

Threads of Black & Gold

A Romance and Drama of Louisiana.

By Kirke Loring.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

Conversation around the banquet board continued for two hours, with no dull moment, no awkward silences. Delicate humor, sage aphorisms, comments upon provincial life in New Orleans and court-etiquette at Versailles, were themes which filled the intervals between discussion and dessert. Each, with the exception of the demure Felice, contributing to the hour's enjoyment.

But, what was that expression in Madame's eyes, contradicting their sparkling gaiety? Was it a haunting fear? But of what? It seemed to lurk behind a mask, shadowing her buoyant spirits; to distract her in the midst of laughter; and to withdraw to other times and other places. Chantilly saw this. His eyes sought hers; and their questioning glances were answered by her own—troubled, enigmatical. Those glorious eyes rested upon him in mute inquiry. Was it tenderness—or appeal? Ah! could he not look behind the scenes and see that which she sought to veil? At moments, she seemed transported to the past; lost in retrospection; brooding over some secret she yearned to tell, yet dared not reveal. His whole being responded to the message of her eyes; and he gave back glances which told her that in him she would find true service, generous friendship, unselfish devotion. A woman's intuition is unerring; and she returned his glance with one of grateful recognition.

At the farther end of the table sat Henri Rivier. Always observant, he had seen that interchange of glances. He had construed them rightly as to his friend; wrongly as to Madame. Passion burned in Arthur's eyes; but in Madame St. Croix's breast the emotion was far different. She yearned for a worthy confidant; and believed she had found such a one in Arthur Chantilly. Love had not yet entered into that fair temple; to drive out peace; as it surely would; as it surely did in after time, for awhile.

But, to Henri Rivier, Madame's eloquent eyes bore love's messages to Arthur's, and Arthur's returned them. And, in that moment, numbed by his suspected discovery, he felt the clouds fall upon his own coffin. Henceforth his boyhood friend and he were rivals indeed, for the love of the first and only woman who had ever stirred the soul of either.

In the love of a noble woman man's business is complete. For her he will sacrifice himself; for her he will give all. The love between man and woman is inviolable; that which comes between them is annihilated; and so it should be, so it must ever be.

No true man will surrender a woman to another, but if she loves not him, but another, he will not thwart her for true love is ever unselfish. And so it was with Henri Rivier. Misinterpreting the thoughts of Hortense, he instantly yielded, believing she had been won by his friend.

The gloom and austerity of the Capuchin monastery had left their shades upon him; he had emerged from the cowled ranks a pessimist. And so, even for this bitter disappointment, he was prepared. Useless to harbor the rosy hopes which that wondrous vision at the convent had aroused within him. Alone in his chamber he had wasted the midnight hours in fruitless dreams. They were dispelled now by this revelation. Yes, he had seen the glances exchanged over the wine. He had seen Madame's ivory fingers toying with the golden pear by its stem, while she held it to his friend; his brother by every tie save that of blood. He had seen Arthur, transfixed by her glances, his soul laid bare. Fatal telegraph! Oh, that this should be this rivalry between his soul's companion and himself! But no, it would not be rivalry; he would surrender the field—the field he had never won. And his friend would go triumphantly on, and he would go down into outer darkness. The one would be uplifted into an empyrean; the other would stumble into the grave of hope. Last night, that was his natal hour; today—his obliteration.

And, from the moment that he saw the hand-writing in those two radiant faces he knew that for him the sun of happiness had been blotted from the universe.

The banquet was over; he was again in his solitary chamber. He was a child before the mantle and watched the flickering embers. The light fell upon his wan face, crimsoned the sepulchral walls, and then died out. A distant bell sounded one solemn stroke. It was the period of his ambition, the apotheosis of a love born in a day, perished ere the third night.

"God bless them both," was the prayer which trembled in the darkness. A night of unrest, a conflict with self, a feeling of torpid resignation; and Henri rose to a new existence. Henceforth he would be a different being; serene, he had always been; but now he would be a misanthropic creature, indifferent to the world, its follies and fancies, its pleasures and allurements. Only duty would employ him; his heart was dead within him; and none lived who could restore it to life. Thus, he said, when the rosy light peered into his chamber, he told him that a new day awaited him.

As he made his toilet he reflected that perhaps Madame St. Croix would desire now to inspect the property she proposed to purchase. He would see Chantilly and arrange for the journey to St. Jean Baptist Parish. With this object, he set off for his friend's lodgings; found the latter in a state of mind precisely the opposite of his own, and did not wonder at it. Of course Arthur must feel buoyant. Briefly, he discussed the journey; and then delegated his rival that was, to inform

Madame St. Croix that the trip might be made on the following day.

"We should leave the wharf at seven," said Henri. "That will bring us to the Bonnet Quarre Landing before sunset. We will go in my progie. It has seats for four; and a double pair of oars. We will embark at the foot of Canal Street."

With a blithe heart, and suspecting nothing of his friend's heart-ache, Chantilly hurried to the Convent. Madame received him graciously. The main topic was not discussed until a variety of subjects had been exhausted, and then but five minutes were required to arrive at an understanding.

"A carriage will call for you and Felice, at a quarter of seven," Arthur explained. "The boat belongs to Mr. Rivier. It has a locker, a canopy, a store-room, and other conveniences. We should be ready for the start promptly; so that we may arrive early and drive out to the plantation before dark. Mr. Durand has notified his superintendent to meet us at the inn with a conveyance."

"Delightful!" exclaimed Madame. "I am all impatience for the journey. No doubt we shall see alligators, and monkeys, and Indians, shall we not? And also many black people. In Philadelphia there were, I was told, twelve thousand; one in ten of the inhabitants. But I observed that many were not entirely black; there were several lighter shades of them. Doubtless the climate changes their complexions, does it not? And here, too, there are so many of the lighter hue. Is it the climate?"

Chantilly discreetly ignored the question. He hastily assured Madame that there were no monkeys to be seen on their proposed route to travel; but panthers, catamounts, and other forest animals abounded in St. Jean Baptist Parish. Then he took his departure; and arrived at his lodgings with a start of surprise at the shortness of the way. During his walk thither, he had observed nothing; nor had he thought of anything save the radiant image of Madame St. Croix. His subjugation was complete.

After Chantilly's leave-taking, Madame bethought her of the desire expressed by the Mother Superior to accompany her upon the trip; and dispatched a note to him, asking if the wish could be accommodated. This brought a reply in the affirmative; and so, when the little party assembled at the wharf, the head of the Ursulines appeared, benignly smiling, and, as Chantilly declared, adding grace to the occasion.

The gay canopy of Italian colors glowed in the sun, the snowy sail flapped in the breeze, the sharp prairie and the graceful pine cleft the maddy waters as they rolled ponderously beneath it; and song and laughter mingled with the rhythm of the creaking oars.

The windings of the great river were, at that period, more abrupt and more frequent than at present. Now the distance by river from New Orleans to Donaldsonville, the old capital of the Louisiana Territory, is about 83 miles. At the time of which we are writing, when traversed by our travelers, it was 119 miles. The fall was only 22 feet from the mouth of the Ohio to the Gulf of Mexico, and only three feet to the mile average. The lower end flowed slowly, therefore, and almost as much headway was made against as with the current. Vast forests bordered both sides or "coasts," and from the rocky and almost impenetrable depths came the cries of wolves, panthers, wildcats; the hoot of owls; the crawling of slimy reptiles from the ooze of the banks lying low and overhung by willow-wands.

Red Church, long since obliterated, loomed up uncertainly from the north shore; here and there a diminutive dwelling, sent curling smoke from its squat chimney; and along the north and west line of the river stretched the "German Coast Road" as far as the little capital and source of the La Fourche.

At length the boat reached the Bonnet Quarre Bend, swept up and around the sinuous loop, and landed at the hamlet on the farther base of the six-mile bend, at the Bonnet Quarre Church Landing, on the southwesterly side of the river. This little hamlet nestled steeply among cypress, willow, oak, mulberry and locust trees, with a pecan grove near its rearward limits, and a great forest of jungle-oaks, evergreens and cypress stretching off toward the western borders of the parish. Towards the northern limits lay Lake Maurepas, and another lake, not then named, lay southward, about the same distance; and between the two lakes, to Thibodeaux there was a lonely and crooked road, thirty miles by vehicle, which circled around the slimy borders of this intervening lake, rendering the route both circuitous and difficult.

The journey had been, to one of the party, an idyl. Arthur's warm temperament revelled in the sunshine, the gliding motion, the changing scenes and shadows; but more than all these, in the presence of the glorious daughter of France—his father's land. Watching her who, to the exclusion of all else, at times absorbed his thoughts; pointing out to her, in subdued speech, the dark fringe of tropical foliage which often swept the sides of the progie, or threw fantastic lacery upon the waters; he enjoyed every moment of the long hours, and wished they might be countless. He suspected nothing of the surging grief which kept his life-long friend so silent, over-clouded the broad brow and deepened the sombre light in the eyes which rested now and again upon Hortense. For, sustaining but little of the gay conversation, Henri gave his attention almost wholly to the conduct of the little craft.

And when occasionally his eyes dwelt for a brief second upon the noble brow, the firm mouth, the manly bearing of his friend, he murmured to his own sorrowing heart: "He would have done as much for me."

At length the journey had ended.

The party left the boat, ascended the bank and surveyed the primitive scene about them. There was no one in sight. The red and green roofs of the dwellings, the quaintly gabled church, the landing-steps covered with green mould, all suggested a dreariness of aspect which might have daunted one less buoyant than Madame. She was accustomed to such scenes on the Seine, however, and showed no disappointment.

Some five hundred feet distant from the landing stood a low-roofed, wooden building, presenting a gable side toward the river. From two huge iron hooks depended a large sign, bearing the legend:

"River Lodge. Boats for Maurepas and Pontchartrain. Vehicles for Interior. J. Scraggs."

"Oh, the euphony of the name—Scraggs!" cried Arthur, as he assisted Madame in the sloping ascent up the path. Gayly chatting, with Rivier and Felice in the lead, they approached the inn, since no carriage was in sight to convey them to the plantation.

A dense forest of cypress and oak lay to the left, a winding road disappeared within it. This road they were about to cross, when suddenly they emerged from it, like a whirl-wind, a magnificent horse, on the back of which sat a woman. Felice barely escaped its hoofs, as plunging and stumbling as if blind-folded, the animal fell directly across the path, blowing the ground for some twenty feet, as its fore-feet slid forward. The woman, still holding bravely to the reins, was flung headlong, falling prone upon her face on the mossy turf beyond. As she was thus tossed to earth, she threw her arms up, as if flying, and they received the shock, shielding her face and probably preventing instant death.

The long coils of black hair loosened by the mad progress of the brute, whipped her white neck, and her riding habit fluttered as the garments of a sprite riding the air. No aerobal could have vaulted, or alighted, with cooler precision. Still, her flight through the whistling air, was as thrilling as it was perilous; and every witness of the scene stood transfixed by the catastrophe, as well as by the brave act of the girl herself. Then they crowded about her, all save Chantilly, who seized the excited horse, and hurried him off to the stable at the rear of the inn, bleeding, trembling and lame.

The shock had rendered the girl insensible. She lay as one dead; her face colorless, when Rivier, resting upon one knee, raised her head to it and, with sympathetic eyes, searched for wound or bruise. But none were visible, save a stain of blood on the blue-veined temples, nor upon the ivory-like features. And, since she had plainly fallen upon her face, there could be no fracture upon those coiling masses of hair.

"There is no contusion," said Henri, in accents of relief. "But she is totally unconscious. Some one bring water, please."

This had already been anticipated. Felice had flown toward the lodge, and was even then vanishing through the portal of the wide entrance.

Meantime, Chantilly had led the horse to the stable in full view at the rear of the hostelry, and was returning with a gourd dripping from the well near-by. Dipping his handkerchief in the cool water, Rivier, still supporting the girl's head upon his knee, bathed the fair forehead, while Madame gently fanned the still face. Madame's aesthetic sense was aroused by contemplation of the full, round white throat, the finely-moulded hands she now held in her own; and noted the robust health, graceful form, and elegant costume which indicated both refinement and condition.

But these details had scarcely been observed by the others, in their solicitude and excitement. All were eager to proffer service; but the Mother Superior now stepped forward, and gently moved the inert body, then each limb, from side to side, watching keenly for some sign of pain. As she moved the dainty left foot, it twitched slightly, and from the lips issued a faint moan. The white lips quivered, then fluttered, and the deep, dark eyes rested upon the down-turned face of Henri Rivier. A pink flush tinged the round cheek, the lips parted, and smiled weakly, revealing small white teeth within. Then the eyes, on which the slanting rays of the sun were boldly shining, drooped and closed.

It was Madame's hand which held the gourd to her lips; and who murmured, as she stood back, to the nun, who had risen:

"She is beautiful, charming, is she not?"

But the sombre face of the nun showed no expression, as she answered:

"She is a very healthy young person."

At this instant, Felice came forth from the inn, and, close after it, a tall, angular man of about fifty-five, and a colored woman carrying on her head a water, upon which were a carafe, glass and bottle. The man approached, and fixed his blue-gray eyes upon the prostrate figure. His thin lips were firmly set, but suggested humor as well as firmness. A smooth upper-lip was cleanly shaved, and a sharp pointed goatee adorned his chin and under-lip. This evidently, was a "Down-East Yankee" of the choicest type; and undoubtedly Mr. Scraggs himself.

"Bring the things here, Belindy," said he, in a drawing tone. "Scram down there, and give Miss Mademoiselle a glass of wine. It won't hurt her a bit."

thously. His question was directed to the Mother Superior, whom he had alone saluted.

"She has strained her left foot," she answered. "There is no other injury, I think. If you will have a room prepared, I should put her to bed for awhile—and I will attend to the strain there."

"Why, to be sure," assented the landlord, looking speculatively at the men present. "We can carry her there right now."

But the young woman heard the suggestion, and lifted herself upon a rounded elbow, to demur.

"That is not necessary, Mr. Scraggs," she interposed. Her voice was very musical, thought Madame, who turned again to the passive nun, and whispered:

"A sweet young woman, do you not think so?"

Madame was herself not more than twenty-eight, and the "young woman" probably twenty-five. But Madame was a matron, a mother, and a widow; and a widow at even twenty may instruct a spinster of fifty.

The practical nun had ignored the last suggestion of the appreciative Frenchwoman, and was pouring a glass of wine now, which she insisted upon being drunk by the young man.

The draught revived her noticeably, and she would have risen to her feet; a touch of the lame-foot, however, caused her a spasm of pain, and she sank down, murmuring:

"You must help me to walk, I suppose."

Instantly sprang forward; but the girl's eyes had appealed to Mr. Scraggs first, then turned to Rivier; and these two assisted her to rise. As they slowly proceeded toward the Lodge, Rivier turned his supporting shoulder obliquely, to avoid impeding her progress.

Mr. Scraggs, eyes twinkling, as he observed the back of the young man partially turned upon the fair charge, and he chuckled:

"Givin' you the cold-shoulder, ain't he Miss Angeline?"

"What a charming name," commented Madame, following the trio. But Angeline apparently heard only the playful suggestion of Mr. Scraggs, and her expression was speculative. Rivier answered with an unembarrassed smile.

Silence did not, however, discompose the genial boniface.

"No," answered she, with a bright smile, "I was trying a somersault from the back of a horse."

"Yes? But how in ginger did you manage to 'light spread-eagle fashion, like a parachute, now?"

"Oh, I saw that done in a circus performance in the city. I remembered it just as my horse stumbled and plunged forward and left it."

"Well done, by Christopher! And it saved your bones, for a fact."

"It saved the expense of a funeral," corrected the young lady, now recovering her spirits.

"Well, well, that's the way to take it. One's joke will mend a joint. Now, here we are."

A comfortable chamber on the "ground-floor" at the rear of a long passage running midway through the inn, received the disabled patient. And there, stretched upon a lounge of red chintz, by an open-window, she was attended to by the experienced Ursuline Sister and "Belindy," of the Inn.

And this was the "woodland nymph" whom Chantilly had seen at the plantation lodge, had admired and remembered—and of whom he had said nothing to Madame St. Croix when she was literally thrown across his path!

(To be Continued.)

Spencer Council No. 74, Jr. Order United American Mechanics.

For the first time in the history of our Council death has entered our ranks and removed from earth's scenes, one of our number, that of Brother F. J. Berrier, of Rowan county, who passed to his final and triumphant reward on the 18th day of April, 1908.

We believe in the justice as well as the mercy and goodness of our Heavenly Father, and that He is too wise to err and too good to be unkind we do not question; He makes no mistakes and does all things well. We know not now, but some day we will understand. Therefore be it resolved:

1. That in the death of Brother Berrier we have lost a loyal member and one who truly believed in "Virtue, Liberty and Patriotism."

2. That a copy of this be spread upon our record book, a copy sent to the widow and a copy be sent to the Salisbury Post for publication.

J. M. ELLIS,
D. L. PARKER,
J. M. DUNAWAY,
Committee.

The very best medium for bringing business to town is the Salisbury Post. And no town can long thrive without one—even a poor one is better than none.

Bacon—"Can your wife make a pound cake?" Egbert—"No, I don't think she could possibly make one as light as that!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Fire Alarms for Spencer and the Snops.

In case of fire in the town or on the Railroad Shop Property, the large whistle will give the following, in long and short blowing signals:

Oil House—1 L-1 S; Round House—1 L-2 S; Store House—1 L-3 S; Boiler Shop—1 L-4 S; Machine Shop—1 L-5 S; Smith Shop—2 L-1 S; Carpenter Shop—2 L-2 S; Lumber Yard—2 L-3 S; Scrap Platform—2 L-4 S; Freight Yard—2 L-5 S.

For the Town:

First Ward—3 L-1 S; Second Ward—3 L-2 S; Third Ward—3 L-3 S; Fourth Ward—3 L-4 S.

Ward Districts Are:

First—W. of Fifth, S. of Rowan; Second—N. of Rowan, W. of Fifth; Third—E. of Fifth, N. of Rowan; Fourth—S. of Rowan, E. of Fifth.

Spencer Items Of Interest

Miss Hattie Miller is absent on a short visit to Oxford friends.

Mayor Thomas and Mr. Tom Green spent Monday in Lexington.

Mrs. B. F. Vuncannon is at the sanitarium, Salisbury, seriously ill.

Delegates to the G. I. A. to B. L. E. left for Columbus, O., yesterday.

Mr. S. S. Pierce, with his little son, enjoyed a visit in historic Richmond.

Mrs. H. E. Mock, of Enterprise, N. C. is visiting her brother, Mr. C. L. Mock.

On Sunday last, the attendance at Sunday School, M. E. Church numbered 129.

Mrs. T. G. Seay, of Selma, N. C. is visiting her mother, Mrs. C. M. Thornton.

A town is best known by its newspapers. Support yours, and make it support you.

Read Connell's advt. He carries the luxuries of the table. He helps to make your menu.

The granolithic paving will continue until every thoroughfare in Spencer is sidewalked.

Mr. B. F. Lively, who spent several days among friends in Spencer, returned to Knoxville.

Mrs. W. S. Tankersby, of Lynchburg, is visiting her father, Mr. F. M. Lampkin, this week.

Mr. S. S. Moore attended the exercises at the dedication of the Masonic Temple, at Greensboro.

Mr. W. P. Ward and family will move to Asheville. We regret that Mr. Ward's health demands the change.

Mrs. George West left for Greenville, S. C., Thursday, for a brief visit to friends in that delightful little city.

Mrs. Robah Watson, to the regret of her friends in Spencer, left Sunday last, for Greensboro, where she will reside.

Manager Wiley, of the Southern Bell Telephone-Telephone Co., of Salisbury, made us a pleasant call yesterday, and left a subscription for the Crescent.

A number of ladies from Spencer attended the local game Saturday last—and Spencer won—of course. Women are always an inspiration.

The first federal court ever held in Rowan county, convened in Salisbury on Monday, 27th. Judge Boyd presided. One case was tried, and court adjourned.

The town is considering street numbers for houses. If citizen owners will pay, say 25 cents, for numbering, the town will furnish street signs for intersecting streets. It is a good proposition.

Miss Ollie Mae Puryear delighted our aesthetic eyes a few evenings ago with a view of her painting, an ink sketch specimens. They are a proof of talent, and do credit to her teacher, Miss Hamilton.

The banquet given by the Y. M. C. A. last night was a very successful affair, and the throng participating was representative of Spencer's good citizenship. Too late to give details for this issue.

Convict labor is busy macadamizing a road from Grant's Creek to the Bert Perry place. This will be of decided benefit to the farmers, and to their efforts is due the improvement.

The Spencer Clothing and Shoe Co., one of the chain of Rogers' stores, has an extensive and varied stock of clothing, shoes and hats. They have close buyers. Mr. P. M. Nussman is treasurer and manager.

Mr. W. Pleas Barber, of Barber, N. C. made the editor a friendly call Wednesday. He is a candidate for county commissioner; and is a sterling citizen of Rowan, a practical farmer, and an intelligent gentleman.

A large and appreciative audience attended the meeting last Sunday at the Y. M. C. A. Rev. R. V. Miller, evangelist, preached a strong sermon on "What this year of Christ." At the close of the service several asked to be remembered in prayer.

Next Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock Mr. G. H. Smith, principal of the Smith School Business College, of Richmond, Va., will speak on the subject of prohibition. A large attendance is expected. Everybody is invited to attend this service.

Mr. G. C. Huntington, of Charlotte, interstate secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of the Carolinas attended the banquet at the Y. M. C. A. Thursday evening.

The Board of Aldermen met on Tuesday night, instead of Monday, owing to the absence of the Mayor in Greensboro on that day. A proposition to use the Crescent as the medium through which to advertise the resources and needs of Spencer and neighborhood was unanimously endorsed, and the editor was told to use his quill to this purpose.

The Sod Party given at the Y. M. C. A. Easter Monday was quite a success. Sixteen men and boys worked faithfully through the afternoon and covered with blue grass nearly all of the east half of the terraced front. Supper was served by the Ladies' Auxiliary and ice cream for the occasion was given by Mr. A. B. Saleeb. The event was very much enjoyed by all present. The

social in the evening was quite well attended and very much enjoyed by the young people.

A. W. Wineko's ad. tells of mysteries in ladies' outfits and dainty shoes.

April showers have been numerous with us, and always refreshing.

The constant politician ever wreaths his lips in smiles before election. Natural, too.

Spencer is awakening to its opportunity. We want 5,500 people here. Our door is open.

The Merry Willow hats are becoming popular in town. But this is not an ad., brother.

S. A. Blalock's advt. suggests an appetite for a good dinner and a comforting smoke.

Rowan Grocery Co. can supply you with choice, fresh and pure foods, at housekeepers' prices.

The Spencer Drug Co., is stocked with toilet goods and novelties; and has an experienced pharmacist.

Rowan is flourishing. Crops good; melon and vegetable products increasing. Farmers thrifty—and happy.

Mr. Arthur Starling returned last Sunday from a visit to his parents in Goldsboro, and evidently enjoyed his filial pilgrimage.

Summer is coming, so are weeds. Crops need machinery. Lawns need cropping. E. S. Burgess furnishes the implements.

The ladies are actively interested in having the M. E. parsonage painted. It is an attractive residence and will be much improved by the new dress.

Belk-Harry Co. long ago fairly earned a reputation for fine and attractive millinery, and for beautiful lineries, dress goods, shoes, etc. Read their ad.

Attacked Administration. Trenton, N. J., April 28.—The democratic state convention to name delegates to the national convention convened here. George A. Veilmann is temporary chairman and in a speech attacked the administration of President Roosevelt.

NEWS ITEMS FROM GRANITE QUARRY. High School Will Close Today—Business Getting Better—Personals. Correspondence of The Crescent: Granite Quarry, April 29.

Our State High School closes next Friday after a successful session, and the people of this community are fortunate in having such a good school in their midst. It is to be hoped that they will in the election to be held May 16th decide to continue the school. The majority of the patrons realize the benefits to be derived from a good school and are working loyally and earnestly to continue it.

The American Stone Co. had a serious break down yesterday. The engine was badly damaged. It will be several days before they can resume operations.

Business is gradually living up here. From 10 to 15 cars of stone of various kinds are being shipped away daily. There are very few without employment, who really want to work.

Dr. J. H. Peeler went to Charlotte a few days ago where he bought an automobile. He is the first man in town to own an automobile, but since he has broken the ice we may look for others soon.

Mr. C. W. Smith on account of his duties as co-receiver of the Whitney Co., which require him to make Salisbury his headquarters has resigned as mayor. Mr. Rufus Peeler was elected to succeed him. Mr. Smith has done much since he has been here to advance this commu-

Prof. R. G. Kizer, county superintendent of education, spent today here in the interest of the school. He is a genial whole-souled gentleman, and thoroughly elevated to the course of education.

Despite the panic and its attendant evils there have recently been built in this place several nice and commodious residences. Watch us grow! J. A. LIVINGSTON.

Charity Daves, a negro woman 50 years old, living two miles from this city, was criminally assaulted near her home yesterday morning by a negro brute.

He said her husband was dying on the railroad track and before reaching there he accomplished his purpose.

Three suspects are now in jail. Mr. McConkey Here.

Mr. James H. McConkey, of Wrightsville, Pa., the well-known Bible teacher, is in the city for a few days, stopping at the Leland. Mr. McConkey had a very successful year in the south this winter. He has done work in Montgomery, Ala.; Atlanta and Marietta, Ga., and other places, and is now on his way home. Mr. McConkey will return south next winter, having calls to many places.

Manager Reynolds of the Charlotte Club today released Corrigan, Davis and Harry Platt, to the Chester, S. C. club. The players left the city this afternoon and will report to the manager of the Chester team upon their arrival there.

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