VOL. VIII. - NO I.

WILLIAMSTON, N. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1906

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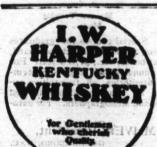
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AWAKENING.

By T. A. Roberts.

The night Barton discovered his wife singing a small part in a musical comedy at the Alcazar was buried beneath three years of intentional forgetfulness. It was not mentioned in the home and had never been a subject for gossip by outsiders; at times Barton almost believed it a hideous nightmure a fantasy of discovered alleen and not an actual ordered sleep, and not an actual

erefore the lately growing rest-us of his wife carried to him no premonition that the discontent was still amoldering, that the sleeping dogs were drowsily half awake in-atead of wrapped in deepest slumber. There had been no scene in the first instance. The man's hatred for anything approaching the unconvention al stifled the shock of first revelation was with a calm assurance that ut-terly disarmed any lurking suspicion that it was an act in a domestic

agedy.
Six years ago, when he had mared pretty, tempestuous Edeth
rant after a summer vacation's courtship, people who knew them both approved heartily. He was ter older, serious, ambitious and years older, serious, ambitious and willing to be a plodder, a slave to the grindstone in the best years of his manhood, to acquire a competence for the luxury of his later life. The girl, they said, needed just this sober, restraining influence. She reveled in the viot of youth, life was a succession of red color schemes, there was time enough in the years to come for the comfortable warm browns and the somber salve grave. browns and the somber, ashy grays. Elemental instincts of racing, red blood were but thinly veneered with repression of conventionality; had married primarily because she had married primarily, she respected the man rather than as a surrender to a great, big love that had compelled and quickened her, but intangibly, indefinably, yet vaguely, conscious that the new life would give her greater freedom and a larger world than the restricted life of a little country mountain town life of a little country mountain town

life of a little country mountain town afforded. In a sense it had, for immediately after the wedding trip they were established in a city home, comfortably modern, though not in the zone of extreme fashion.

Acquaintance she made did not ripen into friendship, because she had nothing in common with her husband's friends. Their wives were too old and their children too young too old and their children too young to appeal to her, and her gracious apparent appreciation of hospitality received, and dissembled delight in

leasure. Barton was frequently called to remotely distant wining camps to pass judgment on properties for the magjudgment on properties for the mag-mates who employed him, and as no child/came to claim her interest and awaisan her love, time dragged with the young wife. In a moment of des-perate rebellion she sneered at the Browning and his adorers, thereby putting between her husband's friends and herself a convenient bar-

At this period of her life musty tomes of philosophy could not fill her need; she cried out for excitement, craved moving, active men and women for companions, and balked at amusements of the purely

"I can't stand it! I can't! I can't!" she had almost screamed out to her-self. It was her moment of tempta-tion, her mood of abandonment. Anything would have appealed to her then if the tempter had promised as the reward a new diversion plaything. Barton realized d on for a playting. Barton realized cimity, but the problem was beyond him He saw nothing of what lay behind the evident unrest, thought it too much idleness, and in a flattering fancy once believed it was grief at all firequent absences.

He divined nothing unusual in her

uggestion that she take up singing mind clouded in drifts, and levels, and assays. The night he found her behind a scant concealing mask of grease paint and powder something of the real crisis flooded in upon

"Do what you will," she had cried your respectable middleaged friends. Put me out of your house, out of your heart, out of your Hre," she

"Oh. I'll ge! tihs minute. Can't you see I want life? I'm tired of you see I want life? I'm tired of grams and food and sternal duliness. I want to five? She spake fiercely, nacaringly, as the elemental emotions surged to the top.

"But, my dear, you have everything a woman..." began Barton.

"My dear," and her tone was propoling mecking, "my dear," I have nothing. Do you hear? Nothing! I'm not an old woman, but you're trying. young and I want what life hold wout! We've made a mistake ful, stupendous—but you'll forge

caress with the blessed balm of un-derstanding, might have conquered. But Barton didn't understand. He only knew that he had been hurt and that the quivering, sobbing girl be-fore him had in her heart a griev-

They talked long that night. She told how the singing instructor praised her voice and obtained an engagement for her. She had attended rehearsals afternoons, providentially for her he had been called away just before the produc-tion's first night. She had feared telling him, though fully determined to remain with the theatrical company. He had returned unexpected ly, found her absent from home, and learned the truth from a frightened servant in the confidence of her mis-

Barton showed diplomacy that night in eliminating any chiding note. He talked tenderly, quieting pointing out that she was giving up home and husband and friends for a will o' the wisp; he urged that real, abiding happiness did not lie in the calcium's glare; then he told calm ly dispassionately of his love for her and somehow, some way, robbed the girl's spirit of its defiance, substitu surrender, and believed he had re gained his own. This was three year

in the past.

Now the spark had sputtered again, the fire flamed more flercely than ever. The old routine had been resumed, work claimed his waking hours, and he neglected the warning signs he should have heeded. The night was bitterly cold, the winter was at its worst and it was emi nently an evening for married lover ing, perhaps, earlier days of happi-ness, when the joys realized were in the planning. But Barton's idea of an evening's comfort was perusing report of a new method of extracting copper ore. Mrs. Barton was apparently reading a novel, but in reality fighting down the rebellion in he soul. Barton's attention was dis-tracted by a sob; he looked up, caught the old wild looks in her eyes, but did not comprehend ever when she threw down the book, rose and cried hysterically: "It's no use!"

"What's no, use, dear? Aren't you well?" inquired Barton from the depths of his comfortable chair.

"Well? Well, I need no pills, I need no pulse-feeling, tongue-in-specting ancient. I'm soul sick, John; you don't understand You can't! I'm stiffing, I'm choking, for life's out of doors." She went to life's out of doors." She went to a window, lifted it to let in blasts of chill air and swirling snow crystals. "Edith, dear, you'll catch cold. I wouldn't do that," he protested, anx-

Cold? What do I care? Som where out there are men and wome where out there are men and women who are laughing and happy. They're playing wild gypsy things, blood is running in their veins—red, red blood—they're dancing to the queer, compelling strains. They're alive! Don't you understand, John? They're

"Lord, Edith, is it the old fever the old discontent come back?"

"Come back? It has never away. Oh, I've fought it, I've denied It because of what I promised you but it's there yet. And now I'll deny
it no more. I'll surrender to it Now! To-night!"

"You mean—"
"That I'm done with this convent of a house. That I'm going to do what you stopped me from doing three years ago. That I belong to what you appear to three years ago. That I belong to the world, and I'm going into it. Oh, you needn't look so ghastly. I'm not going to the devil. I'll live, but I'll not lie to God. I'll keep clean,

your honor will be unstained for aught I do." "Edith!" Barton was serious omprehending now. "Edith, I can comprehending now. "Edith, I can't tell you the hurt of it. I've lacked understanding up to now. You were not the only difference in beginning. I've glimpsed your tem-perament for the first time to-night, But I can't let you go; for your own sake

"The six years you have had out of my life have been crowded with un happiness and regret. You've been kind in your way, but, as you said you didn't understand. You don't now, John. you never will. I'm not ungrateful for the shelter of your name, and I've deserved it in every action. I'm sorry for the hurt you confess, I'm sorry, but what you feel is only a part of what has been my daily portion. To-morrow we'll dis-cuss it all calmly, John, and I'll go

out of your existence. What's that's

It was a sudden peal of the
bell. Barton glanced at the clock;
it was after 10, and he could
conceive of no visitor at this hour conceive of no visitor at this hour but a messenger with a telegram. Well, anything would be a diversion at the moment, to let him think of some way out of this confused situa-tion, to plan something that would prevent the loss that threatened him. They listened to the allinguard man prevent the loss that threatened him.
They listened to the slippered maid
as she went down the half, heard her
quick exclamation of surprise and

er hurried call:
"Shure, Missus Barton, and

Edith ran into the hall, and a me and I want what life hold with a more constraint in the tree and a basket was a basket from the depths of which came a wailing cry, a bound foreign to Barton's cars, but which he vaguely of I'll find a that halls of recognised or surmised was a baby's

the mother, and it says: "Please the mother, and it says: "Please, please, care for my baby. You've a good home. Save him from poverty, or death, for that is all I can give him.' What's it crying for, Mary? Oh, dear, I don't know the first thing about bables. What's the matter? Is it sick?"

"No, mum! it's hungry, the little craythur is. Ol'm shinkin'" realist."

craythur is, Ol'm thinkin'," replied the maid, out of the wisdom gained as one of an Irish-American family of ten, "all of them alive and well,

Barton watched the ensuing scene curlously. The womenfolk mussed and fussed over the child; Mary barely stopped Mra. Barton from giving the baby lee-cold milk, explaining that it must be warmed; there was a hurried search for adult's clothes that could be adapted to the newcomer's needs. For once the maid was misters, and the mile. the maid was mistress, and the misress obeyed like a soldier.

The warm milk transformed the howling infant to a gurgling cherub, who kicked and thrashed as far as while the women delightedly murmured the silly nothings babies are supposed to understand. At midnight the mistress and the

maid were still coddling the waif; a temporary cradle place had been fixed in the big Morris chair, but the little rascal had no desire for sleep,

and while he was awake his nurses stuck to their posts.

"You go on to bed, John; we've got to wait until the baby goes to sleep," commanded Mrs. Barton, and

The atmosphere seemed cleared of antagonism, her voice rang happy and contented in her new-found pleasure. But he felt it was only for the night. As a taxpayer and a mem ber of half a dozen reform organizations he knew the city maintained institutions where foundlings were cared for. He knew it would be his duty to notify the nearest police captain in the morning. The abandon-ment of the child was a crime against the statutes and called for punishment of the offender.

His duty was obvious, and as soon as this fact was fixed in his menta note of to-morrow's duties he re verted to the unhappy climax which would confront him the next day. He some remedy, but none came. He wondered where Edith was that she did not retire, and when in the gray of early morning he fell asleep it was to slumber on until almost noon a most unheard-of thing for this man of methods.

"Wake up, John, it's nearly noon Come and see the baby, and we'll have breakfast after," he heard his wife call, and while the voice was familiar there was a note in it that

was absolutely new.

The baby was well; it was cooing in its contentment, and Barton had to admit his wife's contention that it was "the dearest baby in the world." His opinion on this subject was not large, so it did not count as that of an expert. He knew more about mines. At the breakfast table he thought of his duty.

"Have the baby wrapped up well, Edith, and I'll take it to the police station—" But he got no further. "You'll what?" gasped bis wife in

evident amazement.
"You know it cannot be kept here There are foundling asylums for the city's waifs, and besides if you leave to-day---" But the thought of it hurt him, and he did not finish. "If I leave to-day? John Barton, I'm not going to leave to-day, or any

other day, and that cute, cunning little baby is not going to the police station. So there."
"You mean, Edith, dear—

he arose and came to where she sat and the new light which came into her eyes and was reflected in his was leasant to see.
"T mean, John, dear, I mean that I

guess I don't care so much what other people are doing. I mean that we are going to be really and truly happy, you and I and the baby. And I mean this house isn't going to be envent; it's going to be paradise John, and Love is king."

And in a bewilderment of kisses

John Barton excused his lack of fulfillment of the duties of citizenship, and decided that the unhappi ness prevented more than justified the crime of omission he intended to

Very curious methods were em ployed by the ancient Babylonians to exorcise disease. The sucking pig and kid played an important part in the remedies. The pig, or kid, was to be killed, cut up, and placed upon the sick man. The heart of the pig which had been placed upon the sick man's heart was to be as his heart, the blood as his blood, the flesh as his flesh and the pig was to be in his stead. The virgin kid was dealf with in the same way, being placed upon the sick man. The Windy Orator.

A longwinded member of the Mas chusetts Legislature was delivering gathered in the town hall to hear it. He had been speaking quite a while when finally an old Scotchman aros and walked out of the half.

and walked out of the hall.

At the door one of his countrymer, was waiting with his hack to drive the orator to the station.

"Is he done yet, Sandy?" asked the Sect on the box. The old man turned about. "Aye," said he, "he's drne lang ago, but he will na stop." -Exchange

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A Faith on Trial.

By Aaron Rodd.

"What is it makes you so glum,

The speaker was young man of twenty-sight and the man addressed was about the same ago. There was, however, a striking contrast between the two. The first was, perhaps, the less interesting of the two, his square face, firm jaw and solidly built frame seemed to propolal him The speaker was young man of built frame seemed to proclaim him an admirable specimen of the aver panion was, on the contrary, a no-ticeable man. A man, it could be seen filled with quixotic notions, s poetical and highly strung temperament, the chief visible sign of which was the finely formed nose and sen sitive nostril Thames Embankment in full enjoy ment of a surprisingly mild morning



in March. When they reached Cleopatra's Needle, Martin Atock made the remark with which our record of a remarkable episode opens. His companion, Richard Lyon, replied somewhat gloomily, "Because I have lost all faith in womanhood." His friend, surprised, exclaimed.

By Jove! What a loss. "It is a loss, a very great loss," said Lyon with emphasis, and added as he grasped Atock's arm.

"I did not tell you I am engaged

"Married! By Gad, you surprise ie. Not knowing the lady, I suppose I can't congratulate you, and know ing so well, with your poetic fads and fancies, I'm afraid I can't con-gratulate her! That's the situation, I fancy. Seriously dear boy. I'm de But are you sorry that about to be tied up? Is that what's the matter? And where doe the loss of faith in womanhood come

"Let's us take one of the seats in the gardens for a moment, and per-haps when I tell you the facts you

seated themselves, and Lyon, stick as he rested one leg on the oth-

"And I have congratulated you on

the fact," said Aleck. "I hope you'll be very happy."

"Yes; but I've got myself into a

horrid mess, in this way. I have been engaged now three months, and the day before yesterday I wrote a long letter to my flances "Well, that was not a very wrong

"Will you listen? I wrote to her

as one does to the girl one hopes to make one's wife. Naturally I used very strong terms of endearment, and I am worried to death by the fact that writing in the office, as idid, in a hurry I put my letter into did, in a hurry I put my letter into an envelope addressed to a girl I have only seen once and never said more than 'It's a fine day' to."
"Well, there's nothing criminal in

all this. The recipient may smile on laugh at you, but if she's a lady she'll return the letter without a word, and by and by you'll both for get all about it.' "What worries me Mertin is this I wrote, as I told you, in a very strong strain. I let my feelings run

with me, and I even had the temerity to ask my wife-to-be to come to my rooms at half past seven to-night and promised to take her to the theater." "Yes; well, you thing you've given

the show away, so to speak, to a stranger. Is that it?"
"No," said Lyon shortly." I did not mention my flance's name at all, so the person to whom the letter is addressed cannot be identified—"

"Then what in Heaven's name are ning about?" cried Atook ou gro nterrupting.

se than what I have yet 1014 10:13" old jon?"

f c.l chap, tell me what it is a last to sails.

"Can't you see that there is some-

"The tragedy lies here," said Lyon. "I write and ask a lady to come to my rooms. The letter is addressed to my flancee, but it reaches the hands of a lady who is an utter stranger to me!"
"Yes," said Atock, keeping a very

serious face with an almost super human effort, "and the tragedy?"
"The tragedy is that she has accepted my invitation! She is coming

to-night, she writes me, and even add that she does not mind whether we go to the theater or not." "Well," said Atock, "that is awkward. I must admit. You're in beastly fix. I'll tell you! I have it.
You did not say you'd be alone. I'll
be there with you. That will settle

be there with you. That will settle the matter, eh, my boy?"
"If it could have been so easily settled I wouldn't have bothered you about it," said Lyon with marked veration. "I told you I wrote a very strong letter, an impassioned love-letter, in fact, and I said over and over again what delight it would be to me to see her—I mean my flances—alone for five minutes, for her old cat of an aunt never gives her a mo

ment's peace."
"But, by the way, you don't mind letting me know the name of the

wouldn't reveal it for worlds. "I mean, dear boy, the name of

the girl you are to marry."
"Oh, I don't mind telling her name to you, of course not. You've met her—Bessie Biddulph."

There was another pause and then Atock cried: "I have it! Why not get Bessie I mean Miss Biddulph—to meet the lady?"

meet the lady?"
"Really, you're getting to be idiotic," shouted Lyon. "A nice time I'd have explaining how the whole affair happened! I'd have to admit that my letter to Miss Biddulph went astray, and there's nothing in the letter to prove to whom it was ad-dressed! It commences, 'My Darling Girl,-"Oh. Miss Biddulph knows you've

only got one!" laughed Atock.
"Hang it all, can't you have sense?" said Richard, thoroughly irritated.
Seeing that his friend was truly

perplexed. Atock began again: "It is worrying, but where, to re-vert to my original question, does your gloominess and loss of faith in womanhood come in, and is there

anything very, very incriminating in the contents of your letter?" "Nothing ineriminating, but how can one have any faith in woman if you can invite an almost unknown girl of undoubted social position and plameless antecedents in the manner blameless antecedents in the manner I have told you, and discover to your horror that such a proposal is accepted with alacrity? If one girl does such a thing, why not all?"
"I mean to meet the girl," he went on savagely. "I've gained a lot by talling you shoul my worm, haven,"

telling you about my worry, haven't I? I shall meet her and tell her its all a mistake, I don't want to compromise her or myself. I might have called upon her; perhaps I'd better wire, but on the whole I think I shall see her—though I've no respect for the brazen baggage."

"She's not a brazen baggage," said Atock, with sudden warmth. "How in heaven's name do you

know?" cried Lyon. "I never men-tioned her name." "No, you did not," said Martin,
"but I think you should be just to
the poor girl. You're a very fascin-

ating fellow, you know, old chap, quite a ladykiller, you know." "Well, thank heaven, I'm not an exasperating idiot. Thank heaven got ideals and live up to them true womanhood, though that reverence has been rudely shaken by this this—disgraceful parallelogram in petticoats as I believe O'Connell

of womanhood. Thank heaven—"
"Thank heaven that you've got friend who can get you out of the mess your high-flown ideas have got you into," said Atock. "I happen to know the lady you are speaking so disrespectfully about "You do?" cried Richard "Who

is she then—for I shall not tell you, even if you're right. "Her name is Ada Beatrice Pursaid Martin solemnly. Lyon gasped.

"She is a lady for whom I have s profound respect," continued Atock.
"I was with her when your letter arrived. "And you respect a 'lady' who can

accept such an invitation as was mine?" asked Richard. "Certainly I can," calmly replied Atock. "You're not the only

gaged to be married, my boy. I am engaged to Miss Purser!" Then what on earth is the mean ing of her conduct?" asked Lyon.
"Simply this. I dined with the Pursers on Tuesday. Ada's father has consented to her marrying me. She received your letter

velope which you had addressed to he in reply to the questions on Eng-lish literature which I had asked her to put to you under pretext of being a soul thirsting for knowledge. I know you are fond of being con-suited as a kind of watchdog of knowledge. Of course she could make neither head nor tall of your letter. and I—I made her write and accept your invitation, which appointment of course, she never intended to keep, and I-well, I called to see yo this morning just to see the effect her letter had had on you. Of course, I did not know then that you were engaged to be married! So

"One's faith is, I suppose, stronger such fests," said Richard "In fature no more and view the matter in a serious light. o ly addressed letters for me."

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