

SILENCE GAVE CONSENT.

A lover once pondered an amorous plea. For many a day, Resolved that the tale of his passion should be told in a neat way.

THE LETTER.

It was at Saint-Valery-en-Caux, during the bathing season, that Mlle. Alice Vivien first met Roger de Beaumont.

Roger was finding the hours quite tedious at that domestic resort. He had noticed Mlle. Vivien, who was, by far, the prettiest of all the fair bathers at the place, and he thought that courting her would be a very pleasant way of varying the monotonous life he was leading.

Mlle. Vivien dwelt in a pretty cottage by the sea-side. Her husband, detained in Paris by his business, could only manage to come down once a week and remain with her from Saturday to Monday.

At the age of 17 Alice had been married to Mr. Vivien, a gentleman 35 years of age, whose devotion to her was a blending of love with fatherly tenderness.

Roger himself was beginning to take an interest in the game he was playing. He even felt a growing passion for that adorable and artless young woman, and one evening, while with her at the pierhead, where they had gone to enjoy the breeze, he exclaimed, in a voice full of emotion: "I love you!"

She tried to make him hush, to show that she was offended; but he, whose ardor and boldness seemed heightened by the charm and poetry of the delightful evening, continued, in a passionate tone: "I have loved you since the first day I saw you! And you love me, too! I know it, I feel it! Only let me worship you, don't avoid me, don't repulse me!"

"Hush! for Heaven's sake, hush!" "Oh! do not answer me in that way; me, who adore you; let me hope that you will say that you love me!"

As he looked at her she seemed ready to faint; shining tears were welling in her eyes, and her little hand quivered like a captive bird.

"Let me go," said she in a voice scarcely audible. He escorted her to her gate, and, bowing low, he said: "I shall expect an answer; it will be a sentence of death or a command to live."

An avowal would perhaps have escaped from Alice's lips had not the noise of footsteps and the sound of voices fallen on her ear.

Dreading to be seen, and already as timorous as a guilty person, the young woman withdrew and hastily entered the house.

"I love him, too! I love him!" murmured she, and remembering how anxiously the young man had wished for an avowal of her love, feeling her heart overflowing, she hastily wrote with a feverish hand:

"Roger, I love you, and shall impatiently wait for to-morrow. ALICE." She smiled while thinking of the gladness that would fill Roger's heart when he read her letter, and, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, she hastened out to drop it in the letter box.

with transport: "Why, is it you already? I was not expecting you for two days yet?" "I wished to surprise you. I was able to finish all my business a little ahead of time, but I did not dare send you word, as I was afraid that at the last moment something might have sprung up to detain me in Paris."

The young woman's heart was overflowing with happiness in being again with her husband, who loved her so tenderly, while at the same time it was oppressed with feelings of shame and remorse.

All of a sudden she gave a start: the clock was striking 8; the postman would soon arrive with newspapers and letters, and among them would be that cursed letter of hers.

She would have been glad to find some excuse to send her husband off, but ideas fitted so rapidly through her mind that she could grasp no single one. With her eyes fixed on the clock, she could only repeat to herself: "The postman is coming with my letter!"

"I am hungry!" said Mr. Vivien. "Suppose we go down to breakfast. I have been traveling since midnight." And both went down together.

As luck would have it, the postman was behind time that morning. To Alice, the voice of her husband sounded as if it would have done in a distant dream, as she pictured to herself the row that was going to take place.

She looked at him eating so heartily, his eyes beaming with tenderness and confidence, and she thought how soon all that quiet happiness would vanish, and all through her fault.

At last she heard the postman's footsteps, and, soon after, the servant laid the mail on the table.

Mr. Vivien looked mechanically at the envelopes; there were three letters. Alice, overcome with terror, felt the blood coursing about her temples and buzzing through her ears as she closed her eyes, almost ready to faint away.

"Who writes to you in this place?" asked her husband, handing her a small, scented envelope addressed in a strange handwriting.

"I don't know," stammered she. "Look and see." "Be! Alice held her letter without daring to open it.

"Well, why don't you read that letter?" insisted Mr. Vivien. Then, with a movement of despair, she abruptly handed him the letter, saying: "Read it yourself!" and she awaited, expecting to see everything fall to pieces about her.

She heard the noise of tearing paper, and then, after a few seconds of mortal agony, her husband said: "The letter is signed Roger de Beaumont. He is secretary of a benevolent committee, and requests your aid in raising funds for the orphans."

A few days later Mr. Vivien took Alice back to Paris. The young woman had not seen anything of Roger, and she was terribly worried by the thought that her letter had remained in the young man's possession.

The remembrance of that letter became the torture of her life. At times she would have a crazy notion of throwing herself at her husband's feet and acknowledging her moment of folly, but she was terrified at the thought that it might destroy their quiet happiness.

Another fear also oppressed her and choked down the avowal that her overburdened heart wished to make. "Will my husband really believe that man obtained only those few lines of love from me?"

MENTIONED IN THE PAPERS.

What is said of People Whom the Press Sees Fit to Notice. Miss Mary G. Burdette, sister of the humorist "Bob" Burdette, is winning marked success as a religious lecturer.

Princess Beatrice has given herself to the now fashionable study of photography, and is turning out creditable portraits.

Katkov was of plebeian origin and had a hard fight to win his position in the face of the proud aristocracy of Russia. His father was a panama or secretary of the Moscow cathedral, and the future "power behind the throne" was contemptuously called "Panamavitch" by his fellow students at the university.

Bret Harte, of London, has grown gray, but looks younger than he did when here ten years ago. His color is quite English. It is the fresh color of a man who lives a careful, regular life.

Felix Regamy, a Parisian artist, well known in Boston, has made the interesting discovery that a French plaster molder named Hubard has in his possession a full-sized bronze copy of the marble statue of Washington by Houdon, which he will sell for \$800. M. Regamy suggests in The Paris Figaro that the United States Government purchase the bronze statue and present it to the gallery of the Louvre.

Gen. Longstreet is living quietly at Gainesville, Ga., writing a book on the war. As he finishes a chapter he sends the manuscript to Washington to have all dates and figures verified from the official records. The general says: "I expect both sides to pitch into me, and I am taking time to be certain of all my statements."

Lawson N. Fuller, who, with Russell Sage, will try to break the 2-32 record for four-in-hands on Fleetwood track this fall, says he hasn't missed a meal in thirty-three years, and attributes his healthy appetite to continuous driving.

Mlle. Drouin, who was arrested in England as a dangerous person, is a school teacher, who inherits from her father a talent for modeling, and who was innocently preparing to ramble through England with the modeling clay which was mistaken for dynamite.

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HOME SWEET HOME. YOU can get all your Framing, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, AC, FROM US, And get your Wife—wherever you can. BUILD YOU A NICE HOUSE, AND GET YOU A Pretty Wife and be Happy! J. B. MAKEPEACE & CO., SANFORD, N. C., Manufacturers of Sash, Doors, Blinds, AND ALL KINDS OF BUILDING MATERIAL.

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Piedmont Air-Line Route. RICHMOND & DANVILLE RAILROAD. CONDENSED SCHEDULE IN EFFECT SEPT. 4, 1887. Trains Run by 75th Meridian Time. SOUTHBOUND. No. 52 daily. No. 53 daily. NORTHBOUND. No. 51 daily. No. 54 daily.

SLEEPING-CAR SERVICE. On trains 50 and 51.—Pullman Buffet Sleeper between Atlanta and New York. On trains 52 and 53.—Pullman Buffet Sleeper between Washington and Montgomery, Washington and Augusta. Pullman Sleeper between Richmond and Greensboro. Pullman Sleeper between Greensboro and Raleigh. Pullman Parlor Car between Salisbury and Knoxville.

Building Lots for Sale. I have for sale, near the city, on Salisbury street, fifteen building lots, beautifully situated in an oak grove. Parties desiring to build near the manufacturing centre would do well to examine this property before purchasing elsewhere. P. H. BILBRO. April 26, 1887-3mcs

Cattle for Sale. I have at my house, five miles east of Greensboro, three milch cows for sale.—Real good milkers. Will be sold reasonably. Also, two beef cattle on same terms. Aug. 11-1f A. T. WHITSETT.

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Court and Administrator Notices. NOTICE. Having qualified as administrator, de bonis non, of the estate of George M. Adams, deceased, I, Albert A. Holt, Clerk of the Superior Court Guilford county, N. C., I hereby notify all persons having claim against said decedent to exhibit the same before me, properly proven, on or before the 15th day of September, 1888, otherwise this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION. Notice is hereby given that "The Southern Improvement Company" is constituted a corporation under the provisions of chap. 16 of the Code of North Carolina, and the Acts of the General Assembly amendatory thereof; and the following is the substance of the Articles of Incorporation, recorded in my office in the Records of Incorporations: The name of the corporation is the Southern Improvement Company.

Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley RAILWAY COMPANY. Condensed Schedule No. 26, Taking effect 5.15 a. m., Monday, Sept. 5, '87. TRAINS MOVING NORTH. Pas. & Mail. Frt. & Acc. Leave Bennettsville 10.10 a. m. 5.00 a. m. Arrive Maxton 11.20 7.25 Leave Maxton 11.30 8.05 Arrive Fayetteville 1.30 p. m. 12.00 noon Leave Fayetteville 2.00 8.00 a. m. Arrive Sanford 4.05 12.00 noon Leave Sanford 4.15 1.05 p. m. Arrive Greensboro 7.25 6.50 Arrive Greensboro 10.10 a. m. Arrive Dalton 2.15 p. m. Passenger and Mail dinner at Fayetteville.

TRAINS MOVING SOUTH. Pas. & Mail. Frt. & Acc. Leave Dalton 3.45 p. m. Arrive Greensboro 7.45 a. m. Arrive Greensboro 9.50 a. m. 6.00 a. m. Arrive Sanford 12.55 p. m. 12.00 noon Leave Sanford 1.15 1.30 p. m. Arrive Fayetteville 3.20 6.00 Leave Fayetteville 3.30 11.00 a. m. Arrive Maxton 5.15 3.05 p. m. Arrive Maxton 5.25 3.40 Arrive Bennettsville 6.45 6.20 Passenger and Mail dinner at Sanford.

FACTORY BRANCH; Freight & Accommodation Train Moving North. Leave Millboro 8.05 a. m. 5.45 p. m. Arrive Greensboro 9.35 7.25 Arrive Moving South: Leave Greensboro 2.00 p. m. Leave Factory June. 3.00 7.15 p. m. Arrive Millboro 3.45 8.00 Passenger and mail trains run daily except Sundays.

ASSESSMENT INSURANCE. From the Insurance Exposition. The Security Mutual Benefit Society, with Home Office at 225 Broadway, is strictly growing into notice as an institution exceptionally safe in every respect. We have made a careful study of the plan, and find that every necessary provision has been made for the protection of certificate holders. The management appears to be rigidly honest and economical. Security, rather than immensity, seems to be the motto of those having control of the affairs of this society. In supplying safe insurance at a small cost to the members—the Security is all ready an assured success.

W. E. KYLE, Gen. P. A. J. W. FRY, Gen. Supt.