

A LETTER.

"I am prepared for and expect the worst, so do not pity me if your pride and judgment decide that we must part. I have told you that I can bear it. My arrangements are made for leaving Benton the coming week, and if I must leave you also do not let me look upon you again. It would not be wise. I know well what your position demands, and I accept my destiny. God bless you always. Adieu."

Thus ended my answer to David Woolsey's proposal for my hand. He had never asked me to tell him of my former life, and I might have evaded it with him as I had with others, but I scorned to do that, so I sat down and coolly and deliberately told him all—how that poverty had followed me with a relentless hand and forced me into the hot and stifling factory when I was but 8 years old—would his pride cringe when he read that? I thought so—how that two years more found me working as a servant girl, and so, step by step, I wrote down for him the whole of my strangely checked life.

I was not disappointed when the week went by without his coming—I should certainly have been had it been otherwise, and it was with a steady and determined hand that I finished my preparations for leaving. I was going to Brierwood Brent as governess. My present needs would be supplied. That was some satisfaction, and if David Woolsey chose to take another for his bride, as I expected he would, all I could ask of him was to keep away from my eyes.

I stood out of doors the night before I left, looking over the dear old hills which had almost become a part of myself since my stay in Benton, and was bidding each a silent, tearful farewell, when I saw David Woolsey riding slowly by. I did not wait to think, but, raising my finger for him to stop, ran down through the yard into the street and reached up my hand in his.

"I go in the morning, David. Good-by."

"Have you nothing more for me?" His face grew whiter than this paper I am writing on while he spoke. I hardly understood him, but answered:

"Nothing more. May God keep you, David Woolsey."

He bent down until his breath floated over my face, looked full into my eyes, as though it were the last time—as indeed it was for many a day—then with a look of such superb scorn that it thrilled every nerve in my body he turned his horse's head and galloped away.

If we had parted friends, I believe I could have borne it better, though I did not hate him for his scorn. It was not possible for me to. My love for him was too full and perfect for that. I had told him that I could bear it, and should I allow the burden to crush me now? God knows I was very weak.

I found Brierwood Brent a quiet home. It was a quaint, curious pile, with its wide verandas, its odd looking wings and its high and sharply pointed arches. I had two pupils, both little girls, daughters of Mr. Bethel, my employer. Details are tedious, and I will not dwell upon them. Enough to know that I resolutely kept the past away from my mind and turned my attention to the present.

I had been there about six months when one evening there came a call for me. It was an unusual thing, for a governess has few acquaintances and fewer friends, but I did not stop to think who it was. If I had, I should, I suppose, have concluded that it was some one to see me on business, perhaps to hire a governess or something of the sort. I went directly to the parlor and found a Mr. Clayton there. I knew him by reputation as an honorable and influential man, but never spoke to him. Mrs. Bethel met me at the door, introduced us and left us alone. He commenced the conversation by saying:

"Miss Hyde, do not be startled at what I am going to say. I am a man of few words, and I came here tonight to ask you to be my wife. Your hand may not be free to bestow upon any one, but if it is have I any hope?"

It was a romantic courtship, wasn't it, reader? I did not say a word for fully five minutes, and then I said:

"I thank you, Mr. Clayton, for honoring me by asking for my hand. It is certainly unexpected, but I have an answer for you. I will be yours on one condition."

"Name it."

"That you never refer to or ask about my past. It has been very bitter, and it must slumber in its grave now. Enough that my character is unstained."

"I am satisfied. It shall be as you say. Tomorrow evening, with your consent, I will spend here. Good night." He bowed and left the room.

In six weeks I was married. Now, tonight, as I sit here with the moonlight flooding into my room and think over those years of my life, it seems like some brilliant, troubled dream. My ambition was aroused. It had been kept at bay all my life, but now it was unloosed, and, as love was nothing to me, that ruled my heart like an evil spirit. But let me tell you how I met David Woolsey again.

We, my husband and I, had received cards for a magnificent ball, and, as usual, we attended. During the evening, while I stood conversing with a group of gay ones, I felt a hand laid lightly upon my shoulder and turned to confront the lightning glance of David Woolsey. I knew I paled fearfully, but I did not lose my self command. He bent down to my ear and whispered, "Follow me in a few moments to the conservatory."

There was determination in his voice and something in his eyes which said, "Disobey if you dare!" I had no inclination to, at all events. I would have seen him there if it had cost me my life. While the rest were talking I glided from the room and went where he directed. He was waiting alone to receive me.

"I see that I am not forgotten, Mrs. Clayton. I am disappointed. How many hearts have you held and thrown away since mine lay upon your altar? How many?"

He came close to me and fairly flung the words into my face. What did he mean? Before I had time to reply he went on:

"I see that you have grown restless since we parted. I am restless, too, but—you see, I mean what I say—I will have quiet upon one subject tonight. As you hope for mercy hereafter tell me truly, Helen Hyde, whether you were trifling with me when you seemed to love me? No shrinking. I will know, I tell you!"

I answered him slowly and bitterly: "You demand to know perhaps what I have no right to say, but no matter. I loved you then, I love you now, and I shall love you always better than anything else upon earth. God is more merciful than man, and he may forgive me. If it is a sin, I cannot help it. But, David Woolsey, because you chose to sacrifice my heart to your ambition it"— He stopped me.

"I sacrifice! How?"

"Did you not receive a letter from me four days before I left Benton containing my life?"

"Never!"

It was explained now. Through somebody's carelessness it had been either mislaid or lost or found its way to the lead letter office. It made little difference which. I told him what I had written and what I had, of course, thought of him. And thus we parted forevermore.—New York News.

A Reporter's Mishap.

"A number of years ago," said a well known court official, "when United States Supreme Justice Brown was on the bench in this city, I was assigned as a member of the staff to interview the judge at his home out on Jefferson avenue. I recollect that as the servant ushered me into the hall I observed a lot of rugs scattered here and there and that as I stepped upon the clean spaces along the corridor I discovered that the floor was waxed to a magnificently slippery degree. I was forced to move with mincing caution far from graceful."

"Approaching the library door I saw a rug—a white bear skin, I believe, and resolved to make a leap over it. With a spring I vaulted, my foot landed on the rug, the rug slid away and down I went flat upon the floor. Meanwhile Judge Brown had arisen from his library table and, noticing my mishap, he began laughing. Reaching me, he helped me to my feet and remarked with assumed dignity:

"Look here, sir. Don't you know that in this age, this land and this house, such servile formality is not at all necessary?"

"And then I got my interview and found it an agreeable undertaking."—Detroit Free Press.

The Sword Walking Trick.

"I had a little party of Jap jugglers on the road in 1891," said an electrical manager, "and got on to a good many of their tricks. Most of them were surprisingly simple in reality, and one that I don't remember ever having seen explained was the feat of walking barefooted up a ladder of sharp swords. The swords were of the native straight bladed shape and were so keen that they would easily slice a handkerchief in two in mid air.

"Before sticking them through the uprights to form the ladder the head Jap always passed his thumb along the edge of each from hilt to tip. As he did so he drew out a narrow steel tape which was coiled on a spring in the handle. The tape had a hole in the end which caught on the point and held it in place, and it completely shielded the edge. After the walking was over it was quietly released as the swords were being taken out and flew up into the handle again. The weapon could then be passed around for inspection. Most people supposed that the Jap used some chemical to toughen his soles, but the truth was as I have stated."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Story of Cullom.

Just at the busy time one afternoon when the crowds from the departments packed the cars a tired looking man with a painful limp came in with the crowd at the Fifteenth street transfer station and stood clinging to a strap just in front of Senator Cullom. The senator looked up, and, seeing the weary face, instantly rose and offered his seat. The man demurred. The senator insisted.

"Sit down, sit down," said he cheerily. "You mustn't stand; sit down." The man sank into the seat, and the tall Illinoisan contented himself with a strap. From beneath a great poppy laden hat the bright eyes of a little girl, near whom he stood, peered up at him eagerly. At last he looked down and saw her.

"Won't you take my seat?" she said politely. The senator smiled down at her and shook his head.

"No, thank you, child," he said. "You mustn't ever give up your seat to a man. It sets a bad example."—Chicago Tribune.

Photographing by Heat.

A sensitive plate exposed to dark heat waves will ultimately become affected. With the plate still covered the same result would occur from light waves, such as proceed from the sunlight. A fair test is to expose an aluminum disk to their action. X rays penetrate this metal, and it is probable that heat waves and others can affect the photographic plate.

Hardly Sentimental.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's sense of the ridiculous has always been a saving grace, leading her to avoid grandiloquence.

On one occasion a lady at Newport, trying to get a fine sentiment out of her, said one moonlit evening on a vine hung veranda, "Mrs. Howe, do say something lovely about my piazza!" Whereupon every one listened for the reply.

ANTS AS FIGHTERS.

THE TINY WARRIORS ARE FEROCIOUS IN BATTLE.

So Vicious Are They That Even the Largest Animals Dare Not Meet Them in Combat—A Man Whom Their Bites Made a Raving Maniac.

"I was one of six American miners who were routed from their camp by a Venezuelan ant army," said a mining expert who lately arrived from Venezuela. "We retreated before the invaders without making a fight, and for two good reasons. In the first place we would have got the worst of the encounter, and, secondly, we knew that if we let them alone they would do us a good service.

"Shortly after dawn one Sunday our native cook burst in upon us with the news that we were about to be attacked by an army of ants. We had heard enough about ant armies to know what to do. We arose hastily, and every ounce of provisions that was not sealed in cans or in jars was hurriedly piled on a table, the four legs of which were immersed in as many basins of water. Every maneuver that is known to the armies of civilized humans you may safely expect from an ant army, but the little black warriors have never learned to swim. Our provisions thus protected, we left the camp to itself and went out to reconnoiter for the invaders and to watch their assault from a distance. The army was making fair time. An irregular patch of black 10 feet wide and double as long was swarming steadily toward our camp. As the army was in no way disturbed by our presence it was possible to approach its lines closely. There must have been millions upon millions of little soldiers marching hip to hip. At the head marched the leader. On went the army, up the posts of the camp and then within.

"Once within, the army spread itself in all directions, forming hundreds of little attacking parties. The camp was an old palm thatched affair and so infested with scorpions, centipeds and spiders that we had been on the point of destroying it. Now, however, the ants had come and would clean house for us, and therefore they were welcome. The ants swarmed up the joists and the dry leafy walls, and wherever there was a spider or a bug there was a brief tussle and a dead foe. But there was bigger game in store for the invaders.

"The star battle was with an immense centiped, one of the bluish gray kind, about seven inches long and as big around as your middle finger. He darted out of a hole like a blue streak, evidently trusting to his speed and superior strength to run through the enemy's ranks. But he didn't go three feet before he was stopped. Ants literally covered him. He turned on himself and swept them from his back, but before he had gone another three feet he was buried beneath another swarm of his plucky assailants. And then began a fight to the death. Again and again he swept his tormentors from his back while from all sides hurried streams of ants to take the place of fallen comrades. The wriggling of the big fellow became less violent as the fight progressed, and finally, after an effort, which I well knew was a desperate last one, he remained quiet while what little life was left in him was bitten out of him. Later, when the army had retreated and when we had swept up the centipeds and scorpions and lizards and a tarantula which the ant army had vanquished, we put the hero of the star battle under a quartz magnifying glass. The bodies of dead ants still clung to their foe. From his back, from his legs, from wherever there was a chance for a hold, the bodies of ants dangled, holding on, I suppose, by their teeth.

"Perhaps you wonder what would happen to a man who would undertake to fight an army of ants, assuming, of course, that the man relies on his natural means of defense—his hands and feet. I can best illustrate that by the rare story of an unfortunate who was brought to a hospital in Caracas shortly before my return home. The man was a coolie who had worked on a cocoa plantation in a creek not far from Caracas. Following a habit of some of his countrymen, the coolie, owing to the heat, had left his camp and stretched himself on the ground to sleep outdoors. Exactly what followed no one can say with certainty. Presumably he was surrounded and covered by an army of ants before he awakened. At dawn the shrieks and cries of a man in agony aroused the inmates of the camp, who ran out to learn the cause.

"The man was gesticulating wildly and calling for help, while he squirmed and writhed and slapped his face and neck and chest and legs in a mad effort to slap himself all over at once. He was standing in the midst of an army of ants and was too distracted with pain to run away. Then he did exactly what a panther or leopard does when he is being overcome. The man threw himself to the ground to roll his tormentor to death. A single active white man could have saved the poor wretch, but the stupefied, barelegged coolies dared not, or thought not, of rescue, while the victim himself was too crazed with agony to seek other than instant relief. From a slight personal experience I know the poor fellow was burning in a fire which would take hours to kill him.

"Finally a bystander regained his wits and rushed into the midst of the army and dragged the man after him and threw him into the creek. The rescue came too late. The victim became unconscious. His velvety, brown skin was a pink mass of raw bites. When he came to the hospital, he was bound hand and foot, a maniac, whose continuous noise was that he was being eaten by ants."—New York Sun.

Most people who rob Peter to pay Paul forget the last part of the contract.—New York News.

THE END OF A BANDIT.

HOW SAM BASS MET A VIOLENT DEATH IN A TEXAS TOWN.

The Shooting of the Notorious Desperado Was the Outcome of a Deliberate Murder Committed by One of His Gang of Outlaws.

"In the little town of Round Rock, in Williamson county, Tex., not more than 30 miles distant from Austin, repose the remains of one of the most desperate highwaymen that ever operated in our section," said Mr. I. N. Crocker of the Lone Star State to a reporter.

"It was in the spring of 1873 that Sam Bass met his fate in this sleepy little town, and when he died with his boots on the southwest was rid of a criminal who was easily the peer of Jesse James, though he hadn't quite as long a run as that noted outlaw. Bass was a product of Michigan—at least, his sister, a gentle girl, came down from some town in that state to see that his body was decently interred.

"Bass had collected about him a company of as hardened thieves as ever engineered a hold up. The gang had robbed a number of trains in Missouri and Arkansas and concluded they would make one more good haul in Texas before riding across the border into Mexico, where they proposed to stay in retirement for a season.

"Bass had planned the looting of the only bank at Round Rock as an easier job and doubtless a better paying one than tackling a train, which feat had been performed too often to be thoroughly safe. By changing his programme to raiding a village bank there might be more lucre and less risk.

"So on that lovely morning in May when he and his fellow thieves rode into the unsuspecting town they chuckled to think what an easy job it would be to transfer the bank's cash to their pockets. So thoroughly certain were they of getting off with the plunder that they were in no haste about the matter. One wanted to get a shave, another went into a restaurant and so they scattered singly over the place, but there was an understanding as to the time of attack, and a rendezvous was fixed upon.

"Meanwhile, unknown to the bandits, a squad of mounted Texas rangers had been pressing hard upon the trail of the bad men, and within an hour after the Bass outfit entered Round Rock Sergeant Dick Ware, with eight or ten rangers, also reached the scene. He wasn't aware of the presence of the robbers, nor did they dream that the officers of the law were in that vicinity. Neither did any citizen of the town have the remotest idea of the identity of certain rough looking men, strangers in the place. But they might be cowboys from some distant west Texas cattle ranch, for the presence of such was too common to occasion notice.

"The climax came quite by accident. One of the ruffians who had sauntered into a store to make a few purchases, in reaching for his purse to make payment, disclosed a big Colt's revolver. The Texas law against carrying guns was strict, and it so happened that the man who saw the weapon was none other than the town marshal, as brave a fellow as ever lived. He walked up to the desperado and said quite courteously:

"My friend, I'll have to relieve you of that six shooter."

"I'll give it to you, then," said the robber with an oath, and in a second had drawn his weapon and fired upon the marshal, who fell dead at the report.

"Upon this the robber rushed out of the store, and immediately his comrades came running to the spot, but no faster than did the rangers with their Winchesters, ready for action. In a second it seemed as if both sides had the situation revealed, and the robbers turned to run to where their horses stood tied, a block from where the murder of the marshal occurred. Before he had run 50 yards Dick Ware had sent a bullet into the head of Barnes, Bass' lieutenant, which laid the highwayman low.

"Bass, mortally wounded, managed to get upon his horse, which he urged to breakneck speed. The animal ran for about three miles till he reached the open prairie and stopped to graze. As he did so his rider, unable to sit longer in the saddle from loss of blood, fell to the ground.

"When they found him a few hours later, he was dying. He recognized Sergeant Ware as the man who had killed him and said he wanted Ware to have his horse. He regretted their procrastination in robbing the bank, for if they had only known the rangers were so near they could have finished the job and escaped."—Washington Post.

In the Ideal Society.

In the ideal society the host will not entertain the stranger guest with astonishing statements of the money getting achievement of his neighbors and fellow revelers. When a noble portrait painted by some great foreign artist of the host's wife or daughter is exhibited, the guest will not be allowed to know the amount of the check rendered in lieu of it. If the host has written a rather successful book upon political economy or finance, he will not confide the retail price of the volume in question when about to offer to present a copy to his friend. If a man takes a stranger for a drive behind a beautiful and covetable pair of well bred horses, the stranger will not need to know the price paid for them in order to appreciate their merits. If a new room—some grand salon fitted with tapestries from a decayed palace of the old world—is thrown open, the astonishing cost of these sumptuous draperies will not be whispered about among the guests. When a lovely woman is pointed out at a ball, the chain of jewels around her swanlike neck will not be appraised by her exhibitor. I almost think that, in your ideal society, there should be no such word as dollar.—North American Review.

Fish as Fighters.

The inhabitants of Cochinchina and Siam have known the fighting capacity of a savage little fish for many years, and have long been in the habit of making matches between those owned by different men, just as Mexicans match gamecocks and some Americans and Englishmen bull pups. When a match is made the parties to it having laid their bets bring their specimens of the fierce little Betta pugnax in globes of water. Both are put into one globe and without a moment's hesitation they fly at each other and do not cease fighting until one of the combatants is killed by the other.

It is only a year or two since specimens of this fish were brought to Paris, but now many are owned in Paris, and it is said that the demand for good specimens is constantly on the increase. They are beautifully spotted with red and blue and would attract attention in any aquarium by their colors alone. The savage nature beset the beauty would hardly be suspected.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

No Cure For Seasickness.

Notice should be taken of the efforts which have from time to time been made by the marine architect to mitigate the miseries of seasickness. He has doubled his ship, he has slung his ship as in a cradle. To no purpose. The life of the channel steward remains an arduous one. Seasickness is not to be conquered by the shipwright. If it was merely the rolling motion that creates nausea, then a hammock or a cot would be as sure a relief as a twin ship or a cradle hung saloon. Seasickness is caused by the several motions of the sea combined, and the worst of these movements the builder cannot possibly deal with—I mean the trough into which the ship falls, and the liquid acclivity to whose frothing head she leaps.—Clark Russell in Pall Mall Gazette.

Missed the Opportunity.

Mrs. Bargane—Have't you got a toothache, John?

Mr. Bargane—No, my dear. Why?

Mrs. Bargane—Oh, I am so sorry that you have not. I bought a new toothache cure today at a bargain, and I wanted you to try it.—Baltimore Jewish Comment.

What to Say About the Baby.

The wise bachelor who is called upon to compliment the new heir of his wedded friend can make himself popular by declaring with emphasis, "Well, that is a baby." There is no gainsaying that. It isn't a bit complimentary and sounds like strong praise.—Philadelphia Times.

Atlantic Coast Line.

WILMINGTON, COLUMBIA AND ANNE ARUNDEL RAILROAD.

Condensed Schedule.

Dated April 17, 1893.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Table with columns: Train No., Departure Time, Arrival Times. Includes routes to Florence, Sumter, Columbia, and Charleston.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

Table with columns: Train No., Departure Time, Arrival Times. Includes routes from Florence, Sumter, Columbia, and Charleston.

Atlantic Coast Line Railroad.

Company of South Carolina.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

In effect November 20th, 1898.

SOUTHBOUND.

Table with columns: Train No., Departure Time, Arrival Times. Includes routes to Florence, Kingstree, and Charleston.

NORTHBOUND.

Table with columns: Train No., Departure Time, Arrival Times. Includes routes from Florence, Kingstree, and Charleston.

Atlantic Coast Line Railroad.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

In effect November 20th, 1898.

SOUTHBOUND.

Table with columns: Train No., Departure Time, Arrival Times. Includes routes to Florence, Kingstree, and Charleston.

NORTHBOUND.

Table with columns: Train No., Departure Time, Arrival Times. Includes routes from Florence, Kingstree, and Charleston.

Southern Railway.



Condensed Schedule in Effect June 11th, 1899.

Table with columns: Train No., Eastern Time, No. 6, No. 12, Daily, Daily. Includes routes to Charleston, Summerville, Branchville, Orangeburg, and Kingville.

Table with columns: Train No., Eastern Time, No. 6, No. 12, Daily, Daily. Includes routes to Camden Junction, Camden, Columbia, and Augusta.

Table with columns: Train No., Eastern Time, No. 6, No. 12, Daily, Daily. Includes routes to Allendale, Barnwell, and Batesburg.

Atlanta and Beyond.

Table with columns: Train No., Eastern Time, No. 6, No. 12, Daily, Daily. Includes routes to Charleston, Augusta, Atlanta, and Chattanooga.

To Asheville-Cincinnati-Louisville.

Table with columns: Train No., Eastern Time, No. 6, No. 12, Daily, Daily. Includes routes to Asheville, Knoxville, Cincinnati, and Louisville.

To Washington and the East.

Table with columns: Train No., Eastern Time, No. 6, No. 12, Daily, Daily. Includes routes to Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia.

Atlantic Coast Line.

North-Eastern R. R. of S. C.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

Table with columns: Train No., Departure Time, Arrival Times. Includes routes to Florence, Kingstree, and Charleston.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Table with columns: Train No., Departure Time, Arrival Times. Includes routes to Florence, Kingstree, and Charleston.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

Table with columns: Train No., Departure Time, Arrival Times. Includes routes from Florence, Kingstree, and Charleston.

Atlantic Coast Line Railroad.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

In effect November 20th, 1898.

SOUTHBOUND.

Table with columns: Train No., Departure Time, Arrival Times. Includes routes to Florence, Kingstree, and Charleston.

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