THE CHAPEL HILL WEEKLY GAZETTE.
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| Volume 1. |  | L | N. C, SATURDAy, | RII 25, 185 |  | Number |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| EDITOR \& PROPRIE <br> RIABLY IA A OVASCB. <br> ADvERISEMEyTs will be ineme |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | Once again they met. It was in the <br> crowded drawing room of Mrs. Hunter's | She seized the oroffered hand, covered |
| OUR STORY TELUM. |  |  |  |  | erowded drawing room of Mrs. Hunter's elegant mansion, for she never failed to |  |
| Sime |  |  |  |  | gather wits and deepest "blues" of the literati- |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | wits and deepest "blues" of the literati- the fanest ladies and most gallant gentlemen of the beau monde. |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | aii "Paul Dening son ate the woul of ton |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | which ryined inv happiness. I go hgrin |
|  |  |  |  |  | nuthores. No lopger was she a shiriok. | ion and gaiety for whichI perilnd my peace anather." |
|  |  |  |  |  | mana |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | Tremblini ind averiting hif foply, as |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | eling to lis unime |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | Whied wan neglected when hiv fuexinitiobil |
|  |  |  |  |  | pang of regret Piult Dening weary, end, | Wan over, liad climed him to hio old |
|  |  |  |  |  | and dispinited, teft the crowded apartmentand wandered into the conservatory. |  |
| and |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | It was silent there. The moonligh flood ed the portico upion which the low wind- |  |
|  |  |  | ${ }_{\text {H2 }}$ |  |  | Afera litut the ntrugglo was over; ho |
|  |  |  |  |  | dueirg by its lustre the light of the many |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | matip plants an> Indiane exotices filied die |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | or fragrance of that flower-wleathed bow |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | a pillow and gave himself up to moodythouglits. | ended; the miserable woman beside him "May heavoo pity as boti, Paul Dena |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | Hice would have bariered all - hie name | iog May heavor pity ua boib, Payl. Deena |
|  |  |  |  |  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { the honors and wealth his profession were } \\ & \text { fast pouring in upon him, all, could he bu } \end{aligned}$ | all the while-the figure of a'weary woman who weakened by the glare and press wre |
|  |  | No one dieaned of hous un her bridst |  |  | have been transproted back into the ran |  |
|  |  |  |  | wings. Paul Denning had attained emi- |  | linee havkened Ioro nod pride goiog on- |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| in an invitation ca:d three |  |  |  |  | Tis outb but ob, hov vion max tegete or |  |
|  |  |  | light sparkled in the gentle Mary's blue eves, and a richer bloom inted aer del |  |  |  |
|  | yow'te off in the morning. Paul-and $i$ abybody asks me of you I shall sny bus -s or plessure called you away! |  |  | plea, wiose counsel was mote soughtater among hundreds of leal practition- | until he heard the rustle of silken robesand a low sigh beside him, and a hand was | shades of dexpair, hope, joy, which wentover her white face like tipples over stil water, when Paul Denning's words fell on |
|  |  |  |  | fession was his only mistress. No wuinansere beamed for him -ihe blandishments of |  |  |
|  | Yes, angthing either. I have already sent 'regrets' to the bride elect. Good | tude of his country home, whither he had fled that he might not make one of the | every wome, acquires <br> Time passed, and Paul Deuning gradu |  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { laid upon his a m. He looked down; the } \\ & \text { liand was mall and white and sparkling } \\ & \text { with diamonds - he turned to the owner of } \end{aligned}$ | water, when Paul Denning's words fell on her ears |
|  |  | group who guthered wi:h congratulations about the new made bride. |  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { Snst five vear hat } \\ & \text { struggle to forget } \end{aligned}$ | $\begin{aligned} & \text { that lily hand her face was magnificently } \\ & \text { beauliful bu it was not the face which } \\ & \text { haunted his thoughts. His Hostess stood } \end{aligned}$ | But then the tansiotion foud doubt to |
|  |  |  | ated. There was a long walk that starlit August evening; and though no love-vow. |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | long, lingering, tender fare-well ; and $\mathrm{Ma}_{\mathrm{a}}$ ry went to her blissful dreams, and he to | band had met a sudden death inthe thind | - Paul, she murmured softly. |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | ed him; and thoce wo is were true <br> Had Mattje Archer, ere she took her | the enger work strifeThiree g ars went by, and they had met |  |  | the foaming quilet-such a cry as a heart can give which hass loved and suffered, apd |
|  | bit his lips till the blood came. <br> Fool, weak foil that I am, despite my | marriage vows upon her, sepented and plead for his love again, he wonld have |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | Mattie, as in other days, I have calle 1 youPaul exclaimed the beautiful temptress, |  |
|  |  |  |  | gay wilow took her old station as the ac <br> knowledge leader of fasbion-and her lux |  |  |
|  |  | nod pite for heer whot had prwed hereerf, |  |  |  | For Mary Derwent stoud close beside |
|  | yet why should I, who am myself se un <br> worthy, call her false? and drawing fiom | so mercenary sw:ayed him; but though his drean of love was over, his heart was |  | liant gathering, where youth, beauty, and theirtrain of attendant admirers met. |  |  |
|  | sweet pictured face and a tress of nut brown | ery one exneriences when they become nware that they have loved an unworthy |  |  | tenderlv for a moment while her siren wordsfell on his hewildered senser, then drop-ping the hand which had slid into his, he |  |
|  |  |  | zed an oporiunity to whisper tenderly, In Sping, Mary, I shall have completed my |  |  | ted Mattie Hunter, wi ha generous impulse, took the hand of she pale trembler,od joining it with Paul Denning's and |
|  |  |  |  |  | continued coldly, Noshat name is for me to utter no more. Mrs Hunter, let me con- |  |
| 'Yee, justo (midid Folone 'Youtesum: |  | - aject. | $\begin{aligned} & \text { I shall see yon again-then-' but thou } h \\ & \text { the sev:ence was unfinished, the loving } \end{aligned}$ | The timid, shrinking. unknown gitl, - <br> had become metamorphosed into a flatter | dact you to your guests! and he politely proffered his arm. | spenking no word left thin thuy That mute anion did for the estranged |
|  | calin, sought bis lodgings that night, he had rooted out from his heart every res | the past, where the briglit sunlight of anearlier and purer affoction flooded his hole being ith a rosy light; the haunt- | and trusting git's heait understood whatremained unsaid. And l:appy dreams | ed, caressed, and lamed authoress-And she lisd grown very beautiful,with- | Mattie Hunter drew back scornfully, turned very pale, and then going up close | lovers what years of pride and coldness could not have done. |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | There were two hearts that night which ore fieightec har sor hieh sailed forth in cold and hols |
|  | tige of the brief, wild love he had cherished for the brilliant and beautiful Mattie Archer. | whole being with a rosy light; the haunt- ing gaze of tender eyes followed him res | $\begin{aligned} & \text { pame to her as rhe that night. Aud how were those } \\ & \text { dieams fulfilled? } \end{aligned}$ | ight. her cheek become tinted wi.h the pink of the rare seavshell, and all this ha |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| Then you don' Jeny the eoftimpeach |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | Bad Company: |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | - |
|  |  |  | And all he whil the forgetiul lover | which the soul of the gifted can create, Wwelt with her and beautified her life |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  | Dening listered with miogled sensa. |  |
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