CUPID'S SHUTTLECOCK.

"Ho! for a game of battledore
Sweet Mistress May, and the score—
I troy this sad faced youth will keep it clea
Thus Cupid said, and took his stand,
His battledore held firm in hand,
But swift came Mistress May's demand,
"Your shuttlecock, sweet Cupid—is it here

"Your shuttlecock, sweet Oupid—is it here?"
The youngster laughed and drew it out—
A little heart all tied about
With dainty ribbons. "Yolial" then he cried
And tossed it lightly into air
Without a second thought or case.
So there they played, a merry pair,
And drove the fluttering thing from side to
side.

ntil at last sweet Mistress May rew diszy, weary with the play! Her faltering glance besought rest.

Now, treacherous Cupid played his part,
And reckless of the wound and smart

Straight aimed he sent the bounding heart

Swift at my Mistress May's panting brea

Swift at my Mistress may

Then laughing at his fatal shot
He turned, and flying from the spot
Cried joyously, "I leave her now with theel"
I know not by what happy spell
I soothed sweet Mistress May so well.
I only know that I may tell
The heart thus found she lost again—to me.
—Vogue.

THE RUSSIAN SPY.

Kaffsky was a born genius, des-tined in time to soar to the dizzy heights of a professional chair. So at least said his professors at the University of St. Petersburg, and considering that they had seen so much of him during his four years' student life they ought to know. We students likewise held him in awe and hedged him around with reverential ostracism. That was our way ential ostracism. That was our way of dealing with the few men who went in for "hard work," as they called it. We kept them at a respectful distance and tabooed them. The fact is, we heartily despised the mean wretches who thus sacrificed the clerious cause of humanity to the glorious cause of humanity to crass egotism and sat down quietly to work for themselves at a time when society was going to pieces. That same Kaffsky, for instance, used to squander his days and nights over mathematics and chemistry and half a dozen kindred sciences, as if life were to last for eternity. We did not believe in a man having so many irons in the fire, and we limited our own efforts to the accomplishment of one single task—the regeneration of mankind as a preliminary step to the remodeling of Russian so-ciety. But for this we grudged no sacrifice, not even that of our ar-dent desire for self reformation.

Kaffsky never fell in with these views, and you had only to look in his face to see that he had little sympathy with them. He was a low sized, squarely built man of sallow complexion, whose flowing beard, had it been gray instead of jet black, would have given him the appearance of a venerable sage, a Russian Zoroaster, for even as it was he seemed quite old enough to be his own father. Still for all his exterior coldness you might detect in his black, melancholy eyes unmistak-able signs of latent lightnings, which on occasion would flash forth with effect. Long before this we had weighed Kaffsky in the political balnce—the only one in vogue at Russian universities 10 years ago-and had found him sadly wanting. He was a member of none of the three churches outside of which there is no salvation—that of the sworn conspirators, who edited a forbidden political journal, Land and Liberty, hatched plots against the state and sometimes helped to carry them out; that of unsworn conspirators from whom the former were usually re-cruited, and the bulk of students who sympathized with everything and everybody who embarrassed the

Kaffsky held aloof from us all, never took part in our skhodky (illegal meetings), attended lectures with exasperating regularity, talked with his professors on a footing of equality and was now within four weeks of obtaining his degree and receiving a post at the university which would enable him to qualify for a chair, and to crown all we had just heard of his impending marriage. "A nice time to be thinking of marrying and feathering his nest!" we remarked to each other, "just when the pillars of the social edifice are giving way and we are doing our best to pull them down in order to build up something better." But Kaffsky always was a selfish, cold, conceited dog.

When the name of his future bride was mentioned, those among us who knew her were staggered a bit. Anna Pavlovna Smirnova was not a Venus, but if she had much less beauty than her photograph—which is a common failing of women—she had a good deal more wit, which is not by any means so common. Although apparently young enough to be his daughter, Anna Pavlovna was Kaffsky's senior by five or six years, and to make matters still more mixed she was a red Radical at heart. Formerly her democratic views had got her into hot water with the authorities, and it was not without considerable difficulty that she had obtained her present position as teacher of a girls' gymnasy, which enabled her to live in modest competency with her wid-owed mother. What bewitched Kaffsky in her or what attracted her to

Nor was it the only mystery about the man. The police, we knew, had twice or thrice made elaborate inquiries about him; had noted his comings in and goings out and had set a watch upon his actions. Platoff, when arrested a few weeks ago, chanced to have Kaffsky's card in his pocket and was subjected to a long secret cross examination about his dealings with him.

We burst out laughing when told of this. "The secret police people must be off their heads altogether," said Alexeieff. "As well suspect the stone sphinxes at the Nikolai bridge,

as the piece of stuckup selfishness called Kaffsky," exclaimed Lavroff. "But I confess I should enjoy seeing him nabbed and doubled up in a 'se-cret' in the fortress. It would teach im to think a little of those who

the suspicion," cried Brodsky, the cleverest and most respected student among the radical set. "There's always fire where there's smoke, and as we know there's no fire here then there cannot possibly be any real smoke. It's a matter of smoked glass spectacles." The remark struck us all as the acme of cleverness. It was warmly applauded. "Well, but who can have smoked the government's spectacles?" somebody asked. "Ah, that's a question which each one must solve for himself," was the reply. "Boorman, Boorman'l He alone has a grudge against Kaffsky!" cried half a dozen voices. Boorman entered the room shortly afterward, and silence fell upon us all.

Now, none of us had a doubt that he was the Judas Iscariot. Our very eyes told us that he was intended for nothing else. His hangdog expression, his slouching gait, his furtive glance and stammering delivery pro-claimed the nature of the spirit that lived and worked within him. We had reasons as plentiful as blackberries for suspecting Boorman, but conclusive proof we had none. Still we regarded him as a marked man, the discovery of whose body in a ditch or a well would have provoked neither sorrow nor surprise, for he was, or had been, in the counsels of the Terrorists, and they never forgave or forgot. The present case strengthened our suspicion, for Boor-man and Kaffsky had quarreled years before at the gymnasy, and al-though they were on speaking terms at the university there was no doubt that their hatred was as strong as

The days glided rapidly by-the warm, sunny days, followed by the lightsome nights, which make St. Petersburg a paradise during the latter end of May. Summer vacations were at hand. The last of the examinations would take place in 10 days, and then we would disperse over the length and breadth of the empire, many of us never to return again. Suddenly we were stunned and stupefied by a bolt from the blue sky in the shape of a rumor that Kaffsky had been arrested. "Kaffsky?" "Rub-bish!" "Where?" "When?" "For what?" were our first exclamations. At first the answers were contradictory. Then they gradually converged in this brief account of the matter. He and Alexeieff had gone to the theater the night before. They had walked home together and made an appointment for the morrow at the university, but at 2 a. m. Kaffsky had been spirited away and was now in the secret wing of the Lithuanian fortress. "Incredible!" "Private vengeance!" "The secret police are mad!" were some of our

nmentaries on the narrative. A written request was presented by some of the professors, who were be-side themselves with indignation, that Kaffsky should be released on bail just to finish his examinations and take his degree, for they knew very well it was all a m inderstanding or else a base plot hatched by a private enemy. "It will be all ground up fine and come out as flour in the end," they remarked in the words of the Russian proverb. But to our ut ter astonishment their request was refused, and Kaffsky was removed from the Lithuanian fertress only to be immured in the more terrible fortress of Peter and Paul. The rector was next asked to intercede for him, but in spite of his proverbial readiness to shield his subjects he counseled patience and thereby angered the whole body of the stu-

The excitement caused by the arrest was assuming dangerous proportions. Nobody had cared a rap for Kaffsky a week before, and he was a most popular hero now. People who had never previously seen or heard of him went about preaching vengeance. None of us could have accounted for this rapid change if we had been calm enough to notice it. bigot now."—London Telegraph. It was not because of the man's loss of liberty, nor of the loss of his degree, though that was much more serious, nor yet by reason of his hindered marriage. Perhaps it was hatred for the heartless informerwho had been arrested no doubt to Cure. save him from being lynched—and sympathy for Anna Pavlovna, whose Toledo, O. womanly feelings had got the better of her philosophy. She had com-pletely broken down.

One of the professors had been to see her, and the story he told us would have melted the soul of the stoniest stoic. She had been taken to her bed, had refused all food, had forwarded petition after petition to the minister of the interior, and when it became clear that she might just as well be sowing salt on the seashore her mind gave way. The doctors sent her mother and herself in post haste to Crimea while there was still some faint glimmer of hope that she might be rescued from th madhouse and the grave. It was at this conjuncture that we set out on

our long vacations.

In October a few of us met in St. Petersburg once more-but only a few. The police had made a tremenhim was a dark mystery to us who dous haul among the students the day the university had closed last session, and many were now in their distant native villages, expelled from the university, others in prison, others again on the road to Siberia. Kaffsky, we learned, was among the latter-condemned to the mines as a dangerous conspirator in spite of the cession of professors. Anna Pavlovna was dead, according to others, but it came to pretty much the same thing in the end.

Cure. Only one of 50 cts., and \$1.00.

I heard of many evil things done by diabolical informers, but this was the most crying injustice I had ever actually witnessed, and when talking with a friend, who was a relative of one of the ministers, I

told him so. He was accounded at what I told him and saked me to draw up an account of Kaffaky's case in writing. He would see, he said, that justice should be done. I had no difficulty in obtaining precise particulars. I discovered even the name of the forwarding prison, ever 1,000 miles away, in which Kaffsky was at that time interned, and having made out a very strong case I gave my friend the paper, and he presented it to his relative, the

A week passed, then a fortnight, and still there was no answer. "There are no return tickets to Si-beria, and it takes a long time to print one," said a sympathizing friend of mine. I fancied that the first tidings I should hear of the matter would be Kaffsky's apparition in the coffee room of the university. But it wasn't. One day my philanthropic friend shook his head, said my data were all wrong, that Kaffsky was the most dangerous conspirator that had ever been tripped up in the very nick of time, and that he would advise me to keep aloof from political reformers in future, as it was evident they could make black appear white without an effort. I replied that the authorities were evidently past masters in the self same art, if I might

was silent, and I went mournfully Six years later I heard that Kaffsky in some such way. The particulars were not very precise, but he was really dead, that was certain. "Nothing else but death is certain in Rus sia," I remarked to an ex-minister to whom I had been telling the whole

judge by their new convictions. He

story after dinner.
"So you are going to write about it, you say," he asked me, "to ease your feelings?" "I am," I replied.

"Very well, then, if you come here in two or three days I will supply you with a most interesting postsoript." And he did.

His statement was based on official documents, and this was the gist of it. "When the terrorist movement was at its height, the leaders were invisible and ubiquitous. We suspected that they were in the university, but that was only a guess. Once or twice Kaffsky appeared to be in the movement, but we had no proof and could get none. It then occurred to General O. of the secret depart. Kalsomine Work a Specialty. ment to employ a spy who had never played the part of a detective be-fore."

"I know. You mean the scoun drelly informer, Boorman," I broke

Oh, of course he was. Yes. No, Boorman was not the detective. Boorman, I see, was nearly as dangerous as Kaffsky. He was Kaffsky's right hand man, and he got the same Boorman? Boorman? Was he? nishment." This announcement took my breath

away, but it only deepened the mys-"Two thousand three hundred rubles was what it all cost, and dirt wait on you." cheap, too," he went on.

ward?" I asked. "Yes. That, of course, was over and above her regular salary, which was 50 rubles a month. It was the only clever stroke of business she "She?" I repeated. "Was it a

woman, then? "Oh, yes. Didn't I tell yout-and woman with the makings of a saint in her too. Ha, ha, ha! She is now a God fearing sectarian—a pietist of

some kind."
"Well," I remarked, "she would need a good long course of penance, were it only to atone for the fate of poor Anna Pavlovna, whose life she

snuffed out."
"Ha, ha, ha," he laughed till the big tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks. "Why, hang it, man, Anna Pavlovna was herself the detective. She played Delilah to Kaffsky's Samson and delivered him into the hands of the Philistines. But, as I was saying, that was the only clever thing she ever did. She soon after left the service, found salvation, as they term it, in some obscure sect, and is a pious

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No. 3, Daily except Sunday. Leave Fayetteville, Hope Mills, Red Springs, Maxton, Arrive Bennettsville. 8 15 9 25 NORTH BOUND.

SOUTH BOUND. No. 15 Daily except Sunday. Leave Climax

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SOUTH BOUND. No. 15, daily except Sunday.

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a m., Manning 9.09 a. m. GOING NORTH No. 51 Leaves Columbia *10.45 p. m. Sumter Arrives at Florence 1:30 a. m Leaves Florence Marion Arrive at Wilmiagton 9:10 Leaves Columbia Arrives at Sumter 7:25

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> No. 16, daily except Sunday. Leave Ramseur, Leave Climax, Arrive Greensboro, 8 40 8 25

> > 4 05 5 45 Arrive Ramsear nday. 9 20 a m.

Lv. 6 80 Ar. 6 10 Leave Stokesdale 5 58 Arrive Greensboro 12 10 pm

Gen. Pass. Agent

W., C. & A. Peilroad.

No. 23. Leaves Wilmington * 6:25 p. m. *2:20 a. m.

Going south. No. 23 daily. Leave Wilson *2 30 p m

p. m. Train on Manchester & Augusta R. R leaves Sumter daily, except Sunday, at 10.50 a. m., arrives at Rimini 11.59 a. m. Returning leaves Rimini 12.30 p. m., arrives at Sunter 1.40 p. m.

Trains on Hartsville R. R. leave Harts-

Trains on Wilmington Chadbourn & Conway railroad leave Chadbourn 10.30 a. m., arrive Conway 10 0p. m., returning leave Conway 50 p. m. arrive Chadbourn 5.20 p. m. I.eave Chadbourn 7.15 a. m. and 5.50 p. m., arrive Hub at 8.00 a. m. and 6.25 p. m. Returning leave Hub 9.00 a. m. and 6.45 p. m. arrive Chadbourn 9.45 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Daily except Sunday.

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