

I HIDE HER MEMORY IN MY HEART.

Oh, whether grave or whether gay, My toll knows ever one glad art, Mid all my thoughts her sayings play, I hide her memory in my heart!

AN IDEAL SHATTERED

Finishing For Country Comforts, Nicholson Tried Them. He Came Back to the City a Different Man.

Nicholson took his feet down from the radiator, threw away the butt of his cigar and said to his partner: "I think I'll take a run over to Michigan tomorrow, Smith. I haven't visited the old folk in winter for ten years, and I've been thinking of them all day. Strange this beastly cold weather always turns my thoughts to the old fireside, where on such a day as this we all used to snuggle around the big coal stove in the sitting room and eat apples, drink cider, spin yarns, yawn, lol around as we pleased and go to bed before 10 o'clock."

"Ah, Smith, we haven't anything like that old fireside in this big, artificial city. Here everything is done for you. You get your flat ready heated, all the hot water you need, groceries delivered by speaking tube, sidewalks shoveled by the janitor and yourself carried down almost to your office door by a street car. Artificiality everywhere. It is a life that tends to make us lazy, to relax our muscles, to breed dyspepsia and liver complaint. Give me the good old days when we had to hustle to be comfortable. That was when we enjoyed our little luxuries, because we knew we had earned them. Now, as I picture the old folk beside that big stove, I have an overwhelming desire to stop in and share its comforts with them, if only for a day. I guess you can get along without me?"

"Certainly," said Smith. "Stay longer, if you wish. I should say that such a prospect would make you long to spend at least a week at home. I can get along for that time. And I may say I envy you the pleasure you are to have. Alas, I have always lived in this city, and I know nothing but the artificial comforts of a steam heated flat. I wish I were going with you. Take a week, old man, and tell me all about it when you get back."

"Thanks, old fellow," said Nicholson, rising briskly. "If you can stand it, I guess I'll stay away for a week from Sunday. See, this Saturday, I can catch an afternoon train, get to the old home early this evening and surprise the old folk while mother is setting up her batter cakes for tomorrow's breakfast. Ever eat any of those homemade batter cakes? Haven't! Well, my dear fellow, you haven't lived more than three-eighths of your life. Now I'm off. See you in a week. You know my address should I be wanted sooner."

Sunday the thermometer dropped away below zero, and Smith found no trouble in following his inclination to remain in his cozy, heated flat, reading, smoking, dozing and playing with the children. He had nothing else to do, for the janitor kept the steam at proper pressure. There was no coal to carry in, no kindling to split, no early fires to build—nothing, in short, to do but rest, or, rather, as he called it, loaf.

He pictured Nicholson in fancy, and the picture actually made him envious. A dozen times during the day he wished he had been born on a farm or in a small country village, so he could have enjoyed the old fireside, the roaring logs in the grate, the cider and apples and the strenuous life which all this implied. To have everything done for one's comfort, and by some one else, was not in keeping with his idea of a proper enjoyment. Nicholson's graphic picture had made him a trifle discontented.

Sunday night the mercury took a drop a few degrees lower, but there was no snow, and the janitor did his duty nobly. Monday morning was colloquially termed a "corker," but as Smith had only a block to go to his train he suffered no inconvenience and reached his office with but a vague impression that it was a cold day.

At 3 o'clock that afternoon Nicholson walked in, dropped his grip in a corner, kicked the cat over the transom, lighted a small gas heater and set on it. Smith was so surprised at first he could do nothing but stare at his partner. Then gradually he found his tongue. "What's the matter, Nick? Didn't find anything wrong with the old folks, did you? Colder run out? Old fireside covered with icicles?"

"Look here, Smith"—and there was a word of pathos in Nicholson's voice—"I wouldn't tell you a word about that trip if I was not convinced it is my duty. I may have set your fancy going with my description of the time I was to have. I may have made you discontented with your hard and barren lot in this city. I want to be square and honest even at my own expense. I am the originator of that expression 'I'd rather be right than be president.' I want you to listen to me while I relieve my mind and incidentally read one of the biggest myths on earth."

"Then you didn't find things as you fancied them?" began Smith, but Nicholson waved him to silence. "You just listen to my plain, unvarnished tale and draw your own conclusions. No schoolboy ever started out on his long vacation with lighter heart

IN A TURKISH BATH.

Two weeks on the bench confined, Judge Malone has found it hard; Worn in body and in mind, Naturally his temper's jarred. Service to the law's his life, He was tired from many causes, Rogues brought up for every crime, He had had a trying time, And it was in plaintive tones, As he rubbed his aching bones, "Where," he cried, "is found relief?"

"Off his sentences were brought, 'Here I'm worn down to a lath; 'Lather, massage—just the thing! Guess I'll take a Turkish bath. See if good reebs 'n' 'twill bring.' Nothing else could cross his vision When he'd once made his decision, So the Turkish bath he sought, There to melting snow twigs brought. He had struck the torrid zone; Up and up the mercury went; Such heat he had never known Even in an argument; And at last he found himself laid out Above a graven stone 'stead of under. Upon a marble slab, without A stitch of clothes on, but a clout; And waiting for what next, in wonder, For this to him was a new path, His first time in a 'twill being."

Over him stood, with gleaming eyes, A giant in the same disguise; Or so it seemed, in steamy mist, And from the biggest of his feet In corrugated spheroid bunches. He was the one they "rubber" dubbed; He was the rubber, and he rubbed And roughly pumiced the motion. Till pains went shooting through each bone And muscle of poor Judge Malone. Such pounding is for some tough meat meant, Make it tender, of such treatment. When it begins to wrack and hurt you, Endurance ceases to be virtue; And so he acted on the spot. And loudly he denied the motion. He shouted: "Stop! I'm black and blue!" "So?" said the rubber, arms askew, "Never you mind; I'm extra you. Sure I'm the one knows how to work A Turkish bath, for I'm the Turk!" And here he gave another jab, A victim scurrying on the slab. Then in the judge's eye suspicion Turned to a gleam of recognition. He murmured, as he looked him o'er, "I haven't seen you—face—before!" Sneered his tormentor with a grin: "I plays the rubber, and I win; It's luck for me I'm in this biz. And so you think you're worth my phiz? Perhaps in yer hon'ny place To sin me up fer ninety days Fer just pumicing. You could fool, To back against young 'Eben' Malone. (Here came a well.) 'I'll show you tuder!' The judge shrieked loudly: "Help, help! Mur-der!"

And help came quickly and, half dead, Removed him from his marble bed. Malone is now a Judge judicious, Though some say he is but capricious. He deems all men's designs are vicious; A Turkish bath he holds pernicious; He fears the restaurant's bill of fare, The dentist's hug he will not dare; But shaves himself, cuts his own hair. One drop of poison in life's cup— He fears each man that he's sent up, And, suffering thus from mere prostration, He may send in his resignation. And he resigned, his glory down, To be just plain old Judge Malone. —George Birdseye in Boston Globe.

Art is Long. Artman—Crayon portraits are admirable. I'd rather be done in oil. Speckman—Well, I wouldn't. I was done in oil once. Artman—Ah, but perhaps the one who did it was not a real artist. Speckman—Oh, he was an artist in his line, all right. He was a crafty broker.—Philadelphia Press.

No Need to Tell Us. "Yes, I found the editor in." "How did he strike you?" "He did it so quickly I don't know."

A Strategem. "You're an animal," stammered the petulant husband after his wife had trodden on his toes. "You wretch!" she hissed. "What kind of an animal?" "A little deer," he replied, and storm gave way to sunshine.—Yonkers Herald.

Uncle Eben's Philosophy. "When you see a man actin' mighty haughty an' overbearin'," said Uncle Eben, "you kin take comfort. He's ginerly tryin' to make up for de 'mount of bowin' an' scrapin' he baster do hisself, somewhah."—Washington Star.

Letting Him Down. Comedian—They laughed very heartily at my jokes tonight. Critic—Ah, yes. Any old humor passes for good humor if the audience happens to be in a good humor for laughing.—Philadelphia Press.

Preferred the Balging Kind. "I think I'll have to go to the bargain sale this morning." "What for?" "One of those 'swell pocketbooks' Mine is always flat."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Use For Chairs. Jims—Hello, Binks! Come in; have a chair! Binks—No, thanks. But I'll take \$10 if you have it about you.—Philadelphia North American.

Reciprocal Benefits. "Personal appearance is a helpful factor in business success." "Yes, and business success is a helpful factor in personal appearance."—Chicago Record.

Fortune's Smile. "Pa, what is 'Fortune's smile'?" "It's the thing to which people generally give the credit for some other fellow's hard work."—Chicago Times-Herald.

WASN'T AFRAID.

But He Wasn't Looking For Any Trouble Either. Prosecuting Attorney Wheeler Campbell was in an unusual predicament Saturday. He was prosecuting a peace warrant in the police court. One of the most essential questions to be asked on such occasions is: "Are you afraid that unless this defendant is restrained by law he will do you some great bodily harm?"

"This question he propounded to the prosecuting witness, who was a stalwart man, almost twice the size of the man he had sworn out the peace warrant against. "Now, sah, I ain't" he boldly replied. "You are not?" asked the attorney in amazement. "Now, wait. Let me ask you the question again, so you'll understand it. Are you afraid of him?"

"No, sah, I a-ain't" to say afraid of dat niggah," he sputtered. "I ain't scared ob him!" "Are you afraid he will attempt to do you bodily harm?" tentatively asked the attorney.

"Not ef—ef—not ef I kin git a fair showin at 'em, boss," he said as he glared defiantly at the prisoner. The spectators here began to laugh. The prisoner's stolid countenance also relaxed into a sinister smile, but the witness contended that he wasn't a bit afraid of the prisoner and didn't seem to care who knew it. "What did you get this peace warrant for, then?" demanded the attorney.

"I jes' wanted—jes' wanted," he explained, "fo' to show dat niggah dat my 'tentious wuz peaceably 'inclined, sah." The court then asked a few questions and found out that the witness was afraid the prisoner would shoot him or do something of that kind, but he wasn't really "afraid" of him. The defendant was accordingly required to execute bond, and at the same time the witness' reputation for fearlessness was unaffected.—Paducah Sun.

Handicapped. "He has a wonderful command of language for so young a man." "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "And a taste for economic studies." "I've noticed it." "And remarkable self possession in facing an audience." "Remarkable."

"I shouldn't be surprised if he became a great politician." "I doubt it. He's liable to keep so busy thinking thoughts and talking language that he'll forget all about the necessity of getting in line with the folks who are doing the investing."—Washington Star.

None of It For Jones! Bibbs—How is it Jones has thrown up South Africa? I thought he volunteered. Dibbs—So he did, but he altered his mind. Bibbs—What made him do that? Dibbs—He got to know that his mother-in-law was going out as a nurse.—Pick-Me-Up.

His Undoubted Privilege. Impartial Spectator (at dog fight)—That under dog doesn't seem to be a match for the other, but I don't wonder you sympathize with him. That's human nature. Excited Individual—Sympathize with him? Thunder! He's my dog!—Chicago Tribune.

Not Acting His Part. Customer—Gracious! Saw loud mouthed and doin'—ering that man! Is he a member of the firm? Salesman—Yes; he's the silent partner.—Philadelphia Press.

Probable Reason. Harold—I wonder why Proming insists on comparing Miss Perseful to a fountain. Robert—Because she's so gushing, I guess.—Yonkers Herald.

Increasing Anxiety. "This don't worry button is a fraud." "In what respect?" "Why, yer fellow that sees it worries me, by wanting me to give it to him."—Chicago Record.

Ingenuity. "This paper says you should never cut a pie with a cold knife." "I never do. If I haven't a hot knife I eat the whole pie."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Bureaucrat. Mrs. Wunder—I understand your husband holds a government position. Mrs. Parvenoo—Yes, he is in the cliffioner of statistics.—Baltimore American.

Lock of Hair For Instance. "What's a souvenir, Aunt Ann?" "Oh, it's anything you keep so long that you can't remember where you got it."—Indianapolis Journal.

NOTICE OF SALE. By virtue of authority conferred on me in a Mortgage Deed executed to me on Jan. 20, 1890, by Margaret McRae, and recorded in book V V page 567 &c., in the office of Register of Deeds of Richmond County, N. C., I will expose to sale and will sell for cash to the highest bidder at the Court House door in Rockingham, N. C. at 12 m. on Monday 23 day of April 1900, the following described tracts of land: First, being lot No. 3 apportioned to Margaret McRae of the lands of John B. McRae, dec'd, and bounded as follows: Beginning at second corner of lot No. 2 (apportioned to Christian McRae) and runs South 44 E. 16 chains to a stake) then North 46 E. 58 chains to the back line, N. 44 W. 16 chains to the third corner of lot No. 2, then S. 46 West 58 chains to the beginning, containing ninety-two acres more or less. Second, my interest in lot No. 2 drawn by Christian McRae—said lot bounded as follows: Beginning at second corner of lot No. 1, a short distance East of John L. McRae's old house, and runs 44 E. 16 chains to a stump a short distance East of the creek, near the foot of the hill then N. 46 E. 58 chains to the back line then N. 44 West with said back line 16 chains to the 3rd corner of lot No. 1, then South 46 W. to the beginning, containing 92 acres more or less. (See Book of Inventories, Sales & Reports, 1858, tol 863; Pages 345, 346, 347) September 15th, 1899. J. C. CURRIE, Mortgagee.

HE WAS HEAVY.

And There Were Times When He Wished He Wasn't. "I see by the papers that Joe Grimes, the bicycling giant, is attracting a good deal of attention in England at present," said a local wheelman. "Joe has paid a number of visits to New Orleans, and his mammoth proportions are so familiar on the streets that he no longer causes the trolley cars to shy, as they say he did at the outset. "The last time he was here was during the carnival of '98, and he took occasion then to make several side trips to small towns in the vicinity for the purpose of seeing local agents of the bicycle firm he represents. On one of those trips he had a peculiar and painful experience. He found he would have to stay overnight, and before going to his room he turned in to the clerk of the hotel to have it made necessary to put some boxes under the bed as a re-enforcement to enable it to support his 560 odd pounds of solid flesh."

"The clerk gave the order to a thick headed dandy chambermaid, who went down to the storeroom and selected four or five very flimsy cases made of veneering that had once held wafers. "Joe prodded under the bed with a cane before taking any chances, and, supposing everything was all right, he let himself go. The moment he struck the mattress the whole thing collapsed. The slats snapped like matches, the boxes were shattered like eggshells, and the big fellow found himself on the floor with his legs pointing straight up into the air and his head protruding from the other end of the wreckage. "He was stuck fast in that position, and his great bulk prevented him from budging an inch, while to cap the climax he had cold from which he was maxed then shivering prevented him from raising his voice above a hoarse whisper. The consequence was that he staid right there until about 9 o'clock the following morning, when the clerk sauntered up to see why he didn't come to breakfast."

"The sight of Grimes' enormous face, purple with rage and exhaustion, and his huge fat toes wigwagging convulsively from the other end of the wreck scared him nearly out of his senses, and he yelled for help at the top of his voice. It took all the hotel force to pry the giant out, and the language he used during the operation was something terrifying. "I'm willing to bet that he superintends the box ceremony personally at present every night before he retires."—New Orleans Times Democrat.

Comforting Himself. "What is wealth?" asked the worried man. "Wealth," answered the complacent philosopher, "is what makes a man feel guilty because he is squandering the interest on a whole lot of money every time he breaks a \$10 bill."—Washington Star.

Cannon Unearthed. SAVANNAH, April 2.—The big dredge Babcock, working on Hutchinson's island, across the river, has dug up two old revolutionary cannons, which probably belonged to the British warship, the wreck of which was dug out a few days ago. One of the pieces weighed about 1,000 pounds, the other 800. The cannon will be presented to the city and preserved as a revolutionary relic. The old warship was evidently sunk there during the revolution, and an effort to get at her name and history is now being made.

SEABOARD AIR LINE VESTIBULE LIMITED TRAINS. DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE. TO ALL PORTS NORTH, SOUTH AND WEST. IN EFFECT NOVEMBER 5th, 1899.

SOUTHBOUND. Lv. New York No. 403 No. 41 No. 00am *9 00pm (Penn R. R.) Lv. Richmond A.C.L. 5 00pm 4 30am 9 00am 9 05am Lv. Portsmouths.A.L.* 8 45pm *9 20am Ar. Weldon " 11 10pm 11 45am Ar. Henderson " 12 56am 1 35pm Ar. Raleigh " 2 22am 3 38pm Ar. So. Pines " 4 27am 6 00pm Ar. Hamlet " 5 14am 7 00pm Ar. Wilmington " *3 05pm Ar. Monroe " *6 58am *9 12pm Ar. Charlotte " *8 00am *10 25pm Ar. Chester " *8 13am *10 55pm Ar. Greenwood " 10 45am 1 12am Ar. Athens " 1 24pm 3 49am Ar. Atlanta " 3 50pm 6 15am

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