on Dellaney's shoulder it was shaken off.

"Go!" he cried, "why do you stay to witness my shame, my humiliation? The madness—it was madness—is over. I have had murder in my thoughts; but I will not have it on my hands "Let me at least say that I pardon vou, Justin.'

Dellaney raised his face, marred by the conflict of his feelings almost bo yond recognition.
"You and I part here, Airlie, never

to meet again either as friends or foes but I want to tell you that it was no alone lack of nerve prevented you from receiving that shot, but at the last moment I realized that friendship was still stronger than love. Now leave me 'tis all I ask.' Airlie walked slowly across the

bridge and up through the field on the other side, his head bent down, the spring and eagerness gone from his Once he paused and looked back. Dellaney stood on the bridge where he had left him, motionless, solitary, the purple shadows of the marsh thicket broadening over him. Dorkis walked in the shade of the

grape arbor. Above her head hung subject of real value. As a conseclusters of pale green grapes, and her quence, he is not only bored, but he fi. st time since her widowhood—trailed | vated that polite interest in his fellowss and straggling weedy flow-Miss Samantha had persuaded her to put on the white gown. 'Justin will be back to-day, and you

ought to do it for his sake. I wish that I had said two weeks or two months," cried Dorkis. "Aunt Samantha. I cannot forget Jeff."

"I don't want you to forget him, hild," said the old lady, pityingly, enderly. "Don't marry Justin unless tenderly. "Don't marry Justin unless you think you could be contented with him.' "I will go out in the garden and

think it all over again." But the more she thought, the more distasteful grew the idea of a second marriage. She had spent that week in looking over her husband's things, reading his letters and laying them aside ready to burn. How carefully she had treasured every line written by him, from the first note, scrawled in a school-boy hand, down to the last letter penned by the light of a camp fire. The growth of his love could be clearly traced from the passionate fancy of a youth, to the deep, abiding faith of the man. Could she destroy those tender words, written by one who would never more walk the earth? And yet she must do it if a new love

was accepted. The past must all be put behind her, its joy, its sorrow and regret. Terror seized her. "Can I let another man take his place in my heart, put all the visible tokens of his life from me? Can I let him become only a memory, fading out year by year, until, when old age comes, our love will seem only a dream -an episode of a day? When others speak of him I must be silent, not even

as friend or acquaintance dare I claim him. Oh, I cannot do it—I cannot: I am his wife, his love and he is mine." She leaned against the trellis and sobbed aloud, tears raining down her cheeks and into the diaphanous folds of

"Beloved, I will be true-true through separation, through death. Nothing shall part us in spirit, if there

be any power in love." Her weeping penetrated the sweet silence of the old garden with strangey mournful sound. The doves, nesting a corner of the summer house, fluttered uneasily; and Miss Samantha, walking down by the privet hedge, paused to listen with an uneasy sense of remorse. Perhaps she had been unwise, after all, in urging on this marriage. She stole back to the house and sat down in the parlor, to idly wait to see what the day would bring forth and presently Dorkis walked into the her step firm, her head, habi tually drooping, held erect.

"I have decided, Aunt Samantha," she said, in a low tone.
"Yes?" and the old lady held her knitting with trembling fingers. have decided not to marry Justin." "I have. I may be a weak, dependent creature, but I would rather enter a convent to-morrow never to see aught of the world again than to be false to Jeff. Better a thousand times the flagellations and penances of aun's life than this mockery of a second

marriage.' They heard a step in the hall. Miss Samantha rose hastily to withdraw.
"It is Justin, deal kindly with him,

"I shall tell him the truth," said Dorkis, firmly. She walked toward the door expecting to meet Dellaney;

At the door stands ninety-four.

Bearing trasures in his hand, These are months and those are days: Here the glass, and there the sand.

Hangs a veil before his face: What behind it—smile or tear? Put his treasures in the place— These the gifts of all the year.

Show thy face, O Ninety-four! Lift the veil and let us see-Auguries of joy in store, Forecast of the woes to be. Thee we cannot change or move: Fate commands thee what to give;

Yet we hope for peace and love, Place to work and space to live. Guard thy gifts, O. Ninety-four! We will wait them-worst and be-What is best be glad to pour;

Dole with grudging hand the rest. -Walter Besant in London Queen ASCENDING AND DESCENDING

An Aeronaut Describes the Sensa An Aeronaut Describes the Sensation of Falling from a Balloon.

Asked to explain as clearly as possible the feelings peculiar to the ascent and descent of a person to and from the extraordinary altitudes to which she travels, Mrs. Romig said:

"The sensations are diametrically opposite to the groups idea to the

posite to the general idea that prevails posite to the general idea that prevails among people who never made such attempts; instead of feeling yourself lifted bodily and swiftly up into space, you have a realistic sense of staying just exactly where you were, and of the earth falling away and downward from you. This feeling continues just so long as your balloon continues to rise: when it comes to a standstill you realize for the first time that you have moved upward, and, of course, the wonderful panorama spread out below you gives instant advice of the immense altitudes you have attained.

"The descent from such a tremendous height by the parachute is another thing, though it, too, involves something of the same sensation re-versed. You seem to see the earth ascending to meet you, but your progress downward is so gentle and so much more deliberate that you cannot but know you are going down. This fact is forcibly impressed on your mind when you cut loose from the bal-

loon. "The descent then, and until the parachute fills, is as sheer and sudden and direct as any unpremeditated fall you ever experienced, ranging in depth, according to the volume feet, and this is the most unpleasant near home, so near Dorkis, it required part of my business. The same presomething more than mere courage to peratively necessary in this first fall as it is when you are submerged in the

Francisco, she made a perfectly cessful jump from an altitude deter-mined by mathematical instruments to be just a fraction over two and one half miles. She alighted in the bay but being fully protected with a life preserver (which she always dons when exhibiting near rivers, lakes or other large bodies of water), she was all right when picked up by the boatmen, who instantly went to her relief Mrs. Romig says: "The easiest place in which to land is a body of water or a plouged field, but of the two I prefer the field."

THE ART OF CONVERSATION. - An other thing which has gone out of fashion is the art of conversation. It has of late years been so neglected that it is the rarest chance to meet with a young man who can converse at all in the real sense of the word. Among his own set he can babble about mutual aquaintances, the new singer, the next race or the last scandal. But throw him among strangers and he is silent and dull, perhaps making short remarks in a jerky and confused manner, but certainly betraying no intelligent interest if a new discovery be mention ed, a piece of important political news told or some information given about a white muslin gown-put on for the snows it, because he has never culticreatures which would enable him to respond sympathetically. One of the old French noblesse was lately heard to remark that when he first went into society his father used to impress upon his mind that at a party he was bound to insure its success so far as he was in dividually concerned. To make him self agreeable was a duty not to be neglected without a grave breach of courtesy both to the guests and the friends who invited him In a modern gathering no such antiquated sentiment would find a disciple. Young people, if they do not meet some one to firt with, will ostenlatiously proclaim their boredom, and would stare in astonishment if it suggested that at friend's house it was the duty towards the hostess to pay attention to those who found them selves among strangers. To hint that

old ladies and ugly girls should have a little share of consideraion would be to subject oneself to the charge of old-fashioned. - Pall Mall Gazette. Senator Waltholl, of Mississippi whose present term expires on March 3, 1805 and who was also elected in January 1892 for the term comme ing March 4, 1895, has resigned. condition of his health forces the alter native of protracted absence from his post of duty or of resigning his seat, and he chooses the latter alternative for his present term of service. The conditions existing in March 1895 when his new term begins, will decide his action with reference to that term.



PROMPT RELIEF comes to the woman suffering from any of the painful disorders and derangements peculiar to her sex, if she accepts the help that's offered. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the only medicine so certain in its effects that it can be guaranteed. In every case, if it doesn't benefit or cure, your money is returned. Beautiful women know how much

they owe to good health. If you wish to be beautiful, keep the natural functions of the body in proper state and you'll be healthy. A train of disorders follows the derangement of the womanly functions. For nervous prostration, excitability, fainting spells, dizziness, spasms, con-

vulsions, or "fits," this remedy relieves and cures. Take it when you suffer from sleeplessness, backache and bearingdown sensations, for the prompt relief it imparts.

Consumption — is Catarrh. It don't pay to let it go, when the makers of Dr. Sage's Remedy will give \$500 if they can't effect a permanent cure of your Catarrh.

The stepping-stone to

Highest of all in Leavening Power .- Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

# Oyal Baking Powder

-Advices have been received here from the Sierra Mojada mining camps situated in the Escalon district, Mexico, of a terrible holocaust. burned to death. Ten others w burned so badly that they will die.

-Gen. William Henry Forney, a scarred veteran of two wars, for many year's the Seventh district's able representative in Congress, and more ecently superintendent of the battle field of Gettysburg, lies dangerously ill at his home at Jackson, Ala. No hopes are entertained for his recovery.

-The executive committee of the Third party leaders met on the 16th, at Atlanta, Ga., and decided to hold a convention in May to nominate State officers. The speeches indicated that they expect to make a hot fight. The meeting was secret.

The daughter of the late multimillionaire, Jay Gould is going to build and maintain a home for the friendless in New York.

-Mrs. Lucinda Browning, white aged 105 years last Christmas day, died in Augusta, Ga, last week. We are pleased to announce that Carpenter Bros., Greenville, S. C., our enterprising druggists, have secured the agency for the Japanese Pile Cure; a most wonderful discovery for the Cure of Piles of every kind, which they will sell with a written guarantee to refund the money if it does not cure It is said to be a specific for that terri

ble and dangerous disease. Get a free sample and try it.

All diseases of the skin cured, and st complexion restored by Johnson's riental Soap. Sold at Carpenter Oriental Soap. Sold Bros., Greenville, S. C. Johnson's Magnetie Oil kills all pains whether external or internal.

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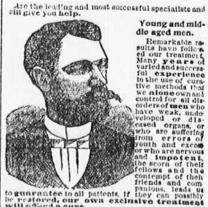
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DR. HATHAWAY & CO "- 1-a South Broad Street, ATLANTA, O

ABSOLUTELY PURE VERY MUCH MIXED .- "The prin -

aries of next August," said Col. Ben Perry, of Edgefield, S. C., at the Metro-politan last night, "will determine lower part of the town were a number of huts, located very close together. These were set on fire by a band of unknown incendiaries, and before the occurrence of the strongest man in the State. Governor Tillman, however, and the strongest man in the State. Governor Tillman, however, and only strong, but he is whether Senator Butler will successor will himself or whether his successor will contract the State. Governor Tillman, however, is not only strong, but he is growing stronger. His dispensary law is bringing in a revenue to the State, and he has shown that he intends to enforce it. The result is that the church and temperance people are coming to his support. He has able lieutenants also. If he comes to the Senate his successor as Governor with Spectation. coming to his support. He has able lieutenants also. If he comes to the Senate his successor as Governor with Great's Charles and Lieutenants also. Senator John Gary Evans, Berthaville now in Washington, a nephew of the famous Gen Mark W. Gary, who organized the movement which resulted in the election of Wade Hampton to the Senate. Young Evans is but 23, yet he is a born leader and has been Tillman's right hand man in the State Senate. Two more of Gen. Gary's nephews are Tillman lieutenants and are on the bench of South Carolina in consequence. Tillman has a powerful following. He rode into power as a pupil of old Gen Gary and power as a pupil of old Gen Gary and has strengthened his hold in every direction.

Japanese Liver Pellets are small, but great in their effects; no griping 50 doses 25 cts. Sold at Carpenter Bros., Greenville, S. C.

#### The North Pole.

To reach the North Pole has

long been the crowning ambition of the scientific navigator; untold wealth has been expended cold, hunger, and suffering in a thousand forms have been patiently endured-hundreds of lives have been sacrificed, and still the North Pole is as far away in wonderland as at first. The wonderland as at first. The ambition of Job A. Davis was more practical in its aim and far happier in its results. No lives have been lost-no homes desolated, but comfort and happiness have been carried to thousands by the production of "The New High Arm Davis Sewing Ma-chine," first created in the brain of this wonderful inventor, and its mission has but just begun! A discriminating public is just awakening to its merits, and ere long we may confidently expect to find it in every home.

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Illustrated.

Harper's Magazine for 1894 will main tain the character that has made it the favorite illustrated periodical for the home. Among the results of enter-prises undertaken by the publishers, w. R. RIGHEY. there will appear during the year ited papers on India by Edwin Lord Weeks, on the Japanes Seasons by Alfred Parsons, on Germany by Poultney Bigeiow, on Paris by by Poultney Bigeiow, on Paris by Richard Harding Davis, and on Mexi-

co by Frederic Remington. Among the other notable features of the year will be novels by George du Maurier and Charles Dudley Warner, the personal reminiscences of W. D. Howells, and eight short storic Western frontier by Owen Wister. Short stories will also be contributed by Short stories will also be contributed by Brander Matthews, Richard Harding Davis, Mary E. Wilkins, Ruth Mc-Enery Stuart, Miss Laurence Alma Tadema, Georgo A. Hibbard, Quesnay de Beaurepaire, Thomas Nelson Page, and others. Articles on topics of current interest will be contributed by distinguished specialists.

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Onvision. 80:22pto \$1215.ma 1:19 ·m 2:07am 8:29 pm 2:59am 9:daren 10:00pm 12:000 n 12:28pm s1:52am s3:01am 83:49am s4:42am 4:69am Gatmesville 3:33pm

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Butord Suwance. 9:07 pm 9:34 m 4:55 pm 6:20 pm 10:15 pm Ar. Atlanta. Pullman Car Service: Nos 35 and 36, Richmon and Danville Fa t Maif, Pullman Slee er between tlanta and New York Through Pullman leepers between New York ad Ne Orleans, and Washington Pullman Car Service: York ad Ne Orleans, and Washington and Memphis, via At acta and Birmingham. For det if d information as to local and through time tables, rates and Pullman through time tables, rates and Pullman Sleeping Car reservations, confer with local agents, or address—
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No. 11. 5 80 ATIONS. Av. 19 7 15am Ly .. Charleston Cotumbia.... Ar 12 03am Pomaria. Prosperity .... Newberry.. . 12 54pm Chappells Ninety Six Greenwood Hodges... Donalds 1 56pm 1 32pm 12 55pm 12 85pm 12 16pm 12 16pm . Honen Path Belton

Anderson. 1 15am Streen .. Walnalla .... 6 25pm Ar Between Anderson, Belton and Green-Auderson Belton Belton Williamston Pelzec a osam Lv 12 07 pm 3 40,0th At 4 00pm Ly

4 20 m Ar . 4 26pm Ar . 4 40pm Ar . 5 15em Ar Piedmont Greenville Between Charleston, Jacksonville, avannah, Columbia, Aiston and Spartas burge No. 13 No. 14 7 Joan Ly J eksonville 9 ( 0 pm 4 00 pm 1 00 m Suvannah Colomina Alsten Cartisle loam Ly. Samue.

12 20pm 11 : 6p n Between Newberry, Clinton and Laurers, Ar 4 75pm 2 39, m

Newberry . Tinton .Laurens. Lv 10 40am Between Hodges and Abbeville STATIONS. No. 10 Mixed Dail . No. 12 M xod , STATIONS.

12 40 cm Ar Hodg-s Ar 12 25 m Darrangh's Abbeville 1 15 m Lv Le 11 50am Connections via F. C. & P. Railrond. Cent of Time No. 35 No. 37 Ly Cclumbia 12 35am 12 37am 4 35am 4 00; m 9 30 - m 9 00; m Ar Jackso ville No 38 No 10 Central Time Ar Columbia

And the solid trains between that teston and Walhalla.

Theres have Spattactury, A. & C. Distan, Northbound, 12:15 a.m., 5:21 p.m., 6:22 p.m. (Vestibuler Limited); South-sound, 12:57 a.m., 5:30 p.m., 11:37 a.m.
Vestibuled Limited); Vestibuled, W. N. Olytson, 8:15 p.m. for Hendersonville, and Assoville. nd Asseville. Trains herre Greenville S. C., A. &

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3 50pm 11 05pmi 11 50am 7 20pm 7 00am 2 25pm Nos 13 and 14 are solid trains between