THE DURHAM TOBACCO PLANT.

DEMOCRATIC ALWAYS AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES.

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DURHAM, N. C.
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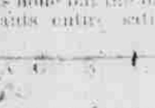

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A GIRL'S COQUETRY.

BY LIZZIE M. MULHERN.

I was alone and friendless in the world, when Miss Emerson took me to her home, and treated me as she would a young sister.

While my mother lived I had been a petted child, and I shrank from all coldness as all sensitive natures will ever do, but Miss Emerson was so thoughtfully tender to me in my first great sorrow [illegible] mother's death, that my young [illegible] turned to her with passionate affection.

In all my life I have never seen a face more beautiful than Miss Emerson's.

What [illegible] the [illegible] had [illegible] some sorrow resting upon it, and a look of past, but deathless pain lingered in the dark, grey eyes, it was none the less perfect, from the low, broad brow, to the daintily rounded chin, and through the smile on the crimson lips was ever pitifully sad, was it not strangely sweet as well, and her wealth of rippling hair, tinged with grey, almost weighed down her classical little head.

I often wondered what great sorrow had darkened her life, and why, at the age of thirty-six, with her rare beauty, she was still Miss Emerson.

One evening I came on her kneeling at a low couch, with a look of such intense agony on her beautiful face, that I felt my own grow pale.

She had raised her head at my entrance, and as I attempted to withdraw, she motioned me over.

"Come to me, little one," she said, "I long for your loving sympathy."

I sank down beside her, wondering what memory had stirred her so terribly.

"Are you so very unhappy?" I said.

"Unhappy," she repeated. "Oh, my child, if longing for death, if bearing life in the hope of its soon ending, is being unhappy, then I am unhappy."

"Do you wish to die?" I asked, half doubting that any one could long to leave this fair, bright world.

"Wish to die," she said; "Louise, my life is simply that wish."

"If I only could—if I only knew [illegible]"

She smiled sorrowfully. "You would comfort me, darling." Then after a short silence: "You have comforted me many times; your love has been read, the only happiness for sixteen long years. You do love me, Louise."

Late that evening we sat together in the deepening shadows of the twilight, and Miss Emerson, drawing my head down on my knee, asking me would I like to hear a story.

"I have a strange feeling over me to-night," she said, "and yet I feel like talking. Would you like to listen, dear?"

With my head resting against her knee, my hands clasped tightly in hers, I listened to the following story.

"Pretty, pale, little Mrs. Gray loved her twin boys as only a mother can love, whose every hope is centered in her children.

Certainly, Mrs. Gray had a husband, but he was a stern, tyranical man of whom his pretty little wife had been afraid, even in the honeymoon. But her boys were all her own; like her in disposition.

All the love of her heart was given to them, all her hope and pride rested in them. In a word, she worshipped her boys, not because they were different from other women's sons, but they were her all, her darlings.

They were boys of fifteen when Antoinette Testrange come to live with them—Antoinette, with her big grey eyes, rippled hair and baby smile.

She was thirteen then, nearly two years younger then the brothers.

The lord of the mansion did not think it necessary to tell his wife much about Antoinett Testrange, so he simply said, that Frank and Willis were to treat her like a sister, "and you ma'am—will you be kind to her, and that is all I ask."

Mrs. Gray knew all about Antoinett Testrange, so really there was really no need to tell her.

She knew that years before her husband had loved another Antoinett—one who played him false after promising faith and truth.

Yes her husband had loved—loved only once in his life, and even then she remembered with a bitter pang, how her own love dream had turned to dead sea fruit, before she was one short month a wife.

"Why did he marry me when his heart was given to another—why did he wed me, and his heart so cold—so carelessly cold to me?" she had often wondered, in the early days of her married life.

The truth was, when Antoinette St. Clair deceived him, and left him for another, he knew not, care not, what he was doing, and when smarting under the pain inflicted by the woman he loved, he met and married Lena Hayes, he thought not of the wrong he was doing her.

She was fair and young, and though he could never love again, he chose her for his wife.

But now the beautiful woman he had loved was dead. She had died in misery and alone, and he had brought her orphan child to his home.

Years rolled on [illegible] handsome boys grew into still handsomer men.

"Take care that [illegible] of saying your boys (he always made a po[int] [illegible] love with mademoiselle, when they grow up," Mr. Gray had often said to his wife, "for she is like her mother, and will make the heart of the man who happens to love her, ache with bitter pain before she dies."

"I think you wronged Antoinette," Mr. Gray had answered, gently, for the dark-eyed girl had taken the place next to her sons in her gentle heart.

"You will [illegible] own way," no doubt, but [illegible] am saying: I know [illegible] not [illegible] Antoinette [illegible] the gallant [illegible] her."

When Antoinette was eighteen, Frank came home from college and fell in love with the beautiful girl he had left a child, and one quiet evening he told her so.

She listened to him with bent head.

He was very handsome—very stately, and—and said:

"Yes."

"But you will keep it a secret for three months, Frank," she said, "you must not even tell Willis."

"Let me at least tell him, Antoinette; we have always shared each other's joys and sorrows."

"No, you must grant me this little favor, Frank," she said, lifting her eyes to his.

"Everything must be as you wish, my own," he said; "but I do not like anything underhand."

But Antoinette was resolute, and so he consented to keep their engagement a secret for awhile, and bitterly he repented after that he yielded to her whim against his better judgment.

And then Willis came home, and it seemed Antoinette took a pleasure in teasing Frank, by continually flirting with him.

Many times Frank was on the point of telling the truth, but Antoinette's temper, and he consoled himself by thinking the three months would soon pass.

"It is playing with fire, darling," he said to her once, "and should Willis learn to love you, we could never forgive ourselves our deceit."

Antoinette flushed hotly, and grew strangely embarrassed.

"I will take care," she said, "that Willis does not lose either his hand or his heart to me."

"I hope not," her lover answered, his eyes resting on her flushed face.

"You have no love for me, Frank, or you would trust me," she said petulantly.

"I love you darling," he said, "God only knows but I love my brother too."

"Then cease to wrong us both, by being idly jealous," she said, coldly.

There was a strange, weary pain at Frank's heart when his mother—always watchful where her idols were concerned—spoke to him about Antoinette.

"Has it struck you, Frank," she said, "that Willis is falled in love with Antoinette?"

His face paled.

"I hope not," he said. "Oh mother, it is not—it cannot be true."

His mother glaced at him.

"I cannot help seeing that Willis loves her, and I think, she loves him in return."

"Then Heaven pity me!" Frank cried, throwing himself down on the [illegible] "Mother, little mother, you may as well know it now. Antoinette is my promised wife. Oh, mother—mother, has she deceived me?"

"I must be mistaken then, my boy; Antoinette could never bring such misery to our home—Antoinette could never bring such misery to our home—Antoinette, whom I have loved as a daughter. Why did you not tell me before, Frank?"

Mrs. Gray knew not what to do; her sons had been her joy, her pride, her all, and now trouble had come to one of them through the other, and she was powerless to comfort him. God help her, for she loved either of them better than she did her life.

She bent over Frank, and caressed his hair.

"I have faith in Antoinette still," she said, "I will go to her, and learn the truth."

She went to Antoinette.

"My child," she said softly, "Frank told me something this evening—told me you were going to be his bride. I wish you every happiness, my daughter."

Antoinette's face flushed.

"Would you wish me the same happiness were it Willis?" she said.

"Antoinette, remember, dear, they are brothers, twin brothers, and love each other passing well."

"You know—you suspect—"

"That Willis loves you too, Oh, Antoinette, what have you done? deceived both my boys, and I have loved you so dearly. Their happiness was my life; why did you not leave it to me?"

Antoinette's face grew pale.

"Pity me," she cried, "for—for—oh, mother, I love Willis!"

"Love Willis, and pledged to his brother! Willis must bear his disappointment, Antoinette."

"You will teach him to hate me," the girl cried, "teach him to despise me. Oh, mother! you will let me tell him the truth myself?"

"My sons are gentlemen," Mrs. Gray said, proudly, "therefore there can be no harm in granting your request. And yet, no; if Frank can still trust you, I cannot, and you shall not talk to Willis again till I have told him all. Willis is only human, and though I think it impossible, you might lead him to be false to his honor and manhood, false to his brother."

"Tell Frank I will keep my engagement," Antoinette said, quietly; "as for Willis—"

"Yes. What of Willis?"

"He will make no sign," the girl said, sorrowfully; "he may blame me inwardly, but no unkind word will leave his lips."

The remainder of the evening Antoinette was strangely restless, and Willis watched her with eager, questioning eyes, while Frank pretended not to notice any change in her manner.

Once as she passed him Willis said; "Keep your promise, Antoinette, for this cannot last."

At ten o'clock Willis arose. "Good night, mother," he said, and she, impelled by a strange feeling, drew down his head and kissed him.

"Good night, Frank," he said, turning to him.

"Good night, old fellow," Frank replied, and then the door closed between them.

After Willis was gone, Frank turned to Antoinette. "It is all right now," he said: "I will tell father when he comes home, and we will never [illegible] a secret again [illegible]."

"Yes—yes, tell him," she said; "you may as well do so now as again."

She stood before him, and his mother watched them with a pitiful little smile.

After Frank went up to his own room, he stood at the window for more than an hour.

Suddenly a shadow fell between him and the moonlight, the shadow of a slim, girlish figure, that, wrapped in a dark mantle, had passed the window.

"My God! Antoinette," and the next moment he went down the stairs, opened the door, and walked quietly down the path Antoinette had taken.

He came on her in the shadow of drooping trees—came on her standing with his brother, [illegible] around her waist, [illegible] curly head resting on his shoulder.

In that moment of intense agony, Frank Gray's heart seemed to stand still. The girl he had loved so tenderly, the brother who was his second self. It was worse, far worse than death.

Still in the shadow of the trees he saw Willis stoop and kiss her lips, and heard her say, passionately:

"Oh! Willis, Frank will come between us. It is not just—it is not fair."

He did not hear his brother's answer, for, almost unconscious of what he was doing, he turned down another path.

What difference whether he heard it or not, he knew how passionately Willis must have loved her, when he could forget his honor. Forget his honor! Willis Gray had scarcely done that, for his answer to her passionate cry was:

"Yes, Antoinette, he must come between us, for I could not take my happiness at the expense of his. Oh! Antoinette, Antoinette, why did you so wrong us both?"

Frank had gone a little distance away, but had suddenly turned back. He would face them, let them see the misery they had wrought.

As he came close he heard Antoinette's answer.

"Why, oh Willis! do you ask me why? It was all a jest at first, and then—oh, Willis! I learned to love you."

Frank went forward still in the shadow of the trees.

God knows Willis Gray saw not his brother's face, never dreamed it was he. He heard Antoinette's startled cry saw the dark shadow, and on the impulse of the moment, raised his hand and struck the intruder.

Maddened [illegible] Willis fell [illegible] der the impression he was a [illegible] tramp, fought desperately.

Suddenly Frank was dashed to the ground, and Willis turned to the trembling girl.

"I have knocked the scoundrel senseless," he said. "Run to the house, my darling, and then I'll raise an alarm. Hope he is not dead."

He knelt down by the fallen man's side, and then a cry rang from his lips that made the girl beside him sink down in horror.

"Oh, God—oh, God! What have I done? Frank—Frank, my brother!"

Yes, Frank Gray was dead, killed by the hand of the brother he had loved so tenderly, the brother he would have given his life for.

With a cry Antoinette clung to Willis, but he dashed her aside.

"Do not tempt me to curse you, Antoinette!" he said. "Oh, girl—girl! Do you see what you have done? Oh, God! Antoinette, how could you bring such misery to those who loved you? Oh, mother—mother!"

Oh, mother—mother! How often in the days of anguish that followed did the same cry ring from Willis Gray's lips—the days of anguish before they laid Frank Gray to rest to rest; not only him, but the pretty little mother, whose heart broke with the intensity of its agony.

Miss Emerson paused and looked fixidly out of the window an expression I could not read on her beautiful face.

"Did Willis marry Antoinette?" I said, after a long silence.

"No," she answered, without turning around, "he never looked on her face again; he went abroad and died in a foreign land—died alone, for none were near him but strangers."

"And Antoinette?"

Miss Emerson turned slowly round.

"Louise," she said, "my name is Antoinette Testrange Emerson, and now you know the shadow on my life. Do you wonder I long to die!"

She sank down at the couch again, and silently I stole from the room.

Two hours later I went back. Miss Emerson still knelt in the same position, and trembling with an unknown dread I bent over her and raised her head, and then a wild cry arose to my lips, for the soft glimmer of the lamp I was lighting, fell on the beautiful, dead face of Antoinette Emerson.

Her prayer had been heard at last: she lay there cold and still, a tiny miniature clasped in her hand and my heart told me it was the likeness of Willis Gray.

NATALIE'S LOVER.

BY ANNIE STERLING.

Harry Waterman was fortunate enough to posess a manly bearing, an expressive countenance, and better still, a well cultivated mind.

His mother, dying when he was but an infant, he was unhappily deprived of *loving* care, for his father being of a cold proud nature imagined that he had fulfilled his utmost duty in giving his child the advantages of a thorough education; admission into fashionable circles, and a liberal supply of wherewithal to meet the Arch Enemy half way.

It was generally supposed that he would inherit the old gentleman's bonds, stocks, and loose cash and therefore very many stylish girls petted him, so that he became an exquisite of such fastidious tastes, that no one suited him as well as the elegant Harry Waterman.

"He didn't fancy girls who were thrown at his head," he said, so he was yet in the market and "fancy free."

It came to pass that in the course of events he found himself on board a steamboat bound for a small eastern city, he had taken a sudden freak to run away from all company, for a short, summer trip, and enjoyed a [illegible] sensation in being alone.

Lazy, and indifferent as to surroundings, he settled himself in a cool shady [illegible] a volume he happened to have in his pocket, he read the following lines:

"One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all these graces are in one woman, one woman shall not be in my graces."

"Excellent!" he exclaimed, in an egotistical manner, then certainly, it is decreed that I shall not wear the yoke matrimonial, for a perfect woman I shall never find."

Of course this murmured remark was unheard, but just then, looking up, he gave a slight start of surprise for sitting opposite was a remarkably beautiful girl.

Now the sight of a beautiful woman was not a novelty. He had seen scores of them, but this girl he pronounced "unique" at the very first glance, and thought that her face and figure were the most exquisite he had ever beheld.

She was a pensive blonde—a rare creature indeed, because really unconscious of her beauty.

An elderly gentleman sitting beside her, evidently her father, noticing the start and surprised look, immediately commenced a conversation by asking a trival question, and Harry Waterman, only too glad of a chance for a better acquaintance with the lovely stranger seconded his efforts in such a way, that in a short time both father and daughter were charmed by his interesting conversation.

He soon discovered that the old gentleman was very illiterate, but possessed a profound knowledge of human nature—the daughter at first remained silent but attentive; soon she she joined in the conversation, giving evidence of a cultivated mind.

She was, however, ignorant of the little observances of good society, yet [illegible] Harry compared her to a modest violet—a field daisy—to every thing sweet and pleasant; evidently she was respectable, and superior to her station in life, but he fancied there was a taint of vulgarity in the father.

Was the fastidious Harry Waterman caught at last—smitten irretrievably?

When his new acquaintances left the boat, he accompanied them on shore, although he had intended to go further—in a neat little speech he told the old gentleman a fib, saying that the picturesque scenery induced him to remain over and admire it at his leisure; thereupon he was invited to visit him.

This he readily promised to do, and that very evening he saw the beautiful Natalie in her own home. Everything within the house was plain and humble, but fine furniture was not missed for she brightened the place with her presence.

The intimacy of these two increased every day. At first the father accompanied them upon their little pleasure excursions; but at length they were left to ramble together over the hills.

They discovered quiet nooks that seemed especially made for lovers; of course, what could be more natural than to improve the opportunities which propinquity and youth afforded. Therefore, the elegant young man, in eloquent phrases whispered in her willing ear the oft repeated story of unalterable love and eternal constancy, and received Natalie's promise to be his loving wife.

One night, after a tender parting at the gate of the little garden set all around with pinks and roses, he returned to the hotel in a reflective mood.

Seriously, how would his father, [illegible] sensation in the back part. [illegible] receive [illegible] considerable los[s] [illegible] vings as [illegible] with a p[illegible] nown his engagement [illegible] flush of passion over, reason asserted itself—he was becoming critical—sensitive to every movement of this lovely girl, noting her non-observance of conventional forms and watching for solecisms of every kind.

He compared her naivete with the cold decorum of his fashionable lady acquaintances, and her girlish abandon of spirits, with their quiet self-possession.

There was evidently a mistery about the father; how did he manage to live, being apparently engaged in no business whatever? His wife, too, was fat, coarse and vulgar; was it possible that she could be the mother of *such* a daughter?

Vulgarity was unmistakably stamped upon themselves and their surroundings, yet Natalie was still as beautiful as upon their first interview—still as gentle and loveable, trying to adapt herself to his critical tastes; imagination had made her an idol.

These, and similar reflections occupied his mind—there was a fierce struggle in his soul between a sense of honor and a *dying passion.*

Poor dear! he would not be so cruel as to disappoint her, so ungentlemanly as to break his promise. She was sweet, good and pure—he loved her—he would marry at once and go to Europe. She should learn the usages and etiquette of polite circles; the money left him by his grandmother afforded a moderate income—that would be suficient for the trip—then upon their return he would introduce a wife of polished refinement to his aristocratic father.

Thus arranging and planning, the next day he hurried to the house and proposed an immediate marriage in order to be in time to sail in the next ocean steamer.

There was no hesitancy in either father, mother or daughter in accepting this sudden offer, and the evening was fixed for the ceremony.

Never was there a more lovely bride, attired in a simple dress of white, with a soft flush upon her charming face, and a tender expression in her violet eyes.

The minister of God was waiting. Her lover kissed her warm lips, and then they went down the stairs together; but what a tableau was presented to their astonished gaze; instead of the quiet solemnity of a wedding, there was a scene of confusion.

A police officer grasped her father firmly, exclaiming in an unsympathetic voice:

"I arrest you for fogery."

At the same moment Natalie fainted, and was happily spared the pain of seeing her father hancuffed and conveyed to prison.

For long weeks the poor girl lay hovering between life and death, ignorant of her father's trial and sentence for a term of years.

Harry Waterton felt that the stain upon the family name of his bride was an insurmountable barrier between them, yet he could not endure to undeceive her, for she seemed to think that the marriage was only deferred to a more convenient season.

If he had been doubtful before, he now revolted at the very thought of their union and cheated himself into believing that high-toned father would never accept the daughter of such a criminal.

Gradually the truth drawed upon the mind of the unfortunate girl that her lover—her promised husband—had become cold and indifferent.

With her head resting fondly upon his shoulder, this conceited coxcomb revealed to her in plain terms the necessity of a final separation.

Looking into his face earnestly, with pleading eyes, he said:

"Do you mean it, Harry?"

"Yes, Natalie, I mean it," he replied, in a cold tone.

He expected a scene; but she arose and quietly left the room without a word.

He listened intently for some time, but did not hear a sound, not even a sob.

"She bears it better than I anticipated," he thought, as he went away, [illegible] worst was over.

He was free again. Oh, blessed liberty! Now he would return home speedily, keep his own counsel, and and try to forget her.

Early the next day he received a note.

"Harry, why did you come to trouble the quiet of *my* simple life?"

"Your love has been selfish and wicked; but *was it* love? *I* could have shared *your* lot through shame and sorrow.

"I am alone now, in a cold, cruel world, and I am so young—only seventeen.

"Come to me once more; this evening, will you? just to say farewell forever to Natalie."

The memory of past happines prevented him from refusing her request. Poor child, she was suffering terribly, *and all through no fault of hers*; but she was young and beautiful, and doubtless would recover from it. Yes, he would go and bid her farewell, and then they must part forever.

At the appointed time he entered the house where he had once expected to receive a bride. Now, everything was changed, and such was the fickleness of his character, he felt depressed as a thousand memories crowded into his mind.

A grave-looking woman conducted him up stairs; he glanced around; this surely was her neat little room, his heart beat violently. Where was Natalie; had she already changed her mind, and avoided an interview?

He, too, was repentant; perhaps he had been too hasty in thus giving up one who had loved him so fondly and truly; was it too late—would she forgive his folly?

He was soon undeceived.

Lying amid the snow-white drapery of her own bed, in an attitude of graceful repose, he saw the cold form of a beautiful girl, whom he had treated so coldly.

Utterly bewildered, he advanced, and touched her cheek. Alas! it was indeed the sleep of death.

The sensitive girl, crazed by disappointment, had taken poison—*this was her last farewell!*

How changed and still she lay: could that cold cheek be the same which had glowed so often at his ardent glance?

He bent again, and touched the white lips; a cold chill struck his heart, and brought him to a sense of all that she had been to him; *he felt that no human being would ever love him as she had done.*

But now she was dead.

As he gazed upon Natalie's face, the conflicting emotions of tenderness, regret, and remorse rushed over his soul; would to God he had appreciated her devotion; it was not too late—too late.

Harry Waterman bowed his head, and wept bitterly.

Remorse! Yes this was the terrible punishment he had to bear through long years—a punishment that was remedial, however, for he became a better man—cured of selfishness and heartlessness.

His friends wondered why he never married.

Wilson has a large stock of fine marble from which to make selections. You should honor the dead by marking their last resting place with something lasting and appropriate. Wilson of Durham, has just what you want.

CAPTAIN DEFORREST'S FLIRTATION.

BY [illegible]

"She's beautiful, and therefore to be wooed;
She is a woman, therefore to be won."
SHAKESPEARE.

Captain Frederick De Forrest was handsome, and gallant, and popular, and during his thirty years had made no small number of love conquests.

He had two ways of wooing. He was openly, almost obsequiously tender and deferential to the most desirable belles and heiresses of society, while toward the more obscure and humble beauties who touched his wandering fancies, he was [illegible] many a maiden's [illegible] secret tears of [illegible].

His title [illegible] honorary, [illegible] his favorite [illegible] of hearts, and [illegible] tioned to the [illegible] of that gage.

His first meeting with Kathleen Travers was [illegible] though in after days he [illegible] persuaded her that he [illegible].

Late one summer afternoon [illegible] was rambling through [illegible] part of the [illegible] was startled by a low sob [illegible] almost a sob, and that [illegible] from the [illegible] a wild [illegible]. Very quietly and cautiously he pushed aside the [illegible] through it.

At what he saw [illegible] with a sybaritic smile, and his [illegible] eyes glittered with delight.

"A nest of the loves! [illegible] fallen out the sky! What a [illegible] girl, and what a place in which to find her!" he thought, and his fancies, jaded by many adventures, freshened with a thrill of new, sweet feeling he had never known before.

Beneath the pink and white blossom, on the soft grass, two children were sleeping like the Babes of the Wood, and above them stood a lovely, youthful creature, tall and supple of form, and dark of hair and eye. Her simple white dress was soiled and torn, and one little hand was bleeding from the thrust of some cruel briar.

"Are you lost?" inquired the captain in tones of the blandest solicitude. "Can I help you?"

The fair girl uttered a quick cry of surprise and alarm, as the gallant intruder pushed through the scented shrubs into her presence [illegible] rich voice, as she looked keenly and gladly upon him; "and I think you can help us, thank you."

"Never give thanks for an obvious duty that is a pleasure to the giver," was the gay reply.

Perhaps the captain's "obvious duty" would have been less pleasure had it involved the protection of a lost lady less fair than Kathleen Travers, for the homeward way was beset with vexations toil and trouble, and danger also, as the dusty twilight began to fill the tortuous path with gloom.

"Is it very far yet?" asked Kathleen, wearily, as the heavy dew began to drench her hair and garments with penetrating dampness, and the lagging little ones began to moan and cry.

"No. There is the farmhouse light, and I think your friends are searching for you. Do you not hear them calling?"

"I fear they would have had a long searching and a terrible fright but for you," she said, frankly.

"Don't let them make me a hero, please," he laughed, and then very earnestly, "you will let me call to-morrow and assure myself that you have not suffered from this grievous exposure. I hope that this may be the beginning of a pleasant acquaintance."

He meant to make it the beginning of a pleasant flirtation.

But it became something more to him as the long summer weeks went on, and Kathleen's rare and fresh young beauty grew upon him until his worn-out heart grew young again beneath her magical smiles.

"What a wife she would make," he used to think; "but not for me. If she were not a farmer's niece, I think I would really marry her, poor as she is. But I shouldn't relish the situation of nephew-in-law to that old clodhopper in his blue blouse, and that caricature of Aunt Jemima with her nasal twang."

And the elegant captain drowned a doleful sigh in a gay whistle, and vowed to his vanity that he would win Kathleen's proud heart, even though it should ache a little when he should go away to see her no more.

And the time came when he fancied that he had made his conquest, although Kathleen's provokingly coquettish, caprices puzzled him sorely.

"When she knows I am going away she will betray her feelings," he thought. "It will be a pleasant memory to know that this splendid creature has really loved me."

So he announced his intention of returning to the city the next day with pathetic and impressive abruptness, expecting to see the scarlet lips whiten and quiver, and the merry dark eyes brim with sudden tears.

He was tremendulously disappointed.

She turned her bonny, *vacant* face upon him with a quietly-pleased smile.

"Then I shall see you occasionally, I hope, as I go there myself next week for a considerable stay."

"Indeed," he observed, quite surprised out of his well-bred repose and manner; "In what locality?"

She mentioned a most elegant and *distingue* quarter.

"Indeed!" he reiterated, utterly mystified.

A sudden thought came that shocked him. This beautiful country girl, too refined for a coarse country life, and too independent to remain dependent upon her uncouth relatives, was undoubtedly going into the the service of some aristocratic family, that she might see something of that charmed existence of which she could never become a unit!

"It is a pity—a great pity!" was his mental soliloquy. "I can as soon fancy a queen wearing a chambermaid's cap as Kathleen Travers. But perhaps she is going as a governess—that would'nt be so bad!"

In either emergency it would be desirable for him to dispel any illusions she entertained regarding their acquaintance in the future.

"I don't know, my dear girl," he answered with cold familiarity; "My time in town is pretty much taken up in club meetings, balls and theaters. But I shall always think of the time I met you as the pleasantest episode of my life, and our flirtation as [illegible] delightful to be [illegible] forgotten."

[illegible] looked at him a moment curiously [illegible] and irrepressible amusement [illegible] every arch feature [illegible] she laughed gayly.

"Why do you laugh?" he asked, [illegible] and nearly angry. "Are you [illegible] You need not, Kathleen [illegible] I know that you [illegible] a girl to dream of [illegible] man whose friends expect that his future wife must be a lady of wealth and all that sort of social humbug. But [illegible] I tell you this, I [illegible]"

[illegible] sudden laughter had stung [illegible] speech which he regretted as soon as made. But the careless captain had discovered that he had a heart, and that it was leaving rather [illegible] just then.

"Never mind what you wished to tell me," she said, gently, and seeming little cared and sarcastic also. "I am truly glad that our flirtation has not been disastrous to our peace of mind. I have known so little heretofore of the diversion that I really began to fear that you might forget what your friends expect of you."

"I shall never forget you," he answered, all his *nonchalance* lost in confusion.

"I am sure you will not," she returned, with that puzzling smile dimpled again about her lovely mouth and cheeks.

"Kathleen Travers is a mystery, and I have made a dolt of myself," thought Frederick De Forrest, as he left her.

He had told her he would not forget her, and because he could not, he did not. He had toyed with a rose to be stabbed by a thorn.

The season advanced.

There were new amusements, of all ma donnas, and perhaps new loves to charm him for a *while*.

He wandered into a theater one night to hear a novel drama that was drawing increasing thousands nightly.

He heard and listened to all with indolent indifference through several acts.

"It's terribly tame. I am going home," he resolved.

Just then the curtain rolled up, and all along a magnificent woman swept across the stage. While velvet and misty laces fell about her like a cloud, and out of it shone her dazzling arms and shoulders, sculptured as of living marble. Diamonds blazed about her like points of flame.

He started, and raised his opera glass with shaky hands.

"Who is she?" he asked some one.

"Why, have you not heard?" was the response; "that is La Barbarina. She is an American and was educated in Europe for the stage. She has starred for several seasons on the Continent. She came here some time last summer, and hid herself in some country place among her relatives that she might rest preparatory to her *debut* here. She is a success! splendid creature!"

"La Barbarina!" whispered the captain—"that is her stage name. Is she known by no other?"

"Kathleen Travers, I believe! Hush! She is speaking!"

The captain turned his face toward the stage. The lights seemed to swirl around him like clouds of yellow smoke, and out of it all, he saw only Kathleen's dark, inspired eyes, and heard only the rich voice that enthralled him.

And it seemed to say mockingly:

"I am sure you will never forget me."

He was quite vain enough to think of his summer flirtation with a feeling of triumph.

"I shall marry the *Barbarina*," he declared. "I shall call upon her to-morrow. Dear Kathleen she surely loves me."

He made his visit as he had determined, and by means of bribery, flattery, or cajolery was permitted to enter the parlor unannounced.

Gently he opened the door, and then started back with his hand upon the knob.

In the center of the beautiful room the gallant captain saw the girl he loved in the embrace of another.

His footsteps aroused them.

Kathleen stepped forward, surprise and displeasure shadowing her fair face.

But recognizing the intruder, she smiled sweetly and put out her dainty finger tips.

"Ah Captain De Forrest! This is a pleasant surprise."

Inwardly the captain repeated the word "surprise," preceding it by an adjective not found in the choicest literature.

"Antony, dear," went on Kathleen, with inimitable grace, "allow me to present you a gentleman who has a large claim upon my gratitude. Captain De Forrest, my husband, Mr. Strathmore."

The gentlemen bowed and became politely pleased with each other.

But the captain's call was brief.

"Why are you laughing, love?" asked Kathleen's husband, after the gentleman had departed.

And, of course, like the trusted and trusting wife she was, she told him all about Captain De Forrest's Flirtation.