

Press and Carolinian

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A PERSONAL POLICY.

The New York Sun states: "It is said of Mr. Cleveland, that he is fond of absorbing information through the pores of his skin, instead of acquiring it through hard mental application." Messrs. Carlisle and Wilson are mentioned as having thus furnished him with learning.

If the President can really be larded and basted in this way, it is much to be regretted that some of our fellow-citizens could not have been placed in close proximity to him long ago.

The Sun intimates his policy is personal rather than political. If this is the case we take occasion to remark there are men in our State today who have never tasted the sweets of Mr. Cleveland's favors and are fully as capable of upholding the honor of North Carolina as any Senator from G. E. Badger to Gen. M. W. Ransom. The Sun cites plums that have fallen to men in the South who had previously held high positions. If any vacancies should occur the President can find men here of great mental capacity, tact and comprehension who are not only political leaders but born diplomatists of elegant culture.

It is said there are no statesmen; those who might possibly fill the places of Hamilton, Marcy, Webster, Cass and Seward at the North in controlling Senates and shaping the policy of parties, now preside over great corporations and direct the business of the country.

It is not safe always to write the eulogy of the living, but Mr. J. P. Caldwell's courage and devotion to a lofty standard have made him a leader among men who have tried to keep National honor above party victory, and the same manliness which he carries into literature, shows an earnestness greater than some ministers infuse into their sermons. Whether as a writer of polite or severe prose his style is charming and forceful. As a politician he rebukes those who ignore moral principles.

His sagacity at Chicago in opposing the nomination of Grover Cleveland showed prescience and independence of thought.

Hon. Alfred M. Waddell would uphold the renown of his native State at any foreign court.

Major C. M. Steadman and Mr. F. I. Osborne could add grace and dignity to the Senate of the United States, and there are others who have but lacked preferment to show that the Anglo-Saxon race has not deteriorated in North Carolina.

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THE TRANSLATION OF A SAVAGE.

BY GILBERT PARKER
AUTHOR OF "THE CHIEF FACTOR," "MCCREAR AND HIS PEOPLE," ETC.

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making people pleased with themselves. Mrs. Armour also was not free from apprehension.

In reply to inquiries concerning her son she said, as she had often said during the season, that he might be back at any time now. Lali had answered always in the same fashion and had shown no sign that his continued absence was singular. As the evening wore on the probability of Frank's appearance seemed less, and the Armours began to breathe more freely.

Frank had, however, arrived. He had driven straight from Euston to Cavendish square; but, seeing the house lighted up and guests arriving, he had a sudden feeling of uncertainty. He ordered the cabman to take him to his club. There he put himself in evening dress and drove back again to the house. He entered quietly. At the moment the hall was almost deserted; people were mostly in the ballroom and supper room. He paused a moment, biting his mustache as if in perplexity. A strange timidity came on him. All his old dash and self-possession seemed to have forsaken him. Presently, seeing a number of people entering the hall, he made for the staircase and went hastily up. Mechanically he went to his own room and found it lighted. Flowers were set about, and everything was made ready as for a guest. He sat down, not think-



He caught the picture in his hands and kissed it.

ing, but dazed. Glancing up, he saw his face in a mirror. It was bronzed, but it looked rather old and careworn. He shrugged a shoulder at that. Then in the mirror he saw also something else. It startled him so that he sat perfectly still for a moment looking at it. It was some one laughing at him over his shoulder—a child! He got to his feet and turned round. On the table was a very large photograph of a smiling child—with his eyes, his face. He caught the chair arm and stood looking at it a little wildly. Then he laughed a strange laugh, and the tears leaped to his eyes. He caught the picture in his hands and kissed it—very foolishly men not fathers might think—and read the name beneath, "Richard Joseph Armour," and again, beneath that, the date of birth. He then put it back on the table and sat looking at it—looking and forgetting and remembering.

Presently the door opened, and some one entered. It was Marion. She had seen him pass through the hall. She had then gone and told her father and mother, to prepare them, and had followed him up stairs. He did not hear her. She stepped softly forward. "Frank," she said, "Frank," and laid a hand on his shoulder. He started up and turned his face on her; then he caught her hands and kissed her. "Marion!" he said, and he could say no more, but presently he pointed toward the photograph.

She nodded her head. "Yes, it is your child, Frank, though of course you don't deserve it. Frank, dear," she added, "I am glad—we shall all be glad—to have you back, but you are a wicked man." She felt she must say that.

Now he only nodded and still looked at the portrait. "Where is—my wife?" he asked presently.

"She is in the ballroom." Marion was wondering what was best to do.

He caught his thumbnail in his teeth. He winced in spite of himself. "I will go to her," he said, "and then the baby."

"I am glad," she replied, "that you have that much sense of justice left, Frank—the wife first, the baby afterward, but do you think you deserve either?"

He became moody and made an impatient gesture. "Lady Agnes Martling is here, and also Lady Haldwell," she persisted, cruelly. She did not mind, because she knew he would have enough to compensate him afterward.

"Marion," he said, "say it all and let me have it over. Say what you like, and I'll not whimper. I'll face it. But I want to see my child."

She was sorry for him. She had really wanted to see how much he was capable of feeling in the matter. "Wait here, Frank," she said. "That will be best, and I will bring your wife to you."

He said nothing, but assented with a motion of the hand, and she left him where he was. He braced himself for the interview. Assuredly a man loses something of natural courage and self-confidence when he has done a thing of

which he should be and is ashamed.

It seemed a long time—it was in reality but a couple of minutes—before the door opened again, and Marion said, "Frank, your wife!" and then retreated. The door closed, leaving a stately figure standing just inside it. The figure did not move forward, but stood there, full of life and fine excitement, but very still also.

Frank Armour was confounded. He came forward slowly, looking hard. Was this distinguished, handsome, reproachful woman his wife, Lali, the Indian girl whom he had married in a fit of pique and brandy? He could hardly believe his eyes. And yet her eyes looked out at him with something that he remembered, too, together with something which he did not remember, making him uneasy. Clearly his great mistake had turned from ashes into fruit. "Lali, my wife!" he said, and held out his hand.

She reached out hers courteously, but her fingers gave him no response.

"We have many things to say to each other," she said, "but they cannot be said now. I shall be missed from the ballroom."

"Missed from the ballroom!" He almost laughed to think how strange this sounded in his ears. As if interpreting



The door closed, leaving a stately figure standing just inside it.

his thought, she added: "You see, it is our last affair of the season, and we are all anxious to do our duty perfectly. Will you go down with me? We can talk afterward."

Her continued self-possession utterly confused him. She had utterly confused Marion also when told that her husband was in the house. She had had presentiments, and besides she had been schooling herself for this hour for a long time. She turned toward the door.

"But," he asked like a supplicant, "our child? I want to see our child."

She lifted her eyebrows. Then, seeing the photograph of the baby on the table, understood how he knew. "Come with me, then," she said, with a little more feeling.

She led the way through the hall and paused at her door. "Remember that we have to appear among the guests directly," she said, as though to warn him against any demonstration. Then they entered. She went over to the cot and drew back the fleecy curtain from over the sleeping boy's head. His fingers hung over the table to his arms. "He is magnificent, magnificent!" he said, with a great pride. "Why did you never let me know of it?"

"How could I tell what you would do?" she calmly replied. "You married me wickedly and used me wickedly afterward, and I loved the child."

"You loved the child!" he repeated after her. "Lali," he said, "I don't deserve it, but forgive me, if you can—for the child's sake."

"We had better go below," she calmly replied. "We have both duties to do. You will of course appear with me—before them?"

The slight irony in the tone cut him horribly. He offered his arm in silence. They passed into the hall and to the staircase. "It is necessary," she said, "to appear cheerful before one's guests."

She had him at an advantage at every point. "We will be cheerful, then," was his reply, spoken with a grim kind of humor. "You have learned it all, haven't you?" he added.

They were just entering the ballroom. "Yes, with your kind help—and absence," she replied.

The surprise of the guests was somewhat diminished by the fact that Marion, telling General Armour and his wife first of Frank's return, industriously sent the news buzzing about the room.

The two went straight to Frank's father and mother. Their parts were all excellently played. Then Frank mingled among the guests, being very heartily greeted, and heard congratulations on all sides. Old club friends rallied him as a deserter and new acquaintances flocked about him, and presently he awakened to the fact that his Indian wife had been an interest of the season and was not the least admired person present. It was altogether too good luck for him, but he had an uncomfortable conviction that he had a long path of penance to walk before he could hope to enjoy it.

All at once he met Lady Haldwell, who, in spite of all, still accepted invitations to General Armour's house, the strange scene between Lali and herself having never been disclosed to the family. He had nothing but bitterness in his heart for her, but he spoke a few smooth words, and she languidly congratulated him on his bronzed appear-

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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