

## As High as Her Heart

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

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Denise came into the rose garden in a little willful run, a pout on her lips, her pretty arched eyebrows trying vainly to scowl. But her face cleared magically at sight of Trent, who had come in by the farther gate, invisible from the front piazza. He swung his hat to her joyously and as soon as she came within easy hail said huskily: "Great larks afoot; great larks! But, say, can you keep a secret?"

"I think I can keep one—going. That is what most secrets are for," Denise answered, with the least toss of the head. Trent gave her an injured glance. "I take that as personal," he said. "You know how I hate to have you spoil yourself attempting epigrams."

"Dear, dear! Can't one speak frozen truth in the shortest possible fashion?" Denise apostrophized, sticking out her pretty chin and making herself insultingly tall. Normally the top of Trent's head came just level with the part of her bright hair, but when she thus exaggerated her stature his shrunk inch by inch. Luckily he was not so sensitive on this point. He smiled quizzically as he said: "Nature was kind to save me so much trouble. You know, one always looks up to what one worships." But Denise answered him with a grimace and turned half about, then all at once demanded: "What is this trumpety secret? If I knew anything I wouldn't take all day to tell it."

"Not even if it involved 'treasons, stratagems and spoils,' eh?" Trent answered tranquilly. "This does involve all of them. Billy Mason is running away to marry, flat treason to you, since you are not the bride. Instead



WHILE THE MINISTER HURRIED THROUGH HIS OFFICE.

you are the stratagem, in part at least. You are to go right off and ask Mallinda's aunt!"

"It's never Mallinda! Mallinda Maloney!" Denise ejaculated, clapping her hands. Trent nodded emphatically and ran on. "You're to get Mallinda out of dress—say you want her company in to town or any other thing you please. The point is to get her. She must be in Courthouse square by 11 sharp tomorrow morning. I shall be there to look after the spoils. Belding Bros. will be paying off their mortgage—\$10,000 that is rightfully Mallinda's money. Unless she marries before Mrs. Ketcham gets a chance to reinvest the cash she may whistle for it until she's rising thirty. You see, by old man Maloney's will Mallinda's husband is to have no control of her estate except so much of it as may be represented by cash in bank upon the wedding day. Everything else is tied up hard and fast at the discretion of Aunt Ketcham. I had better say at her temper. She hasn't got a thing in the world against Billy except that his mother cut her out with his father, a matter of thirty years back."

"That's good and plenty! How stupid you men are," Denise said sagely, "but Sister Ketcham wouldn't let an archangel have Mallinda with her good word, because her bad word means keeping a clutch on the money, and she's so stingy she even grudges herself a good long breath."

"You'll bring Mallinda?" Trent asked. Denise nodded confidently, but all at once cried: "Oh, I forgot! Maybe I can't. The Baxters are coming. That's why you found me in such a taking."

Trent whistled. "The Baxters!" he repeated. "How many strong?"

"Old madam and Son John and Sis Sarah," Denise answered. Trent whistled again. "I don't think we quite deserve that," he said. "Your mother is, I dare say, delighted, but how about the squire?"

"Dad would be swearing if he dared," Denise said, sighing. "Poor dear! He knows if he did mother would turn on the waterworks, go to bed and stay there a fortnight. And then all my next season's party frocks would go up in doctor's bills. We bear one another's burdens—dad and I. But for what he'd have to suffer over it I'd run away from home whenever anybody said Baxter."

"You'll have to do it in the end. Why

now now?" Trent said persuasively, trying to take her hand. She pulled it away, but not angrily, saying with a little sigh: "Not just yet. I must find out—things."

"What things?" Trent persisted. Denise looked away. "They are—whether I want the freedom and the—the money you would stand for," she said at last, "or whether I truly like you yourself."

"Settle it either way, just so you take me," Trent said joyously.

"However, am I going to get Mallinda?" Denise broke out.

Trent chuckled. "Tell Sister Ketcham you're going to be married and want Linda for bridesmaid. Then, of course, she won't mind letting her go along to help select wedding finery."

"That she will," Denise interrupted. "She doesn't believe in weddings, hardly in marrying. I reckon she's afraid if Linda sees too much of the holy institution there'll be no chance of her keeping single or devoting her and her money to the missionary cause."

Notwithstanding Denise was certain she could fetch Mallinda. She was already rehearsing a fairy tale of bargains that would, she knew well, appeal mightily to the thrifty Ketcham soul. And all would have fallen out exactly as she had planned if there had been no Baxters, whom she had left wholly out of account. Unluckily Madam Baxter overheard enough of talk between Denise and her maid Rena to let her guess pretty well how the land lay. So Denise was hardly away from the Ketcham place, with Linda trembling and happy at her side, than madam was telling Sister Ketcham over the phone a deal more than all she knew or even suspected. And thus it fell out two hours later that as Billy and Linda stood up before the minister, hearing, but not heeding, his solemn exordium, the door was filled with a blocky figure, red faced, gasping and for the moment speechless.

Amos Trent was no big man; still he had a grip. Before Sister Ketcham found voice he was beside her, holding her fast with one hand, the other laid firmly over her mouth. And there it stayed, while the minister, sensing the situation, hurried through his office. Billy said afterward he "beat the time o' every person south o' the Ohio river." At the "I pronounce you man and wife" Amos let go, not suddenly, but with a suave relinquishment that left Sister Ketcham still upright. As she gazed at him Denise ran up to them, holding out her hand and blushing like a rose. "We have made such a dreadful scandal, Amos, let's get the worth of it," she said. "Yes, you may have me if you will take me. I shall never feel taller than you any more."

So then and there the minister had another job cut out for him. He did it with a flourish and always said he was proud of the day's work. Sister Ketcham was for making him trouble, but found she had no case; also that since she had seen her niece married in the the law's eye she had consented to it and thereby lost control of the property. As for Denise and her husband, they lived happy ever after, chiefly, said Denise, because Amos could make her mind him, but had the wit never to try doing it.

A certain head gardener, whose work is admired by thousands of visitors every summer, is as outspoken as he is capable.

Not long ago he was summoned before the directors of the establishment where he is engaged to explain why he had made certain alterations without consulting the board.

"Well, gentlemen," he remarked, "the alterations is a success, and that satisfies me."

"But that isn't the point," said the chairman. "Why didn't you consult me in the matter?"

"Because, sir, I'm satisfied with my place at present, and intend to keep it."

"I don't think you are going the right way about it," said the chairman.

"Well, I do, and that's where we differ," returned the gardener boldly. "I've had the job five years, and before I came you'd had four gardeners in twelve months. Why? Because the first tried to please the chairman of the board and failed. The second tried to please the manager and didn't stop a month. The third tried to please the secretary, and the directors sacked him. The fourth tried to please the whole board, and so ran afoot of the manager and the secretary. The fifth—that's me—pleases himself and keeps his job!"

And, he remarked, the gardener is still "pleasing himself" at the same place.—London Truth.

**The Earth's Journey.**

The earth does not travel at the same rate all through its journey. Its orbit being elliptical, it must at some time approach nearer to the sun than at others and will take less time in moving through one part of its path than through another. In winter the earth is nearer the sun than in summer and moves through space more rapidly. On Jan. 1 the earth is about 3,000,000 miles nearer the sun than it is on July 1, and as the velocity of a planet increases with its nearness to the sun the earth passes over one half of its orbit in less time than over the other half. Between the vernal equinox, which happens on March 21, and the autumnal equinox, which falls on Sept. 23, the earth is 186 days in accomplishing that half of her journey round the sun, while the other half occupies only 179 days. It has been said that owing to the friction caused by the tides and other reasons the earth is moving more slowly than it used to do and that the days are consequently lengthening, but as this is only to the extent of half a second in a century it will be a long time before there will be any apparent difference.

**Parisina Beauty of Today.**

Frenchwomen are never beautiful now, says the ungallant M. Marcel Prevost. Lots of them are pretty; you never see a plain Parisienne; but the prettiness is of the toilet. Plainness is dissimulated by art. Those engaging looks are manipulated. The color comes and goes, and one's maid can fetch and carry it, as Lady Teazle said of a contemporary. But M. Prevost is impartial between the sexes. Masculine beauty, he alleges, does not exist in France. Taine one day, talking to his class at the College de France about the renaissance types of manhood, exclaimed, "Ah, gentlemen, how ugly we are nowadays!" M. Prevost agrees with Taine. In any assemblage of Frenchmen, he declares, the apparition of a really handsome man would excite injurious gossip. He would have to go home and disfigure himself to retrieve his character. This is carrying the prejudice of plainness rather far.—Paris Messenger.

**California Elk Preserve.**

The California elk is to be saved from extinction. Henry Miller, the cattle king, is arranging a preserve, immune from gun and dog and the civilized things which harry forest dwellers, where the elk may live on in peace and even increase. The cattle king will be able to carry out his praiseworthy scheme because already he owns about all the California elk which lift their antlers today. He never bought them with money, but he went into their wild haunts and saved them from the destruction which was wiping their species out of existence. The elk which he now owns compose what is probably the only herd of American elk which it will be possible to save.—San Francisco Chronicle.

## SELECTIONS

### DANGER IN EARLY RISING.

New York Medical Specialist Says It Conduces to Madness.

All the spiritual descendants of Sancho Panza, that finest ecologist of slumber, should bless the name of Dr. Selden Talcott of New York. Dr. Talcott is a specialist in mental diseases, and he declares that the habit of early rising conduces to madness. "The free and lazy savage," he says, "gets up when he feels ready and rarely or never becomes insane." Dr. Talcott's protest should be considered carefully by his fellow countrymen, who, even more than the British, pride themselves on their active habits. Recently, we believe, there has been founded in New York a society whose members pledge themselves not to take more than four hours' sleep in the twenty-four. It would be interesting to follow the health and life histories of those who keep this pledge, for we do not suppose that there is anything dangerous in early rising in itself, but only in the combination therewith of going to bed late.

On the whole, it is better to obey the old proverb and "go to bed with the lamb and get up with the lark." But it is a different thing when one combines the attempt to fulfill the latter part of the advice with a habit of going to bed with the nightingale. Yet the increasing strain of business compels early rising in those who would succeed, while if they want to combine pleasure with business they will find it impossible to get to bed before midnight or even then, for our amusements seem to begin and end later every year. The energetic people who go in for this fashion of life are apt to assure others, and themselves also, that they do not require much sleep, and undoubtedly it is possible with practice to do with much less than the normal amount of rest. It is important, however, to remember that such a habit cannot be indulged in without a corresponding sacrifice of health.—London Hospital.

**Will Locate the Blame.**

Not long ago famous astronomers were telling us that the sun spots have no apparent connection with the weather. Now comes the United States weather bureau, an institution which makes a specialty of climate, and announces that it suspects a casual connection between recent barometrical disturbances and the approaching sun spot maximum and that it proposes to look deeper into the spots. The meteorologists are naturally more anxious than the astronomers to fix the blame for the weather somewhere.—Boston Transcript.

**Odd Population Facts.**

More than 3,500 persons in the United States are a hundred years or over. There were 200,584 persons who could not tell their age to the census takers. There are more persons six years old in this country than of any other age, 1,832,618. The census men counted 153,000 babies under one month of age. Thirty is a fatal age. There were 1,465,256 persons who were thirty years old and only 856,575 who were thirty-one years old, a falling off of more than 600,000.

**The Englishman's Income.**

The total annual income of the people of the United Kingdom, as estimated by Sir Robert Giffen and Professor Bowley, approaches \$10,000,000,000. Our population at this moment is as nearly as possible 43,000,000. Dividing \$10,000,000,000 by 43,000,000, we get nearly \$235 as the annual income per head of the British people. Taking a family as five persons, we see that the average income per family is about \$1,175 per annum.—London News.

**Bennett Shuns the Kaiser.**

One of the curious features of the Gordon Bennett automobile race was the absence of James Gordon Bennett, the donor of the cup. Mr. Bennett has never made any secret of the fact that he regards the kaiser as a dangerous man, whose political plans and policy must be opposed to the uttermost, and he has consistently exerted his influence in the press in this direction. It is understood that Mr. Bennett came to America for the express purpose of avoiding the necessity of going to Homburg.

**Even Boston Slips a Little.**

If we are to believe the scientists, Boston is slowly sinking into the sea. The datum plane, to which all elevations are referred by the city engineering departments, shows that after a lapse of seventy-two years we are .79 of a foot nearer the sea than we were. In other words, the land of Boston and vicinity is sinking at the rate of about a foot per 100 years.—Boston Globe.

### AN UNLUCKY DIAMOND.

Owned by Oom Paul Kruger, It Had a Strange History.

When Oom Paul Kruger went to Europe, he took with him a famous diamond, which was said to have brought misfortune and death to all its possessors. It had a curious history.

The diamond originally belonged to Meshbush, a Basuto chief, from whom it was extorted by T'Chaka, the Zulu king. T'Chaka's brother killed him and stole the stone. The brother came to grief, and the gem passed into the possession of a Zulu chief, who soon afterward was assassinated. The natives say that no less than sixteen of the successive possessors of the diamond were either killed or driven out of the country for the sake of the gem.

The diamond was then seen by white men, who sought to possess it. A party of whites attacked the natives who had the stone in their possession, and a fierce fight ensued, in which 300 lives, mostly natives, were lost.

Memela, a native chief, took the gem and concealed it in a wound which he had received in the battle. Afterward Memela was caught by the Boers and set to work as a slave. Kruger, hearing the story, released him, and in gratitude Memela gave the stone to his liberator. Some years passed, and then Kruger met his misfortune.

Where the fatal diamond is now is not certain, though it is certain that the ex-president of the Transvaal parted with it. Some say that it is in the coffers of the Vatican and some that it was sold to the emperor of Austria and is now among the crown jewels of Vienna.

The stone is said to be 200 carats in weight, but is not perfect.

### Scientists' Experimental Methods.

When the memorial to Sir George Stokes was unveiled the other day, Lord Rayleigh held up as an example still to be followed the simplicity of Stokes' experimental methods and the limitation of his apparatus to the bare essentials for the demonstrations he had in view. Professor George Darwin has well said that people are nowadays too apt to think that science can only be carried forward with elaborate appliances, and yet many of the finest experiments have been made with cardboard, cork and sealing wax. Modern science has rendered necessary for many investigations highly expensive instruments, and great laboratories are required for college purposes, but, observes Professor Darwin, "the number of great investigators has been but little increased by laboratories, and those who are interested in science and have not access to laboratories should not give up their study in despair." There are gentlemen living today who have spent almost as many thousands as Newton and Stokes spent pounds over their apparatus and yet up to the present have not far eclipsed the two Lucasian professors.—London Telegraph.

### Egyptian Rags.

Hundreds of tons of Egyptian rags are exported every year into the United States to supply the paper mills. At Mannheim-on-the-Rhine American importers have ragpicking houses, where rags are collected from all over Europe, the disease infected Levant not excepted, and where women and children, too poor to earn a better living, work day after day, with wet sponges tied over their mouths, sorting these filthy scraps for shipment to New York. The best papers are made of these rags. The common ones are made of wood pulp, which is obtained by grinding and macerating huge blocks from soft wooded forest trees.

## Statement of Receipts and Disbursements of School Fund of Johnston County for Twelve Months, Ending June 30, 1904.

RECEIPTS.	
Received General State and County Poll Tax	\$ 7,180.19
Received Special Poll Tax, levied under Sec. School Law, 1903 or local acts	293.00
Received General Property School Tax	10,044.41
Received Special Property Tax, levied under school Law or local acts	2,282.97
From Fines, Forfeitures and Penalties in the several courts	597.95
From Licenses	1,292.50
From Disbursements	163.23
From Loan Fund	4,775.00
From State Treasurer	4,996.50
From Feasibility Fund	40.00
From Left over Lumber	11.25
From Rural Libraries	133.00
From Tuition	3.50
From Grain Distilleries	23.75
Total received during the year from June 30, 1903, to July 3, 1904	33,508.06
Balance on hand as per last report	2,629.80
Total	36,137.86
DISBURSEMENTS.	
Paid Teachers of Schools for White	19,845.21
Paid Teachers of Schools for Colored	2,219.68
Paid for School Houses and Sites - White	6,821.83
Paid on installment of Loan Fund	465.00
Paid County Superintendent	640.66
Paid for Treasurer's Com. (commission 2 per cent. on \$3,142.90 dollars)	632.85
Mileage and per diem of County Board of Education	123.02
Expenses of County Board of Education, including fuel, stationery and postage and office rent	174.09
Paid for taking C. S. S. S.	250.03
Paid for wood for white	534.26
Paid for wood for colored	108.00
Paid for repairs for wells for white	30.55
Paid for repairs for wells for colored	11.25
Paid for insurance	89.80
Paid for stoves for white	108.15
Paid for stoves for colored	42.00
Paid for desks	59.40
Paid for Rural Libraries	150.00
Paid for extra services by Co. Treas. and blank book	35.80
Paid for Sundry Articles	130.01
Total Disbursements	33,646.47
Balance on hand July 1st, 1904	4,792.29
Total	38,438.76

I certify that the above is a correct copy of the County Treasurer's report of receipts and disbursements of the School Fund of Johnston County for the year ending June 30th, 1904.  
This Dec. 30, 1904.  
IRA. T. TURLINGTON,  
Sec. Co. B. E.

## IN THIS PAPER



**Hearts Courageous**

By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES

Patrick Henry is the central and dominating interest of Miss Rives' new novel, "Hearts Courageous." It is a story brimming with love, beauty and heroism.

NEW YORK TIMES SATURDAY BOOK REVIEW

We have secured the serial rights for this great American story and you can read it now in our columns. Don't miss the first chapter.

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Large and well selected stock of Furniture, cheaper than the cheapest. Special line of the celebrated "Live Oak," Grand Oak and Royal Oak, Cook Stoves.

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