The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,
$1.50 PER YEAR
Strictly in Advance.

The Chatham Record.

VOL. XX. PITTSBORO, CHATHAM COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1898. NO. 48.

The Chathaw Record

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WILL OBEY PRESIDENT'S ORDERS

Gen. Gomez Issued Orders to His Troop to Co-operate With the Americans.

SPANIARDS SURRENDER TO LIEUT. MILEY AT SANTIAGO.

The President's Response to the Resolutions Adopted by the Confederate Veterans—The Garcia Letter a Forgery—Violent Earthquake Shock Felt in Chili—Why the Cubans are Disgruntled With the Americans—Hanna Addresses Business Men.

LIEUT. CHARLES FRITOT, of the Cuban army, who was a member of the expedition on the steamer Florida, and who recently returned from Cuba, said that the Florida expedition was met by General Gomez and that he had a personal talk with the general, in the course of which he said, when asked what message he had for the American people: "I have only to say," said General Gomez, "that the only man that has anything to say in the direction of matters is Mr. McKinley, and we shall do whatever he says. I have given instructions to all my forces to co-operate with the Americans, to whom we are much indebted."

Surrendering to Miley.

The War Department received the following dispatch from General Shafter: "Santiago, via Hayti, July 24, 1898.—Adjutant General of the Army, Washington.—Lieutenant Miley has returned from San Luis and Palma Estriano, where he went four days ago to receive the surrender of the Spanish troops. The number surrendered was larger than General Toral reported—3,000 Spanish troops and 350 volunteered guerillas. The volunteers gave up their arms and gave parole, and have gone to work; 3,000 stands of arms were turned in loaded on ox carts and started to the railroad. The Spanish troops accompanied him to San Luis and all were apparently greatly delighted at the prospect of returning home. They were on the verge of starvation and I have to send them rations to-morrow. If the numbers keep up as they have been, there will be about 24,000 to ship away, nearly 12,000 here; 3,000 from San Louis, 6,000 from Guantanamo and over 2,000 at Sagua and Baracoa. Shafter, Major-General."

The President's Response.

The following, in part, is the letter sent by the President to Gen. Gordon, in response to the resolutions adopted by the Confederate veterans in session at Atlanta: * * * "The present war has certainly served one very useful purpose, in completely obliterating the sectional lines drawn in the last one. The response to the nation's call to arms has been equally spontaneous and patriotic in all parts of the country. Veterans of the gray, as well as of the blue, are now fighting side by side. * * * "To have such a hearty commendation from yourself and your colleagues of the work of this administration in the conduct of the war, and the pledge of whatever support may be needed to help in bringing it to a successful completion, is indeed most gratifying, and I thank you especially for the frank and cordial expression of the resolution passed and forwarded to me. With very kind regards, I am, sincerely yours, WILLIAM McKINLEY."

The Attitude of the Cubans.

General Garcia's action in withdrawing his troops into the interior, his letter to General Shafter and his resignation of his command, forwarded to Gomez, are approved by all classes of natives. General Garcia refused to accept a subordinate place, insisting that he was an ally. General Shafter's answer, saying that this was a war between the United States and the Kingdom of Spain, irrespective of Cuba's individual interests, and President McKinley's instructions with reference to the administration of the surrendered district, published in Santiago, are interpreted as a tacit avowal of American intention to annex the island and not to grant independence. This is opposed by the Cubans. Senor Joaquin Castillo, president of the San Carlos Cuban Club, and a brother of General Castillo, urges an official protest to President McKinley without delay, saying: "Silence now would indicate our consent to the American attitude which is a plain breach of faith that the Cubans cannot possibly tolerate."

SCENE OF THE PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGN UNDER GENERAL MILES.

Two Boys Drowned.

While playing along the river bank at Dayton, O., Harmon Nicklas, aged 8, fell into the water. His brother Louis, aged 14, jumped in to save him but the drowning boy clinched him with a terrible grasp and both went to the bottom and were drowned.

More Men for Manilla.

The transport steamer Rio Janerio, bearing two battalions of South Dakota volunteer recruits for the Utah light artillery and a detachment of the signal corps, sailed for Manilla from San Francisco. The expedition will be under command of Brig. Gen. O. G. Otis.

The Ministers Very Reticent.

A special dispatch from Madrid says that such reticence regarding the intention of the government is observed that Senor Sagasta, the Prime Minister; Senor Gamazo, Minister of Public Instruction, and Duke Almodovar de Rio, Minister of foreign Affairs, have ceased to inform their colleagues of the progress of negotiations, merely stating that there is nothing further to report.

Wants the Contract Annulled.

George Osgood Lord has brought suit in the Supreme Court of New York against the Spanish Trans-Atlantic Company for $100,000, but the real object of the suit is to have the contract the quartermaster's department made with the enemy's steamship line annulled. The ground for the suit is that the contract is against public policy and gives aid and comfort to an enemy of the United States.

The Panama Arrives at Santiago.

The quartermaster-general received a telegram announcing the safe arrival at Santiago of the construction boat Panama. She will proceed at once to Porto Rico to join the fleet there.

Hanna Addresses Business Men.

Chairman Hugh H. Hanna, of the monetary commission, has prepared a statement addressed to the business men of the country, setting forth the results of the work of the commission during the last session of Congress. He says: "The present status of the undertaking to secure a comprehensive currency law is improving beyond what we expected. In truth, the remarkably prompt appreciation of the value of organized effort and the realization that the opportunity is at hand, has resulted in very gratifying progress."

Transports Sail for Porto Rico.

The transports Arkadia, Miller, Whitney, Mobile and Cherokee, with Gen. Schwan's headquarters, has sailed from Port Tampa for Porto Rico with two light batteries, Seventh Artillery, one troop of the Second Cavalry, two companies of the Eleventh Infantry, full regiment Nineteenth Infantry and two sections of the general pack train.

Tax on Real Estate Men.

In a decision made at Washington recently the Commissioner of Internal Revenue holds that there is no provision in the new revenue act, under which special tax can be held to be imposed on real estate agents, or on any person or firm, for simply buying or selling real estate on commission, either for themselves or for others.

Dingley on European Interference.

Representative Dingley, who was in Washington recently attending the Canadian-American Commission, expressed it as his opinion that there would be no European interference in the disposition of the Philippine Islands.

The Future Policy.

The Civil Federation of Chicago has given out a call for a national conference to be held at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., August 19th and 20th, to discuss the future of the general policy of the United States. The call is signed by over 1,000 representative men from every State in the Union.

Murat Halstead Considerine.

The latest intelligence from Honolulu regarding Murat Halstead's condition is that he is convalescing.

VETERANS IN ATLANTA.

A Scene of Remarkable Enthusiasm. Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Davis Arrive.

The Confederate Veterans reunion opened with 40,000 visitors. Governor Atkinson delivered the address of welcome. A great ovation was given General Gordon. Much disappointment was expressed at the unavoidable absence of Mrs. Jefferson Davis. The interest of the day centered in the first meeting of the veterans at the auditorium in Piedmont Park. The speeches of the day were rounded with praises of heroic deeds and achievements of the sons of the South in the present war, and the names of Hobson, Bagley, Schley and Blue were cheered to the echo. Gen. Chas. E. Hooker, of Mississippi, the orator of the day, was given a cordial reception and his address was well received.

SECOND DAY.

General John B. Gordon, the leading figure of the Confederacy, was chosen to continue as commander-in-chief of the veterans, a position he has filled for ten years. Amid the cheers of the veterans the cheers of his admirers and a scene rendered wildly picturesque by the waving of handkerchiefs, hats and umbrellas, by 10,000 people who crowded the Confederate auditorium at Piedmont Park, the general, bowing right and left, acknowledged the honor thrust upon him. A further endorsement was given the eminent Georgian by the election at the same time of the men who for years have been near him in the direction of affairs of the Confederate Veteran's Association. The names of the officers chosen were: General commanding, Gen. Jno. B. Gordon, of Georgia; commander of the department of Tennessee, Gen. Stephen D. Lee, of Mississippi; commander of the trans-Mississippi department, Gen. W. L. Cabell, of Texas; commander Army of Virginia, General Wade Hampton, of South Carolina.

The entertainment at the auditorium in honor of the sponsors and maids of honor of the veterans was decidedly the most spectacular and brilliant feature of the reunion up to the present time. The most prominent arrivals of the day were Mrs. Stonewall Jackson and Miss Winnie Davis. They were met at the depot by reception committees and escorted to the home of those who will entertain them during the reunion. The confusion which has existed for the past two days among the various States as to the headquarters, is at an end, and headquarters have been established in easily accessible buildings in the heart of the city.

THIRD DAY.

The next annual re-union of the United Confederate Veterans will be held in Charleston, S. C. By a vote of 1,024 to 870 the convention decided the contest between the South Carolina city and Louisville in the former's favor. Mr. Thomas W. Pocot, of Charleston, placed the name of that city before the convention, calling attention to the fact that the South Carolina city by the sea was the birthplace of secession, and the most fitting place for the Confederate survivors to assemble in the closing year of this eventful century. Colonel Gordon, of Tennessee, seconded the nomination of Charleston.

The big feature of the closing hours—the parade of the veterans—was seriously interfered with by a heavy rain, which broke over the city just as the procession moved. Heeding not the downpour, the old soldiers moved on, and, led by their gallant commander, General Gordon, passed over the original line of march to the music of many bands and the cheers of fully 100,000 people, who lined the streets.

Before half the line of march had been traversed every veteran was wet to the skin. General Gordon, at the head of the column, hat in hand, never flinched, and although wet through, insisted upon remaining in the saddle. When the reviewing stand was reached and General Gordon dismounted, he was importuned by every member of his staff and many friends to omit this part of the ceremony, fears being expressed for his health. The gallant Georgian, however, took his place and baring his head stood in the pouring rain until the last man in the parade had passed and the shouts of the thousands had died away.

Malarial Fever.

Dr. Doty has become convinced that his first diagnosis of the cases of fever which came into port on the Seneca was a correct one, and that nothing more than yellow fever existed.

LITERATURE OF CHILDHOOD.

A Mother's Note-Book Can Be Made a True Romance of Human Nature.

Florence Hull Winterburn, writing of keeping "A Mother's Note Book" in the Woman's Home Companion, claims this in favor of such a record:

"It is chiefly for her own instruction and guidance that a mother needs to keep some kind of nursery note-book. For the refreshment of her memory, when patience is likely to fail, and for the reawakening of dulled sympathy with childish moods, as well as for the enlightenment of others to whom she may choose to impart her experiences, the results of her labor will more than repay her for the trouble taken. She need follow no rules, nor even attempt to make regular entries, unless she has inclination for the task. Facts bearing upon physical variations are extremely valuable, and it is wise to note the weight and growth of a child at regular intervals, to ascertain whether he is developing normally. Even more important are observations upon his general health, temperament, disposition and the use he makes of his faculties. Although the mother herself may not be aware of the standard he should attain, her statement of facts may give the clue to a physician when puzzling symptoms show themselves. Often deafness and defects of vision might be prevented if the early signs of their coming on had been heeded. A single incident in a person's life may give the keynote of his character."

Painting warships black or lead color is with a view to preventing an enemy recognizing them as belligerents.

N. C. CROP BULLETIN.

Excessive Rains in Some Sections Deterring Laying by of Crops.

The week ending Monday, July 18th, was characterized by cool, generally cloudy, rainy weather. The rainfall occurred in almost daily showers and was sufficient to keep soil too wet to plow in most sections. There were excessive rains in a few scattered counties, chiefly on the northeast coast and the mountain region, which injured crops, especially on bottom lands, besides washing hillsides considerably, and these heavy rains brought the average for the week, 1.45 inches, slightly above the normal, notwithstanding the fact that over a large majority of counties the rainfall was light. The first three days of the week were very cool, averaging nearly 8 degrees below the normal daily, but there followed a gradual rise in temperature to above normal, with some records above 90. Absolute cloudiness was followed during the latter part of the week by frequent periods of sunshine, and some work was done after Friday. Less damage to crops was reported than expected. The absence of sunshine caused rapid growth of vegetation, of grass and weeds as well as crops, which need cleaning. Laying by was interrupted but will be completed with a week of fair weather.

Corn was damaged by too much water in lowlands, and is doing poorly where not properly hilled, but in general the crop is in excellent condition; it is earing well and promises a large yield. There has been too much rain and cool weather for cotton. In some sections it has been injured and is making too much weed, but, while still remaining below the average, it is now improving. There is not much shedding; the plants are full of squares but without many grown bolls. Tobacco has done fairly well. Cutting and curing continue in the east and cutting has begun in the central counties. This crop is poor in portions of Person county.

Threshing small grains continues. Some of the last cut spring oats were damaged in shock. The peanut crop is fairly promising. Rice, sweet potatoes and field peas are excellent. Gardens and late crops have improved. Melons are ripening slowly. Peaches are rotting badly.

The following amounts of rainfall for the week were reported: Pantego, 1.80 inches; Greenville, 0.47; Richlands, 4.35; Shannon, 0.75; Shallotte, 1.37; Mt. Olive, 1.50; Wilmington, 1.40; Soapstone Mount, 0.31, Auburn, 0.78; Arcola, 0.56; Saxon, 0.70; Raleigh, 1.96; Monroe, 0.74; Marion, 3.79; Charlotte, 0.78; Biltmore, 2.38; Settle, 3.05; Abshers, 0.34; Mt Pleasant, 0.75.

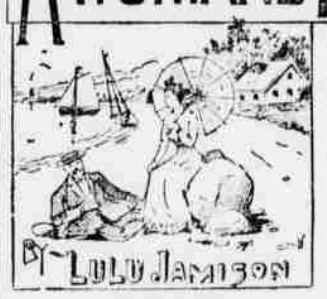
Decadence of Marriage.

There is much talk nowadays concerning the decadence of marriage; but marrying and giving in marriage is going on every day, and there is no good reason to suppose that the end of this is anywhere near. Courting is just as delicious nowadays as it was a hundred years ago, carping critics to the contrary notwithstanding. The prospect of a little home of their own is just as alluring to young men as it was to our forefathers, and, everything taken into consideration, it is not so much more difficult to maintain a family now than it was then. There are always foes to fight, contingencies to provide against, always chances of disappointment; but in the main the sweet old story goes told with quite as much sentiment as ever, the good-byes are just as hard to say, and the welcome just as warm. It seems to us that people might be a great deal better employed than in worrying over the decadence of matrimony.

Nevertheless there is one phase of the momentous question which should be well considered. Early marriages are seldom happy ones. The "undying love" on which a girl and boy pride themselves proves of a very ephemeral character, and is frightened away at the least hint of trouble, and just when life should be at its brightest and best for them, they are confronted by the terrible alternative of "making the best of it," or of tearing their lives apart. Neither can be held directly responsible for this state of things. There may be no grave faults on either side. But they are thoroughly disillusionized; when they made the irrevocable vow they were too young to understand the real nature of the responsibilities they were taking upon themselves, and to judge correctly of their own hearts. They mistook the very transient affections which woke in them for the love which comes to most of us but once in a lifetime. With age comes experience, and a better knowledge of one's fellow-men, a knowledge which will prove of the utmost use in the troubled sea of matrimony, and a wider experience means, too, tact and sympathy, two infallible aids toward a happy married life.—New York Ledger.

Between Jan. 1 and April 12 of the present year more than 10,000 bona fide settlers, mostly from the European interior, signified their intention of taking up land in the Canadian Northwest. Moreover, it is known from the reports of the immigration agents that have reached Ottawa that tens of thousands more in Austrian Poland are only awaiting a favorable opportunity and possibly some little assistance from those who precede them before they, too, set out to make homes for themselves on the rich plains of Western Canada. The task of keeping body and soul together has become too hard in the old land, where they and their forefathers lived, and they are being driven forth by stern necessity to seek the means of making a livelihood where the conditions are more propitious. A movement is also on foot to found a great religious colony of Baptists in the Rainy River district of Ontario, where there are two million acres of land and a good market close at hand in the mining towns and camps of the Lake of the Woods and Rainy Lake. Altogether the outlook for Canada is exceedingly bright.

A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE



CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

She bent her head, pretending to examine the gleaming stones, but raised it immediately, to say rather slowly: "Tell me what you wish most, and you shall have it."

Brian gave a questioning glance at her half-averted face. He hesitated, but only for a second. The next he had caught her in his arms, and holding her against his beating heart he pressed a long, passionate kiss upon her passive lips.

She made not the slightest resistance, though her face had grown very white.

He laid his own interpretation upon this sign. "You are angry," he said, allowing her to go at last.

"No, no, not angry; that was your Christmas gift."

She spoke with an effort and once more fell to admiring her pin. Brian watched her with a longing she felt rather than saw. To avoid his eyes she drew her chair closer to the fire and leaned her head in its cushioned back.

"It is cold," remarked Brian, after an awkward pause. "I think the world would smile to know that a husband is only permitted to kiss his wife on Christmas day."

"Some other time we will talk of that, Brian. Not now. It will only stir up old discords."

"There is always the shadow of discord between us," was the answer given with a sigh. "Heaven knows I should like to be a different man; but as I must be what I am, why can we not be happy together?"

"Are you unhappy?"

"You know I am. What pleasure can you find in hearing me say so? You know your love is the one thing I long for. Yet you will kill years it in the interest of others, while for me—"

He paused with a pain on more eloquent than words. Margaret could not reply immediately. A strange, nervous weakness benumbed her faculties and she waited for a stronger moment to answer his reproaches.

"You speak unjustly," she at last said, with great effort. "I do not take pleasure in your unhappiness. You know how utterly exhausted I am, yet you would spare such remarks. They pain me. I—I can't bear them now."

She had risen from her chair with the last words and with sudden trembling swayed as though she would faint.

"Margaret!" he cried, catching her in his arms, "tell me the trouble."

"I am only tired," was the answer, with a half-sob as her head rested for a second on his shoulder. "Only very tired."

"I have been a brute," he resolved, penitently. "I should have seen you were ill. Let me do something for you, darling."

"Oh, no, Brian. I think you. I shall be better when I have slept. I need only that, I think. I must say good-night now."

With a sigh he let her go from him, and she moved away moodily; but coming back under the impulse of an after-thought, she said, very slowly:

"Brian, won't you try to believe that I want to see you happy and contented, and that I try very hard to make you so? If I am not a better woman it is not because I do not strive to be."

"No more," cried Brian, with much warmth. "Margaret, you hurt me. Not to win your love, but to be worthy of it, that should be my ambition. You are too good for me, I— Good-night."

CHAPTER XIV.

A BITTER REVELATION.

The old year died amid the festivities incident to the season, and the new year was already a week old, but still Margaret had not regained her old-time spirits.

Brian was at first anxious and then annoyed. It was too bad of Margaret to look so pale and thin, when he liked to see her strong and well. Thus he argued with man's sublime selfishness.

"I wish you would tell me what is the matter with you," he said, rather sharply, at breakfast one morning. "You say you feel strong. You will not allow me to prescribe for you, and yet you see Dr. Philips, and yet you go around looking like a ghost. I can't understand it."

"There is no necessity for trying, Brian. I was never rosy in my best days, and people often grow thin from very simple causes. Will you pass me a roll, please?"

"You need not try to deceive me," put in Brian, complying with her request. "It is well enough to talk of being pale and growing thin from simple causes. I know there is a reason for your indisposition. The place is dull enough, dear knows. I think you might try to be cheerful, if only for my sake."

Margaret's lips twitched. Her temper had been tried by several circumstances that morning, and now Brian's complaints capping the climax, put her in a mood for retaliation.

"I wish you had thought of the dullness before you married me," she retorted with the bitterness that filled her breast.

"I suppose you are angry now. I know you'll drive me mad. I wish I could hate you."

"Don't quarrel, please. I don't like it. If you do not find sufficient to interest you at home, it is not my fault, and I will not bear the blame."

Her eyes flashed as that determined will passed her lips.

"Are you going to the city again?"

"Yes, to-morrow. I can't stand more than a little of this life at a time."

"Nor of my company," added Margaret, rather bitterly. "You are complimentary, decidedly."

"As to standing your company, Margaret, you know my feeling perfectly well. It is of the place, not you, I complain. What under heaven can a man do here?"

"What can he do in the city? What do you do there?"

Margaret asked this question very quietly.

"What can one do?" repeated Brian, ignoring the personality. "Rather ask: What can't he do? New York life is so flexible, my dear, that it bends to every caprice. Wonderful and accommodating both. There's pleasure for everybody. A thousand amusements to fill up one's time. Ask a Gothamite how he enjoys himself and hear his answer.

"Then from your account I am to assume that enjoyment is the end and aim of his existence. I think your Gothamite's life would not suit me."

"Not if you hold your present principles, certainly. Really, Margaret, you are a most self-opinionated young woman, and I'd be delighted if you would drop one or two of your theories by the wayside."

"I dare say it would be as well," was the answer; "they could not fall on more barren soil than your unappreciative mind offers."

"Say philosophical rather than unappreciative. You must admit that I have reason on my side. Show me the benefit of working one's self to death, when there is no necessity for it. You only see the surface, Margaret, but I go deeper."

"On the contrary," smiled Margaret, "you see only the surface, while I look deeper. You look only at the need of money, but I see a hundred efforts to which money has no part. Necessity is a very accommodating term, and has a different shade of meaning for different people. As for working one's self to death, I'm afraid that is also an accommodating term. A lazy man might consider the slightest exertion a step toward that lamentable end.

"I suppose I am that lazy man?"

"I shouldn't be at all surprised. And, setting joking aside, Brian, I do think that no man has a right to do nothing. Lounging about day after day, with no higher ambition than to amuse one's self, would, it seems to me, make a man or woman (here particularly a man) tired of himself. Now, don't look at me with that expression, please. I don't want to be a shrew, or a preacher, either. I detest everlasting preachers, and I don't intend to become. Nevertheless, I wish to gracious you'd find something to do, and have a better reason for going to New York than your present one, which is—well, not particularly creditable."

Margaret's voice broke slightly, but she tried to hide the momentary weakness by sipping her coffee.

Brian's face had flushed very visibly at her allusion to the reason of his visits to the city and he, too, went on eating in silence.

"Margaret," he said, presently, "if you have any old men or women who need doctoring call on me and I'll show you what I can do. I'm pretty fair, notwithstanding my want of practice."

"Very well, Brian, be prepared for an early call. It is not your ability I doubt, though."

As he had said, Brian went to New York the next day. "I shall be back in a day or two," he told Margaret on bidding her good-by. "You may expect me."

Margaret did expect him, but she was disappointed.

The days passed and she had first better she heard no more from him. She became worried and anxious, though even to herself she would not acknowledge her alarm.

She did not dream of bodily harm. Intelligence of such a mishap would have reached her quickly. Yet in some intangible way she felt that he was in danger and needed her.

In cases like this philosophy is of little avail. To tell herself that it was foolish was impossible, that Brian was merely forgetful and indifferent, suggested rather than relieved her fears.

To relieve her mind she determined to go to The Cedars to see and talk with Alice. But upon reaching her destination she was told that Alice had left the house with the intention of returning in a short time.

As she had the afternoon at her disposal, Margaret decided to wait; so she took her way to the small room adjoining the library and seated herself in a lounging chair. The house was very silent, and the room unusually warm, and as a consequence Margaret, becoming rather drowsy, was soon quite unconscious of her surroundings.

How long she remained so she did not know, but presently she was aroused by loud voices raised in some altercation. At first they were rather indistinct and seemingly put part of a dream.

"Very well, sir, go to the devil for all I care."

"The Colonel's voice," Margaret decided, still unable to shake off the impression of dreaming.

"What's the good of your educating, I'd like to know? The voice continued. "Do you mean to say I gave you the opportunity of reading law for you to give it up when you grew tired? No, sir! Talk of writing that's turned your head is only another name for doing nothing. Confound me! I believe you want to be like that d——— scoundrel, Leigh——"

Margaret started. Was this dreaming?

"You are mistaken," came the answer in Bertie's voice. "I have no desire to emulate Brian in any respect. Please credit me with some consideration for Alice."

"If you didn't show more for her than he does for his wife, I'd shake you with my own hands. He ought to be hung, the scoundrel! Leaving his wife as he has been doing, allowing his domestic affairs to be the talk of the neighborhood and her name to become the subject of discussion with every vulgar gossip in the place, and he galivanting around the city like a loafer, lounging in clubs mornings, noons, and nights, and drunk at that. Feale saw him the other day lying on the club house steps, too drunk to move. And Margaret has thrown herself away on such a creature. Don't get so excited, you say? Do you think I am made of stone? Do you think I can talk quietly and calmly when I remember that? Why in the name of heaven do such men have wives? Why in the name of a just heaven should she have such a husband? And why in the name of the devil don't some one shoot or hang him?

Margaret had heard all—every word. The Colonel's bitter pitiful denunciations, Bertie's lower but not less emphatic ones, and now she could hear the Colonel sourly pacing the library, his regular rapid steps seeming to keep time with her quick heart beats.

No, this was not dreaming. She was fully awake. And crouching down in her chair she pressed her hands over her eyes as though she would shut from her sight the shame and disgrace that was actually touching her life. Why had it never occurred to her before? Why had she not guessed that, while she passed her thoughtless, unthinking days in the safety of her own home, he was following a path of ruin amid the gilded temptations of New York? How much of the blame would lie at her door, and what would be the end? Ah! those bitter questions, with their more bitter possibilities!

Before her mind rose the memory of a solemn moment and the never-forgotten words:

"Don't forget Brian. Be good to him for my sake."

Did she need such memories to make her realize that now as never before his future, his destiny rested in her hands? She could not sit here and wait quietly for Alice nor could she be found here by either Bertie or the Colonel. She must leave the house unobserved if possible.

Alas! it was not possible. Scarcely had she reached the hall than Bertie, leaving the library at the same moment, came suddenly upon her.

"Margaret," he said, starting at sight of her. "You here! I did not know. You are in trouble. You are ill. Tell me."

"Heart sick, Bertie, only heart-sick," she returned, with a half-sobbing breath, while she caught at the door for support. "I came to see Alice. She is out; I could wait longer."

"You have been waiting there," he questioned, quite bewildered by her strange manner. "Margaret," he added, with sudden vehemence, "you heard."

"Yes," she answered, lowering her eyes before his piercing glance. "I was in there and I heard all. I did not know before."

"To my shame," he said, with unusual gentleness. "It I could only see you now I could have told you everything. It was wrong. Father will be home soon. Let me bring him to you. He will comfort you, Margaret."

Margaret raised startled eyes and leaned rather heavily against the stairway. "No, Bertie, no one can do that. It is impossible, impossible. I think his sympathy would be very hard to bear now. Don't you see? Alice—me. I feel as helpless—that we have been long? Why have I not seen the date—this trouble?"

It was hard for Bertie to meet this inquiry calmly.

"Not too long, dear cousin," he said, rather huskily. "You can tell if I have known long. Can you tell? I must say yes. The first time I saw Brian met himself. I saw his story."

"No, Bertie, please. I can tell. It was so very little at first."

"I was surprised and shocked. I thought of you and I wished to warn. He pleased me very better. I believe he intended to act. I think he tried, but his resolutions are weak and easily broken. Do you remember the day I met you in the road and you remained upon my long leave? It was the day before Brian left on his last visit. I decided to speak for him and I determined to tell you all and let your persuasions influence him. But, Margaret, when I saw you in my heart failed me, and I allowed the opportunity to slip. Yet you can remember how earnest I was in begging you to use your influence to keep Brian at home. Here the temptation was too large to have no power over him. I think your presence must be the cause. Unfortunately, though, he loves the allurements of city life, and you are not there."

"No, and I shall not," returned Margaret, lifting her grateful eyes to his. "Thank you for showing me the way."

"It is—little to thank me for," he corrected, sadly. "I wish I could do a thousand times more for you. If Brian is not waiting for us at Elmwood the next train I think I'll go to be with him in New York. It will be a gain for him, but leaving your home will leave a void in mine for you. Do you feel equal to the ride?"

He was so kind to her now, but he could not be in doubt then.

"A little, but it is necessary," she replied. "I had not thought of that yet, and I cannot speak of it yet. Will you see that John brings my bonnet? And remember me to Alice and your father, please."

"Keep up a brave heart," he said, as he helped her to her feet a few moments later, "and don't forget me if you need a friend, though heaven grant you never may."

Margaret bowed. She could not speak, and passing her hand with sympathetic warmth, Bertie watched her move away, and no word in its recount to his father at his home had passed between them.

This evening in answer to the old gentleman's anxious inquiry he called Brian's complaint a trifle.

While Bertie talked he paced the room, alternately pitying Margaret, whom he loved like a sister, and condemning Brian, who, in his estimation, had been false alike to the highest principle of manhood and to the honor and respect due to his wife.

Imitation Mountains.

Just now at the office of the Geological Survey, they are engaged in building imitation mountains for the purpose of studying the way in which the eternal hills were formed by the crumpling due to the contraction of the earth's crust. The coal seams and other valuable mineral deposits in many parts of the United States have undergone just such crumpling, so that it shall aid in the consistency the little rocks near the surface of the earth as the giants rocks which are in their condition from the great pressure that exists even at depths of only two or three miles, as the case may be. The mixture is cast in layers of a given thickness by melting and throwing it in a wooden trough.

When each layer has hardened it is taken out, and a number of layers thus made are superimposed one upon the other, like layers of jelly cake, representing geological strata. The next process is to place the layers in a machine pilling shot on top of them to represent the force of gravity, after which pressure is applied from the ends, very slowly by a piston advanced with a screw. This causes them to crumple up and under the artificial contraction they are found to take precisely the forms of mountain ranges like the Alleghanies.

Mexico's Cathedral.

The cathedral in the City of Mexico is the largest in America, and cost nearly $2,000,000.