

## How Jack Forbes Was Avenged.

BY MAX ADELER.

Everybody agreed that Jack Forbes had not been treated fairly. The squire, the clergyman, the cackling old ladies at the sewing bee, the baker, the milkman, the members of the Cecilia society, in fact all the prominent people of Banglebury, admitted that the treatment which Jack Forbes had received from Jenny Brown was the roughest that had ever been inflicted upon a clever young man by a good looking girl.

The whole story was as follows: In May Miss Brown had come to Banglebury fresh from a winter's gaiety in the city, where her parents lived. It was whispered about that she was sent to the village to remain with her uncle, Judge Bates, in order to separate her from a youth who had made a deep impression upon her at home. But this was merely a rumor, which seemed to be denied by the light heartedness and joyous spirits of the fair maiden.

At any rate it did not deter Mr. Forbes from falling in love with her after a very brief acquaintance and showing her that devoted attention which is the usual method of expressing such a tender passion.

Miss Jenny received these little demonstrations as if she liked them, and although Forbes never could get his courage quite up to the point of declaration he did not entertain a single doubt of her devotion to him. Night after night he took her to concerts and lectures and singing schools and societies, dancing and singing with her and walking home with her in the moonlight and the starlight, with his heart knocking at his ribs as if it was bent upon fracturing them and his soul so full of tender fear that he could talk of nothing but the most absurdly commonplace and prosy subjects.

Of course Forbes behaved very foolishly. He could not reasonably expect Miss Brown to parade around the country with him forever without having an understanding, particularly when the whole village talked about the matter, and Forbes therefore had no right to complain when Mr. Dulcitt, the new singing master, soon after his arrival in the town, began to trespass in Forbes' bailiwick and to engage an unpleasantly large share of Miss Brown's time and attention.

Mr. Dulcitt was a mild young man, with light hair and weak eyes, which were protected by spectacles. He had a room at Mrs. Megonagall's, where he used to practice upon the flute until the other boarders would rage and tear up and down the entries and consign Dulcitt and his flute to a place which Dulcitt, we sincerely hope, will never reach and where a flute under any circumstances would be entirely useless.

But Dulcitt's strong point was vocalism. He could sing with such tremendous power that people wondered how he contrived to get so great a volume out of so small a body. A rumor spread abroad that his legs were hollow and constructed like organ pipes and that he had bellows in his boots. However, he was a good singer. There was no manner of doubt about that, and when he stood up in front of his class in the town hall and led them through some spirited choruses he created so much enthusiasm for himself that the miserable Mr. Forbes cowered in the back part of the room, so angry that he could hardly help along the chorus with that dreadful bass voice of his.

But his anger was mere good humor at such times to the ferocious rage with which he regarded the mild eyed Dulcitt when he descended from the platform and beamed through his spectacles upon Jenny as he offered her his arm and swept her past poor old Forbes without even a glance at his rival. To make matters worse, everybody in the class understood the situation, and all eyes were turned upon Jack to see how he would bear it.

Everybody considered Miss Jenny's conduct highly improper. The young ladies thought so because Mr. Dulcitt had neglected them. The young gentlemen entertained the opinion because each man had a private impression that such behavior would have been justifiable only if Jack had been forsaken for him.

One cold night in December the Cecilia society met to practice some music for a concert which was to be given during the holidays. Dulcitt and all the members of his singing school were present. After the rehearsal Dulcitt and Miss Brown went away arm in arm, as usual. Forbes decided to bring matters to a crisis that very night. He resolved to watch the house of Judge Bates until Dulcitt and Miss Brown should part at the front door

and then to plunge in and propose to his fair deluder at once. He lived next door to the judge, and so, putting his hat firmly on his head, he left the hall and darted quickly around through a back street, so that he might reach home before Dulcitt and Jenny arrived.

As he entered the gate of his front yard and sat down in the darkness of the porch he saw them coming slowly down the street. His dog ran up to him and began to caper about and bark, but Jack forced him to lie down beside him and keep quiet while his rival approached with his enslaver.

They came very deliberately and passed by, conversing in such soft tones that the wretched listener could not understand a word. She reached the judge's door. Dulcitt stood and talked for awhile, Forbes meantime shivering with cold and impatient for his departure. But after a little parley Dulcitt actually went into the house. Jack Forbes groaned aloud, and then, after giving his dog a kick that sent him howling away behind the house, Jack cleared the fence at a bound and was in Judge Bates' garden.

The judge had his library room upon the second floor, and Mr. Forbes had just got beneath the window when the lamp was lighted and Miss Jenny appeared in the act of removing her bonnet. It was a mean thing to do—a mean thing even for a desperate lover—but Forbes decided to clamber into the tree that stood by the window so that he might look with his own eyes upon the perfidy of the woman to whom he had given his love. After a series of difficult gymnastics, during which he tore his coat and knocked the skin off his hands, he reached a place from which he could peer into the room. Yes, there was Jenny, sitting in front of the fire, and Dulcitt by her side, with his arm on the back of her chair, with his glasses turned full upon her and his faded eyes gazing at her just as Jack's used to gaze. Forbes felt his heart sink within him at this spectacle, but he was determined to sit on that limb all night if it was necessary in order to see all that happened and to ascertain precisely how matters stood. Hardly had he formed the resolution when Jenny came to the window and pulled down the curtain.

"It's of no use," said Jack in despair, and he began to descend the tree, when the door of the house opened, and somebody came out. It was so dark that Jack could only distinguish a figure which he thought resembled that of the judge. The judge walked toward the stable, whistling meanwhile to a large dog that accompanied him. Jack had heard the judge express his determination to procure a dog to protect that very stable. Doubtless this was the animal.

"But the best thing for me to do will be to keep quiet until the judge goes in," said Jack. To his horror, however, he saw dimly the figure of the dog coming toward the tree, and a moment later the animal stood beneath him, barking loudly. Jack thought then he should surely be discovered. But no, strange to say—the judge walked slowly back to the house and closed the door, leaving his dog under the tree. After barking a few moments more the brute lay down and seemed determined to make a night of it. Mr. Forbes, from his cool and lofty perch, regarded the indistinct black figure beneath him with anguish.

"Good gracious!" he said. "Suppose the confounded brute should stay there all night!" Then he thought he would wait until the dog got to sleep and creep gently down without waking him. Ten, 15, 20 minutes passed, with Jack blowing the fingers of one hand while with the other he balanced himself on the limb. He began to descend. But at the very first motion the dog leaped up and began barking again. He tried the experiment a second time, and just as the ferocious brute stretched himself upon the ground after another demonstration Jack caught sight of two shadows kissing each other upon the curtain. Then the light was turned out, and presently he heard the front door open and saw Dulcitt dance along beneath the street lamp as if he were practicing a fandango.

It occurred to the unfortunate Mr. Forbes to call to him. "But no!" ejaculated Forbes. "I will freeze into solid ice first! Hang me if I don't!" And he stamped on the limb so violently that it roused the dog, who barked savagely.

"Let us try what kindness will do," said Mr. Forbes, making that peculiar noise which resembles the sound of kissing—a noise which is supposed to soothe a dog, but which cannot be written. "Poor fellow! Poor old dog! Come here, poor fellow!" (Kissing noise again, then a whistle.) But the dog barked more vociferously than ever and pranced around the tree as if the only boon he wanted in this life was a chance to bite a chop from Mr. Forbes' leg.

"Here, Pont! Here, old fellow!" (Kissing noise again.) "Come here, old dog! Here, poor fellow! Here, Jack!"

(More violent demonstrations of bloodthirstiness on the part of the now frantic animal.) "Here, Jack, here! Rats, rats, rats! Ketch 'em Jack!" exclaimed Mr. Forbes, with the ingenuity of despair. Rats were not the game wanted at that moment apparently by "Jack." Meditation upon the succulency of Mr. Forbes' calf seemed to have filled him with frenzy, for he capered and howled and howled and capered worse than ever.

"Lie down, sir!" said Jack, trying a new plan. "Lie down, sir! Keep quiet! Go home! Go home, I tell you!" And he descended two or three feet upon the tree. This seemed to make the animal more outrageous, for now he leaped up the trunk and tried his very best to get even a nip at Mr. Forbes' boots, barking all the time as if he had been wound up and his vocal apparatus was kept going with a spring.

So Jack climbed back to the most comfortable place he could find, reluctantly convinced that he should have to stay in the tree until morning.

He seated himself astride of a limb, with his back against the trunk, and put his hands in his pockets to keep them warm. Presently the dog became quiet, and Jack sat there looking up at the stars, which seemed to wink at him through the frosty air as if to say: "Got you now, old fellow. Nice fix you're in, isn't it?"

Then he began to think about trees in general. He thought of William Penn's treaty tree and of the picture that he had seen of the proscribed royalist hid in a hollow tree, and he wished Jenny would only come down stairs and hand him something warm and comfortable. He remembered that cheerful anecdote which relates how the coon which was treed by Captain Scott of Kentucky promised to come down if the captain would not shoot, and Mr. Forbes thought what a lucky coon it was to be able to come down when it chose. And there was the old story about Charles II hiding in an oak, with the soldiers beneath looking for him. Jack thought that he would rather have a whole hostile army encamped under that tree of his at the present moment than that infernal dog, which lay there as calm and quiet as if nothing were the matter.

Then the stars began to dance about in the sky and to multiply, and Jack caught himself nodding and dreaming so that once he nearly lost his balance and fell. He had always heard that sleepiness was a symptom of freezing to death. So he jumped up and began clambering up and down the branches to keep himself warm. This set the dog to barking again, and it made such a fearful racket that at last Judge Bates flung up his window and threw a missile of some kind at the animal, accompanied with an angry word or two. Jack could stand it no longer. So he cried out:

"Judge! Judge Bates!" "Hello! Who's there?" said the judge nervously. "I—Jack Forbes. I am up this tree, and I can't get down because of this confounded dog of yours!" "Of mine? I have no dog," said the judge.

"Well, at any rate there's a ferocious dog here, and I can't get down. I am freezing to death, actually freezing," said Jack pathetically. "Wait a moment until I get dressed," said the judge, closing the window.

In five minutes or ten the judge came to the door with a lantern in his hand, while Mrs. Bates and Jenny Brown and the three servant girls stood at their respective windows, wrapped in shawls, surveying the scene with eager and excited interest.

The judge came forward cautiously and spoke to the dog. It leaped toward him instantly. The judge laughed.

"Why, Jack, this is your own dog!" he said.

"No; that can't be!" replied Jack. "But it is, though," said the judge, convulsed with laughter and holding the lantern close to the brute.

It was too true. Forbes, in his nervousness and fear, had mistaken the friendly capers and yelps of the dog for manifestations of ferocity on the part of some other animal.

Mr. Forbes slid down from the tree hastily, but sadly, and while he explained the whole matter frankly to the judge, begging him to say nothing about it, the judge laughed so violently that Mrs. Bates and Jenny came running down stairs, thinking he had a hysterical fit. And Mr. Forbes climbed over the fence hurriedly and went shivering to bed without even saying good night to the family.

## CONDENSED STORIES.

The Baby Faced Field Marshal Accepted the Invitation.

Speaking about General Pole-Carew, says a writer in a London periodical, reminds me of the time when he was on Lord (then Sir Frederick) Roberts' staff as military secretary. He wore colonel's badges and looked like a junior subaltern. It was in Quetta in 1888 at a public ball that I saw him leaning against a wall with his arms folded and looking his handsomest. To him strode up a



"COME AND TAKE A DRINK."

burly major of Bombay infantry who looked old enough to be Carew's father. Thumping a heavy hand on his 'senior' officer's shoulder, he growled out in a voice of thunder:

"Here, you, with the face of a baby and the rank of a field marshal, come and have a drink."

Pole-Carew's face was a study, but at the roar of laughter which followed from all who heard there was no help for it, and he went. He was certainly one of the youngest looking colonels I ever saw.

Corn pone, old fashioned and appetizing, was introduced in the house restaurant more than ten years ago by Congressman Livingston of Georgia. The congressman is an authority on corn bread and an artist in cooking it.

"When I first came to congress," said Mr. Livingston, "I thought I would starve because I could not get corn bread. I imagined I could feel my backbone and stomach growing together. The corn bread I had served to me was positively not fit to eat. It was watery, close and clammy."

"I hunted up the proprietor of the house restaurant—the poor fellow, peace to his ashes, is now dead—and told him I wanted to send to Georgia for some water ground cornmeal and that, with his permission, I would teach his chef how to cook a corn pone and hoe cake. My proposition was agreed to, and, sir, I didn't wait to write, but I telegraphed for a bushel of meal."

"In a few days the express company dumped a sack of meal off at the house restaurant for me. I untied the string and took a long whiff. The aroma was sweeter than that of any flower that ever bloomed. I was so desperately hungry that I couldn't lose time showing the chef how to make the pone, but made it myself. I brought Judge Crisp, Tom Grimes, Allen Sander and others of the Georgia delegation down with me to the restaurant, and we had a feast."

"Well, the result was that I taught the chef how to cook pones and hoe cakes, and there were many sacks of meal shipped from Georgia to the house restaurant."

Against the Stage. Not long since John M. East, the noted English actor was touring the provinces with a company playing "An Ideal Husband" and overheard a woman give a practical reason for not attending the performance, relates the Chicago Chronicle. She was examining the bills outside the theater.

"An—an husband!" Mr. East heard her mutter. "I've got one of that sort at home. I don't pay my money to go in there!"

On another occasion Mr. East wished to produce a little sketch he had written for the music hall stage. A dog was necessary for the action of the piece. He searched the columns of The Exchange and Mart and finally entered into communication with a lady at Streatham who was anxious to dispose of a big Newfoundland. At the end of a lengthy interview Mr. East casually mentioned that he wanted to use the dog in a variety sketch. The lady looked blank. He explained—a little play, a dramatic performance—but the lady cut him short. "Good morning!" she exclaimed, opening the door. "I could never think of allowing my Ponto to go on the stage!"

Two hundred bushels of potatoes remove eighty pounds of "actual" Potash from the soil. Unless this quantity is returned to the soil, the following crop will materially decrease.

We have books telling about composition, use and value of fertilizers for various crops. They are sent free.

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau St., New York.



Schedule of the RALEIGH & CAPE FEAR RAILROAD. IN EFFECT JUNE 2, 1901.

SOUTH BOUND TRAINS.

STATIONS.	No. 5 Wednesday and Friday	No. 3 Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday	No. 1 Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Lv. Raleigh	7:00	4:00	7:00
Caraleigh Junction	7:05	4:05	7:05
Caraleigh Mills	7:15	4:10	7:15
Sylva	7:20	4:15	7:20
Barnes	7:25	4:20	7:25
Hobby's	7:30	4:25	7:30
McCullers	8:00	4:40	7:47
Banks	8:05	4:45	7:50
Austin	8:06	4:48	7:51
Willow Springs	8:25	5:00	8:05
Sextons	8:40	5:10	8:20
Ar. Sippahaw	8:50	5:15	8:25

NORTH BOUND TRAINS.

STATIONS.	No. 2 Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday	No. 4 Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday	No. 6 Wednesday and Friday
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Lv. Sippahaw	8:40	5:30	3:30
Sextons	8:45	5:35	3:35
Willow Springs	8:55	5:45	3:50
Austin	9:05	5:50	4:00
Banks	9:10	5:53	4:05
McCullers	9:25	6:05	4:30
Hobby's	9:30	6:25	4:35
Barnes	9:35	6:30	4:40
Sylva	9:45	6:40	4:50
Caraleigh Mills	9:55	6:55	5:00
Caraleigh Junction	10:05	7:05	5:10
Ar. Raleigh	10:10	7:15	5:15

All schedule trains carry passengers. Approved: JOHN A. MILLS, Pres. and Gen. Man.

NOTICE!

The undersigned having qualified as Administrator on the estate of Alcey Crumpler, deceased, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me duly verified on or before the 14th day of June, 1901, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment.

This 10th day of June, 1901. A. C. CRUMPLER, Administrator.

June 14—6w-pd.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.

NORTH CAROLINA—Johnston County. Notice is hereby given that the Secretary of State has issued to E. J. Holt, T. R. Crocker, H. D. Ellington and S. S. Holt a certificate of incorporation as follows: 1st. Name, Holt Hardware and Buggy Co. 2nd. Purpose, General Hardware and Merchandise, Vehicles Manufacture and Repair Shops, &c. 3rd. Place of Business, Smithfield, N. C. 4th. Duration, 30 years. 5th. Capital, \$10,000. Shares \$100 each. 6th. Stockholders not individually liable. W. S. STEVENS, Clerk Superior Court.

NOTICE!

The undersigned having qualified as administrator on the estate of C. H. Pearce, deceased, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me duly verified on or before the 10th day of May, 1901, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment.

This 7th day of May 1901. D. H. WALLACE, Administrator.

May 10—6w-pd.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.

NORTH CAROLINA, Johnston County. Notice is hereby given that the Secretary of State on the 30th day of April 1901 issued a certificate of incorporation to W. M. Sanders, W. L. Woodall and others under the name and for the purpose, etc., as follows: 1. Name, Smithfield Improvement Co. 2. Place of business, Smithfield, N. C. 3. Purpose, To erect hotel and buy and sell real estate. 4. Existence, sixty years. 5. Capital stock, \$5,000 to commence when \$5,000 is subscribed. 6. Value per share, \$100. W. S. STEVENS, C. S. C.

NOTICE!

The undersigned having qualified as executor on the estate of George B. Bridges, deceased, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me duly verified on or before the 17th day of May 1901, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment.

This 15th day of May 1901. ANDERSON GOWER, Exr. P. O. Lemay, N. C.

WHITE'S BLACK LINIMENT.

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G. P. A.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WILMINGTON & WELDON RAILROAD

And Branches

AND FLORENCE RAILROAD.

(Condensed Schedule.)

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Dated January 15, 1901.	No. 1 daily	No. 2 daily	No. 3 daily	No. 4 daily	No. 5 daily	No. 6 daily
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Lv. Weldon	11:30	8:58	7:10	4:26		
Ar. Rocky Mt.	1:00	9:32				
Lv. Tarboro	12:21	6:00				
Lv. Rocky Mt.	1:05	10:32	6:37	5:15	12:22	
Lv. Weldon	1:29	10:40	7:10	5:47	12:46	
Lv. Selma	2:55	11:18				
Lv. Fayetteville	4:30	12:35				
Ar. Florence	P. M.	A. M.				
Ar. Goldsboro		7:55				
Lv. Goldsboro			7:45	6:30		
Lv. Magnolia			7:51	6:36		
Ar. Wilmington			9:30	4:00		

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

Dated July 22, 1899.	No. 1 daily	No. 2 daily	No. 3 daily	No. 4 daily	No. 5 daily	No. 6 daily
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Lv. Florence	9:50	7:35				
Lv. Fayetteville	12:15	9:41				
Lv. Selma	1:50	10:15				
Ar. Weldon	2:25	12:15				
Lv. Wilmington			7:00	4:30		
Lv. Magnolia			8:30	11:36		
Lv. Goldsboro			9:37	12:28		
Lv. Weldon	P. M.	A. M.				
Lv. Rocky Mt.	2:35	5:33	12:13	10:48	1:18	
Ar. Rocky Mt.	3:30	6:10	12:45	11:52	1:48	
Ar. Tarboro		7:46				
Lv. Tarboro	2:31					
Lv. Rocky Mt.	3:50	12:07				
Ar. Weldon	4:32	1:00				

Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, York Division Main Line—Train leaves Wilmington 9:00 a. m., arrives Fayetteville 12:05 p. m., leaves Fayetteville 12:25 p. m., arrives Sanford 1:30 p. m., returning leaves Sanford 3:30 p. m., arrives Fayetteville 4:25 p. m., leaves Fayetteville 4:50 p. m., arrives Wilmington 9:25 p. m.

Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, Bennettsville Branch—Train leaves Bennettsville 5:16 a. m., Maxton 9:05 a. m., Red Springs 9:53 a. m., Parkton 10:41 a. m., Hope Mills 10:55 a. m., arrives Fayetteville 11:10 a. m., returning leaves Fayetteville 4:45 p. m., Hope Mills 5:00 p. m., Red Springs 5:45 p. m., Maxton 6:16 p. m., arrives Bennettsville 7:15 p. m.

Connections at Fayetteville with train No. 78, at Maxton with the Carolina Central Railroad, at Red Springs with the Red Springs and Bowmore railroad, at Sanford with the Seacoast Air Line, Southern Railway, and with the Durham and Charlotte Railroad.

Train on the Scott and Neck Branch Road leaves Weldon 3:55 p. m., Halifax 4:17 p. m., arrives Seaside 4:40 p. m., returning leaves Seaside 6:57 p. m., Kingston 7:55 p. m., returning leaves Kingston 7:50 a. m., Greenville 8:52 a. m., arriving Halifax at 11:35 a. m., Weldon 11:35 a. m., except Sunday.

Trains on Washington Branch leaves Washington 8:10 a. m. and 2:30 p. m., arrives Farmville 9:10 a. m. and 4:00 p. m., returning leaves Farmville 9:25 a. m. and 6:30 p. m., arrives Washington 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. daily except Sunday.

Train leaves Tarboro 4:15 p. m., arrives Plymouth 7:40 p. m., 6:10 p. m., returning leaves Plymouth 12:45 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:10 p. m., 1:20 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 1:40 p. m., 1:50 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:10 p. m., 2:20 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 2:40 p. m., 2:50 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:10 p. m., 3:20 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 3:40 p. m., 3:50 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:10 p. m., 4:20 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 4:40 p. m., 4:50 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:10 p. m., 5:20 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 5:40 p. m., 5:50 p. m., 6:00 p.