FORGET ME NOT.

Like the breath of the roses, sighing

By passion rendered weak-

Dearest, I hear you speak :

When love is not forgot;

To the black robed figure, kneeling,

I hear you all the while :

When love is not forgot;

Like a hymn of gladness, showing

The strength of the holy spell-

At the chime of the vesper bell-

Like a prophecy, told anew, But ever and ever true-

Forget me not-forget me not!

Forget me not-forget me not 1

Like the tearful joy outflowing

Your words are in my heart:

With the more than earthly smile-

But an echo that no man knows,

Forget me not-forget me not!

Forget me not-forget me not!

Into the distance flying-

Tis-pleasant pain to part

Your words are in my heart :

Forget me not-

Not like an organ, pesling

'Tis pleasant pain to part

Forget me not!

Into the distance going-

Tis pleasant pain to part

I hear your sweet farewell :

Your words are in my beart :

Forget me not!

When love is not forgot ;

BY CHARLES F. BELLAMY.

ICONTINUED.I

CHAPTER XII.

A NEW GALATEA.

Bertha rose from her chair slowly, like one

Philip as he came toward her. There was a

red spot on cither cheek, and her eves seemed

preternaturally large and bright. Affirst

he fancied it was out of joy at seeing him.

it before, but with a strange gentleness that

"You don't come as often as you used, but

you have always been very good and kind to

me. Philip," she said vaguely, as if rehears-

His heart came into his throat, and he

"Have I been very cold and hard with you

She had taken his hand, and bent over

She rested one hand on his shoulder, and her

vet her voice was as dispassionate as an

est of women are elements of character,

germs of emotions, that in their height and

fused together can glorify her to a creature

of resistless power and dignity, with holy fire

dess men worship in women, for worship is

the truest form of love, and when that wor-

ship is lost the part of love for which a man

would make a hero of himself and rise above

every groveling taint in his nature is lost,

too. A woman may sin and not repent; she

may seem as shallow as the surf on the shin-

man believes in the goddess in her be waits

on her folly, he strives to gild over her sin

"Why, to-morrow was the day you prom-

"I remember." She drew back from him

and clasped her white hands for a moment

over her forehead; "and have you been

"Why not to-night, Bertha?" he begged in

in ennobling reverence for her possibilities.

ised to let me talk of"-

thinking a great deal of it?"

She followed him to the door.

was intensely pathetic.

ed and seemed to listen.

ing the virtues of the departed.

you know, what it all meant."

lips almost touched his forehead.

Down the cathedral sisle,

To slumber against your cheek-

Like a whisper faintly heard,

The recoil of a tiny word-

Forget me not-forget me not!

Forget me not-forget me not!

SUMTER, S. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1888

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ing of physicians prescriptions. Cold sparkling Soda Water, with choice cream syrups. Sarsaparilla Meade and Milk could not speak. Was this her coming back to him? It was more like a funeral. She

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HAY FEVER 8

"Why, there is nothing to forgive," Philip answered, his words of love frozen on his is a disease of the mucous membrane, generlips, there was something so terrible in the ally originating in the nasal passages and mysterious mood that was upon her. "But maintaining its stronghold in the head. From do you remember," he added with a forced this point it sends forth a poisonous virus into the stomach and through the digestive organs, corrupting the blood and producing fearfully; "to-morrow," she repeated as it other troublesome and dangerous symptoms. the word had some mystery in it. "Have I A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by promised you anything for to-morrow?" It was not Bertha Ellingsworth at all. as mail, registered. 60 cents. ELY BROS. 235 Greenwich Street, New York. he had known her-it was rather as he had dreamed she might be. In the common-

F. H. Folsom.

AMERICAN WATCHES, CLOCKS

But she started to her feet like one in mor-Repairing promptly done and warranted by Then she came near him again, and looked down with a new soid smile as he held her Orders from the country will receive our hand to his lies. "You don't mind very much, do you? I am not very much of a woman really," she said wistfully, "if it wasn't for the habit you have fallen into." Then she glanced at the clock on the

SUMTER. S. C.

"How sad the moonlight is. I am afraid UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT. of it," she said as she beld out her hand to Then he heard a troken-voice coming, it seemed a long way to his ears. A liberal reduction made according to

"Ob, Philip, aren't you going to kiss me good-good night?" His passion he had thought crushed came over him in a storm. He gathered her vielding form in his arms as if he never would lose her again, and kissed her trembling, ar-

swering lips a dozen times and her wet, anx-"Bertha, I will not go," he whispered hurriedly. "I cannot leave you so."

But she had gently released herself from his embrace. She tried to smile at him through her tears. "No, no, you must go." Still he hesitated

till a strange eagerness came into the blue eyes. "No, no, you must go. Goodby.

As he went down the eps and out of the gate, the chill of the last expression in her eyes hung about his heart. Then he stopped and looked about. She had closed the door, but something white fluttered on the step. A tablespoonful contains two grains each It was her handkerchief, with the perfume she always used in its delicate folds. He carried it to his face-it was almost as if he touched her. He stood hesitating a mornent -a moment big with issues to them both. He remembered her tender words and the rare caresses she had had for him; he forgot the undertone that had so painfully interpretel them. It was as if he had tasted of some priceless vintage of wine. He would return in an hour and taste again. Ah, he had waited patiently for the moment when this woman of stainless marble would turn to flesh! And now his foolish heart counted all its hard lessons for nothing, but beat high stood him, then, but how modest and timid she was. To-morrow would be for them both the brightest day of their lives. She

was not startled at herself now, no wonder,

at the revelation of the depths of such a

beart. She wanted a little time to calm her-

He had made up his mind, and the moon went under a black cloud for anger. But it was only for an hour; then he would come Market hall was crowded, and Curran was

speaking at a pitch of impassioned eloquence beyond anything Philip had ever heard. "What overwhelms you is your own energies fused into weapons of deadly warfare; it is their cunning which turns your myriad hands against yourselves. Where else can they find the force to vanquish you? The rich are but few. Whose hands but yours are strong and numerous enough to carry out their plans? The longer you submit the stronger they entrench themselves with your flesh and blood. Every week some new trade or profession is invented to make respectable and steady some new discovered method of living out of the poor; every month some new law is passed in the interests of the money That lingers, and thrills, and goes-

He paused for a moment and then went on with more bitterness. "Every month the upper classes grow more indifferent to the foundation on which they rest-of throbbing, agonizing human flesh. Not satisfied with the terrible natural distinction between wealth and poverty, they invent codes of manners and devise claborate systems of what they mincingly call etiquette. Marriage with the poor is inexcusable. Even familiarity with inferiors—a great breach of "propriety" they call it. They ask not is a man honest and true hearted, is he kind? but is he wealthy or did he ever soil his hands with work? Not is a woman beautiful, is she modest? these are of little account; but is she well-that is, richly-connected? If her father cheats others she may be admitted to their circles; if he is unfortunate enough to be cheated, never. Ah, the shame of it, that so pale? makes no account of hundreds of millions of human creatures of untainted blood, of unclouded intellects, except as mere beasts of burden; to deny them social privileges, and whip the boldest of them back into the darkness of ignorance and contempt. All the lights of knowledge must burn for the few alone, all the soft influences of culture and the elevating pleasures from art and genius are for the few alone." He folded his arms over his broad chest and threw back

his head in one of his grandest movements. "And how have they earned the right to call themselves mankind, to drink alone at the fountains of knowledge and inspiring beauty, with never a share for the millions sweating under the burdens their white hands have put upon them? No carpets of priceless web are too fine for their lovel Copyrighted by the Author, and published by arrangement with him.

women's feet, rubies are not rare enough fo their jewels. Music beats out its heavenly harmonies for them alone, with its treasured meaning of uncounted centuries. Painting ravishes their eyes alone with the pictured realms of inspired fancy. Literature scrapes and cringes before them, with its stores of

Then he threw out his arms and car ward to the edge of the platform, for one last personal appeal. A hundred that could not understand all he said, thrilled to vague revolt under his irresistible magnetic force. "Your bodies, whose only pleasure is sleep, Then she smiled as if she had not thought of , whose only gratification is to still the daily recurring necessary hunger, your bodies could enjoy every luxury and beauty; ah. and the common Christian comforts would be sweetest luxuries to you, which have palled on the sated senses of the rich. Your minds and souls could grow fine and broad and calm in the education their pamperel children scoff at, and the world progres more in a year than in centuries before. And you are a thousand to one; the joys and

motioned him to sit near her, and then startcomforts, the blessed possibilities of a thousand lives against the insensate greed of one man for more, and more he cannot eat, or Philip, when you wanted me to love you? drink, or enjoy. It is his madness that they She laid her bot fingers on his hand, but her do not confine such as he, who sets the wer d eyes wandered lingeringly around the parlor back ten years for one he lives. But when he opens his great vault to-morrow and sais "It is nothing, my own sweetheart," he andown to count his ill gotten gains of the yesswered her anxiously; "only say you love me terday, let his heart sink within him; he has She did not seem to hear him. "I must refused his workmen the common rights of humanity, and they will leave his mills to have made you suffer. I did not understand

He took his hat from the table and strede toward him with a troubled look on her face down the aisle amid the excited applause of his audience and went out, not even once Tooking back .: An awkward silence fellowed. "Do you forgive me" she said softly, and but it was several moments before Philip braced himself to do what, perhaps, was bis duty. Every eye was fixed on him as he made his way forward, not one there but beon the fire escapes out of his own money in spite of his father? Many a whisper of commendation brought an answer of hearty good smile, "what you promised for to-morrow?" feeling. One or two of the women in the "To-morrow?" she drew back from him | galleries actually said he was handsome. "My friends," he began, but somehow he

did not care to lift his eyes to meet the kind look in the trustful eyes, "I don't think there is any occasion, I mean, friends"-What did he mean, he knew . tter than they what occasion there was. How dare he ask them to wait and hope, for when had a corporation a heart for mercy! He knew better than they, that to-morrow would be the last day when a strike would be likely

of any effect. They might defeat his father's shining in her face. It is the sleeping godscheme if nothing else, a scheme that would make them servants no longer of a man, but of a pitiless business principle. He looked about the room at last: he read aright the confidence in the eyes of the company. He believed he might make them wait, but had he a right to ask it? Here ing sand just before its ebb, but so long as a were a thousand souls in the mills, impatie at injustice, as they thought: he could offer them no hope, not one straw; his hands

> would be forever tied after to-morrow. Had he a right to restrain them? "Friends, I know not what to advise you, since I am so weak to help you." He sat down and a cheer rang loud and hearty to the roof, but he felt himself in an aconizing position. On the great questions at issue between the employers and the workmen, the rich and the poor, his mind was slow in coraing to a conclusion. He admitted most that even Curran said, while he listened, but how to help it was the question be ever asked himself. Surely nobody was profited by flying in the face of great economical laws. But then, what were laws, and what were faliacies? Well if he did not know what was right, could be not follow his father's urgent wishes: Was he making a generous return for the love his father had lavished on him, if he should disobey him now? As he sat there his vivid imagination pictured the corporation in operation. Some little injustice was being done, and he mentions it to the overseer, "Them's orders; you must see the superintendent." He could see it all so plainly. He knocks at

> the superintendent's door and is received with the attention due the chief stockholder's son; he sees his bland, smiling face, his sleek, well paid smile. He speaks of the rule which perhaps works to rob some particular set of bands wholly without their ant "But I have no authority to change it, though it does seem hard; better see the agent," Philip imagines his discouraged step. as he makes his way to the agent to be referred to a set of indifferent directors, who "really know nothing about the matter, but

> I do not feel like running against the interests of the stockholders." While Philip sat trying to grasp his data of that moment, he became conscious that it was very still and that no one seemed disposed to follow him. Not a few impatient faces were turned askance toward him. H: rose and crossed the room to go out, but almost at the door he hesitated. He must say

"Perhaps it is not all quite as plain as voc

think. If by higher wases or shorter hours you made the profit on the mills smaller, are von not afraid oth " mili s would leave us bohind, being able to sell cheaper, or else the capital invested go elsewhere, where it can nake more profit: Now you get small was is might lose work altegether." Then he beked i anxiously around and added hurriedly: Mind, I don't say do this or that; I will not ask anything of you. But if there is a loss it

When he left the hall he felt like walking about a little while, to calm bis mind. He chose the route that would lead past the little tenement house where they had fed him with cold potatoes. It was only a month ago. He looked in through the windows. The sick woman yet lay on the sofa, the same soiled plaid shawl for her coverlet; there was the moment as a man would besitate to cut off a self; to get wonted to the new woman that same bare deal table, and a pair of dingy chairs before it. The desolation made his | most unconsciously at last that his nervous

heart sick. Then he looked up at the windows | fingers tore the note open and let the bit of | pleasure. He was aloue in the world but for of the attic chamber where he had slept that | white ribbon flutter to the floor. He seemed other night. It was all dark, but he imagined the claring white walls, with the queer little his face and left it very calm. There could block of a looking glass hanging there, and be nothing very thrilling written there surely. the backless wooden chair that had to But every line and curve was branded forserve for a washstand, and his low bed, ever on his heart. with the girl's shawl for his counterpane.

What great things he had dreamed, that night, he should do for the new cause happy with the man I love. Society will disthat had fired his heart, new to him, but old own me. He is more to me than all. as civilization. He turned away with a pain in his heart, a pain for the wrongs of the he could see the gleam of bright light from again, this time with astonishment to see the faced lawyer, he was perfecting his plans for

the morrow. And then he seemed to hear his own words and his own tone as he had spoken in the meeting echoing oddly in his ear. Had he undutifully sacrificed his father to his help, and would it be from his fault the strike he feared would come tomorrow? Could his father point his trembling fingers at him when the mills should stop, and the prospective stockholders decline the investment to-morrow and say: "My own son is to blame. With one word | held it up to catch the sparkle of the solitaire

he could have prevented it." that seemed to reproach him intolerably, and walked slowly down the hill again. Ah! what fear for capital, it always shifts its

burden upon labor. A woman's form came quickly out of a shadow, and laid a hand on his arm. It was ane Graves, with a shawl over her head, ervant girl fashion, but was it the ghastly effect of moonlight on her face that made it "Wasn't you at Miss Ellingsworth's this

"Why, yes," he looked at her in astonishment, "and I was just going there again." "I didn't know but she might be with you. I was at my father's, and when I came back, I couldn't find her, and her hat and shawl were goze."

"She has gone out with her father, perhaps," suggested Philip, startled more by her manner than her words. "But he has been up at Mr. Breton's all the

evening. And you know she never goes out "Sometimes she does," he said, as he went with the girl. "I met her quite away from home one night, but she seemed a good deal

"When was it?" Jane Graves stopped short, and when he had told her a quick, involuntary cry escaped her lips, and after that he had almost to run to keep up with hen - Now and then he wied to laugh at the ter rors this foolish secvant girl had put into his mind. But could it be Bertha had taken another evening walk? She was too beautiful used to jewels—thus. Now, my love, you for the exposures of common life. Was heaven | may run down stairs and show your pretty envious of such happiness as he had expected in their reconciliation? Why not strike him, then, and not her? Why, it might have been she had tried to overtake him, to call him back. "Hurry faster," he muttered, catching the girl's arm roughly.

CHAPTER XIII.

CLASS PREJUDICE. But the house looked so sedate and altobut that everything was is usual inside. The door stood invitingly open, as it should on such a balmy summer evening, the light streaming bountifully out on the walk. A catastrophe urely would have left some sign, some from afar. How foolish of this black eyed maiden and him to rush at the top of their speed in an agony of suspense only to find Bertha sitting at the parlor table mild evod and screne as he had used to know her! She had only stopped across the street perhaps. ing in his unreasonable fear into her prosence! But he would nour into her ears such a terrent of words of love that she would back, and their happiness would date from had grown into the love he had longed for, and she would whisper to him that the few weeks of estrangement had been a blessing of God for her, and he need never again complain of the coldness of her love. Life is not so serious and tragical an affair as one some times thinks; things don't always plunge into the ruin they are pointed toward.

he had fully discounted his expected relief; indeed, had almost persunded himself that he had had no misgivitts, there seemed so little sense in misgivings. But he did not find the blue eved woman he loved at her parlor table. He tooked for a crochet needle or a square of canvas, which

might show the marks of recent work; but the round table was in perfect order. The little book shaped card basket stood near the bronze base of the drop lamp. A large red morocco bound volume, called "The Dresden Gallery," was tilted up a little by a blue and gold book of Swinburne's poems, on which it had been laid. The gracefully carved bookrack was full, all but one space the volume of peems might have fitted into. "Just as I arranged it after tea," said Jane

Graves, moving uneasily about. "For heaven's sake be still," he exclaimed. He stepped out into the hall. "Why, here is her shawl," he said, with a

"It is her heavy shawl that is cone;" the

girl looked beculiarly at him when she added almost under her breath, "the one she takes on evening drives." Philip shot a glance of sudden intelligence at her, and terrible suggestions and recollections came crowding their hateful

meanings upon him. The mad blood seemed congesting about his heart, and yet his face blazed like fire, "Good God," he shouted hoarsely, "if you dare to breathe it I will choke the envious life out of you." Then he caught the bell knob at the door and rang it. fiercely, and then again, before its echoes had cented, and again and again.

"And is there another fire, your honor?" The broad faced chambermaid had come up from the kitchen and stood with arms akimbo, trying to make her rich Irish voice "Do you know where your mistress is?"

"No-a; if she be not inside, indade." "Didn't she go over to a neighbor's somewhere," questioned Philip eagerly. "Not that I knows on, sir,"

"Has anybody been here? Didn't you tend door, you minny?"

think a let." and the woman rubbed her "Quick," cried Philip, between hope and

"Don't source me, sir, or I can't do not high." The moved his feet re-tlessly on the inhall before, and he had bowed his head as if fear he should eaten some terrible signili- might make his hot blood same through his cance in Jane Graves' black eyes. He could hear her dress rustle; he knew she was looking at him, waiting for him to lift his face; or he would not have met her eves at that ment for all the world.

'Yis, there was a rumblin' team come up. ed I thought I bearn a man come to the present thin so back; but the bell didn't ries, sir, and I didn't make no count on it. No. sig. I hevn't hearn refesus movin' roun' wase, and I knows she be all over the house The creature's tongue was unlessed

so kept on falking, but Unilip had become

o the broad stairs and thrown open the door

the room he thought was Bertha's. In another moment the gas blazed not e ceiling and he stood, wild eved, looking rom side to side as if he thought to find a heart breaking story written all over the gold papered walls. Then his eyes became fixed on the black walnut bureau with its long mirror coming down through the contor. On the marble slab at the feet of the mirror ho saw a satin covered handkerebist case, and pinned upon it a piece of paper. In three steps he had clutched a little per furned note, with a ribbon fastened on it as if for a signal, a delicate bow of white ribbon. Mr. Ellingsworth's name was written on it, It was all here, and yet Philip hescated a maimed and poisoned limb. And it was al-

to read very slowly and the flush faded from

"I have gone with Curran. I knew I could not stand your reproaches, but I can only be

He crushed the bit of paper in his hand, millions of the sons of toil who have never | and looked up to see Jane Graves standing in come into their inheritance. He turned up the doorway, pale as death. Deside her stood the road that led to his own home on the hill; the red cheeked chambermaid, speechless his father's study, where with his smooth young man make so free in her mistress'

> ten out. Well, that is a joke; a man who don't wear cuffs, and Bertha loves him! Why, I never could dress to suit her." And he threw himself into a chair and burst into convulsions of laughter till the tears came. "Well, there may be something else," and he stepped jauntily up to the bureau again.

"Gone with Curran; oh yes, it is all writ-

"Certainly, a jewel box with my name on it; oh! to be sure, our engagement ring." He diamond. "Yes, yes, a very proper and deli-Then Philip turned his back to the lights cate spirit. I wasn't mistaken in Bertha, she always had a nice sense of propriety." He came a little unsteadily toward the two women. Jane Graves was pale and still

as death, with her two little hands pressed tightly upon her boson. Philip wondered impatiently what was the matter with the girl. If he could treat the whole wretched business like a huge joke, what the dence was the use of her playing tragedy queen over it? What child's play life's solemnest woes and failures are after all a man's dread of them! It is mixing up flesh and blood with them spoils their grand effects. Mon and weiren are only fit for the cheapese kind of low comedy. How it must amuse the immortal gallery gods when a man attempts to sustain the tragedy pitch in his experiences! If one can only get the true point of view, there is no such thing as a noble situation, a glorious victory or a desperate dilemma. The guity of serrow is a ridiculous misnomer. Everything is only more or less funny according to its pretentiousness-for example, the astonishing denouement of his love epi-

Now North, the chambermaid, with a face like a pumpkin and eyes like saucers, was a suitable by figure for such an occasion. "Why, here, Norah, this is really a very good diamond. I bought it for the best: perlate mistress, I mean, was a large woman; no doubt you can wear it over your little finger. Consider it as a reminder of this charming evening. Ah. let me put it on, you are not

He turned his strangely bright eyes to the well at the foot of Bertha's bed. "My picture, too. How the girl's heart must have glowed night and morning over it." He took it down and held it before him

"A foolish face," he muttered between his teeth, the wild merriment fading out of his features. He bent and laid the picture glass gether respectable that it seemed impossible upward on the floor, then he ground it viciously beneath the heel of his boot, and walked away without deigning to east another look at it. Dertha's pure bed, which her graceful form

> awe crest over him; it seemed impious to look: he fell on his knees and buried his hot face in the pillow where he funcied her head "Oh, my lost durling, my lost Bertha, you have taken all the joy and hope of my life with you," and his slight frame shook with

had pressed so many years-an inscrutable

tearless sols, like the death throes of a breakfeet. Was there no way to drown the deep Bettiel tean about his breast? Were there no other women in the world? He had heard times enough there was no salve for a broken

heart to quick and sure as another woman's who hav across the threshhold in a dead faint. It was but the work of a moment to berel over her and lift her in his arms. But he would not let her lie on Bertha's bed; no, of his memory? But he had come so far, not to have her life; and he bore her through the half to another chamber. It was a slight girlish form he held, and need not have been so unpleasant a burden. But he laid her down on the first resting place he could find, and lifted her feet with delicate goutleness on the bed. He removed the high pillows from under her head, so that she could breathe more easily, and, true gentleman that he was, covered her pretty feet and



He almost s'umbied over Jane Graves. A green tisted cologne bottle stood near by contents into her face, and felt quite a doctor's surprise to see any good result fellowels. hinty as a princess', and trial to arrange them in some praceful position. How pretty she west if her lips were a little full that was A sarider med thought warmed his body;

ar not wait till she epened her eyes, this charming little girl, and then swear to her that he local her? What was love then that such a protty face and form as this should not have it! She was no cold woman; her velos, could still for one request the immor- what pointer can catch the hely tenderness tal land as it only mocked. She moved a | in the constituted inher unsuffied bounty. little as the last and he started and went out. The breethiess wonder, the rapt mystery in Thereir's eyes exceed slowly on the rich his softmed free? What inspired brush can the lambred has and the rare fres oing of | picture the quiver of the long, golden lashes the riom. Is he vacuely wondered for one declaration there neek, and then the dreamy surcionamenenti il she awoke some richegor- i run, of the cyclids that now open wide, so the cen's wife and her old line of poverty was this impressioned gaze may thrill the liquid "11st, delamber! How came she bereft ever to be can—the smile that ripples at last Acad for bear was web, and the runles on her | over her fascinated face, a smile of trust too neck vero damp-it was cologue. Then shot perfect for share. remembered everything, and ross from the migrat cough she had moved hily present that started the lovers from each ether's She had back the great pillows and fried to error! Why, it almost mode them, object smooth at the outlines of but form on the sampathy, as if it came from a broken boart,

hall ded while she has in her feint. The hall low was empty, too, and the outer door war . The owned the parler doort she felt as if she resself id samebody to easi the tendon."

her; deserted in his own home only for her. "Come here, Jennie." he said in a broken She came into the room, and a few steps toward him. Then she stopped. Her face was almost as pale as when she fainted, but

her black eyes shone with unusual feverish

"Give me your hand, dear."

through her brain. A warm, red flush will respond liberally to the call. mounted from her neck, and spread itself in tingling waves of shame to the very roots of her black hair. She came up to him, and reached out her little hand. He pressed it gently, then he laid it against his check. Her heart bounded in sudden revolt, but she controlled herself with an effort of sheer will, and did not move, but her startled eyes sought the floor. And so this was her proud master. But what harm if he wanted to be foolish and sentimental? it was no matter to anybody now, no one cared for her unkissed

impulse she dared not define, not yet. She put her other hand in his, and lifted her dark, wet eyes to his face. Then he bent his arms her form that seemed to shrink only out the State ticket. that he must clasp her the closer. "Will you be my wife, Jennie? I never loved a woman as I do you. Will you be

my wife, Jennie?" "Yes," whispered the red lips that never

once turned away from his thick raining In Bertha Ellingsworth's own parlor it was, with her mother's face looking down from the painted canvas, in the room where the daughter of the house had so coldly entertained the heir of the Breton mills. Ah! yes, and where she had taught Curran, the prophet of the poor, to leve her, and she the hate. But how her proud face would wince now! If she were only here! Her father, the haughtiest of men, to everybody in the great world beneath him cold as an iceborg, they said, arrogant as any duke of courtly breath, the love and the hand of his servant maid! Could it be he holding her so fondly in his arms, where he might have gathered cov dames of the stateliest rank, lavishing he was crushing so reckiessly! Ah! it was

out, for all that wealth can buy will be hers. She nestles her burning face on his shoulder and tempts him to new caresses and new words of folly, that he may not remember | Pressley Barron, of Clarendon. yet what a strange thing it is that he is doing; that he not think of repenting until his enthralled senses shall make him forget Her wildest dreams are realized. She will be seeking renominations. one of the rich and the great whom the rest of the world bow down to. She will make her husband's-yes, this man to be her husband, why should she be ashamed with himshe will make his friends all envy him his son, of Aiken, is anxious to meet him nor the constitutional two mill school beautiful wife; and as for their faded, fashionable women, with limp backs and bloodless veins, how it will please her to study the signs of jealousy on their listless faces. And Bertha Ellingsworth's proud, false heart will ache with shame over the low born woman whom her father has made his wife. "Has the train gone for the west?" asked a

breathless voice at the Lockout station. "It's thirty minutes behind its time." growled the ticket agent. It was Philip Breton, who went back to the post to tie his horse more securely. "Poor Joe, poor old boy," the big white horse seemed more like to fall dead in his tracks than to try to break away. "A pretty hard gallop, wasn't it, Joe, your breath will come easier in a minute, old

His time was precious, but he lingered in an uncontrollable terror of what he had come so far to see. He had thought he wanted to make sure. There might be some mistake in the note, or even now, if she had changed her mind-but it was all folly, he saw it now. He had forgotten all reason in one wild longing to see Bertha again. But what was the use of harrowing up his soul with new pictures he would pray God in vain to wipe out perhaps it would do no harm to look at her once more. He had turned and was walking along the platform, toward the ladies' waiting room. He glanced up the long stretch of straight track and pitiless monster, hastening on to soize his darling and bear her to some hopeless region of eternal night. He must hurry. Who knows? it might be fate had kept her rescue till this moment, and meant him to save her. | the hands of his friends. He pushed the waiting room door open. The seats appeared all vacant and expectant; a big russet apple had been dropped on one of and cheese luncheon. The whole atmosphere was too commonplace for a pair of runaway lovers. Philip took two or three steps into

deserte !. It was a group for a painter's loftiest genius, but the artist must have a faith in love, which the world has learned to scoff. bent now in a leautiful protective attitude toward the woman whose head rests on his shoulder. Her lips are parted to reveal the does not smile. She has goiden heir like a them. crown setting well down on the brend forehead, and there is the tint of red gold in her cheeks like a perpetual glow of sunset. But



Why, she was in Mr. Chin as depths of blue. Let the artist fix them for-

What was that sound so like a human sob TTO BE CONTINUED 1

pincent philosophy had so long softened and covered. He saw the graceful figure of his of transfer was to be signed Monday. followed by the Legislature.

amount of the arst payment or one-tourch ordered, an earnest emplification had Party lines were pretty thoroughly brochescut philosophy had so long softened and of the total puchase money. The deed been made them of the plan afterwards ken up. Senator Hampton voted for and maid in a pretty attitude of hesitation on his of transfer was to be signed Monday. followed by the Legislature.

Senator Butler against it.

Our State Contemporaries.

Fairfield Herold.

Carolina Spartan. shall we make the nominations for the | we have an enlargement of the annex "Jennia," he said at last, "come nearer to State ticket at the May Convention? only. Instead of a board of agriculture Our first thought is that it will be better reorganized on the plan outlined by your And she kneeled by his chair, in a sudden to nominate State candidates later in convention, the legislature has enlarged the year. The people will have more the present board, denying it the power time to discuss the merits of the dif- to elect its own secretary, thus fatally down to the upturned face, that never ferent candidates. About the last of crippling its efficacy. flinched, and in another instant he held in August will be time enough to bring

Talk About Politics.

News and Courier. tor David R. Duncan will run against cheerfully and heartily. The more so

Congressman Perry. Capt. W. C. McGowan, of Abbeville, no additional tax, as their maintenance Col. R. A. Child, of Pickens and the would have chiefly come from money very essence of the spirit he taught them to Hou. M. F. Ansel, of Greenville, are now appropriated by law for similar but candidates for solicitor, to succeed Col. unsatisfactory use. Congress has given James L. Orr.

candidate for re-election, candidates for \$15,000, and has secured to us besides. circle, could it be he praying, with hot that office are appearing in all counties \$11,500, both sums to be paid annuof his circuit. Col R. C. Watts and ally. Besides this the farmers of the N. J. Holmes, of Laurens, Col. H. L. State are paying about \$25,000, a Farley, of Spartanburg, David Johnson | year's inspection fees on fertilizers, to honeyed words and mad endearments on his Jr., of Union, and G. S. Mower, of furnish a fund to be used in their interpoor servant girl, whose only nice dress it was Newberry, are spoken of as persons in est and for their protection. the path of the lightning. worth the cost, if she had to tear her heart

to Congressman Dargan from Solicitor | who so bold as to deny that it would H H. Newton, of Marlboro and Col. not be expended as it should be? It is

everything else rather than this sweet hour. and Elliot will have no opposition in demption from Radical rule, not count-

in a primary election contest. Moore, of Hampton, and Gen. J. F. I repeat, in those years the State has Izlar will be judges before many years. | collected for its ordinary purposes the

Be Up and Doing.

Camden Journal. farmers movement gained considerable towels and matches to gilding the State headway in our State, and a good many House, and from extra clerical services Representatives to the Legislature were to \$136,000 in salaries. elected upon the promises then made by them as workers for reform and for the | too poor to give the meagre sum of \$50farmers' interest. But, alas! the same | 000 to commence to build up this instiold story is repeated. As soon as those tution upon which the farmers were berepresentatives were elected the most of gioning to look as to their Mecca. The them forgot all their promises and advocates of the scheme, adopted by the went over to the side of the politicians, last Legislature, made no issue with the

another place the carpet uphoistery was of men are put in office. The time is politically, and secure to yourselves that specked with the white litter of a cracker at hand again for us to send in new measure of the State's fostering care men, and as a matter of self-protection | which your importance deserves? it is our duty to make every candidate | If you decide to right yourselves and the room, but it was only as he turned to go show 'his hand' plainly on all the im- gain that consideration in the councils back that he saw the settees were not quite portant issues before the election comes of the State to which you are entitled off in erder that we may know what to and which is graciously extended to the expect from him if he is elected. Any farmers in many of our sister States, one who is too independent to answer leaders will be found who are the peers The figure of the man may embody strength | the questions should be regarded as an | of any who may oppose you | Consider and dignity in unconscious perfection; it is enemy and left at home. I is a right these matters as settled and a generathe people have, and they should de- tion will live and die without seeing mand to know the views of every can- them changed. I would not impuga pearly gleam of her white teeth, but she didate before his name is considered by the motives of the friends of the recent

effort to capture the State government, | with any of us in the State's prosperity and if they succeed no one is to blame and advancement, but I deny in toto but the farmers and laboring classes It'er superior wisdom in dealing with High taxes will prevail as long as the questions pertaining so nearly to the politicians are in power, and no such farmers' interest, for I am persuaded word as reform will be known to them. many, if not most of the supporters of To intelligent men this is sufficient the bills passed relating to these things warning. Think it over.

Don't Give up the Ship. President Norris's Appeal to the Farm- the State to give publicity to this 2d-

ers of the State. To the Farmers of South Carolina: I believe that the lively interest manifested by you for the past two years in the press, in public meetings, in the byways, at home or abroad, and in three State conventions held in Columbia, a:tended with loss of time and a consider-

than a capriciousness of purpose. ered many things.

our necessities narrowed its delibera-lover, followed by failing temperature, tions materially, specially resommend- until the 7th to 8th. About the 8th a ing a separate agricultural coilege, the storm period, of marked energy and establishment of an experimental station violence will begin, lasting until about in connection with the said college, that the 13th ileasy snow all over the the board of agriculture should be di- North, turning to destructive sleet. vorced as far as possible from politics livin and coneral tropical storms southand its members chosen by the Farmer's ward Cold days will follow. About some are the construction and that the law organize the 19th prepare for next danger per-The house was so still it for he | fore, seeders and sleary it was? But it must ling the board should be so amended as lied. It will last from the 19th to the medically was as if every body in the world have been the wind, for they were quite along to increase its members from five to ten, 24th or 25th. During the verbal with the power of electing its own sec- equinoctial period, aggravated by the retary. The last convention, beld after growing Jovian period, unusual activity William H. Gray, of Chicago, who the lapse of twenty mouths from the may be expected in all meteorological has been in Richmond. Va. . several first, and after the recommendations phenomenr. Earthquakes sure' Mr. Ellingsworth sat with his head bowed days closing the negotiations for the emanating from the second had been on his hands, he knew it all; his home was purchase of Libby prison for the purpose carnestly discussed both publicly and Twenty-three Republican and sixdesolate i, his pride entraged. At the noise of removing it to Chicago, has turnd privately, unanimously closed its sest teen Democratic Senators voted for the he uncovered his race for a modern and looked up, and the cruel light falling on his over to the real estate agent having the sion by affirming the above recommen- Blair bill, and twelve Republicans and

wishes have been met. Instead of one strong, well-equipped experimental sta-We publish in this issue a call by 2 tion, in connection with the agricultural committee for subscriptions to build a college, we have three weak enes, at monument to 'Fighting Dick' Anderson. which a large per cent of their income General Anderson was undoubtedly one will be annually expended in 'doplicatof the bravest men in the Confederate ed officers. Instead of a real agricul-The girl started, and half turned as if to army, and we feel sure that all those tural college, separate and apart from escape. Then strange thoughts darted men in Fairfield who served under him the influences of the South Carolina College, where it was hoped boys would not only be educated and trained in the mysteries of successful agriculture and As the National Convention meets the made acquainted with the powerful le-5th of June, delegates will have to be vers of progressive farming. But where elected in May. That will necessitate our the allurements and inspirations of farm State Convention being called not later life would be constantly justified into than the 25th of May. The question their minds and from which we might that should now be discussed is this. hope to have a fair percentage of them Shall we have two State Conventons, or return to the avocations of their fathers,

It is for you to say whether or no your

Without claiming that all wisdom is with the farmers, it appears to me, as I' feel it must to you, that in these matters affecting us and cur interests first and foremost, our judgment and wishes Thus far there has been no mention should have been concurred in, not in f any candidates for the State offices. | the gradging and half-way manner in It is generally understood that Solici- which we have been recognized, but when the enactment of these measures Capt. Geo. E Prince, of Anderson, into laws would have entailed little or to the farmers of South Carolina, in As selicitor Duncan will not be a common with those of other States.

Who gainsays their right to say how

There are faint rumors of opposition this \$51,600 should be expended or largely through your labor that the The present indications are that Con- State has collected its taxes during the gressmen Cothran. Dibble. Hemphill five years immediately following our reing the above annual tax on fertilizers. Congressman Tillman will have a nor the constantly increasing income hard fight to get back to Washington. from phosphate royalties, the poll tax, It is said that the Hon. D S. Hender- the ordinary and special county taxes, tax, from which sources many millions Rumor has it that Gen. J. W. have been extorted from us since 1876. Candidates for county offices are ap- enormous sum of \$2.857.000, and in pearing in nearly all of the counties. _ | the past five years, (1887 not made up) the increasing sum of \$5,626,500. These vast sums have been freely given to every variety of purpose, from ice During the campaign in 1886 the tickets to canal digging, from soap and

And yet we are told that the State is leaving their farmer constituents to take justness of the demands made by your care of themselves as best they could. | convention, as witness the laws enlarg-Such extravagance as was practiced ing the board of agriculture and the anby our last Legislature was never before nex, and the establishment of experiknown under the rule of the Democracy, mental stations They diverted the and even the radical regime itself would | breeze you have stirred to the sailing of have paused at before passing. Will their boat. You are called upon to say the farmers of the State again support if the Legislature, which has just exsaw in the distance the head light such men for office? They should not; pired, voiced the sentiment of the maof the engine, which seemed to him a and if they will stop and think for a jority of the people of the State on these moment they will not. When a man questions. These measures were not has betrayed the trust reposed in him before the people when it was elected, he deserves no more consideration at and as a consequence it was voted for without reference to them Will you. Reform in the machinery of our State once disregarding the taunt that farmers government is necessary, and it can be will not stick together, unite in your them by some interrupted traveler, and in accomplished with ease if the right kind strength, numerically, financially and

> legislation on these matters. They are The politicians will make a desperate South Carolinians, equally interested are not of our profession and necessarily do not, and connot, think and feel as we do in reference to them. I would respectfully ask the press of

> > dress, that it may be considered by all of the farmers of the State. D. K. Norris, President Farmers' Asso'n of S. C. Hickory Fist, Feb 23.

Weather for March.

The Rev Mr. Hicke, who according able expenditure of means, which many to the Southern Calcivator, is the best could ill sflord, meant something more authority on the subject, one whose predictions have never failed, bas the The first of these conventious consid- following to say about March weather: 'Murch.' says Rev. Mr. Hicks, The second, more clearly perceiving topons with a February storm about

discressed face revealed the marks of age his property in hand \$5,825, being the dations, although before the vote was seventeen Democrats voted againts it. trangell course of life and sellish and com- amount of the first payment or one-fourth ordered, an earnest emplification had Party lines were pretty thoroughly bro-