

THE SECOND MARRIAGE.

Her soft brown eyes upgazing to his face
As though the aisle's one sunlight shaft they pass
With measured pace,
He, smiling at the lips, but not the eyes
That seem to gaze upon some form that flies
Far off, cloud wrapped, aloft!

"He is too young to live alone," we hear,
"This woman's fair as was the first, and then
She's dead a year."
"Ah, true, she's lain twelve months beneath the
day;
But, oh, poor ghost, she only dies today,
Yes, with the priest's amen!"

"The new life clings as fondly as the old;"
"There's love in brown eyes as there was in blue,"
"The grave is cold;"
"The elm, you know, looks bare without a vine;"
"But, ah, death makes, when two souls intertwine,
No void place for the new!"

"Yet this his first true flow'r of love may be;"
"Oh, on the dead wife's grave why pour out gall?"
Yet bitterly
"I'll say, the dead is gone forever now,
And better love should garland this young brow
Than life be bloomless all.

Laughter and bells ring o'er the bridal train,
But through them stigh upon the love tuned ear
Low tones of pain.
Oh, haste and gaze into mine eyes, my wife,
'Till soul tells soul that love is love for life
And life begins but here!

—Joseph I. C. Clarke in Criterion.

WHAT THEY MARRIED FOR.

"Couldn't you wait for me?" asked the boy eagerly.
"Wait for you! What an absurd idea!" laughed the girl. "Why, you are only 10. It will be ten years at least before you are able to marry, and in ten years I shall be quite old. You see," continued the girl sagely, "I am old enough to be married now, and that is where the difference comes in. And I am going to be presented and go to parties and wear lovely frocks—I do hate those shabby old things—and then I shall marry somebody rich and great and live in the world. I'm so tired of this little poky place, with nothing but lessons and Sunday school children and rheumatic old women"—when suddenly looking down at the golden haired lad stretched on the turf at her feet—"only, of course, I shall miss you, Herbert."

"That is all very well for you, but what is to become of me? I want to marry for love, and how can I if you go and marry somebody else?" said the boy plaintively.

"It is quite easy," answered the girl as she plucked a stem of flowering grass, then gravely counted: "This year, next year, some time, never. This year! Think of that! You must, of course, fall in love with somebody who isn't married. You can't really be in love with me, I think, because you are so young, and I am not in love with you. I am almost the only girl you know, and you are used to me. We are like brother and sister, but that isn't love."

"How do you know?" asked the boy jealously. "Are you in love? Old Tompkins is the only man about here."
"Don't be cross. Old Tompkins! A baldhead, spectacles and a perpetual snifle. No, Herbert, I'm not in love with a man at all. I'm in love with life and wealth and power. If you'd always worn hideous old frocks that didn't fit and had been kept at home all your life with stupid governesses because it is no good spending money on a girl until it will pay from the marrying point of view, you would know what I feel like. But you have your ambitions too. You want to be a great poet; you want all the world to see the rocks and woods and the ever-changing sea as you see them and to hear the skylark and the nightingale as you hear them. Isn't that enough for you?"

"No; I want all that and more too. Oh, Meg, can't you see that you have been the inspiration of all my poetry, that it is for you I've written the songs the birds sing to me and painted the pictures our eyes have seen together? This beautiful place will be all empty and drear when you are gone. Must you go? Stay here as we have been until I get some money. If you go, I cannot come after you, and what am I to do here?"

The girl's face grew troubled, and her eyes wandered far out to sea, where a white sail had just appeared above the horizon.

"Who does she say she is?"
"She's the widow of Lord Hardworth. He was fabulously rich and held some position in the last cabinet, but he was an awful skindint and not exactly what he should have been in other respects. He's been dead about two years. Splendid woman, isn't she? But she looks as though she had not found life all beer and skittles."

"I believe I know something of her, then. Wasn't she Sir John Haughton's only daughter?"

"Yes, and an uncommonly pretty girl. Directly she came out she carried off the prize of the season, at least so her mother said, and she was pretty sure to know the quality of the goods upon the market because my spread sister came out that same spring."

"Look, she's speaking to that curious looking little man with the red hair who turned up at tante d'note yesterday. He looks like a musician or an artist. Dear me, how she has brightened up! What will you be, isn't an old lover? She doesn't look more than 20 with that pretty blush and the smile. And to think of their being thrown away on that withered specimen of humanity! They are strolling into the pipe wood. If that isn't the last chapter of a romance in real life, I'll venture to eat my hat. I must find out who the fellow is."

"You need not trouble, my dear chap. You're ridiculously behindhand, or you'd know that that is our only poet, Herbert Blaxter."

"That Herbert Blaxter? Well, I'd never have thought it. I always did say that romances and poets in particular should conceal their personality. It's so disillusioning to know that your favorite sonnet was written by a scarecrow. But

there's no accounting for the tastes of women, and I dare say the fair widow thinks him an Adonis. A bachelor, isn't he?"

"A widower, I fancy. Anyway his wife has been dead for years. He's nothing like the guy you would make out. You are jealous, old man, because the fair widow, as you call her, has steadily refused to smile on your magnificent proportions. All the same, he's a morose sort of fellow, and nobody knows much about him. He was frightfully poor at one time, I believe, and had more than the usual difficulty in convincing the critics that his verses weren't twaddle. But he's a tremendous swell now."

"And of course my lady is beginning to look out for No. 2. Kismet, it is fate!"

"And you went into the world and found your heart's desire?" said the man.
"Yes; I married and got it in a flash," answered the woman.
"And it wasn't quite all your fancy painted it?" asked the man.
"Things never turn out exactly as one imagines. There is usually something one does not calculate upon."
"What was it in your case?" persisted the man.
The woman's pale face flushed.
"My heart is dead; it died of starvation. And you? Did the girl come?"
"She did."
"And you married for love?"
He nodded.
"And what then?"
He turned so that she could scarcely hear his words:
"My wife died; she died of starvation."
—Exchange.

Modern Costumes Handicap Art.
The sculptor of today, even allowing him to be the equal of the artists of Greece or of the Italian renaissance, is handicapped by the essential hideousness of modern costume. To picture the Duke of Bedford, as a sculptor once did in a London square, clothed in a toga may be ridiculous. On the other hand, it is almost impossible to immortalize a man in a frock coat. The sculptors who have given us the two most recent statues of Mr. Gladstone have had to work under this disadvantage, and it becomes all the more ironic in the case of the statue in the University of Athens with such masterpieces on every side.—London Sphere.

An astronomer declares that Jupiter is in the state that our earth was 34,000,000 years ago. Those who can remember back 34,000,000 years will understand what this means.

A man can walk a mile without moving more than a couple of feet.—Chicago News.

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WILMINGTON AND WELDON RAILROAD.
CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH

DATED July 22d, 1900.	No. 25, Daily	No. 26, Daily	No. 27, Daily	No. 28, Daily	No. 29, Daily
Leave Weldon...	11:50	8:55	6:00	3:05	12:10
Ar. Rocky Mt...	1:00	9:55	7:10	4:15	1:20
Leave Tarboro...	1:21	10:16	7:30	4:35	1:40
Lv. Rocky Mt...	1:05	9:50	7:05	4:10	1:15
Leave Weldon...	1:55	10:40	7:20	4:25	1:30
Lv. Fayetteville...	4:30	12:15	9:05	5:55	3:00
Ar. Florence...	7:25	2:24	9:15	6:05	3:10
Ar. Goldsboro...	P. M. A. M.		7:55		
Lv. Goldsboro...					
Lv. Magnolia...					
Ar. Wilmington					

TRAIN GOING NORTH

No. 30, Daily	No. 31, Daily	No. 32, Daily	No. 33, Daily	No. 34, Daily	No. 35, Daily
Lv. Florence...	8:50	6:05	3:10	12:15	9:20
Lv. Fayetteville...	12:20	9:35	6:40	3:45	12:50
Ar. Rocky Mt...	1:55	9:10	6:15	3:20	1:25
Ar. Florence...	7:25	4:40	1:45	9:00	6:05
Lv. Wilmington...					
Lv. Magnolia...					
Lv. Goldsboro...					
Leave Wilson...	8:35	5:50	2:55	10:00	7:05
Ar. Rocky Mt...	9:30	6:45	3:50	11:05	8:10
Arrive Tarboro...	12:01	9:16	6:21	11:36	8:41
Leave Tarboro...	12:01	9:16	6:21	11:36	8:41
Lv. Rocky Mt...	8:30	5:45	2:50	10:00	7:05
Ar. Weldon...	4:32	1:47	9:02	6:07	3:12

Train on the Kinston Branch Road leaves Weldon 8:25 p. m., Halifax 4:17 p. m., arrives Scotland Neck at 6:08 p. m., Greenville 6:57 p. m., Kinston 7:55 p. m. Returning leaves Kinston 7:50 a. m., Greenville 8:33 a. m., arriving Halifax at 11:15 a. m., Weldon 11:33 a. m., daily except Sunday.
H. M. EMERSON, Gen'l. Pass. Agent
J. R. KENLY, Gen'l. Manager
T. J. EMERSON, Traffic Manager

Atlantic & N. C. Railroad
TIME TABLE No. 13.
November 3, 1900.

EASTBOUND TRAINS.

STATIONS.	Passenger, Daily	Mixed P. R. and Pass. Daily except Sunday	Passenger, Daily
Goldsboro	8:40	7:00	6:40
Best's	4:00	7:58	8:00
LaGrange	4:05	8:15	8:05
Falling Creek	4:10	8:27	8:10
Kinston	4:15	8:39	8:15
Caswell	4:20	8:51	8:20
Dover	4:25	9:03	8:25
Core Creek	4:30	9:15	8:30
Tuscarora	4:35	9:27	8:35
Clark's	4:40	9:39	8:40
Newbern	4:45	9:51	8:45
Riverdale	4:50	10:03	8:50
Croatan	4:55	10:15	8:55
Havelock	5:00	10:27	9:00
Newport	5:05	10:39	9:05
Wildwood	5:10	10:51	9:10
Atlantic	5:15	11:03	9:15
Morehead City	5:20	11:15	9:20
Morehead Depot	5:25	11:27	9:25

WESTBOUND TRAINS.

STATIONS.	Passenger, Daily	Mixed P. R. and Pass. Daily except Sunday	Passenger, Daily
Goldsboro	11:05	8:15	9:00
Best's	10:45	7:58	8:40
LaGrange	10:25	7:39	8:20
Falling Creek	10:05	7:20	8:00
Kinston	9:45	7:01	7:40
Caswell	9:25	6:42	7:20
Dover	9:05	6:23	7:00
Core Creek	8:45	6:04	6:40
Tuscarora	8:25	5:45	6:20
Clark's	8:05	5:26	6:00
Newbern	7:45	5:07	5:40
Riverdale	7:25	4:48	5:20
Croatan	7:05	4:29	5:00
Havelock	6:45	4:10	4:40
Newport	6:25	3:51	4:20
Wildwood	6:05	3:32	4:00
Atlantic	5:45	3:13	3:40
Morehead City	5:25	2:54	3:20
Morehead Depot	5:05	2:35	3:00

S. L. DILL, Superintendent.
B. A. NEWLAND, Master Transp'tion.
J. C. LEWIS, Chief Dispatcher.

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