

# An Entr'acte

By FANNIE HEASLIP LEO

Copyright, 1905, by Fannie Heaslip Leo

With a final squeal from the first violin, that apparently tuned hard, the orchestra broke into a rippling overture and the asbestos curtain rose upon the painted one beneath.

An usher slammed down the seat beside Elizabeth and laid a programme on it; then he handed the seat check to its owner and slid away.

When you have broken your engagement with a man the night before, after a stormy discussion, it is not the happiest surprise in the world to find him seated beside you at the matinee, where you have gone to kill time and forget yourself.

Elizabeth bowed stiffly. The man responded with equal frigidity.

She read her programme with absorbing interest. It was continuous vaudeville.

"I had no idea," said the man at last, "that you would be here or!"

"My movements need not interfere with yours, Mr. Gayden," said Elizabeth icily.

She grew still more absorbed in her programme.

A dear old lady, with water waves and gold rimmed glasses, sat down with a thud in the seat on Elizabeth's left and turned a delighted smile on the girl.

"Well, I declare," she cried, "if it ain't Bessie McIntyre! Law me—the very last person on earth I was thinkin' of seein'. How are you, dear? And how's your mother? My son brought me up to town yesterday for a little visit. He got seats for the show here today, and he's comin' for me soon's his office hours are over. Ain't that Nick Gayden beside you? Howdy, Nick? You haven't changed a mite since you left Girton. I'm real glad to see you."

She stretched a black gloved hand across Elizabeth, and Nick was forced to shake it smilingly.

"Well—well—well," said the old lady, "to think of my meetin' you all here. And we were just talkin' about you both last night. See her blush," she chuckled to Nick, as the quick crimson spread over Elizabeth's face.

"I hear you're to be married. Yes, indeed—we hear things in country, too, and, of course, since you all's families used to live in Girton, everybody's interested in you. Well, well! I wish you all the happiness in the world, my dear—and you'll need it. Marriage is a mighty risky thing. And the wedding is to be in the spring, I hear. That's good. June and brides and roses sorter belong together." She stopped for breath.

"We are not"—began Elizabeth. She bit her lips and began again. "We have"

"We have decided nothing definite yet," Nick interrupted easily.

"That right," the old lady agreed; "hold on to your sweetheartin' as long as you can. It's mighty nice playin', and it only comes once in a lifetime."

Elizabeth smiled in spite of herself.

"Some girls are engaged three or four times, Mrs. Barton," she suggested.

"Oh, jus' fly-up-the-creeks," said Mrs. Barton comfortably, "not nice, sincere, honest girls like you that know the right man and stick to him when they find him. I said the minute I heard of your engagement: Now, there's a proper match. Both of 'em young, both of 'em handsome, well off, good tempered, sensible and steady. Show me a better, Josiah, say!"

"I ought to tell you, Mrs. Barton," said Elizabeth, with a rush. "You're mistaken. I'm not!"

The curtain went up noisily. "Shucks, honey," Mrs. Barton whispered, "you're too modest—now don't talk to me. I haven't seen a show in three years."

Elizabeth turned to Nick with a furious whisper.

"This can't go on."

"What are you going to do?" he asked stiffly.

"Tell her!"

"I won't."

"It's perfectly absurd."

Nick shrugged his shoulders.

"S-s-s-h!" Mrs. Barton cried in a jocular whisper. "You'll have time enough to talk to each other all your lives. I keep quiet now."

After an unhappy half hour the white curtain of the vitograph rolled down, and Mrs. Barton turned to the girl again.

"I can't look at those things," she said; "hurts my eyes. Now tell me some more about yourselves—makes me feel right old to think of your two children goin' to get married. Law me! I remember the time you wan't no higher than my knee. You were the worst youngster in the county, Nick, and Bessie wan't far behind you. And, law, how you used to hate each other! Many's the time I've seen her pull that low hair of yours."

"It isn't!" began Elizabeth impetuously.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Barton laughed, "it always was low, and it still is."

Nick grinned cheerfully.

"And then you'd take her by her little skinny wrists and hold her off," went on the old lady, "till she was jus' like a ragin' little cat, clawin' and furrin'!"

"She's still that way sometimes," said Nick, smilingly.

Elizabeth gasped furiously.

"Nick Gayden!" she cried.

"Law me," said Mrs. Barton, "I knew it, honey, without his tellin' me! What's bred in the bone—But you all always

made it up then, and you always will. I know that too."  
"I hope so," Nick assured her earnestly.  
Elizabeth looked straight in front of her.  
"You were pointedly made for each other. Where you goin' on your honeymoon?"  
"We had thought of California," said Nick quietly, while the girl beside him winced.  
"That's right," Mrs. Barton agreed. "See your own country first and heathen lands afterward. And where's your bridesmaids to be, Bessie?"  
Elizabeth hesitated miserably. Mrs. Barton's words were like salt in a new cut. They had discussed their plans so happily, and now that it was all over, she could not forget it. She waited, like a coward, for Nick, but he sat quite silent.  
"Your sister, of course?" said Mrs. Barton.  
"Oh, it's all"—Elizabeth stopped.  
"All undecided," the old lady suggested. "I s'pose so. But June is only three months off now. Goin' to housekeepin' afterward or goin' to board?"  
"Housekeepin'," said Nick curtly.  
"The curtain is going up again," Nick added hastily.  
Elizabeth sat in comparative peace through the rest of the programme. Then the last performer came to the front of the stage—a boyish looking man in the conventional evening dress of the vaudeville songster. The orchestra preluded softly for a moment, and over the darkened theater the man's voice rang out infinitely rich and deep:  
"Oh, 'twas sweet of old, when our love we told!"  
"Asthore," whispered Mrs. Barton delightedly.  
The beautiful voice sobbed and sank and rose again with the plaintive cry of the song and the last wailing chord:  
"I am waiting for thee, asthore," died away into a perfect silence. There was a thunder of applause.  
"You used to sing that," Mrs. Barton whispered to Nick, "the year after you finished college. I guess Bessie remembers it. You sang it at my house one night—don't you know, Bessie?"  
"I—I—yes, I think I do," said a wretched and uncertain Elizabeth.  
The man on the stage sang the last bars of the song again.  
"Elizabeth," said Nick, very low. Elizabeth turned, startled at the sudden call, and the eyes she lifted were heavy with tears.  
"Asthore," said Nick, lower still.  
Then he helped her into her coat and wrung her hand beneath its sheltering folds.  
Mrs. Barton bestowed a parting benediction on them.  
"I'm real glad I've seen you," she said, beaming. "Give my love to your mother, Bessie, and don't forget to send me my invitation to the wedding."  
"It shall be the first one sent out, dear Mrs. Barton," said Elizabeth happily.

**Barton and the "Arabian Nights."**  
Sir Richard Barton made \$50,000 out of his translation of the "Arabian Nights." When after about fifteen years' labor he completed this valuable book he submitted it to a number of publishers, and no one would offer him more than \$2,500 for it. He was about to accept these terms when his wife said:  
"Let me publish this work for you, Richard. To print and bind and put on the market a set of books surely cannot be a superhuman undertaking. Let me try it. The publishers don't offer you a fair price. Let us, then, bail them, and if any profit is to be made from all your labor let us and not the publishers enjoy it."

Sir Richard consented. His wife set to work. She got estimates from paper dealers, from printers, from binders. She found that to publish her husband's translation sumptuously would require \$30,000. At first she was appalled. But she managed somehow to get sufficient capital together, and ultimately the "Arabian Nights" came out. The Burtens made \$50,000.

**The Sea Trout.**  
The gamest of salt water fish after the striped bass is the weakfish, or sea trout. The sport of angling for them is generally enhanced because, feeding, as they generally do, near the surface, it is possible to fish for them with light tackle. While they have been caught weighing upward of twenty pounds, a six or ten pounder is a good size, and the average will only run from one to two and a half. There is never any doubt when a weakfish bites. He does not nibble around the hook, but takes the bait at one fair swoop and then starts off with it like a limited express with time to make up. He is a shy fish, and the man who uses a small line, light leaders and shells in his hook and keeps quiet while fishing is the one who is apt to have the best luck.

**Speed of Lightning.**  
Modern ingenuity has done a great deal in photography and by the aid of wonderfully rapid shutters has given from time to time very good photographs of a lightning flash. But the man is not yet born who can make a shutter fast enough to catch the real, full thing. Seen at night, a flash of lightning appears little more powerful as an illuminant than moonlight. As a matter of fact the duration of one of these flashes is so brief that a million of them in succession could be crowded into the space of a single second. If one flash could last but a tenth of a second it would give near objects an illumination 100,000 times more brilliant than that of moonlight. The most rapidly rotating bodies known to science appear absolutely stationary when lit up by it.

## Gems In Verse

**On the Plains.**  
The sun sinks low,  
The golden glow,  
Falls slanting o'er the tawny plain;  
A gentle breeze  
From faroff seas  
Blows gently o'er the wagon train;  
A mellow beauty soft ly reigns—  
'Tis sunset on the western plains.

The twinkling stars  
Through the azure bars  
Look down upon the darkened plain;  
The coyote's cry  
And night wind's sigh  
Are blended in a long refrain;  
A mystic, wild enchantment reigns—  
'Tis sunset on the western plains.

Long rays of light  
Dispel the night  
As slanting sunbeams span the plain;  
Wild flowers fair  
Perfume the air,  
While westward wends the wagon train.  
The god of day in glory reigns—  
'Tis sunrise on the western plains.  
—Louis P. Callahan in Pittsburg Dispatch.

**The Hulk on the Shore.**  
Broken, dismantled and stark,  
Rotting and waiting the end,  
I am moored in a harbor where death and the dark  
In limitless shadows blend.  
My keel is buried in sand,  
My timbers creak in the wind;  
How I long for the weight of the master's hand  
On the wheel, as we sailed to the Ind!

Oh, to point by the Southern Cross,  
Or to follow the northern star,  
To fly a race with the albatross  
To the lands that lie afar!  
Oh, to ride from crest to crest,  
In the teeth of a merry gale,  
When the lightning's flash shows the sea's unrest,  
And the cheeks of men turn pale!

The sound of the snapping mast,  
The shrieks of the frightened crew,  
Unheeded by me as I challenge the blast  
And plow the mad waves through!  
And at last in the harbor's calm,  
At rest on the mirroring tide,  
I'd breathe perfume in the soft air's balm  
And the master's will abide.

This was the life I once lived,  
And a thousand deaths I have died  
While fretting here like a soul unshrived  
At the great wide water's side.  
'Twere better I had gone  
A hundred fathoms deep  
To the grave for which good ships are born—  
A cool, sweet shroud and sleep.  
—J. W. Leathers in Boston Transcript.

**"In a Hard Row For Stumps."**  
You ask for manliness, martial deeds?  
Go back to Ohio's natal mound,  
Go back to Kentucky's fields of corn;  
Just weeds and stumps and stumps and weeds,  
Just red men blazing from stump and tree,  
Where buckskinned prophets midst strife and stress  
Came crying, came dying, in the wilderness,  
That hard, first, cruel half century!

What psalms they sang! What prayers they said!  
Cabin or camp, as the wheels rolled west;  
Silently leaving their bravest, best—  
Paving a nation's path with their dead!  
What unnamed battles, what thumps and bumps!  
What saber slashes with the broad, bright hoe!  
What weeds in phalanx! What stumps in row!

What rank vines fortress in rows of stumps!  
And the saying grew, as sayings will grow  
From hard endeavor and bangs and bumps:  
"He got in a mighty hard row for stumps,  
But he tried and died trying to hoe his row."  
Oh, brighter and better that ten pound hoe  
Than brightest broad saber of Waterloo!

Nor ever fell soldier more truly true  
Than he who died trying to hoe his row.  
The weeds are gone and the stumps are gone,  
The huge hoptoad and the copperhead,  
And a million bent sabers flash triumph  
Mistaken  
From stately, clean corn in the diamond sown down,  
But the heroes have vanished, save here and there,  
Far out and afield like some storm riven tree,  
Leans a last survivor of Thermopylae,  
Leafless and desolate, lone and bare.  
—Joaquin Miller in Harper's.

**A Meadow Darling.**  
One day I met a little maid who roamed  
The meadows over,  
A slender, winsome little thing, oh, so  
Very fair to see!  
I lost my heart completely when she  
Leaned to kiss the clover  
As she wandered through the meadow  
With the butterfly and bee.

When apple trees were blooming, through  
The orchard she was going,  
I have seen her at the pasture bars and  
Coming up the lane  
Or along the dusty highway, where the  
Pink wild rose was growing,  
And I've met her on the hillside, smiling  
Brightly through the rain.

They say her name is Marguerite, this  
Darling of the meadow,  
With her snowy, pointed ruffe and her  
Yellow shining hair.  
When June puts on her robe so green of  
Shifting shine and shadow  
And the robins wake the countryside,  
You'll find the daisy fair.  
—Jean Flower in New England Magazine.

**Dedication.**  
With favoring winds o'er sunlit seas  
We sailed for the Heesperides,  
The land where the golden apples grow—  
But that, ah, that was long ago.  
How far since then the ocean streams  
Have swept us from that land of dreams,  
That land of fiction and of truth,  
The lost Atlantis of our youth!

Whether, ah, whether? Are not these  
The tempest haunted Hebrides,  
Where sea gulls scream and breakers  
Roar,  
And wreck and seaweed line the shore?  
Ultima Thule! Utmost Isle!  
Here in thy harbors for awhile  
We lower our sails, awhile we rest  
From the unending, endless quest.  
—Longfellow.

**Competition.**  
The race is won! As victor I am hailed  
With deafening cheers from eager  
Throats, and yet  
Gladder the victory could I forget  
The strained, white faces of the men who  
Faded.  
—Julia Shayer in Century.

## EDIBLE BIRDS' NESTS.

The Way They Are Gathered by the Dyaks in Borneo.

Edible birds nests are found in the clefts of rocks or in underground caves which are frequently of great extent. John MacGregor in writing of a bird nesting experience he had in Borneo says: "Off we went with about a dozen Dyaks, as the little bronze aborigines of this part of Borneo are called, for guides. The entrance to the cave was so small and so elevated that I had some little difficulty in reaching it. After we had traveled for some distance we came across the inevitable stream. The ground, which was to a great extent composed of the bed of the stream, was rough and irregular. We were lighted on our way by torches carried by our Dyak guides. At last we came to a passage that seemed a veritable eye of a needle, so hard it was to enter, for it looked so narrow and confined that I despaired of ever getting through it. When I fairly got squeezed into the breach I could force myself neither upward nor downward—for that was the direction of the passage—and there I was, suspended like Mohammed's coffin or a trussed fowl. By dint of wriggling, however, I at last found myself on the top of the passage, minus a certain amount of skin and some buttons from my tight fitting khaki coat.

"Still on we jogged for the best part of a mile, when, lo and behold, the caves in which the birds were breeding and which were to be the limits of our underground wanderings! A faint glimmer of light could be seen through a rift in the rocks far above us, and it was through this small rift, which was a sealed passage even to the Dyaks themselves, that the birds passed in their journeys to and from their nesting grounds. Our arrival, of course, disturbed whatever birds were there, and they disappeared as best they could. And there, for a time, we watched the Dyaks going through their gymnastics of robbing the birds' nests, with their ropes and long poles creeping along the high ridges and ledges in the lurid light of the torches like unearthly specters.

"These peculiar nests are built by a species of swallow. The nests consist of shallow, cup shaped cavities, truncated at one side, where they are attached to the rocks like brackets to a wall, and forming something like a two-thirds segment of a circle. It is not always easy to get at them, as they are sometimes glued to the perpendicular sides of the solid rocks high overhead, so that the nest hunters have to scale these crags with ropes and poles to get at them. In substance they consist of an elastic, semitransparent, mucilaginous material, which is said to be a secretion, or macerated food, from the crops of the birds themselves.

"As robbing these nests for commercial purposes forms a part of the Dyaks' means of livelihood, the birds have frequently to build twice or even three times during the season before they are able to hatch their offspring, and it is noted that each successive crop of nests deteriorates in both construction and composition. The nests built at the beginning of the season are bright and transparent and are consequently known on the market as 'white nests,' but when they are robbed the next crop is not nearly so pure in substance."

**In the Sickroom.**  
In a sickroom open the door promptly without rattling the handle.  
Walk in quietly, but do not take ostentatious care to glide in absolute silence. Don't pause and murmur inquiries to the nurse, but go straight to the bed and speak in a clearly audible, everyday tone to the patient.

Choose topics of interest that will entertain without being exciting, leaving a few new ideas with your invalid as food for pleasant reflection after your leave taking, and making only a passing reference to the present malady.  
Look as fresh and pretty as the power in you lies, and thereby act as an unconscious tonic to your friend. Avoid any article of dress that jingles or rustles.

Having risen to say goodby, go instantly without lingering over last words or pouring forth exaggerated condolences and hopes.

**The House of Lords.**  
The house of lords was composed chiefly of clerics until the time of Edward III. Thus in 1296 the peers were ninety spiritual and twenty-nine lay members, including twenty archbishops and bishops, sixty-seven abbots and priors and three masters of orders. Many clerical dignitaries summoned did not attend at Westminster, refusing to recognize the authority of parliament over their own convocations of Canterbury and York. It was partly from this cause that the lords spiritual decreased in number until early in the reign of Edward III. The upper house consisted of eighty-six lay and only forty-five clerical peers, while during Elizabeth's parliament there were forty-three and twenty-six respectively.—London Standard.

**The Rate of Human Growth.**  
"We grow at a uniform rate," said a physician. "There are rules of growth that unconsciously we all obey. Take the average man. He grows as follows: 'First year, eight inches; second year, six inches; third year, five inches; fourth year, four inches; fifth year, four inches; sixth year, four inches. From the sixth on the growth is slower until the sixteenth year—it is only one and a half inches a year. The seventeenth year has a growth of two inches. The eighteenth year has a growth of one inch. At eighteen the average man is five feet eight inches high. Thereafter he grows no more.'—Philadelphia Bulletin.

## CONDENSED STORIES.

A Society Story Which Concerns a Cup of Tea.

A belated society tale goes backward to the season when Harry Lehr was courting the lady who is now his wife, says the New York Times.

One day Mrs. Dahlgren accidentally dropped a ten dollar bill into a tea urn which had just undergone inspection in anticipation of coming guests. When these guests arrived Mr. Lehr was among them. The hostess had forgotten her bank note in the urn and innocently brewed the tea. All noted the peculiar flavor, but drank it bravely. The cause of their secret mystification might have gone politely undiscovered had not the hostess proceeded to give a lecture on the subject of brewing tea. She removed the lid of the urn to illustrate her point and revealed no tea leaves, but a ten dollar bill. She was appalled. The urn and all the cups were sent away. She made profuse apologies and insisted upon serving each of her visitors with a fresh cup when the new supply appeared. When it came the turn of Mr. Lehr she asked:

"How will you have it? Strong?"  
"Not quite so strong as the last," replied Mr. Lehr. "Make it about \$9.75, please."

**A Happy Quotation.**  
Senator Blackburn says that the most felicitous quotation apropos of any pending measure in the senate was uttered by the late Senator Vance of North Carolina.

A strong effort was being made in the senate to pass the Paddock pure food bill. Conger of Iowa, at pres-

ent minister to China, had succeeded in getting the lard bill bearing his name through the house, but the southern senators had defeated it in the senate. Frequently, however, an effort would be made to get the provisions of the Conger bill attached to the Paddock bill as amendments. At a time when Senator Paddock had the floor to present the merits of his bill he was interrupted by another senator, who intimated that, inasmuch as the Conger lard bill had passed the house, it might be better to more carefully examine its provisions. At this juncture Senator Vance managed to secure recognition.

"Mr. President," exclaimed he as he slowly arose from his seat, "the Conger lard bill is dead."  
"Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!"  
No more was heard from the Conger people.

**The Man in the Street.**  
Congressman W. Bourke Cockran amused some of his political friends at the Waldorf-Astoria a few nights ago by a story of the twelve-year-old son of a friend of his, an Englishman living in New York. The boy, like his father, was born in England, but had been going to school here for six years and in that time had studied his American history with a due amount of American patriotism.

A few evenings ago the boy was talking over the battles of the Revolution with his father and discussing the campaigns of the British. Finally, after a little thought, he astonished his father by blurted out:  
"Well, pop, we licked you twice, anyway, didn't we?"—New York Times.

**Lord Rosebery's Two Pleasures.**  
Lord Rosebery once said to me: "There are two supreme pleasures in a man's life. One is ideal, the other real. The ideal joy is when a man receives the seals of office at the hands of his sovereign; the real pleasure comes when he carries them back."—H. W. Lucy in London Magazine.

**Senator Vance Arose From His Seat.**  
An illustration showing a man in a suit sitting at a desk, looking towards the right. The caption reads: SENATOR VANCE AROSE FROM HIS SEAT.

The North Carolina College of Agriculture And Mechanic Arts  
Offers practical industrial education in Agriculture, Engineering, Industrial Chemistry, and the Textile Art. Tuition \$30 a year. Board \$8 a month. 120 Scholarships. Address  
PRESIDENT WINSTON,  
West Raleigh, N. C.  
6-16-8.

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA  
1789-1905  
Head of the State's Educational System  
DEPARTMENTS.  
Collegiate, Engineering, Graduate, Law, Medicine, Pharmacy.  
Library contains 43,000 volumes. New water works, electric lights, central heating system, New Dormitories, gymnasium, Y. M. C. A. Building.  
660 STUDENTS. 66 INSTRUCTORS  
The Fall term begins Sept. 11, 1905. Address  
FRANCIS P. VENABLE, President,  
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

J. M. BEATY  
Sole Agent in Johnston County for the Domestic, New Home and Other Sewing Machines.  
Smithfield, N. C.

Treasurer's Card.  
ALEX. WIGGS,  
TREASURER OF JOHNSTON COUNTY, WILL BE IN SMITHFIELD EVERY Monday and Saturday and Court Weeks  
Office in back room of the Bank of Smithfield. In his absence county orders will be paid at the Bank

Houses for Rent.  
If you want to rent any kind of a house in SMITHFIELD please let me know it.  
J. M. BEATY,  
SMITHFIELD N. C.

WOOD'S Seed Potatoes IN COLD STORAGE For Late Planting.  
Planted in June and July, these yield large crops of fine potatoes ready for digging just before cold weather comes on, carrying through the winter in first-class condition for either home use or market. By our methods of carrying these Late Seed Potatoes in cold storage, we are enabled to supply them unsprouted and in first-class, sound condition, just when they are required for late planting.  
Book your orders early so as to get the kinds you want, but don't order shipment until you are ready to plant, as the potatoes commence to sprout very soon after being taken out of cold storage. Prices quoted on request.  
We are headquarters for Cow Peas, Soya Beans, Millet Seed, Sorghums, etc. Reasonable Price-list telling all about seeds for Summer planting, mailed on request.  
T. W. Wood & Sons, Seedsmen, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

GREAT CLUBBING OFFER  
We can now furnish THE HERALD and the Tri-Weekly Atlanta Constitution one year for \$2.00 in advance; THE HERALD and Weekly Constitution one year for \$1.50, or THE HERALD, Weekly Constitution and Sunny South, all three one year for \$1.85. These are great offers and should be accepted at once. Remember that only cash subscriptions are received at these prices.  
W. A. Gasque, Benson, N. C., wants to MAKE your Photograph.  
HOLLISTER'S Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets  
A Busy Medicines for Busy People. Brings Golden Health and Reassured Vigor. A specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Pimples, Eczema, Itchiness, Blood, Bad Breath, Sluggish Bowels, Headache and Backache. It's Rocky Mountain Tea in 1 1/2 lb. form, 35 cents a box. Genuine made by HOLLISTER DRUG COMPANY, Madison, Wis. GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE