[Continued from Last Week.]

glance fell on the haggard face of her guest, her heart melted, and she added with much feeling: "I know all Jack's secrets. Bear your trouble bravely. We are your friends and what Jack wants you to do, is for the best. Trust him as you would a brother."

"Easy, easy, old lady, you're too fast; you'll spoil it all. Women in business and hens in a garden—always the same trouble."

"You savage man, I leave you; but remember, if you fail to bring Mr. Grey to our way of thinking, I shall believe that all your boasted tact is only strong enough to impose upon an unprotected female, who hasn't the courage to rebel."

"Ah!" the prospector mused, casting a proud, loving glance at the retreating figure of his wife. "Did you ever see such a woman? Nature made her, and broke the mold."

"Have you seen Wixon, Edgerly and the others?" Grey asked, too anxious to bandy compliments.

"Seen them! I've been running about all day, like a candidate, who wants to save his country by taking office."

"Well?"

"Well, the whole concern boiled down to facts means that Wixon holds two bowers and the joker, an' you are euchred."

"But his charge is so utterly, wildly absurd. Surely the child's age might have protected her—"

"Hold hard, Grey. You forget she's a bouncing slip of a girl sixteen years old."

"What!" the schoolmaster's eyes flashed fire. "Have you a shadow of

"TRUST HIM AS YOU WOULD A BROTHER."

doubt in your mind concerning my innocence?"

"That you are sitting in this room; that you have just taken my Millie's hand in yours answers that question," said the prospector with dignity.

"I believe you. Now tell the worst."

"Well, Frank, my boy, you are just in this fix. If you stay here you may clear yourself, but you will never be able to relieve that young girl's character working a majority in above that [illegible] or the stigma cast upon it. Ill-natured people will say that where there is fire there must be smoke. A lie that's half a lie is always the worst to fight, as that poet that Milly's so sweet on, says."

"I see all this," Grey groaned.

"Well, the alternative is to fling up the sponge. Just quit and leave the game in Wixon's hands."

"What! That would be to confess our indiscretion. If the very children are gossiping about us—"

"Gammon! There isn't a man, woman or child in the city has said one word about her, except those as Wixon had at the meeting last night. There isn't a living soul in the city as guesses the purpose of the meeting. The captain played his cards uncommonly smart. He didn't want no investigation. He just wanted to get rid of you; and, if he had not left this chance for you, he would have had no price to pay you off with."

"And he offers?"

"He don't shoot straight at the mark. He insinuates that if you will resign and leave these parts, he will keep everything as secret as the grave."

"But how can he? Who could curb the tongue of that woman Clarkson, for instance?"

"He can. That I know. He's got a hold on her that 'ull shut her mouth as tight as a squirrel trap."

"And Susan Green?"

"Her father's Wixon's private property. He never uses no tools he can't dull or sharpen as he wants to. That sham parson is his, body and soul, and the lubber Holbrook is already shipped off to Chicago."

"And Mr. Edgerly?"

"Ah, he's a horse of another color; honest as the day, but his head will never ache from the weight of his brain. Wixon 'ull fix him, never fear. You agree to go, an' Edgerly's all right."

"And my friends of the night school, what will they say?"

"That you were bought off—sold them—got your pile and skipped."

"Then I *must* leave behind me the reputation of a villain?"

"As I said before, you must either sink yourself, or sacrifice the girl."

For a time there was silence. The young man sat watching the clouds of smoke that rose from his companion's pipe, as though in them he would read his fate. In imagination he saw the the sweet, innocent, childish face with the brown hair clustering round it, the sad look of those pensive eyes, the trembling movement of that beautiful lip—and he held his hand out to Wilders and said:

"*Jack, I will go!*"

"Spoken like a white man," cried the prospector. "Now we can go ahead with full steam on an' no danger signals out."

Long and earnestly they talked till the first shrill scream of a steam whistle roused the miners from their sleep and called them to another day's duties when they were but half rested from yesterday's.

"Stay a minute," Wilders said, as his guest rose to leave. "Millie wants me to give you this."

He handed the young man a bulky, sealed envelope, which he took from a table-drawer.

"Just a woman's whim — nothing worth mentioning—but she said you were to keep it in your pocket, an' not open it till you were a day's journey from Oretown."

Grey's face was shadowed as he stood fingering the little parcel.

"Guess it's some of those furze-flowers," the prospector added unblushingly. "Females is awful tender-hearted, an' chock full o' nonsense—kind o' forget-me-nots I guess—but take of them for the little woman's sake."

"I will," Grey replied in tearful tones. "[illegible] may God reward you both for all you have done for me."

"Goin' to Chicago for a visit, be thee?" asked honest Mrs. Whitford at breakfast. "Hast thee volks down i' those parts?"

"No, Mrs. Whitford," Grey replied, "I have no business; my father and mother died when I was a lad, and I have never known other relatives."

"P'raps," interrupted the corporal, jocularly, "we shall see you tripping back with a trim little wife hanging on to your arm."

"No, Mr. Whitford; I never yet spoke one word of love to living woman," Grey declared in slow, impressive tones.

"Lord, but I pity your bad taste," grinned the corporal. "Why, when I was a lad in the royal marines, I—"

"Howd thy tongue, mon," Mrs. Whitford interjected. "Dunna thee see how thy foolish claver reddens Elsie's cheeks." Then turning to the girl, she added: "Gan thee hast finished thy meal, my dear, get thee to thy room an' fettle it oop a bit. Oi 'ull be wi' ye presently."

Grey seized on Elsie's absence as a good opportunity to finish packing, for he was haunted with a painful dread of arousing her suspicions of his permanent departure, feeling sure that a long farewell would be so hard for the dear child—aye, and for him, too; whereas if his plans did not fail he would slip away under the pretense of going to Chicago on a vacation, and be off without any painful betrayal of emotion.

But this was not to be.

The last book was packed, the last belonging put away, the last long, lingering look out of the window at the lake, now a big plain of snow, fringed by the pine-clad hills, the last— Ah, what was that?

The door opened and Elsie Whitford confronted him.

A child! Good heavens, it seemed as if in a night she had grown into glorious womanhood. As she stood there in the strength of her young beauty the scales fell from the eyes of the unhappy man, and he knew he loved. Oh, how he longed to take her in his arms and tell her all he felt; but, between her and him was a chasm he dared not cross—not yet—but who knew what the future might bring forth?

She seemed very quiet and self-possessed—not a bit the emotion-tossed Elsie he had pictured to himself. Looking round the room at his corded boxes, she said very quietly:

"You are going to leave us for good, Mr. Grey, you are not coming back to Oretown?"

"Yes, Elsie, I am going away; you have guessed rightly."

The words and tone were cheerful, but she read in his eyes the pain the parting cost him.

"On account of the trouble you hinted at?" she asked.

"Yes."

"I guessed as much. And you thought to spare me the misery of a long farewell! Ah, that was kind of you—kind [illegible] and He ought to be a judge of [illegible] to the very last."

"Shall you miss me so much, Elsie?" Manlike he was disappointed at her equanimity, though he had so much dreaded any ebullition of feeling.

"Good-by, Elsie!"

"Good-by, Mr. Grey!"

And that was all their parting, for at that moment the prospector drove to the door in his buggy to take Frank Grey to the depot.

The prospector's horse was just such an animal as he might be expected to own—a quick, rough Indian pony, with legs as clean as a deer's, which was by no means inclined to let the grass grow under his feet, but Wilders was afterwards wont to declare that it was the longest mile he ever drove, for his companion was more inconsolable than a widow at the loss of her first husband.

As the steamer Idlewild pulled out of the bay Grey sat gazing on the retreating land, wondering whether ever again he would see those inhospitable shores.

His heart was full of bitterness. Why had things gone so wrong? Well, yes, he had after all been indiscreet in his treatment to Elsie Whitford, but who would have expected such a child as she was to have grown into a woman in one single night?

Then he took from his pocket the package that Wilders had given him. There was a spell of sentiment over him now, and the dried gorse flowers would be a consolation, conveying many pleasant memories; but, when the envelope was torn open no yellow buds were there, only ten twenty-dollar bills wrapped in tissue paper and a letter in Mrs. Wilders' neat handwriting.

"Use this trifle without compunction. It is a free gift from your loving friends, Jack and Millie."

Then was added in the big, rough, scrawl of the prospector:

"Don't return this little pile. No man goes back on my Millie's wishes and calls me friend J. W."

"Now, God bless their noble hearts!" murmured Grey, as tears of deep emotion coursed down his cheeks.

CHAPTER VI.

A MOONLIGHT RAMBLE.

"Then I will take your room for a month, Mrs. Whitford, and pay in advance," Elsie heard a voice say, as she entered her foster-mother's house one afternoon.

"Toime to pay, zer, when we ha' addled it: vor it be a'most as bad to pay aforehand as not at all."

"The word of the righteous is his bond, "snuffed the stranger, whom Elsie

WHITFORD CONFRONTED HIM.

had no difficulty in recognizing as Dodd, the Hopkinsite.

This was the beginning of very bad times for the poor girl: for, in place of the pleasant companionship of the cultured young schoolmaster, she had to endure the perpetual presence of one she instinctively detested, and who added to her abhorrence by constant unpleasant allusions to her absent friend.

To add to her dilemma, the man seemed to have bewitched her foster-parents—Mrs. Whitford by a sanctimonious appeal to her easily wrought religious emotions—the corporal by a dazzling display of a knowledge of elementary geology, with a special bearing on minerals, which, to his untutored mind, revealed a depth of learning bordering on the supernatural. When the cunning rogue told Whitford it was gold he was after, and gold he would surely find, and how he would share his fortune in embryo with his host, the corporal's heart glowed with hope, and he was quite aware that he was entertaining an angel, who would be a special providence to him in his daily increasing difficulties.

Day by day the clouds gathered over the young girl's life; at last the storm burst.

"Elsie, lass," said Mrs. Whitford late one evening, "Oi hate to send thee out at this toime o' noight, but thy feyther's tired, an' I ha' need o' things from the town. Gan thee must, Oi be afeared."

"I will accompany the maiden," Dodd suggested, with a ready smile.

Elsie started at the proposition. "No sir. I prefer to go alone."

"Whoy, Elsie!" There was a world of reproachful surprise in Mrs. Whitford's tones.

"Hoot-toot, lass," broke in the corporal, hotly, "the parson's good enough company for the likes of you; get on coat an' start this minute."

He spoke as though he meant to be obeyed, and the girl with a sigh made her preparations.

As the ill-assorted couple wended their way along the lonely path that led to the city, Dodd talked fluently, receiving, however, from the panting lips of his companion but brief responses. In fact she heard but half he said, but suddenly she was shocked into strict attention:

"My dear child," he said, suddenly, "the Lord hath appointed the blessed state of matrimony."

Elsie felt constrained to say something, so curtly replied: "I suppose so."

"And St. Paul says that it is not meet that man should live alone."

"Does he?" very wearily.

"So for the last few weeks my meditations have turned toward marriage."

"Some lady in Oretown?" she asked indifferently.

"Yes, dear child, listen." He drew closer to her as he spoke. "I am not very young, it is true, but Providence has blessed me with perennial cheerfulness of spirits. Youth, you know, is not everything."

"I suppose not."

"Youth is indiscreet; youth dissembles, youth is fickle."

"Yet youth is very enjoyable."

"In a carnal sense, yes."

They walked on a little in silence. Mr. Dodd doubtless meditating on the iniquities of the young.

Suddenly he asked:

"Do you love your father and mother, Elsie?"

"What a question! Of course I do."

"And you would obey them like a dutiful daughter?"

"Surely, but what has that to do with your matrimonial projects—it was of them we were talking."

"Oh, Elsie, can you not tell? Surely those big round eyes of yours are not blind to my devotion? Child, I love you!"

"*You* love *me!*" the girl recoiled with horror. "Sir, if my father only knew that you had dared to—"

"Pshaw! Your [illegible] any fault with it at the time, as the silver your mother, too; this [illegible] for years back sham, got up to afford me the opportunity to speak to you."

"Impossible!"

"And why impossible? Ah, I see, you still hanker after that scallawag, Grey, whose very acquaintance was a reproach to you."

"You pitiful coward!" Her eyes blazed with passion.

"You darling little beauty!" he cried, seizing her in his arms and showering kisses on her face.

"Help! help!" she shrieked, in sickening agony.

Her breath came in short, choking gasps, the rocks seemed to whirl, and the earth to reel.

Suddenly—how she never knew—a burly form sprang from the shadow, there was the dull thud of a heavy blow, and her persecutor loosened his hold on her and fell with a crash to the earth.

"Great Cæsar!" shouted a manly voice, "I guess I've knocked the spots off that coon's beauty anyhow. Here, hold up, my girl; there's nothing to fear now."

"Oh, Mr. Wilders," Elsie gasped, clinging to his arm. "I am so glad you came."

"So am I."

By this time the discomfited Dodd had gathered himself together, his face

"I GUESS I HAVE KNOCKED THE SPOTS OFF."

livid and bruised, with the blood flowing freely from a cut on his cheek.

"How dare you," he hissed, "strike a minister of the gospel?"

"Ha, ha, ha," Wilders roared. "So I've hooked you at last, you sneaking, hypocritical, 'tarnal old wolf in sheep's clothing."

"I'll have the law of you. I'll charge you with assault and battery, and—"

"Burglary, infanticide, manslaughter and arson. Whoop her up, old boy; but," he added, sternly, "if you don't right here give a better explanation of your conduct I'll pound the life out of you sure as my name's Jack Wilders."

"I was simply offering my heart and hand to the maiden, with her parents' full consent. I have been guilty of nothing more dreadful than snatching a kiss from a promised bride, Mr. Grey."

"Why, dod-gast your all-fired impudence, your heart! your hand! to a slip of a girl of seventeen at most! Elsie," he said, turning to the trembling young woman, "does this fellow speak the truth?"

"I do not know," she stammered; "perhaps I was foolish. Oh, take me home."

"See here, parson," Wilders said, much mystified, "I'm goin' to take this young lady back to her parents. The road's free; you can go first or last; but, understand that two's company an' three's none. If you desire to go skylarkin' into a law court you'll not have to run across lots to find me, an' if you ever annoy this girl again, parents or no parents consenting, it's Jack Wilders you'll have to reckon with, an' don't you forght it."

The baffled Dodd, muttering speedy vengeance, slunk away towards the city, and the prospector led Elsie up the hill homeward.

"You never promised to run in double harness with that cuss?" he asked, abruptly.

"No!" she answered, emphatically.

"An' your parents—did they give him the office, do you think?"

"Did they encourage him, do you mean? Oh, Mr. Wilders, I am afraid they did."

"Great Scott!" The information seemed to reduce the honest prospector to a state of speechless indignation. Presently, however, he ventured:

"Say, Elsie, you an' Mr. Grey were kind of thick?"

"Yes." So low the answer that even Jack's acute ear could hardly catch it.

"Don't think I want to pry into secrets; but if it had been him trying to snatch a kiss on yonder ledge, the lady wouldn't have opened her breathin' pipes so 'tarnal loud—now, would she, my dear?"

"Oh, Mr. Wilders!"

"Don't be scared. I'm Frank's Grey's friend; an' I want to get the right lay of the land before I go ahead."

"Mr. Grey never spoke a word of love to me. He does not even know that I—I mean that he—that is that—"

"Exactly so—a nod's as good as a wink to a blind hoss. I see. Now, run home an' have it out with your mother. You freeze on to Frank Grey; he is a man as will make his way, an' I guess he don't mean to lose sight of the little girl up at Oretown."

He bade her good night with a last parting injunction.

"Don't knuckle down to anyone, an' whatever happens, my girl, remember you've friends in Millie an' Jack Wilders, so hold your own, an' keep a stiff upper lip."

Poor Elsie made a sad mess of it, when she reached home. The very worst she could make of the case was that Dodd had tried to kiss her—no very heinous offense in the eyes of those Derbyshire peasants, whose ways of wooing are a little rougher than those permissible in polite society. Having once accepted the fact that she was grown out of girlhood, which had been instilled into men grown [illegible] their minds by Dodd's eloquent sophistries, they saw nothing but foolishness in the fuss she had made over the trifling adventure of the evening, and they were fiercely indignant at Wilders' treatment of the good man, who honored them by desiring to become their son-in-law.

"Dunna knaw which soid her bread be buttered on," grumbled Mrs. Whitford, as Elsie escaped to her chamber.

"Just as he was going to set that gold mining company afloat," growled the corporal. "Drat that schoolmaster; I wish he'd never shown his handsome face in these parts."

"What, Grey! Whattens he got to do wi' it?"

"Why, I heard," said Whitford, stoldily, puffing his pipe. "Why, I heard as there had been a sight o' talk about our lass an' him, an' that the schoolboard had something to say about it—nay, I heard as he had to leave for carryin' on with Elsie. They kept it mum, but there was a big fuss made about it."

"It be all my fault," moaned the unhappy woman. "Oi kep' the lass i' short dresses when her ought to a wore long gownds."

As she spoke the door opened and a figure glided into the room. It was the pastor. His clothes were soiled and torn, his face was ghastly; a more limp, dirty, disreputable personage it was difficult to conceive. So comical was his appearance that the corporal, who possessed a strong vein of humor, could, notwithstanding his awe for the sacred personage, scarce keep his countenance.

"Been in the wars, sir? Never mind, a little soap an' water 'ull soon put ye to rights. A little vinegar 'ud be a good thing for your cheek, if it wasn't so broken and—"

"Howd thy tongue, mon," the dame interrupted; "let his reverence change his clothes, an' Oi'll fettle un up wi' sweet yerbs."

"Dear friends," Dodd groaned, "you see my plight—my bodily suffering you can appreciate, but who can picture the agony of mind I endure?"

"Who done it?" asked the corporal, though the sly dog knew well enough before he put the question.

"That son of Belial, Jack Wilders."

"Well, parson, I reckon you left your mark on him?"

"No. I am a man of deeds, not blows; and mark me, Mr. Whitford, that man shall wash away these stains with tears of anguish."

Such a diabolical expression shadowed Dodd's features as he breathed this threat, that the corporal shuddered; but he could not quite understand any condition in which a man

[CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE.]

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A New Departure.

It is said that a newspaper will soon be printed in Chicago which will be a model journal in every respect. It will have no Sunday issue, and the Monday issue will be set up on Saturday night. Crime will be ignored entirely, and only items which shall picture the world as a place of [illegible] will be printed.—Farmers' Sun.

I have two little grand children who are teething this hot summer weather and are troubled with bowell complaint. I give them Chamberlain's Colic and Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and it acts like a charm. I earnestly recommend it for children with bowel troubles. I myself taken with a severe attack of blood flux, with cramps and pains in my stomach, one-third of a bottle of this remedy cused me. Within twenty-four hours I was out of bed and doing my house work. MRS. W. L. DUNAGAN, Bon-aqua, Hickman Co., Tenn. For sale by E. M. Nadal druggist.

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One of our exchanges says a newspaper should give a party candidate the same support he receives from him.

A man who does not contribute a cent towards the support of a party paper until he is a candidate for office, should not expect the editor to waste over fifty dollars worth of space booming him for office.

Yet editors are often chumps enough to do it, and we suppose we are one of the chumps, for we have frequently supported men who have never so much as looked into this office.

Yes; we have been a champ for party's sake.—Durham Sun.

A Valuable Chest.

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"H'm Does he ever ask you to sing?"

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The Queen Esther Trouble at Winston.

There is one objectionable feature to entertainments in any community where foreign talent or paraphernalia figures prominently, viz: Too much of the proceeds go eleswhere, that it would be better to retain at home. To pay one-half or two-thirds of the receipts is rather exhorbitant to say the least, when home talent in the main, or wholly, does the work. The cause interested may be benefited but proportionately the community is drained of as many dollars.—Winston Republican.

A fellow in these days is in a pretty bad row of stumps. If he declares for free silver, he is at once accused of trying to get on the popular side; if he goes for gold, they say he has been "bought," and if he says nothing either way, he is condemned as a straddler! Whither, a h whither shall he fly?—Monroe Journal.

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	A. M.	P. M.	A M
Leave Weldon	11 53	9 27	.....
Arrive Rocky Mount	12 57	10 20	.....
Leave Tarboro	12 20	.. ..	.....
Leave Rocky Mount	1 05	10 20	6 60
Leave Wilson	2 03	11 03	.....
Leave Selma	2 53	.....	.....
Leave Fayetteville	4 30	12 53	.....
Arrive Florence	7 20	3 00	.....
	No. 47. Daily.		
	P. M.		A. M.
Leave Wilson	2 13	.....	6 35
Leave Goldsboro	3 10	.....	7 30
Leave Magnolia	4 16	.....	8 29
Arrive Wilmington	5 45	.....	10 00
	P. M.		A. M.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

DATED May 21st, 1895.	No. 78. Daily.	No. 82. Daily.	No. 40. Daily.
	A. M.	P M	
Leave Florence	8 15	7 35	....
Leave Fayetteville	10 55	9 35	.....
Leave Selma	12 32	.....	.....
Arrive Wilson	1 20	11 28	....
Leave Tarboro	2 48	.....	....
	P. M.		
	No. 48. Daily.		
	A. M.		P M
Leave Wilmington	9 20	.....	7 00
Leave Magnolia	10 56	.....	8 31
Leave Goldsboro	12 05	.....	9 40
Arrive Wilson	1 00	.....	10 27
	No. 76. Daily.	No. 32. Daily.	
	P. M.	P M	P. M.
Leave Wilson	1 30	11 32	10 32
Arrive Rocky Mount	2 33	12 07	11 15
Arrive Tarboro	2 48	.....	...
Leave Rocky Mount	2 33	12 07	.....
Arrive Weldon	3 30	12 55	.. ..
	P M	A. M.	P. M.

†Daily except Monday. ‡Daily except Sunday.

Train on Scotland Neck branch road leaves Weldon 3:45 p m, Halifax 4:05 p m, arrive Scotland Neck at 4:55, Greenville 6:37 p m, Kinston 7:35 p m. Returning leaves Kinston 7:20 a m, Greenville 8:22, arriving Halifax at 11:00, Weldon 11:20 a m, daily except Sunday.

Trains on Washington branch leave Washington 7:00 a m, arrives Parmele 8:40 a m, Tarboro 9:50 a m; returning leaves Tarboro 4:40 p m, Parmele 6:10 p m, arrives Washington 7:35 p m, daily except Sunday. Connects with trains on Scotland Neck branch.

Train leaves Tarboro, N. C., daily, except Sunday at 4:50 p m, Sunday 3:00 p m; arrives Plymouth 9:00 p m, 5:25 p m. Returning leaves Plymouth daily, except Sunday, 6:00 a m, Sunday, 9:30 a m., arrive Tarboro 10:25 a m and 11:45 a m.

Train on Midland N. C. branch leaves Goldsboro daily, except Sunday, 6:05 a m, arriving Smithfield 7:30 a m; returning leaves Smithfield 8:00 a m; arrive at Goldsboro 9:30 a m.

Trains on Nashville branch leave Rocky Mt. at 4:30 p m; Nashville 5:05 p m; Spring Hope 5:30 p m. Returning leaves Spring Hope 8:00 a m, Nashville 8:35 a m., arrive at Rocky Mount 9:05, daily except Sunday.

Trains on Latta branch, Florence railroad, leave Latta 6:40 p m, arrive Dunbar 7:50 p m. Returning leave Dunbar 6:30 a m, arrive Latta 7:50 a m, daily except Sunday.

Train on Clinton branch leaves Warsaw for Clinton daily except Sunday, at 9:00 a. m. and 4:10 p m. Returning leaves Clinton at 7:20 a m and 10:40 a. m.

Train No. 78 makes close connection at Weldon for all points north daily, all rail via Richmond, and daily except Sunday via Portsmouth and Bay Line. Also at Rocky Mount with Norfolk and Carolina rail road for Norfolk daily, and all points north via Norfolk, daily except Sunday.

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J. R. KENLY, Gen'l Manager.
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