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WASHINGTON, BEAUFORT COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1887.

NO. 37.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.
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MITCHELL'S EYE-SALVE.
WRICHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS FOR THE LIVER

BELEVA.
BY W. COTTEN DOWNING.
Theirs were his many years ago
I saw and loved Beleva.
A maiden pure than the snow,
And fairer than the flowers that blow,
And sweeter than my rhyme can show—
The fair, sweet child Beleva.

THROUGH THE BREAKERS.
How a Shrewd Girl laid a Deep
Plot to Defeat Her Rival—
The Stratagem Worked
Well and She took in
Her Fellow.
IN TWO PARTS.
PART II.
I did not see Horace for a long
time, so when at last they let me
see him, the first bitterness of my
grief was past. He asked me many,
many things about that day, and I
told him all—save the terrible
truth that I had killed her. I told
him how Elsie had clung to me in
her fear when the awful wind swept
so suddenly across the sea; but how
she had grown so weak at last
and despairing, that she fell with
the second wave, and never rose
again. He sat beside me while I
told him this, and then it seemed
to grow natural to him to sit be-
side me; and at last I—watching
his face—saw its sorrow fade, and
the old look of content return to it.
At first it was in silence that he sat
beside me, and this silence I could
understand and share; but grad-
ly he would win me on to talk to
him, and his eyes would brighten
as he listened. So we grew dear
friends again—dearer than we had
ever been; and I forgot that white
drowned face which lay now—side
by side with my own mother—under
the old cedar in our church-yard
on the hill.
One night we had strolled there
together, to lay some autumn blos-
soms on the grave; and so long he
lingered by the grave in perfect si-
lence that my fears and my despair
came back to me in overwhelming
force. He had forgotten me. Be-
fore his grave eyes the bright
childish face of her who had won
his first love. He was wishing she
had been saved and I lost. Why
had he brought me here, where I
could see the white drowned face
just as I saw it look when I held
it still below the waters, after the
angry death had passed? Should
I be obliged to see it thus before
me all my life?
Silently, as we had stood there,
we turned from the grave, side by
side; then suddenly Horace clasped
me in his arms and kissed me. So
tenderly, and yet so passionately,
he kissed me, under the quiet stars
that at that moment I knew
that I had won what I had so long
vainly craved for. He had learned
at last to give me a stronger and
more fervent love than he had ever
given to Elsie.
IV.
Horace and I had been married
nearly a year and this was Christ-
mas eve. My husband had been
away for two or three days, but I
knew he would return for Christ-
mas day, and so I sat waiting for
him. Always I longed for his re-
turn when he had left me, but hard-
ly ever so intensely as I longed for
it this night. The wind was blow-
ing fitfully, now rising in sudden
gusts, which brought back to me
that horrible morning in the sea,
and now lying hushed and calm, as
it had been upon that autumn
night when Horace and I had stood
beside Elsie's grave, in that strange
silence which he broke at last to
tell me with what strength and
tenderness he loved me.
So strangely nervous and so timid
I had grown that, when I heard
my husband's step at last, I ran to
meet him just as if he had come as
a deliverer.
"Frightened, my darling?" he
questioned, tenderly, as he led me
back into the lighted room. "Fem-
pustions is it not? But so beau-
tiful out-of-doors. The moon is full
and the sky exquisite. Have you
been out at all to-day?"
"No, Horace."
"Then, when dinner is over, I
will take you. It will do you good,
it will put on plenty of fat; and it
will do me good, too, to have you
walking at my side again. You are
not afraid of this wind, my darling?"
"No."
"And love it. Ah, how good
it is to be at home with you again,
my wife!"
"Do you miss me when we were
apart, then, Horace?"
I asked it eagerly, yet I knew
well that the time had come of
which I used to dream—how lavished
on me now far more intensity of
affection than he had ever given to
his first love.
"Miss you?" he echoed, fobling
me with his arms, and laying his
lips most tenderly on mine. "There

is no minute in any hour of my ab-
sence in which I do not miss you
daring; and if I tried to say how
much, I should but fail."
"Because you love me so, Horace?"
"Because I love you so, my cher-
ished wife."
"You never loved any one before
as you love me?"
"I never loved—I never can—love
any one as I love you, my own be-
loved."
"I knew it so well; but still I loved
to hear him say it."
The moon was riding gloriously
through the frosty sky when we
started out together. Horace had
himself fastened the soft furs about
my neck, kissing me as he did so,
and my heart beat joyously and
proudly as I leaned on his strong
arm, and felt that I was very dear
to him.
So earnestly and happily were we
talking, so perfect was the beauty
of the night that I had not notice-
d where we were going until we
stopped before a gate, I knew, and
Horace bent to open it.
"We have wandered here almost
unconsciously, my darling," he said;
"but we will go in and stand a mo-
ment in the quietness beside Elsie's
grave. In our own intense hap-
piness we must not forget her upon
this beautiful Christmas night; and
it is her birthday, you know. You
remember, Margaret?"
I shrunk aside and whispered:
"Not to-night—not on Christ-
mas eve—not on her birthday," but
Horace gently led me on until we
stood once more together beside
that great square stone beneath
the cedar. It was very chill and
gloomy there, and I crept closer
to my husband's side; very chill and
very gloomy, even with his strong
protecting arm around me. Why
had he brought me here, when we
had both learned to forget, and had
grown so happy? If he would but
speak; if he would but talk to me,
and chase away these haunting
memories which had not visited me
since in this very spot, he had
told me how he loved me. If he
would only tell me so again—loudly
that the words might air, was this
meaning in my ears, this rushing
of the sea about my head, this cry
of a faint and dying voice? Why
had he breathed her name at all
to-night, and raised this awful
memory?
"Oh, Horace, see the white, dead
face!"
My cry had not broken his long
silence, so I knew it was uttered
only in my heart. I looked up ear-
gerly, that the glance of his kind
eyes might give me courage but
that drowned face had come be-
tween us.
"Oh, Horace," I cried, groping
with my hands, "take it away! take
it away! she would have you save
her and let me go!"
"Margaret, my darling, are you
ill?"
I heard the question in my hus-
band's soft, kind tones, but there
was something else I heard far
more distinctly.
"Listen," I cried turning to face
the blast of wind which came sweep-
ing over the valley below; "listen!
listen!"
I waited for his coming, with my
arms outstretched; and when the
storm had passed, and left me stand-
ing so, I fancied death had spread
me once again, as it had done at
sea, and I knew why. That story
was to be told to Horace; here by
the grave where the voices moaned,
before that second gust came
sweeping by which had brought
death before, and might bring death
again. The white, dead face be-
neath that stone cried out for jus-
tice now; the voices of the wind
and sea cried out aloud their ac-
cusation. I had a task to do in
the full of that great storm, and I
must do it. I drew away from my
husband's side, and stood opposite
him in the shadow of the cedar, my
eyes fixed upon him, and my words
slow and clear.
Quite still he stood to listen,
while I told him all—quite still I
had finished; then, after an utter,
terrible pause, he fell on his knees
beside the stone and hid his face
upon it. I did not speak or move
until he rose—after a long time.
Then he eagerly and piteously scan-
dled his face, that I might glean on
a ray of hope. Even in the shadow
of the tree—I could see how rigid and
how coldly white his face had
grown.
"Oh, Horace," I cried—falling on
the grass before him, and appealing
to him with my burning hands out-
stretched—"oh, my husband! all the

sin there may have been, you caus-
ed. If I had not loved you—"
Coldly and sternly he interrupted
me, bidding me come away from
beside that grave.
"Oh, Horace, take me back to
your heart!" I pleaded. "Why did
you bring me here? You would
never have known, if you had not
brought me here to-night; and we
should have been happy now—as
we were before. Horace, Horace, I
am the same Margaret whom you
loved so dearly, an hour ago—only
a little longer; because, when I awoke
my husband's face will meet me,
stern and cold, as it must be
through all the rest of my sin shad-
owed life, and instead of this bright
face beside my bed will be the
memory of that drowned head I saw
beneath the waters. It is far bet-
ter to be dying, and to dream this
dream, than grow quite strong and
well, and meet my misery again. It
is such a beautiful dream.
I am now lying under the beach
upon the lawn, and the golden
leaves fall softly on me by one—
very softly, as if they fell a long,
long way, perhaps from heaven
itself. The sky is bright and blue
up there above them, and the sun-
light creeps amid their shelter to
lay its warm, sweet kiss upon my
face. There are no fierce rushing
storms of wind in this beautiful
dream and no driving waves. There
is only peace and calm and sun-
shine, and the rare, sweet fragrance
of the autumn flowers I love. I dare
not speak lest I should break my
dream."
I see my father standing against
the golden beach and watching me
with the old look of love upon his
face. Elsie is beside me still (as
she has been all through this peace-
ful dream) and in her eyes is shin-
ing such a look of loving pitiful
compassion that I cannot even trust
myself to meet it, lest it should
bring the tears, for tears would
waken me. And now across the
lawn comes Horace; his face the
kind and pleasant face of long ago—
the face I loved when I was inno-
cent—so long ago. He comes up to
me (as if they all came in this
dream of mine), and I read the old
friendship in his eyes, and some-
thing more; not hatred and cold
tempt, ah, no! but a great tender-
ness and a great compassion, and
something that looks almost like
awe. I remember the different faces
which I shall see when I awake, and
silently I pray that it may be God's
will to die before the waking comes.
My hands are very weak and
thin and wasted; and when he
takes one into his, and kneels be-
side my couch, I can see the
fear which darkened Elsie's eyes. My
voice is low and falling, but at last
they understand my question—
reading it more from eyes than
from my lips; and Elsie answers
it in a whisper, and her warm lips
touching my cheeks and forehead
between the words.
"No dream, my darling; no dream.
We have you with us, and we are
nursing you back to health again.
If care and love—the truest, fond-
est love, my dear—can give you
strength, then you will soon be
your own self again."
So the words run in this sum-
mer dream of mine. I have no
pain, only a great faintness. If I
were a leaf upon the beach above
me at the first faint breath of wind
I should fall just so—softly and
slowly to the ground.
"Margaret, Elsie whispers, when
her sweet face comes between those
reddening leaves and my wide up-
turned eyes, "do you remember that
day we were together in the sea,
when the wind rose so suddenly? I
will tell you—oh, my dear! what the
memory of that day has done for
me."
I am awakening now—awaking
with an icy shiver. In one moment
my dream will be over—my beau-
tiful summer dream!
"Tell me slowly—slowly," I plead,
my broken words more eager in
their utter weakness; "no, let Hor-
ace tell; then I shall be awake."
"It is too much to tell to-day," he
whispers, wrapping a shawl about
me tenderly—far he does not know
that I lie shivering there only be-
cause I know I am awakening;
"how can I tell in a few simple
words that have unselfish act of
yours? How can I speak calmly
even yet of low you saved my dar-
ling at the risk of your own life; of
how, when she fainted and fell, you
rescued her, and held her safe above
the water until help came. Then
how you put her in safety, and your
strength all wasted,—sunk
down yourself beneath the water,
exhausted and unconscious; of how
the fierce wave of all came then,
and we were barely in time to save
you! How can I tell of this, and of
our gratitude and love?"
Both their faces are near mine,
full of the love he has just spoken
of, and—oh, it is gratitude! My eyes
gathered a little warmth and life
from theirs. There is a feeling ut-
terly strange to me upon my thin,
white lips—they are breaking into
a smile.
"This is true, then? This is true,
and—the other was the dream?"
"All this is true, my darling, and
we are true; and the sunshine and
the flowers they are all true. Every-
thing is true except those terrible
delicious fancies which have been
with you in your fever. That was
the dream; but it has passed now,
and all the fancies have passed too.
Ah, there is a little look of return-
ing health at last, and the lie you
gave for me is saved! You are com-
ing back to us from the gates of
death. Oh, my dear, my dear, we
shall be happy once again!"
END.

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