

ON THE SANDS.

BY MAUD SMITH.

Across the shining twilight sea White sails are floating silently. And far away beyond the down, Red lights are glowing in the town, And you and I are dreaming.

Across the glimmering, dark'ning sea A thousand lights gleam fitfully, And sweetest sounds to us e'er known, Sad mystic sounds, the great sea's own, We hear, borne through our dreaming.

Across the tired, surging sea The wind is moaning restlessly, And sailors from a ship hard by, Their strange, wild songs send shrill and high; We listen through our dreaming.

Across the saddening midnight sea The steadfast stars shine faithfully, And far away beyond the down, Red lights are glowing in the town, And you and I are dreaming.

A GOOD CATCH.

BY EMILY LENOX.

"Mr. Ainsley Arbutnot" was the name beautifully engraved on the elegant visiting card which a servant presented to Evelyn Ogden, as she stood before a tall pier-glass, admiring the sweep of her white satin tunic, and the wave of her glossy black hair.

"You are ready, I suppose, Sybil?" she asked, with a disdainful glance at her shy little cousin, whose modest toilette of wine-colored casimere hardly suited Miss Evelyn's elaborate taste.

"Oh, yes!" Sybil answered, promptly. "I have been ready for some time."

"Why don't you put some white lace around your neck?" Evelyn asked, critically. "You look so—oh, so plain."

"She was going to say 'countryified,'" but repeated that and amended her speech.

"I haven't any face," Sybil said, frankly.

"I'll lend you my fichu," said Evelyn, less in a spirit of generosity than in a wish to have Sybil look semi-respectable.

"Thanks," was the gentle reply, "but I would rather not borrow any fine feathers, Evelyn, dear. Don't mind me. I couldn't look anything but plain if I tried, and it will suit me better to creep into a quiet corner where no one will see me. I can enjoy your triumphs, cousin, for I am sure you will have them. You look beautiful to-night."

"Do you think so?" said Evelyn, with a conscious glance toward the mirror. "I am glad this dress is so becoming. Mr. Arbutnot adores white."

"I almost wish I hadn't said I would go," observed Sybil, looking down at her own plain dress. "I am afraid I shall disgrace you, Evelyn, I don't even know how to behave, for I never heard of a progressive-angling party before."

"Oh, it's simple enough," said Evelyn, buttoning her long gloves. "There will be a lot of tubs, or punch-bowls, probably, and we will all have gill fishing rods and lines, with hooks on them. The fish are hollow and have prizes inside. We all fish for them, and nobody knows what he is going to get till the fish are opened. There is to be a gold ring in one to-night, they say. It will be like wedding cake. But you needn't worry, Sybil; I'll tell you what to do."

Sybil was not worrying. She was perfectly quiet—in fact, so much so, that Evelyn fancied her brilliant escort would not be at all pleased with this unexpected addition to their party.

Sybil had come to the city to try and get a position as a teacher, and Evelyn did not fancy taking her out in society; but Mr. Ogden had a feeling for his sister's child,

and commanded his daughter to show her all the honors due to a distinguished guest.

"My cousin, Miss Weir, Mr. Arbutnot," said Evelyn, presenting Sybil to the gentleman who awaited them in the parlor.

Ainsley Arbutnot's keen eyes had swept in an instant over the white satin gown, with the mental observation:

"Overdressed!"

They rested now upon the slender, little figure in the soft, rich-colored cashmere, and they lighted with genuine admiration.

"I am pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss Weir," he said, with that quiet yet impressive manner which is such a valuable gift.

Sybil murmured something, but her eyelids fell before that magnetic glancing.

How handsome he was, and how perfectly self-possessed! It was no wonder that Evelyn was always talking about Ainsley Arbutnot.

He was rich, too, they said, though Sybil thought very little about wealth, save as some far-away thing which she would probably never possess in all her lifetime.

The "progressive angling" went on at Mrs. Bayard's house, where Sybil felt as though she were in fairy-land, among flowers and fragrance, and parti-colored lights, that shone on a crowd of elegantly-dressed men and women, who moved about in a scene of rare beauty and splendor.

"Must I fish too?" Sybil asked, nervously, as she looked shyly at the superb cut-glass bowls, in which artificial goldfish were swimming in perfumed water. "I would rather not."

"Don't be afraid," said Arbutnot, kindly. "They all make botches of it."

"Aren't you going to fish, Arbutnot?" called out an exquisite youth, who wore a primrose and an eye-glass. "It's no end of a lark, you honor! It's such fun to see those stupid little tin things wriggle!"

"Is it, really?" said Arbutnot, with imperturbable gravity, while the speaker began to dangle his absurd little line in the water.

"Do you know what that makes me think of?" he continued, in a low tone, which only Sybil heard. "It reminds me of a definition which I once heard given for a fishing-rod—a stick with a worm at one end and a fool at the other."

"Sybil broke out into a merry laugh, which made Evelyn turn around to see what the fun was.

"Won't you try now?" said Mr. Arbutnot. "There are not very many people at the table."

"Yes," said Evelyn, sweetly; "let us try now, by all means. Do you know, Mr. Arbutnot, there is to be a German after the fishing, and we ladies have to fish our partners out of yonder bowl?"

"How momentous!" Arbutnot exclaimed. "I hope heaven may be kind to me."

Evelyn smiled at him, and Sybil, having a sense of being in the way moved toward the table.

"Come, ladies!" cried the youth with the eyeglass. "There are as good fish in the sea as ever yet were caught."

"Allow me!" said Dick Travers, a brother of the hostess, to whom Sybil had been presented, and she found herself in possession of one of the gilded willow rods, which were gaily adorned with bows of ribbon.

She cast in her line, and almost immediately the others were cast, alongside.

"I am fishing for you, Miss Weir," said Dick, boldly. "I want a good partner, and you look as though you danced divinely."

"I am very fond of it," Sybil said, modestly; "but I don't know much about the German. I think I should be almost afraid to try."

"Evelyn frowned and bit her lips. What a fool the girl was!

"Why, Sybil!" she said, pettishly. "You are fishing on my side. I want that little fat fish. I'm sure he's got something nice in him."

"You are welcome to him, I'm sure," said Sybil, abandoning her game very pleasantly. "I'd rather have that slim little fellow. Perhaps he hasn't anything in him, and then I shall be allowed to look on."

"Aha!" cried Dick, whose skilled hand had hooked the first fish. "What have we got here? No. 17. Amy, what is No. 12—gentleman's prize?"

"You dance with Miss Irwin," said Mrs. Bayard, putting a box into her brother's hand.

Dick groaned. "Never mind," said Arbutnot, laughing. "We are only going to have six figures. Let us see what you have got."

Dick produced a very pretty leather pocket-book, which they were all admiring, when Miss Evelyn's cry of triumph riveted attention on herself.

"I've got him!" she exclaimed, lifting the little fat fish out of the water.

But great was her chagrin when she found that it contained no prize at all, and the name of somebody whom she did not like.

"I'm afraid I shall not catch anybody," said Sybil, who found it quite difficult.

"You don't go right at it," said Dick. "Drop your hook down deep, and then bring it up slowly—this way. Try the little fellow over there. That's right. Gently now. There—aha. What did I tell you? That was well done, wasn't it, Ainsley?"

"Excellent," said Ainsley. "Open him—do. I am consumed with curiosity."

Sybil obeyed, laughingly, expecting nothing.

"By Jove!" Dick cried, "She's hooked the gold ring."

Sure enough, inside of the slim little fish lay the shining band which every one coveted.

"It is like the Arabian Knights," she said in astonishment. "How pretty it is!" And see this French motto inside—*Mariau femme, l'anne portrait.*"

"That means you will be married in a year," said Arbutnot, smiling into her little flushed face.

"I don't think that's likely," Sybil replied. "But I never dreamed of getting the ring. I wonder how I ever happened to."

"There is no great mystery, as I can see," said Evelyn, with a disagreeable laugh. "A brother of Mrs. Bayard's ought to be able to prompt one effectively."

"Miss Ogden," said Dick, quietly, "I hope you do not think I knew where the ring was?"

"Oh, of course not," was the sarcastic rejoinder. "Ab, Captain Clyde, is this you? The music is playing. I suppose we may as well go into the ballroom."

Dick Clyde smothered an exclamation as he turned to Ainsley with a curious look.

"You have not fished yet," he said.

"There is plenty of time," Arbutnot answered. "There is Miss Irwin, Dick. She looks appealing."

"You always have your own way, Ainsley," Dick said, resentfully, and went off to find his partner.

Sybil and Mr. Arbutnot were left alone by the table.

"Aren't you going to fish?" she asked.

"Well, I haven't any objections," said Sybil, blushing faintly.

So Ainsley took her small white hand, and put the ring on it.

"It will come true in a year, if it comes true at all," he said. "Now, come! The German begins at ten, and I must tell you what figures I have chosen."

Everybody wanted to know who that quiet little thing was who danced with Ainsley Arbutnot; and the next day Dick Travers brought a friend to call. He found Evelyn Ogden alone in her glory.

"Miss Weir has gone out to hunt a place," she said viciously. "The wants to teach school, I believe."

"Ah, you don't say?" said Dick's companion, who was the youth with the primrose. "Do you think she would take me for a pupil? I am not such on most things, but the fellows say I am the very duce at geography."

A month slipped by, and Sybil went home disappointed. It was the wrong time of year, they said. She might get a place in the fall, but there was none vacant now.

"I'm afraid I'm not of much account, Aunt Hannah," she said, despondently, as she sat by the little old study-lamp, thinking it all over. I might as well have stayed at home, and not spent the money going to town. Indeed," she added, with a sigh, "it would have been a great deal better."

It was an odd answer to her observation, that there came just at that moment a ring at the bell, which brought her face in the doorway with Ainsley Arbutnot.

"I have followed you," he said, holding the hand which she gave him.

"I found that I could not be happy away from you, and I came to ask, Sybil, whether I might not stay with you always?"

"Come in," she said, leading him into the parlor, where only the fire-light shone. "Excuse me," she added hastily. "I will get a lamp."

"This will do," he said, detaining her. "I like this best. Sybil, you know what I came for. I love you. Will you marry me?"

She was a natural girl, without any art or coquetry, and she answered him, out of her heart:

"Yes."

"Then my wish will come true," he said, lifting her hand and kissing it where the gold ring spanned her pretty finger. Do you know what I wished, darling? The ring said that the year would bring you a husband, and I wished it might be me."

It is needless to say that Sybil did not look for any further position.

"She ought to be satisfied," said Evelyn Ogden, when she heard of the engagement. "It is astonishing what good fortune some of those plain girls have. Mr. Arbutnot is the catch of the season."—[Saturday Night.

Betsy at the Fair.

ATLANTA, G., Oct. 20, 1887.—I might as well try to tell you how many drops of rain fell yistiddy or how many folks was here in Atlanta as to try to tell what all I seed and heard at the exposition.

The weather last week was so pretty, put me in a mind of Indian summer when the tarpkins all gets out on a log to sun theyselves, and it was the occasion of a powerful sight to folks agwine out, but it was two pretty to lost, and on Monday it sot into rainin'.

We seed more fine silk dresses and hats and things drenched in that rain as a little; looks strange how smart folks will put on the best they got and get it ruint at sich a place as that. Our gang had on the best we had, but we never said nothin' about it and

nobody never knowed it.

The feathers in Cindy Roberson's hat made her look like a frizzled chicken under the drip. They was sot up high in front on account of the fashion, and the wind blowed 'em wrong side-out-wards, and they dipt in red streaks all over her face. You'd a thought she'd been in a fight; her own mammy wouldn'ter knowed her.

I wish you could er saw one of them high folutin Talladegy gals, she had a red bird with a green tail, she give five dollars for it, sot high up on her Sunday hat, and helt her head high as a bantam chicken, till about a hour after the rain in the bird's head drapt off, and it was'nt long till the green tail was gone, and ther wasn't nothin' left of that five dollar bird but a little red chicken feather.

She lowed her feathers had fell and she was agwine home, and off she put that very night, never wait to see the president nor none of his kin. All our gang was drabbled in mud knee deep, kase we walked out thar and back. That night we washed out our coat-tails and hung 'em to the fire, and wore 'em next day rough dried kase we didn't have no more clothes with us.

Mol Freshour's black cotton lace died her coat kalik as ink, and Liz Hasber's red kaliker frock faded in streaks and run into the white braid, and we was all plum sights.

But we taken it jolly. One of the Thackerson gals lost her Cleveland badge. She tuck on powerful and had all her crowd a hunt'n for it.

Mr. Turnipseed he aimed to go home a Tuesday night after he seed the president, but he staid to have his pictur' struck for Cousin Pink long as tother one got ruint with the cologne. He left his overcoat at his boardin' house as Monday, and when he went back for it, he couldn't find the house and had to git Cap to go after it for him.

P-p he last his hat in the crowd and had to tie his head up in his bandanny handkercher tel he got to town. But laws, nothin' can't set pap back.

We seed a heap on a Monday, in spite of the rain. We went through the main buildin' whar they got a little of every thing. The folks was as big as anything else a gavin' around with ther necks stretched. Some was a dartin from one thing to tother not a seen of nothin' good. We taken it sorter slow, and went up stairs fast and looked at the pictur's. Folks most went wild over Geo. I. Seiney's kase that was the finest thar. You can't tell no body how a pictur' looks, you got see it for yourself. Hal Gregory has some fine ones up thar, one of Bill Arp looked like he was fixin' of his mouth to joke. Them nigger pictures of W. A. Walker's was good—and I was powerful proud to see all them fine pictures that John Maddox drawd—they say he got the preemium on some of 'em. I could er stood and looked at pictur's all day but Caledony she was a takin of a fit to see the crazy quilts, and they had enough of 'em than to run a body distracted. Some of 'em was the prettiest I ever seed. They had some karker ones, too, and Caledony lowed, "Betsy, our'n at home is a heap prettier'n air'n here. If I had my 'Wheel of Fortune' and 'Pride and Glory of the South,' they would git the blue bin heard and shoulders over air quilt here."

It was hard to get Caledony away from them knit lace and embroidery, crochet things—she'd a been up thar tel yit if Cousin Pink had a told her to come down stairs to whar they give away coffee. Cal she'd drink one cup—(it helt about two thimble full)—and go off and come back and make the man think she was somebody else and get another cup. Wyly & Green they gives away buck wheat

cakes. Cal done them the same way and never had to buy no dinner—lowed she was like old Miss Slack, she wasn't gwine to pay for nothin' when she could git it free. They give away lots of things; sody, face powder, cotton seed, all sorter pretty picur's and fans, and we uns had our arms chock tull. Cousin Pink she was a holdin' of all our fans one time and took a seet by hersef to wait for us, and lowed every body come along helt out they hand for a fan, thought she was the gal that was a givin' of 'em away. Can says she seen a 'oman go up and grab a whole hand full of cards—thought she was a gitten' of some pretty pictur's and they never had no pictur's on 'em. She had a paper bag full of sody and pictur's and things that was give to her, and the bag busted and spilt 'em all in the mud and rain. She had two balloods, a red'n and a blue'n tied to her a salin' high over her head.

Mol Freshours was plum greedy about gittin' fans and pictur's and thinge and lowed: "I bet if I come here agin I fetch along a pillar slip or some'n to tote all my things in."

I know in reason her and Liz Hasber and Becky Jane Rountree had sody enough if 'twas sold to pay they way into the exposition. We got tired totin' of our'n and give it all to them. It was hard to keep our crowd to-gether; some wanted to see one thing and some tother. We all went around and seed Miss Annie Dennis, from Tolberton, Ga., and she showed us her things, over three hundred varieties of fruits and vegetables that she put up herself, canned, crystalized apt evaporated, and her jellies and pickles and homemade crackers could'n't be beat. We tasted her crystalized figs, the best things you ever seed, she had fine embroideries and paintings, and Cal she asked her if she worked nights and Sundays.

Putnam county, Georgia, hap more different kind of things as any we seed; everything that grows from a acorn and a dishrag gourd up to eighty-five kinds of trees, and one hundred and sixty-five kinds of roots and barks for medicines, and Cal she lowed old Mis Greaun would er took a jeminy fit over all them 'yarbs'.

Floyd county had loth of fine things, and they was all showed off, pretty. Rome sent a heap, and everybody says it will git the preemium.

I tell you the fac', we seed so much and went so fast from one thing to tother to try and see it all and get the worth of our money that we can't hardly tell you what county nor state nothin' was in. Iky Roberson said he felt at home when he seed that possion in the 'simmon tree in Sumpter county.

Becky Jane Rountree lowed it made her feel homesick to see all them big fat gourd and sweet 'ruters and turnips and punking—but she can't tell you right now whar none of 'em growed. We was a looking at the things from Tallapoosy and Becky Jane she looked up and axed, "what is that thing a hanging up thar." It was a great big round goured painted with gold and Mr. Adair he most died a 'ughin' kase she come from Alabama and didn't know what a "fat gourd" was.

The biggest part of our crowd come to see the president, and wasn't a thinkin' about no gourd nor nuthin'.

Well, I've done like Aunt Nancy, talked and went on here and hain't told you nothin' about the president. Caledony and Cousin Pink and them's a callin' of me to come on, and Cap Dewberry he's a waitin' for me, so I'll have to wait till next time to tell you how we uns seed the president under difficulties.

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