

FOR THE SAKE OF LOVE. (By Ingeborg Peterson.)

Anna Sander was so happy. "It is really you, dear friend! who come to me. What a terrible long time it is since we have had a chat together."

"You are so kind, Miss Sander." "Am I so kind?" "Yes, you are so—hospitable!" "I am so thankful, Dear Sir—it was so nice of you to come today—"

"No, thought—I thought of you this morning—perhaps it is really so, that one may wish for someone so strongly, that it really—"

She looked straight at him with a little smile—and saw his smile, which she knew so well, and which had always seemed to her like the rays of the morning sun.

"Yes," he said, and his manner changed. "It was these two roses," he said, and went over to the window, they stand so strange—the one turns away from the other—that made me feel so lonesome, that I just had to come up here.

She laughed again—a little more serious. "You are laughing today—?" "Yes, my friend, there is no reason why I should cry."

"You say that, as if you wished me to do so." "Perhaps," she said, "that would be something new."

"Tell me, is it I who makes you sad? a moment ago you were in such excellent humor—"

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could not find words, "There is something you love." "Yes," she said, "you know that."

"Oh yes," he said, "when one sees you, one knows." "Yes, yes," she said and trembled. He stood up quickly.

"One knows so much," he said, "one knows so surely and believes and always has believed something—"

"And that is my fault," she asked. "Fault! It is the fault of love. You needed the happiness it gives to have someone love you, to have someone that was able to see how beautiful you are, someone to suspect the happiness you alone can give you—and that I could, I could give you that—I gave and you took—but in reality it was just the opposite, it was always you who gave."

"Do you know," she said quietly, "do you know that I have no higher wish now than to be with you, talk to you, be with you—"

He stood up quickly, as if he still hoped for the miracle to happen—"But," she continued, and a calmness came into her voice, and a clearness into her eyes. "There is a man—as a person blows out a candle, thus he could, whenever he wanted to, extinguish our happiness. He has all the power and all the right, for he is the only one."

He also was calm, it was as if he forgot himself for one moment. "But this man," he asked, "does he not give you any joy? Does not he love you?"

"Oh yes," he said, "it is not so deep. You had to know, you had to be quite sure that I loved you. You were not too proud to accept that sacrifice. Just to the critical point you had to lead me, had to make me open my whole soul to you, and then you were once more the lady who has never given herself to any man, but had to, must feel the man's faith in her hands. Only to enjoy the sensation—and then you pull back your little cruel hand, and tell me to go wherever I want to—You do not care."

"I do not know," she said quickly and a smile, younger than her years, came into her face. "I do not know. I do not believe. But it is so that he cannot give me any joy. But, if I am sad, so sad that I can not keep from him, there is such a scorn in his smile, that it lights in my heart a flame greater than any joy—"

He had sat down on the chair close to the door, as if he had to do now, was to say good-bye. But still he said: "Love—you do not know it. You must know—love—that is only when everything is returned, thought for thought, wish for wish, hope for hope, longing for longing, kiss for kiss—before that one does not know whom one loves—"

"You are a man—" "It is true to all, men, women alike," he continued, as if it might save his life she would believe him. "But I do not believe," she said, "that women—I do not believe that it is necessary for me to be so much mistaken—"

"Neither do you know, if I do—" "It is like a shade," he mumbled, "darling, if this shade would only disappear from your path! If this man should die—"

"Die," she repeated, and her voice sounded like a cry. "If he should die—you do not know what you say. You speak of a shade, but he is the most divine man, and if we do not meet so very often here in life, he will at least be there to close my eyes—"

Without saying good-bye—without making any noise, he left her, and was gone before she knew it. She kept on talking as if she felt that somebody was listening: "When everything else means nothing to him, then I still feel this one unchangeable thing my love, which is greater than I myself—it is like a sword suspended above my head. Infinitely feeble I feel, and still strong enough to save him, for if I forget him, would then not his heart feel its loneliness, and forget that love exists? Should I then, who am holding his happiness in my hands, be so mean, as to forget that, because of my poor, miserable, little happiness? And I should not complain—for he whom I love, makes me happier than anyone who loves me. I am his, year after year, summer after summer, I give him, and perhaps he will sometimes say to himself: "Anna Sander—I wonder if she did not love me?"

dition of the rascalism that pervades the south in the bossism of the republican element, and Mr. Roosevelt is man enough to find it and man enough not to deploy it before he quits his great office.

The men who are working out their free passes to Washington to help laundry the dirty linen of their own making should be turned down by the president of so great a nation as ours.

The president has all the agencies a powerful nation can give him to compel, but he has no more right to compel political opinion than a church bell has power to intimidate voters on election day.

WILMINGTON SEA CAPTAIN A SUICIDE. Wilmington, N. C., Dec. 23.—Captain Lake, 45 years old, master of the British steamer Hillmere, which cleared Saturday for Bremen with a cargo of cotton, was found dead in his cabin yesterday as the steamer was passing down the river on her way to sea.

THE INFLUENCE OF TALKING BILLS AND OTHER THINGS. [Communicated.] To the Editor:—The wires seem to be worried, and perhaps the free passes of the big loks of the great big republican party are worn out by the frequent visits to Washington, the mecca of the way southern republican in quest of who the ego up there wants to be nominated for the presidency.

There is great travel among the faithful since Roosevelt has quit the race and got disgusted with the display of Grover Cleveland's clerk, Cortelyou, for president. Roosevelt probably suspects that the undermining business was accomplished by Piercepont, and that, while "Tart" was away, Hitecock was nitcking up a lot of southern postoffice igit inhabitants for work.

And it will be no wonder if Roosevelt should show the door to Cortelyou and his main supporters in North Carolina who have been parading falsely under cover of Roosevelt. It is time for the president of the United States to know the condition of the rascalism that pervades the south in the bossism of the republican element, and Mr. Roosevelt is man enough to find it and man enough not to deploy it before he quits his great office.

WILMINGTON SEA CAPTAIN A SUICIDE

Wilmington, N. C., Dec. 23.—Captain Lake, 45 years old, master of the British steamer Hillmere, which cleared Saturday for Bremen with a cargo of cotton, was found dead in his cabin yesterday as the steamer was passing down the river on her way to sea.

Shortly before he left port, however, he came ashore and it is believed that at that time he secured the deadly poison which he afterwards took, in a fit of depression, as his ship was passing down the river in the wake of a tugboat.

The autopsy was performed by Dr. Sprague, of the United States quarantine station, and enough of the drug was found in his system to kill six ordinary men. An undertaker went to Southport yesterday evening and the remains will be prepared for burial there, following an inquest to be held today to officially determine the cause of death.

GREENE AND GAYNOR DENIED A REVIEW

(By Leased Wire to The Times.) Washington, Dec. 23.—Benjamin D. Greene and John F. Gaynor were today denied a review of the judgment of the lower court by the supreme court of the United States.

The two men were accused of conspiring with Captain Oberlin M. Carter, corps of engineers, U. S. A., to defraud the government in connection with improvement work in Savannah harbor.

NEGRO JAILED TO PREVENT A LYNCHING. (By Leased Wire to The Times.) Baton Rouge, La., Dec. 23.—Robert Weason, a negro, was brought here to prevent his being lynched. He shot at a passenger train at Powell's station on the Yazoo and Mississippi Valley Railroad and killed Adonis K. Wridert, a young cadet at the Louisiana State University.

DEATH OF NOTED N. Y. PHYSICIAN

(By Leased Wire to The Times.) New York, Dec. 23.—Dr. Henry Patterson Loomis died of pneumonia yesterday after an illness of five days. He was born in New York in 1859 and was president of therapeutics and clinical medicine at Cornell University and former president of the American Academy of Medicine.

Xmas Holiday Rates Via Seaboard. The Seaboard announces low Xmas and New Year Holiday rates of one and one-third first-class fares plus 25 cents, based on rates effective prior to July 1, 1907.

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ELECTION NOTICE. Alderman Dowell offered the following motion, which was duly seconded: "I moved that, for the election heretofore ordered by the Board to be held on Thursday, the 26th day of December, 1907, to determine whether intoxicating liquors shall be sold in the City of Raleigh, the following shall be the polling places, to-wit:

- 1 Ward 1 Division: Walters' Store, Jones & Harrington Streets.
1 Ward 2 Division: Whites' Store, Johnson & Salisbury Streets.
2 Ward 1 Division: Barnes' Store, Lane & Bloodworth Streets.
2 Ward 2 Division: Faces' Store, Pace & Person Streets.
3 Ward 1 Division: Victor Fire House.
3 Ward 2 Division: Royal Knights' Hall.
4 Ward 1 Division: Capital Fire House.
4 Ward 2 Division: City Lot.

That the following named persons be appointed and elected registrars and judges of election for their respective election precincts: PRECINCTS. REGISTRARS. JUDGES OF ELECTION. 1 Ward 1 Div.: B. N. Walters. C. M. Walters, John Nichols. 1 Ward 2 Div.: T. B. Terrell. T. A. Arnold, S. N. Leeson. 2 Ward 1 Div.: E. Bledsoe. Sherwood Haywood, Shelly Swain. 2 Ward 2 Div.: Richard Koonce. Henry Little, J. T. Sharp. 3 Ward 1 Div.: M. R. Haynes. Bart Durham, K. W. Merritt. 3 Ward 2 Div.: C. H. Harris. W. O. Scott, G. E. Ball. 4 Ward 1 Div.: J. J. Lewis. J. M. Norwood, W. H. Rogers. 4 Ward 2 Div.: L. G. Rogers. Sherwood Brockwell, J. C. L. Harris.

Norfolk & Southern Railway

SCHEDULE EFFECTIVE DECEMBER 8. (Daily except Sunday.) Table with columns for No. 15, No. 29, No. 14, No. 30, P. M., Mixed, A. M., Lv., Ar., Raleigh, Pamlico Jct., Boushall, Knightdale, Eagle Rock, Wendell, Zebulon, Middlesex, Balleys, Neverson, Wilson, Evansdale, Stanantonsburg, Walsaton, Farmville, Arbuth, Greenville, Simpson, Grimesland, Bryon, Choewinity, Washington, Morehead City, Beaufort.

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