The twins had been a source of joy and speculation for three or four weeks to Mrs. Branhild and her husband-to Mrs. Branhild especially, for anything in the shape of a baby aroused the deepest sympathies of her nature, perhaps because she had never had one of her own. Nevertheless, there was no infantile dis-order for which the little woman did not have a sovereign remedy, and her diagnoses were unerring. She could talk the language that babies understand with a finency and expression that mothers of six might have envied, and the most obstreperous little brats that ever murdered midnight sleep would, under her gen-tle ministrations, become simply cheru-

Mr. Branhild was interested in the wins simply because they would have incrested anybody. As they were wheeled past the Branhild cottage, one at each end of their basket carriage, looking as fresh, plump and enticing as two pink cherries on a stalk, the most chronic misanthrope would have felt an impulse to arrest their progress until he should have pinched their soft, round checks and coaxed the dimpled fingers into clinging touch of his. They were dark eyed twins, with quite a profusion of soft brown hair, considering their age, and the girlish looking woman who wheeled them had the same eyes and hair. They always passed at about the same hour in the afternoon, and they never came back the same way.

I wish I knew who she was," said Mrs. Branhild to her husband one even-She looks so dignified I'm afraid to beak to her, but I must hold those dear tile things if I have to put a tollgate tross the sidewalk. Aren't they dear,

"They're mighty cunning babies," said Mr. Branhold. "I suppose she takes them for an airing in the park and goes home around the block. Why do you want to know who she is?"

"Naturally I want to know everything bout her. I want to know their names and what she feeds them and how old they are and whether their father doesn't orship them-but of course he does. I never saw two such sweet little girls in all-my life."

"How do you know they are not boys?" Mrs. Branhild looked at him scornfully, but vouchsafed no other reply. Then why don't you ask her and find

"I did bow one afternoon, but she look-ed up so coldly and bowed to me in such a freezing manner that I haven't had all sorts of people are everlastingly stopping her to ask about them, and she is tired of it. Perhaps I would be, too, and yet"— Mrs. Branhild sighed.

"It would tickle you to death, and you know it would. Here they come back now the same way, but she's traded carriages or something."

"She has, hasn't she? But that len't the courage to try it again. I suppose

"She has, hasn't she? But that isn't the woman-surely not. There's the twins, though. Why, Fred, those are not the twins-it's another set!"

It was another set and another young mother, and the eyes of these twins were blue, their hair flaxen—what there was

of it—and their gender masculine.

"Did you ever hear of anything like that?" said Mrs. Branhild.

"Why, I suppose there is more than one pair of twins in Chicago," said Mr. Branhild.

Branhild.

But the remarkable thing was that from that day the blue eyed bables were driven daily past the Branhild cottage as regularly as the brown eyed pair, and little Mrs. Branhild was at a loss which of the two to admire most. The blue eyed ones passed at about 3 o'clock and the brown eyed ones half an hour later.

"Now, I should say there was a special Providence in this thing if it wasn't for that half hour of difference," said Mrs. Branhild, musing, with a prospective eye. "I wonder whether they don't pass somewhere. I suppose not, though. They probably miss each other by about a minute. That's the way it is in this life; we miss things." She sighed a little sigh and thereby attracted the wandering attention of Mr. Branhild, who patted her hand and said, "I'm glad that I didn't miss you, my dear."

But Mrs. Branhild's estimate of the ways of Providence was not well based after all, for about two weeks ago Mr. Branhild, looking up the street, and Mrs. Branhild, looking down the street, both simultaneously exclaimed, "Here come the twins!"

And, sure enough, this time the blue eyed and the brown eyed were approach-

the twins!"

And, sure enough, this time the blue eyed and the brown eyed were approaching from opposite directions and would soon meet. Mr. Branhild carefully measured the distances with his eye and then turned to his wife and said, "I believe they will hit just about here."

The little woman made no reply. She was too absorbed in her own calculations, but in a moment she said in her turn:

"Till just bet you that they meet right in front here. I wonder if they will stop!"

low could they help it? As the Bran-is had predicted, the two mothers, a their duplex offspring, met in front the cottage and no introduction was

ther of the brown eyed and mothe a blue eyed: "Why, if you haven' hear little twine!"

in one arm, she called to Fred to come

And a little after that all four of the ables were kicking their fat little legs a a shawl spread on the neat little Branhild lawn, and it turned out that after all there was nothing haughty about the mother of the brown eyed babies any more than there was about the mother of the blue eyed babies, or about little Mrs. Branhild herself, for that mat-

The shawl on the lawn is now almost a regular afternoon institution. You can see it any time you may happen to go down the street, with the two mothers and Mrs. Branhild in attitudes of adoration at the edges, while Uncle Fred smokes his pipe on the porch and looks benevolently down on them. It is really one of the sights of the city, if you are only lucky enough to find it.—Chicago

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DATED July 22d, 1900,	No 23, Daily	No 85 Dally	No 108, Dally ex Sunday	No 41, V	No
Leave Weldon Ar. Rocky Mt Leave Tarboro	A. M. 11 50 1 00 P. M. 18 31	9,53		A. M.	e.s
Lv. Rocky Mt Leave Wilson Leave Selma Lv. Payetteville. Ar. Florence	2 55 4 80 7 25	10 25 11 10		5 57	2 65 21 4
Ar Goldsboro Lv. Goldsboro Lv. Magnolia Ar, Wilmington			'7 55	7 51 9 20 A. M.	3 80 4 35 6 90 P.M

TRAIN GOING MORTE.

Arrive Tarboro. .

Atlantic & N. C. Hailroad TIME TABLE No. 14. JULY 18, 1900.

EASTBOUND TRAINS.

STATIONS.