THE ALLIANCE WEEKLY.

Vol. 1. No. 4. Hillsboro, N. C, Tuesday, January 7, 1896. Price 50 cents per Year

THE SANDS OF TIME.

When the leaves are whispering damp and dead
To the plash of the falling rain,
When the swallows have twittered good-by and fled
Till summer-time comes again,
Shall I think as I shut the old year out
Of what is to come in the new,
Or leaves the future in shadow and doubt
To dream of the past with you?

Do you remember an April day,
The sun on the springing corn,
And the trees a-tint with the promise of May,
Do you hear the far-off horn?
Last summer's leaves crackled under our feet,
Or wind-tossed round us flew—
And now 'tis only in memory sweet
That I tread through the woods with you.

Do you remember the hot July?
All nature gasped for breath,
While the faithless wind had forgotten to sigh,
And flower-birth led by the little gate,
We stood in the shade by the little gate,
Together, dear, I and you,
And we heard the blackbird call to his mate
When the roses cried for the dew.

Do you remember a favorite horse,
A soft, warm nose in your hand?
The silence that came as a matter of course,
Or the speech that never was planned?
Do you remember—'tis months ago—
Or forget that you ever knew?
Dear, if I know as I think I know,
I know I am one with you.

Do you remember the clear, cold night,
The night that our farewell sped?
You stood out dark 'gainst a streaming light,
"Take care of yourself!" you said.
All over. And yet though summer be flown,
Its glories all lost to view,
I can never be heart-sick and never alone
When I travel the past with you.

—B. M. Danby, in Chambers' Journal.

A SUCCESSFUL OPERATION.

John Steyne. Nurse Winchester.

Scene: John Steyne's bedroom, immediately after the doctor's visit.

Steyne—Nurse, what did the doctor say?

Nurse—He feels very hopeful the operation will prove successful, and your sight saved—provided you continue to wear the bandage patiently.

Steyne—He said that in here. Outside, when you shut the door, he said you looked ill.

Nurse ([illegible]) — You've been eavesdropping. I haven't much color, naturally.

Steyne—Still, you look ill. Is nursing me so wearisome?

Nurse—No; you are very considerate—for a patient. But you must not worry about me. Remember the doctor's words: "Preserve a tranquil mind. The more patient you are the sooner you will see."

Steyne (reflectively)—I think I have been patient—more patient than you guess, nurse. I have longed so fervently to see—just one glance, as fleeting as you please, provided it took in the right object. (A silence.) Nurse, how long do I sleep in the daytime, as a rule?

Nurse—Four or five hours.

Steyne—I don't. It's pretense. I am day-dreaming. I am wondering, among other things, what your features are like.

Nurse (begins to dust a mirror with a lace handkerchief)—You are inquisitive.

Steyne—It's not mere inquisitiveness. I once knew a lady whose voice so greatly resembled yours that I am eager to know if your features bear likeness too.

Nurse—In a few days your bandages will be removed, and then— (Stops abruptly.)

Steyne—Why do you pause? I think your conscience is troubled, nurse. What answer did you make the doctor just now? That you have already written to the hospital to be relieved of your duties here on the plea of failing health, and that you expect to be relieved to-morrow. I heard.

Nurse—I can send you my photograph. That will assuage your curiosity.

Steyne—It is my mind that requires relief now. Did you ever know a woman called Ethel Hampton?

Nurse (shaking out her lace handkerchief)—Yes.

Steyne (jumps excitedly to his feet)—You did?

Nurse (severely)—I decline to pursue the topic. You are exciting yourself most detrimentally.

Steyne—You leave me to consume with inward fire.

Nurse—I decline to be an accessory to your optical suicide.

Steyne—You cannot stay my thoughts. I knew Ethel Hampton nine years ago. I was almost engaged to marry her. I suppose she is married now. (A silence.) You won't reply? Well, it's a relief to talk about it. So you knew her? Queer coincidence. My curiosity to look upon you has increased a hundredfold. Your voices are so similar, too—only hers was mischievous and yours—is rather tearful.

Nurse—We lived together. People unconsciously imitate one another.

Steyne—For the same reason you may have other characteristics in common.

Nurse (undecidedly)—Possibly.

Steyne—And did you admire her?

Nurse—I did—once.

Steyne—So did I—once—before I discovered her duplicity—her hypocrisy.

Nurse (startled)—Before what?

Steyne (bitterly)—She jilted me.

Nurse (confused)—I—she never told me that, though she confessed most things to me.

Steyne—It is nevertheless a fact. I had arranged to take her to the Queen's theater on a certain night. At the last minute she sent me a telegram: "Sorry, Too ill to go to theater. Don't call."

Nurse (amazed)—You are mistaken! She couldn't have sent that.

Steyne—Mistaken! Hardly. I have the telegram still.

Nurse—With whose name attached?

Steyne—Hampton—hers.

Nurse—But she went to the theater that night.

Steyne—So did I. I saw her in a box—looking anything but ill—with that cad Brodham. Perhaps you didn't know him.

Nurse (agitated) — Yes, he called for her at the last minute.

Steyne—Prearranged.

Nurse—I assure you it was not. (Emphatically) And she did not send that telegram. Why should she have added "Don't call?" You never did call—to my knowledge.

Steyne—By her request. Living in rooms with only a young companion—I suppose you were the companion, nurse—she studiously rejected male visitors—except Brodham. He called frequently.

Nurse—He was privileged, being her cousin. (After a little pause) But you could have written.

Steyne—After her telegram, and seeing her at the theater with Brodham! Oh, no. I considered the explanation due from her. I gave her two days.

Nurse—Then you sent her a packet—minus explanation or accusation.

Steyne—And received, "per return," a packet from her, with similar omissions. That ended it. I went to the Cape to forget.

Nurse (trying to conceal her eagerness)—And you were successful?

Steyne—Unfortunately, no. A love scandal crept into a Johannesburg paper telling of a woman who had driven some poor devil of a man to suicide. In a roundabout way I learned that the woman was Ethel Hampton.

Nurse—Ah! You did not hear that the poor devil of a man was Fred Brodham?

Steyne—Good Lord! I beg your pardon, nurse. Is that a fact?

Nurse—Yes. But you are exciting yourself, and—

Steyne—It's of no use; the inward fire's a raging furnace now. Tell me this: Is Ethel Hampton married?

Nurse—One minute. Did you, that night you went to the Queen's, send Ethel Hampton a telegram in these words: "Sorry. Too ill to go to theater. Don't call. John Steyne."

Steyne (surprised)—I did not send that telegram, or any other.

Nurse—She received it.

Steyne—I swear most solemnly that I didn't send it. There's circumstantial evidence in my favor on the face of it. The wording of the two telegrams is identical. One person sent both.

Nurse—Later on that evening Fred Brodham called and said your telegram was a rotten excuse, for he had just seen you, looking as fit as ever. And having a box for the Queen's he persuaded her to accompany him.

Steyne (enlightened)—Good heaven! That's how it was. (A pause.) And Fred Brodham shot himself.

Nurse—For which people blame her—because she was lucky enough to scent his cunning.

Steyne (with renewed excitement)—Nurse Winchester—is Ethel Hampton married yet?

Nurse—No.

Steyne—Thank God! Can you find her for me?

Nurse—You will see her the day the doctor removes your bandages if the matron does not send a nurse out for me to-morrow.

Steyne—She will be here [illegible] the matron—? Then my [illegible] was not all madness. [illegible] up his hands to tear away his bandages).

Nurse (seizes his wrists)—[illegible] Don't touch them! Don't for [illegible] sake.—Black and White.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

There Was a Vast Difference in the Two Cases.

The other day at Montezuma, while two citizens were conversing at the depot, a negro approached an [illegible] one of them as follows:

"Kurnel, I h'ar yo' wants to git a man out on de plantashun."

"Yes, I want a man out there," replied the colonel, as he looked the [illegible]

"Seems to me I've seen you before!"

"Reckon not, sah. I'ze new roun' here."

"But I'm sure I've seen you somewhere. Let's see. I was over at Perry the other day."

"Yes, sah, yo' was ober to Perry."

"And while there I called at the jail."

"Yes, sah, yo' called at de jail. Dey has got a powerful nice jail ober to Perry."

"And while at the jail I saw a colored man who was serving a sentence for stealing a hog."

"No doubt of it, kurnel. Yes, yo' dun saw a cull'd pusson right in dat jail at Perry."

"And you are the man," said the colonel as he laid his hand on the negro's shoulder.

"Jes' so, kurnel—jes' so. I was right in dat jail at Perry, an' I dun 'peared of seein' yo' pass along. Curious what a memory some white folks has in deir heads!"

"But you don't suppose I want a man who has been in jail for anything, do you?" exclaimed the colonel.

"No, [illegible] don't. Dat's what I'ze here to talk plain about. Yo' got it all wrong 'bout dat hog, kurnel. De pusson who dun stole de hog was asleep when yo' called. I wasn't in dat jail for stealin' no hog. I'ze no such man as dat."

"Then what were you in for?"

"Why, dey said dem two bags er cotton seed meal dey found in my cart was tooken from de depo'."

"Oh, I see. Well, what's the difference?"

"What's the difference? Heaps o' difference, sah. On de one hand, I'ze loadin' up a bar'l o' salt arter dark, an' dem bags jus' tun'led into my cart while my back wuz turned. On de odder hand, a pusson goes out by daylight and runs a hog aroun' de woods for thar two hours before he gotches a hind leg. 'Scuse me, kurnel, I did reckon I'd like to work on yo' plantashun, sho'—if yo' am de sort o' man who can tell de difference between a pusson [illegible] in' in jail to obleege de jury an' bein' sent to jail fur stealin' a hog. I could't trust my reputashun in yo' hands [illegible] good mawnin', kurnel." could have good [illegible]—Atlanta [illegible]

MISS DILL'S [illegible]

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

Miranda Dill was "doing up" the last of her quinces one November morning when some one rapped at her kitchen door. When she opened her door she saw Mrs. Beaman Draper standing on the little back porch.

"'Scuse me for coming 'round to the back door, Mirandy," said Mrs. Draper, as she stepped into the spotlessly clean and sweetly fragrant little kitchen, "I could tell from the looks of the front of the house that you was in the back, and I thought I'd save you the trouble of running to let me in at the front door. My! how sweet and spicy it smells in here."

"I've been spicing some sweet apples, and now I'm doing up the last o' my quinces," replied Miss Miranda. "I'm real partial to a little preserve, and I think that a little pelt is nice in apple sauce. But, bless, I'm keeping you standing. Come and sit down in this rocking-chair [illegible] you don't mind sitting in the kitchen?"

"No, if it's your kitchen, Mirandy, for it's so clean and cosy here. How lovely your plants look."

"Yes, I think the kitchen's a good place for plants. There's so much moisture from the teakettle and it's so sunny in here. I have a chrysanthemum that I hope to get in full bloom soon."

"If it comes out before you ought to put it on the table you're to have charge of when the association meets with us next week."

"It would look lovely on the table, wouldn't it? And flowers will be real scarce by that time. Do they expect a good many at the association?"

"Oh, yes; she thinks there'll be as many as twenty gates come, and that's what I have run over to see you about. You know I'm chairman of the committee on entertainment?"

"Yes, I heard it given out Sunday."

"Well, I'm round looking up entertainment for the delegates, and I knew I could count on your taking at least one; you will, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, I'm willing to take one. I'd take two if my spare room together; [illegible] only one spare room. I could on a pinch give up my bedroom, and I could sleep on the settee in the sitting-room, but I did think that [illegible] me so long I wouldn't get out to many of the meetings."

"Oh, one's all you ought to be asked to take, and I'll try [illegible]

[illegible] was paying board [illegible] guest."

plied Miss Dill. She was a kindly soul who did kindly deeds and found delight in speaking kindly words. Her tongue was little given to say unkind things about anyone, and she was loyalty itself to her brothers and sisters in the Baptist church.

"The association comes the week before Thanksgiving, I believe," she said, when Mrs. Draper had risen to go.

"Yes, on Tuesday and Wednesday. Most of the delegates are expected on Monday, and they'll be likely to stay until Thursday."

"I'd just as soon have mine to stay that long as not, if you send me some real pleasant person. I just enjoyed entertaining the delegates I had last spring, when the Woman's Christian Temperance union met here.'

"I'll try and have some real nice, agreeable person sent to you, Mirandy."

Mrs. Draper went on her homeward way and Miss Dill gave her attention to the quince preserves simmering in a blue, porcelain-lined kettle on her shining stove. She was as immaculately neat as her surroundings. Her movements were as quick and free as those of a girl of 18, while it was said in the town that Miss Miranda "owned up to 48," but it was also said that whatever Miss Dill "owned up to" was the exact truth. She was known to be absolutely honest in word and in deed. Her life was as an open book.

It had always been a good and kindly life, and much of it had been spent in the service of others and in promoting the general good of the world. She was sometimes called the "backbone" of the feeble little Baptist church in Hiramville. There had been times when it would have been deserted, but for Miss Dill's zeal, and the free use of her rather limited income.

The little church was now pastorless, although numerous "candidates" had for some time been filling its pulpit.

Two weeks after Mrs. Draper's call Miss Dill appeared at that lady's house in a state of manifest perturbation.

"Why, Sister Draper!" she said, excitedly, "my delegate has come, and—why, Sister Draper!"

"Why, what is it, Mirandy?"

"You've sent me a man delegate!"

Miss Dill's look and tone of dismay were so comical that Mrs. Draper laughed aloud.

"Why, Mirandy," she said; "it's no killing matter if a man has been sent to you, is it? Who is he?"

"Rev. James Hiller, of Oldfield."

"Why, he was to have been sent to Brother Palmer's and a Mrs. Drewe was to have been sent to you. I'll warrant you they've made a mistake and sent Mrs. Drewe to Brother Palmer's."

"But, what shall I do?"

"Do?" said Mrs. Draper, with another laugh. "Simply make the best of it. Brother Hiller is a lovely man."

"I know, but won't folks—won't it seem a little—well, strange, for me to be entertaining a gentleman delegate?"

"Nonsense, Mirandy! You're too well known and too highly respected in this town for anyone to say a word about it. It would make a good deal more talk if you sent the man away, simply because he was a man. I'll tell folks that it was a mistake, and I know that there won't be a word said about it."

So Miss Dill, comforted, but still perturbed in spirit, went back to her delegate and guest, whom she found seated in the big, comfortable rocking-chair in her cheery sitting-room looking at her photograph album.

Rev. James Hiller was a portly, good-looking man of 50, with kindly blue eyes and courteous, gentle manner. He was quick enough in his perceptions to know that his coming had given his little spinster hostess something of a surprise, although she had said that she had been expecting a delegate.

She was calmer in her mind and manner when she returned from Mrs. Draper's. A minister was to her a human being set apart from the rest of the world and worthy of the most profound respect.

Her heart began to flutter a little again when she found herself sitting opposite her guest at her daintily-appointed tea table, on which was set delicacies such as the departed wife of Rev. Mr. Hiller had not been skilled in making.

"You live entirely alone all the time, do you, Sister Dill?" he asked, as she handed him his third cup of the most fragrant and delicious tea he had ever tasted in his life.

"I have quite a good deal of company," replied Miss Dill, "but I stay alone most of the time."

"Do you find it lonesome?"

"No, not very, excepting at Thanksgiving and Christmas time, when other people have so many of their friends around them. I do feel lonesome then, although I generally manage to find some other lonesome person to invite in with me. I was wondering to-day who I could invite in this year. I had Widow Jay and her poor old mother [illegible] died last [illegible] and her daughter's gone away. I dare say I'll find some one."

Mr. Hiller became very communicative after tea when he and Miss Dill were again seated in her sitting-room before an open grate fire. He told how he had been a widower for two years, and how his son and daughter had both married and left him to go to homes of their own. Finally he asked:

"Did you know that I was to stay over after the association closes and preach in your church next Sunday?"

"No, I hadn't heard that, but I'm glad of it. We need a regular minister very much. The town has begun to grow fast since the cotton mills and the shoe factory came here, and a good man could build the church right up."

"It looks like a promising field to me, and I don't mind saying that I'd be open to a call if the people feel that I'm the man they want after they hear me preach."

Rev. James Hiller's preaching created a great deal of enthusiasm.

"Everybody says he's just the man we want," said Mrs. Draper to Miss Dill on Monday. "He did preach two splendid, good sermons, and he's so kind and sociable. Deacon White knows all about him, and he says there isn't a single out about him. How did you like him?"

"Very much," replied Miss Dill, with a blush.

"He's a real nice person to entertain, isn't he?"

"Yes, he is. He's the best kind of company."

"If we call him he'll want a boarding place, and why don't you get a good girl and fix up that big east room of yours for a study for him and take him to board? There's no place in town where he could be so quiet and comfortable. The deacons and trustees are going to have a meeting to-night and it's almost certain they'll call him. He went back home to-day, didn't he?"

"No, he went over to Hebron to visit a day or two with a cousin of his, and he's coming back here for Thanksgiving."

"He is? Well, that's nice. Whose guest is he going to be?"

"Mine."

"Oh!"

"Yes, and I've been thinking that it'd be [illegible] and their wives could come in [illegible] the evening and meet him socially."

"That would be real nice. We'd be glad to come."

"Then I'll invite the others." Every invitation was accepted and Miss Dill's house was aglow with light and cheer. The little hostess looked ten years younger than usual. Her eyes and her cheeks were aglow, and her frequent laugh was sweet and joyous.

At about nine in the evening Deacon Smith called the company to order and said:

"I guess it won't be much of a surprise to anyone here, unless it is Brother Hiller, to know that we have voted unanimously to give Brother Hiller a call to our church, and we'd all be glad to hear a word from him about the probability of his coming."

His acceptance of the call was brief and to the point. Then he hesitated, cleared his throat and said:

"Perhaps there could be no more appropriate time for me to announce something I feel that my parishioners have a right to know, and for which I have cause for heartfelt thanksgiving as every man ought to rejoice and be glad when the Lord directs him to a good and true woman who is willing to be his wife."

He crossed the room and took Miss Dill by the hand.

"Allow me to present to you the dear woman who has promised to be our new pastor's wife. I hope that this will not appear unseemly to you because of our brief acquaintance. If, on such investigation as you care to make, you find that I am unworthy of her, I will release her from her engagement. I feel that we know our own minds and hearts well enough to feel sure that we will be happy together, and that our whole life will be filled with the true spirit of thanksgiving and praise."

"And to think what a fuss you made about entertaining a man delegate," said Mrs. Draper to Miss Dill afterward.

But Miss Dill only laughed as she had not laughed for years and as only they can laugh who love and are beloved.—Detroit Free Press.

Much Loss Saved in Silos.

As to the superior value of silage over dry food there can reasonably be no doubt. Beyond the fact that the crop siloed contains its constituents as nature arranged them, and in that condition is most wholesome, from an economic point of view, there is no comparison. The more plants are exposed to the air the greater is their loss of organic matter, until, in time, they become valueless. All this loss is saved by using the silo.—Southern Planter.