

The Greensboro Patriot

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GREENSBORO, NOVEMBER 10, 1882.

It has been discovered that the negro is mentioned in the Bible—Nigger Demus.

One true friend adds more to our happiness than a thousand enemies to our unhappiness.

An old lady about 75 stopped at one of our big hotels the other day, and at meal time remarked very emphatically that in her "day and time" it was considered bad manners to pick one's teeth in public, but now things were changed and tooth picks were even put on the table.

Deserve Large Success. The Greensboro PATRIOT came out last week as an eight page paper. Its regular issue has been enlarged and contains the press dispatches. It deserves large success.—Raleigh Christian Advocate.

The Messrs. Odell & Co., of Concord, have built a commodious and neat chapel at their factory for Sunday school purposes and other religious services. It was dedicated after a suitable sermon by Rev. W. S. Cressy, the pastor, on the 22nd of October. This is a noble deed by liberal men.—Raleigh Christian Advocate.

We had a brief call to-day from Mr. Miller of the Charlotte Journal. He will return to Greensboro in a few days and work up the Journal.

The congregational meeting at the Presbyterian church Sunday resulted in the election of R. M. Sloan ruling elder, and J. N. Scott, W. E. Bevil and Dr. Robertson deacons.

Death of Mrs. Causey. Mrs. Joseph F. Causey, after a long and painful illness, died Sunday about 12 o'clock. The deceased was the wife of our esteemed townsman J. F. Causey, and he has the sympathy and condolence of the entire community in his deep bereavement. The funeral services were preached to-day by Rev. Mr. Crawford.

Important Case. The case of Seymour & Co. vs. the Western Railroad Company, (now the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad), involving \$250,000, was argued before the Supreme court of the United States on Tuesday last, Hon. S. F. Phillips and J. W. Hindsdale, Esq., appearing for the plaintiffs in error, and Hon. A. S. Merriam for the defendant corporation.

Winter According to Yemassee. "November will prove on the whole a better month than October, but there will be severe frosts and an advance belt of wintry weather, with heavy snow falls reported in western and southwestern sections."

"December," he says, "will enter frosty; but this cold will be followed by a comparatively open period, with wet weather in southern sections. Winter will set in generally towards the twentieth, and by Christmas, the country will be well snow covered from the Lakes and St. Lawrence Valley to New York, if not farther southward. I look for heavy snow falls in northern, northwestern, and western sections, with blustering weather and drifts towards the close of the year, and expect the year 1883 to enter somewhat similarly to 1880 and 1881."

Turner's N. C. Almanac for 1883. This popular almanac, "The Old Reliable," which for forty-five years—nearly half a century—has been paying its annual visits to the homes and firesides of our people, has been received from the publishers, Messrs. J. H. Ennis & Son, Raleigh, N. C. As usual, it is full of important information to all classes, and especially to the farmer, gardener and housekeeper, to whom it is invaluable. A very valuable feature of Turner's N. C. Almanac is its Annual State Record, in which are recorded the most important events; also, the deaths of aged and official persons which have occurred in our State during the past year, and which makes it very valuable for reference. The publishers propose to print, free of charge, the business card of all merchants who sell the almanac, on the outside page. For terms, etc., address J. H. Ennis & Son, Raleigh, N. C.

SIC SEMPER TYRANNI. The people of old Rome had the habit of pitching their bosses from the Tarpeian rock. They got a bad fall and were never heard of any more. The people of this country about a hundred years ago upset Boss George III. and his ring bosses, and we have had a horror of bosses ever since. Nevertheless, in our prosperity and supineness, we sometimes forget those Jeffersonian maxims: Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty; that power is always stealing from the many to the few; and the bosses, the modern name for tyrants, by their arts of treason, stratagem and spoils, get the better of the people for a while. For a while only; for this year will witness the overthrow and destruction of all the bosses in the boss-ridden States—Mahone in Virginia, Mott in North Carolina, Cameron in Pennsylvania and Conkling in New York. Sic semper tyranni.

An Earthquake. By cable to the Patriot.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 6th.—Violent earthquake in the vicinity of Aintab, northern Syria, destroyed several villages.

AN INDEPENDENT CONGREGATION.

Correspondence Patriot.

BROWN SUMMIT, Oct. 1.—As members of Rev. Mr. Mahoney's congregation we desire to enter a protest against the character of the sermon preached by him at this place last Sunday. We allude to that portion of his remarks in commendation of Mr. Stafford's candidacy for sheriff in this county. We deem it inappropriate in a minister to plead in behalf of a politician, and especially so when said politician is a Republican, and nine tenths of the congregation are Democrats. Mr. Stafford must be in a desperate strait when it becomes necessary to resort to such a subterfuge to obtain votes. The pulpit is a holy place, and apart from the exception noted Mr. Mahoney's sermon was excellent and appropriate. This is the opinion of

MANY VOTERS.

Shreveport, La., heads the list to-day with a \$100,000 fire. Insurance \$75,000.

Red Banks, New Jersey, follows with a \$250,000 blaze.

Cotton is still on the decline. Uplands are quoted in Liverpool to-day at 6 3-16, Orleans 6 9-16.

The price is having a depressing influence upon trade generally.

"To your tents O, Israel."

An Encounter Between St. Louis Lawyers.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 4.—In the U. S. court yesterday while ex-United States Senator John B. Henderson and Henry A. Cunningham were discussing an order of the court in a case in which both were counsel, Henderson remarked that Cunningham had not kept faith in some matter connected with the case.

Cunningham replied in a heated manner that the assertion was false. Henderson struck out from the shoulder and plucked three blows on Cunningham's face and head, knocking him violently against an iron pillar in the court room and thence to the floor. Friends interfered and the belligerents were separated. Judge Trent was greatly shocked, and said the affair was the most disgraceful that had occurred in court during the twenty-four years he had been on the bench. He fined Henderson, notwithstanding he made apology.

Alexander H. Stephens was inaugurated Governor of Georgia on Saturday last. His age is 74, and his fighting weight is 92 lbs.

"A weapon that comes down as still

As snowflakes fall upon the sod, But executes a freeman's will, As lightning does the will of God; And with its force, nor doors nor locks Can shield you 'tis the ballot box!"

AN INFAMOUS SCHEME.

A Hauling-up Crusade Proposed in North Carolina. Washington Post.

It has been well-known in political circles for some time, especially since their Waterloo in Ohio, that the Republican managers here have been looking to the South in a sort of wistful desperation for gains to make good in whole or in part their Congressional losses elsewhere.

The interference of the Administration in the State of New York, which brought about the defeat of Cornell and the nomination of Folger, and the unbridled license, as to Federal patronage in Virginia, given to Mahone, have met with such general condemnation from the independent press and honest voters all over the country that a pause in the high-handed course of the Administration might have reasonably been expected.

It really seems, however, as if the old adage that whom the gods would destroy they first make mad, is coming true with the Republican brethren, and the latest evidence of this madness is the audacious and reckless methods which their campaign leaders have adopted to capture the State of North Carolina at the elections on Tuesday next.

Their programme, as appears by recent and authoritative developments, is to send down into that State some time this week a large number of Northern men, armed with deputy marshals' commissions, to attend and supervise the polls in certain counties in the doubtful districts with the avowed purpose of intimidating voters. This plan has been endorsed and recommended by Dr. J. J. Mott, chairman of the State Republican committee; and the notorious D. McD. Lindsey has been selected as chief engineer and manipulator of the plot. The meeting which he had of Government employees from North Carolina last Friday night, when Mr. Deaver, a straight-out Republican was ejected from the door, was for the purpose of informing these employees that they must each contribute the sum of \$25 to the bill-collecting fund. "McLindsey," as he is commonly known, told the assembled victims that it was not expected of them to go home and vote, but that the \$25 from each would do much greater good in carrying

out a policy that promised to make many more votes than those of all the employes combined. He told them further that the contribution was "required" of them by Chairman Mott; that the scheme met the hearty approval of the several heads of departments, and that the latter had agreed to furnish the men suitable for the work.

This man "McLindsey" is not an unknown character in the politics of North Carolina. He is looked upon in his own State as a most unscrupulous partisan and if anything can be a disgrace to the present Administration, which seems to hesitate at no species of middle-class interference in the local affairs of the States, it certainly must be tainted by the employment of such a man to carry out such an outrageous conspiracy against the freedom of elections and the liberties of the citizens of a neighboring commonwealth. For it certainly bears the aspect of a conspiracy in its every lineament and feature. The pretext that the Republican managers, Hnbell, Henderson, Mott and the rest may set up, that these non-resident emissaries are to be sent to North Carolina to protect the ballot box and secure a fair election falls to the ground, when it is known that supervisors have already been appointed in the State by Judge Seymour at Dr. Mott's own suggestion.

Whether the programme will be fully carried out remains to be seen. It is known that it will not fail for lack of authority and indorsement in high quarters. It is known further that four of these trumped-up deputy marshals are already on their way to the Old North State. It is known also that the colored men of North Carolina here in Washington have been directed not to come home and vote but to pay their money into the "Mott-Lindsey" corruption fund. The matter may not have been discussed at a cabinet meeting, but the cabinet—three of its members at least—have signified their acquiescence in it and in one instance a cabinet officer has named the men from his department who are to be invested with the honors of a deputy marshalship and sent on to North Carolina with their commissions in their pockets to fulfil the sweet will of the Administration.

The Pension Fraud.

Raleigh Observer.

Immense frauds have been discovered in the pension business. It was a fraud from beginning to end. We note that Jay Hnbell, in his campaign book, claims the passage of this act as a feather in the cap of the Republicans. The pension committee says it was a Republican measure throughout—introduced by a Republican, passed by a Republican and signed by a Republican President. And now to show that it is entirely Republican, it was passed by fraud, is a cover of great fraud, and is itself a fraud. Certainly it tastes, smells and feels Republican all over and throughout.

[In response to an inquiry we state by authority that Gen. Seales voted against this pension fraud.—ED. PATRIOT.]

CORN, TOBACCO AND PEANUTS.

The Montreal Gazette thinks that as "present prices of corn are relatively below values of hogs and hog products for the early future, and the game may be said for the new year, therefore we reason that hogs must be lower, for we think that corn will have a greater influence in bringing down values of hogs than the latter will have in advancing the price of corn. The past season has demonstrated the fact that the European demand for our meats depends upon the price at which it is available, our exports having fallen off 40 per cent. as compared with the preceding year. The food resources of Europe are now better than a year ago." The Cincinnati Price Current, noticing the declining prices of hogs, says that "there is a margin for a further shrinkage in values before a safe re-forecasting will be reached, and it were much better for the trade in every way that it should come now than after the season has well progressed."

News from the tobacco crop are that in Wisconsin there is the largest crop ever raised, and nearly all saved in excellent condition; Ohio and Indiana have nearly an average crop; Virginia about two-thirds of an average, but of better quality than usual; North Carolina has a heavier and better crop than usual; Pennsylvania a fair crop, of excellent quality; New York a two-thirds crop; and the Connecticut valley about three-fourths of an average crop.

The Cincinnati Price Current's statistics of the peanut crop show a yield of 1,500,000 bushels in Virginia, 500,000 in Tennessee and 150,000 in North Carolina, a total crop of 2,150,000 bushels. Last year the crop was only 1,150,000 bushels. The supply available for consumption during the year which began Sept. 1st, 1882, is put at 2,280,000 bushels. The largest consumption on record is 2,108,000 bushels in

1880-81, when prices were very low. It is probable that prices will go down below present rates, sufficient to induce consumption of the very great crop this year. The 1880 crop was 2,370,000 bushels, which was followed by low prices and large consumption, and the same rule holds good with most crops used for food.

A THINKING MACHINE.

A Contrivance That Thinks for Thirty-two Persons on Thirty-two Different Subjects at once.

New York Herald.

Masklyn and Cook's "Psycho," the famous German automatic chess player, and Ben, the educated pig poker player, are all knocked out of time by the work of a resident of Jersey City, who has invented a "thinking machine." There is no end of machines for adding up columns of figures; in fact, two different styles are now in use in the counting houses of New York. In the Dudley Observatory, in Albany, any visitor can see under the tablet erected to the memory of Mr. Sontag, sometime observer there—who lost his life on one of Kane's Arctic expeditions—a most intricate mechanical contrivance he invented for making logarithmical calculations. But what are the variations of calculus to the complex and mysterious processes of the human brain?

Gulbrecht invents a talking machine and Edison a contrivance for imprisoning the sound of the human voice, but up to the present writing there is no authenticated account of a thinking machine. The inventor, with great modesty, says that there are in the Book of Solomon some obscure allusions to such a contrivance, but they are so vague that the eyes of faith alone can comprehend them.

The most extraordinary part of the thinking machine is that it can not only do the thinking for one person but for thirty-two. The sneering sceptic (and the inventor says he finds the world full of such) will say that if the machine can think for one person it can think for the whole world at the same time, provided the topic is the same. Of course it could, but this machine, according to the claims of its sponsor, can think for thirty-two persons on thirty-two different subjects. Why the number of persons and subjects is confined to thirty-two, will be sufficiently clear to any one when it is called to mind that there are only that number of points in the compass. The limitations of the machine for a long time puzzled the inventor; but he said yesterday, when he called at the Herald office with a portion of the contrivance under his arm, that he discovered, after many sleepless nights, that that was the reason. Why there are only thirty-two points in the compass is an inquiry which, if indulged in would lead the mind of the reader from the subject in hand and might impair the lucidity of this account of the wonderful invention. To a thorough understanding of the following description of the machine it is necessary to imitate the example of Grosvenor's fair auditors and "think about nothing at all."

It may disappoint lovers of elaborate mechanical descriptions to hear at the outset that the machine consists of a disk, a pointer and an air pump. The inventor used to use his lungs, but he got tired and introduced an air pump instead. This departure from the original plan leaves him free to make explanations while the machine is "thinking."

It is in the "combination" of these simple elements that he claims his patent. He was not prepared yesterday to "give the whole thing away," but he explained this much—that the opening pipe from the air pump or bellows is in the immediate vicinity of a tin-pin-wheel, and the expelled air finding a resisting surface on the cars of this it turns the rod to which the pin-wheel is attached. This much of the mechanism is hidden from view. On top of this and in plain view is a cardboard chart, on which is drawn a circular disk and through the centre of the chart appears the rod to which the pin-wheel is fastened. Across the top of this rod, and at right angles with it, is fastened a pin, which, when the machine is "thinking," spins around over the disk like the pointer on a wheel of fortune.

This part of the machine, the inventor says, did not take long to make, but he has been for years and years perfecting the disk. In fact, he says, "I got in all my time work on the disk."

This disk is arranged like a circular map. In the circle nearest the centre are arranged the names of the Books of the Apocalypse; in the next circle the Books of the Old Testament; in the next the Books of the New Testament. In the next circle he placed the letters of the alphabet (because they are twenty-six in number).

Then come thirty-one numbers representing the days of the month, then the twelve months and then Medicotics.

"What are Medicotics?" "Medicotics means medicines; I found out that name for myself; it's original with me."

On the outer periphery of the circle appear the astrological signs. The inventor says these are important enough to be nearer the centre, but as some people object to astrology he has compromised with common prejudice and put them on the outside.

Having finished this much of his explanation he said:—"Ask me questions; they don't perplex me; they enlighten me."

DOCTORS USELESS.

"Can your thinking machine tell what ails a man if he is sick?"

"Of course it can. Why I just put the front leaf of an almanac on the disk, stick the pointer through the stomach of the man in the centre of the zodiacal signs and work the air pump. The pointer when it stops will point to the seat of the disease."

"Speaking of the various parts of the body," said he, with animation, "I discovered that the seat of the intellect is not in the brain, but in the heart. This is dead sure, for the 'Oracle' (that's what I call my machine) has said so. Why, you never heard of a man who was shot through the heart living, and hundreds of fellows who were shot in the brain are still alive. That proves it."

In justice to the "thinking machine" it would be well to state that the idea like the word "medicotics" is original with the inventor.

This thinking machine has discovered the true way to the North Pole. The inventor put a circumferential map on the disk, worked the air pump and the pointer indicated the way to get there. He does not propose to give the secret away at present. He can foretell the weather by means of the "Oracle," and intends to abolish the Weather Bureau with it.

He was an early caller, and before he came in to explain his machine he swapped "views," on a bench outside, with another gentleman who has a patent for boxing sunlight, so as to make things pleasant for Arctic explorers during the winter time, and a doctor who has discovered the exact nature of "malaria."

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine for December is full of delightful, entertaining and edifying reading; indeed it would be hard to find grouped within two covers more varied, interesting and generally instructive matter. The editor, Rev. Dr. Talmage, has some peculiarly interesting "Essays on Timely Topics," and a sermon in the Home Pulpit, "Forward."

There are some studies in the Acts of the Apostles, grouped under the heading "International Lessons for 1883," which every one may profitably study. There are stories, essays, sketches, poems, etc., by Marion Harland, Harriet Irving, Geo. McDonald, L. L. D.; Michael Munkacsy, Professor Derry, Myrta Lockett, M. V. Moore, and other writers of celebrity. Among the other prominent features of the number are "International Sunday-school Lessons for 1883," "Wit, Wisdom and Pathos of Childhood," "Rhythms and Rhythms for the Little Folks," "Drift of Religious Comment," "Editorial Comments," etc., etc., together with beautiful illustrations, mottoes, etc. The price of a number is 25 cents, or \$3 a year. Post free. Mrs. Frank Leslie, publisher, 53, 55 & 57 Park place, New York City.

AN INDIFFERENT INFIDEL.

CHAPTER I.

"He is an indifferent infidel, and I am surprised and vexed and grieved and mortified!" exclaimed Minerva from the top step where she had flung herself with a most unbecoming flourish on her fair face.

"Why this fuss?" Mabel inquired languidly, from the lower stone step where she had arranged herself carefully; why this sudden and strange vehemence?"

"I rather think you would rouse your dormant anatomy if a friend of yours, a member of the church should suddenly, without any reason or apology, turn indifferent, and then calmly inform you of it! If he was only something I should not mind it so much, but to be nothing—" and Minerva nearly fell from her position in a vain effort to make an impression, while her friend hummed, "Oh to be nothing, nothing," in a most provoking tone.

In the midst of Minerva's wrath and Mabel's indifference, the door of the institution opened and the venerable janitor mildly remarked; "Miss Minerva is wanted at the telephone. Perhaps Miss Mabel is aware that the study hour began at four o'clock."

With a half smothered ejaculation both girls disappeared "to be entombed," as Minerva said, in

books and work. While they are gone let us stay outside and enjoy the beauty of the June afternoon by making ourselves acquainted with the young people so suddenly introduced.

Minerva Lincoln is a member of the senior class at Hillsdale Academy. She is a tall, beautiful girl with her brown hair—which only the spiteful call "red"—and pearly skin, but her chief charm is not a physical one. It is the matchless voice that can compel a room full of boisterous girls to listen and be quiet. But they tell her that her voice is her only angelic attribute, and every one is obliged to assent to this criticism.

She seems born to command, and is worthy of her birth. Royally does she rule her friends, but nothing can equal the fury of her sarcasm to her enemies.

In short she is a veritable human girl with great possibilities of doing good, and still greater probabilities of doing mischief.

Her friend, Mabel Perry, is a fair haired blonde, short and stout, whose only attraction for Minerva is her utter indifference to this world's opinion.

At dusk both girls appear—talking as only school girls can talk when they are going to have a vacation—and rapidly walk down the "hill of science" leaving the old historic building to silence and oblivion.

Mabel is questioning her friend with regard to her summons at the telephone, and she begins thus: "What did the fossil want?"

"Who? Oh, Abram?"—as the janitor was familiarly called—"my dear I'll tell you; if that young person by the name of Draper does not stop telephoning to me about that concert to-night, she will get herself into trouble—to say nothing of myself—and then the town crier will waste some of his oxygen thereupon," said Minerva who, I regret to say, sometimes drops into slang as easily as Sam Weller dropped into "verse."

"I am waiting with all the patience I may," suggested Mabel, "and I should enjoy being told what is troubling Miss Draper."

"She was so sorry to trouble me, but she should like to know what I intended to sing so much that she had braved my wrath and would I not reward her daring?" and Minerva smiled at the recollection.

"The faculty were in the room I presume?" suggested Mabel.

"Of course, and Mr. Harlow was listening and remarking on my telephonic voice to Miss Hytta. He asked what was the trouble when I paused, and looked positively ugly when I rattled off some Latin to Draper, the lovely, and then said sweetly, nothing thank you!"

"What was your classical quotation?"

"Hæc fabula docet tempus fugit!" Both girls laughed at Minerva's ready use of all the Latin she knew, and Mabel asked: "Are you sure Mr. Harlow did not know enough Latin to translate that?"

"Sure, I did not stop to inquire into the depths of his researches in Latin but said good bye to Miss Draper and rushed out. He looked rather peculiar so I fear somewhat, and I'm very glad the concert is to-night. I shall not sing after the vacation."

"I wish you would not sing to-night as Mr. Harlow will be sure to know it and what would your indifferent infidel say if he knew of such dissipation?" inquired Mabel archly, knowing she would bring down a little storm for speaking of him.

"I have promised and I must now, regardless of consequences. Harry King's opinion would not make the slightest difference to me, as you know. Besides he is out of town," said Minerva in her most haughty tones, although she flushed under her friend's close scrutiny.

"Then you are an indifferent infidel and as you both are the same thing, or equal to it, you are equal to each other!" triumphantly exclaimed Mabel, with her mind on her geometry.

But Minerva would not talk in that light way, so the subject was dropped, and both girls waited the developments of events with what peace of mind they could, neither of them expecting much, but both dreaming—they knew not what.

CHAPTER II.

Night came with all the pomp and majesty that belongs to night alone. To-night her leaden sceptre was jeweled with countless myriads of stars, and the sable goddess ceased "mourning the death of the day" in honor of the event, Mabel said.

This concert was the last of the season the morning papers had said, and Minerva had read this over with a feeling of joy in her heart of hearts, the existence of which she would confess to no one, for was not this the last of June, and was she not going home tomorrow with the money in her

pocket that she had earned by these concerts? To be sure she had sung in open defiance of the rules of Hillsdale Academy, which enjoined "devotion and singleness of purpose upon its pupils," and she knew something direful would occur if she should be discovered. But this was the last, and on the morrow all trouble and danger would be over and she would be as free as air.

The concerts were entertaining and the secret element of danger fascinating and bewitching to her inmost soul; she really needed some excitement and this was the most harmless that offered itself. What if Harry King—her friend of a few months—did not approve, or would not if he had known?

She knew she did not approve of his avowed indifference and was not that much worse than a few pleasant evenings on the stage? To be sure he had gained more influence over her than she was willing to admit or she would not have needed this long justification, but he was away, and would never know; when he came back she would be good.

So she dressed herself with unusual care and presented her self for inspection to Mr. Perry radiant in all her youth and beauty, and with a face that would not be questioned as to the happiness and satisfaction she felt. But a skillful observer would have noticed the strange glitter in her eyes and the nervous unrest of her movements.

Mr. Perry saw only the sheen and glitter of the white satin dress with its long train, the delicate head crowned with the shining brown hair, the dainty arms half veiled with lace, and the slender fingers with only one plain ring upon them.

The wistful face to him was only the lovely laughly face of his daughter's friend, and he drew the fleecy wraps around her with a father's tenderness thinking that soon she would be in his care no longer.

"Do I look decently lovely?" she asked.

"Fair as the morning," Mr. Piper said, "and as beautiful as evening."

"Like a poet's dream of Heaven," was Mrs. Perry's comment.

"Almost bride like," said Mabel, knowing Minerva would not thank her for that remark.

"I cannot stand this poetical atmosphere; suppose we start for the scene of action to avoid suffocation on my part?"

It was time she did for Minerva was pinching her for her remark with sufficient vehemence to accelerate her movements wonderfully.

Mabel was sent down to the theatre first to see if any of Minerva's enemies as she styled her acquaintances on that night were there. She was amazed to see the potent, grave and reverend Mr. Harlow sitting comfortably in his private box, and scanning the audience with his opera glass.

In a few minutes Minerva knew of his presence and "trembled internally" she afterwards said, but she would and the more difficulties increased, the more her determination arose to fulfill the agreement.

So when the programme announced: "Song selected, Miss Lincoln," she appeared on the stage as proud and as self possessed as her friends could wish.

During the few seconds that elapsed before the song began she looked over the audience, and saw Mr. Harlow's eyes fixed on her with a look of recognition that she had never herself to meet, but she was not prepared for the serious eyes of her friend Harry King.

But there they were and with a start of surprise each recognized the other.

The few seconds has passed, and Minerva must begin; clasping her hands together and fixing her eyes on the wall above Mr. Harlow and Harry King she began her song. It was of love and despair and final triumph.

The young voice rose and fell with the melody, the first movement and the audience listened with a satisfied content that was soothing to the pride of the young singer.

Then the tones grew deeper and the first anguish of despair rose to a grand agony culminating in a fierce struggle between love and hate. Gradually the tumult was stilled and out of this suffering the voice of the singer came as the voice of an angel purified by anguish, and rising above it to the majesty of the victory.

The grand movement of the melody filled the theatre with a volume of sound; higher and still higher soared the pure voice carrying with it the hearts of the vast audience, for they instinctively knew that the singer was feeling its power and pathos, as she never would again. And it was true. In the singing of that song she realized the strength,

despair and finally the victory of her love over herself.

Collecting all her power with a mighty effort she finished the song, with a triumphant strain that showed the completeness of the victory.

The song was over, but the audience seemed wrapped and enchained; the magic tones seemed still to be ringing through the room; the air was full of sound and the people were only aroused by the falling of the curtain.

Then the applause shook the building; men stood up waving their hats frantically calling loudly for the singer; nothing would satisfy them but another glimpse of her.

Flushed with excitement and almost stunned with the feelings that threatened to unnerve her; she came, to be greeted with shouts, and almost buried with flowers.

Bowing her acknowledgments with that grace that belongs only to youth she received that homage which only a queen of song can obtain.

Then, and not till then, she looked at the two friends she feared. Mr. Harlow was smiling and bowing but Harry King's face was concealed.

A great fear filled her, and as the people were still demanding another song she resolved to gratify them.

She selected "In the gloaming," and sang the beautiful song of love and longing with a pathos and passion unknown to her before.

When the song was finished she looked for Harry but he was not there; he had left before the song was completed.

CHAPTER III.

The next day Minerva went home completely exhausted "mentally, morally, physically and politically," as she said.

Thinking of the happy days she had spent by the lake she decided to take a book and go there; but she found that reading was beyond her power at this time, so she sat idly looking at the water and thinking dreamingly of that last night at Hillsdale. It seemed like a feverish dream.

The applause still rang in her ears and her head ached, but it was all over now.

All over! Her eyes filled with tears as she said this sadly to herself.