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PERSON COUNTY COURIER.

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MRS. J. F. TERRY, Roxboro, N. C.

IN THE MAY WOODS.

BY ALICE DALE.

A shadow, a chill, a strange black mystery, had settled upon the elegant and exclusive Belvon Seminary.

Her irreproachable young lady pupils exchanged significant glances when they chanced to meet in the corridors or class-rooms, or perhaps scrutinized each other askance with the coldest of greetings.

The few who really understood the trouble were inclined to hold their tongues. The many who were entirely ignorant of what had occurred looked naturally perplexed or consciously dignified.

"I have been here forty years," madame was saying, tearfully—"some of the best known and most respected society ladies in the country have been my pupils.

"Please forgive me saying it, dear madame, but don't you think something ought to be done? While the guilty party is not exposed, we must all of us be suspected, more or less, you know," said Miss Rosette Alcourt.

"I think as dear madame does," Lettie Fernor interposed. "It is better to let the matter rest as it is. We are all perfectly satisfied about the person who took the money."

She posed as madame's special favorite, as most of her school companions really supposed her to be, however.

"You can hardly know my thoughts in this matter, Miss Fernor. I am far from being satisfied about the person who took the money, or indeed that it was taken purposely at all," madame said quickly.

"Ah, you are too good," she murmured sweetly, in her most subtle to-es. "You dislike to admit a fault in anybody. For we all know that with your experience you could not be deceived by such a girl as Savonie Choate."

Something like anger kindled a flush on madame's unwrinkled cheeks. "I shall be greatly displeased with anybody who will connect Miss Choate with this melancholy affair at all," she said.

But a smile of triumph curled Miss Fernor's thin, classic lips as she filed after her companions from madame's parlor.

And as she thus gazed, she beheld Lettie Fernor and Loring standing side by side, framed there together by the snow-white bloom of a great, wild cherry tree.

had seen and heard everything which had occurred—mere trifles all, but enough to gladden the heart of an enemy.

Miss Fernor was waiting to deliver a message from one of the under-teachers to the preceptress; and she happened to be standing in a curtained alcove at the upper end of the corridor.

Somehow it was characteristic of Lettie Fernor always to be loitering for something in some unimagined place just at the moment when unpleasant things were happening.

But in that moment Savonie Choate had come into the corridor by a lower door, paused long enough to feed some dainty to the big green and gold parrot chained beside the embrasured window, and then went back the way she came.

When madame returned, the loose bill had disappeared, nor could it be found anywhere, although they searched long and thoroughly.

"You see, Savonie Choate was not petting the parrot for nothing," Miss Fernor had remarked to madame.

Madame made no reply. She only hoped that Lettie Fernor would be silent about the matter, as she would be herself. In time everything would perhaps be satisfactorily explained and the money recovered.

And so it happened that her version of the affair was whispered from lip to lip until at last few were ignorant of the matter except the girl who was accused of wrong-doing.

"It seems too bad that such a person is allowed to go with our party, doesn't it?" Rosette Alcourt said peevishly.

It was a day or so after the chat in madame's pretty parlor. And madame's pupils were to have an idle afternoon and evening, with a picnic in a lovely wood some two miles distant from Belvon Seminary.

"Be patient, child. She is having her last days in Belvon; her doom is sealed," Lettie responded in her high, fletto tones, her eyes glittering with triumph, a complacent smile flickering around the thin, cruel lips.

"No one cares where I go, or what becomes of me," she thought bitterly, as she went on and on, flitting ghost-like in her white gown, and with her whiter face even among the soundless shadows of the wood.

Lettie was relating the story of madame's missing money, and as Savonie listened she felt the warm blood run cold in her veins with horror.

No wonder Loring's face looked so stern and anguished. She tried to speak, to call him, to tell him it was not true.

Suddenly he turned, and without a syllable to Lettie Fernor, left her. Savonie stammered. It seemed too inhuman to believe that her enemy could have uttered such falsehoods.

Lettie had started hastily to follow Loring, and was unconsciously advancing to the brink of a precipice, which there curved sharply back, and was hidden by high grass.

She seemed to misunderstand the cry, for she smiled mockingly. And then with the smile still upon her cruel lips, she stepped over the precipice, tried to regain her footing, and then fell, to lie hopelessly half way over the brink.

She knew she shrieked wildly for help; that Loring's dear voice answered her as she scaled the ascent. And then, after a time, which seemed an eternity, there were hurrying footsteps, and terrified faces were gathered all about.

But Loring's just anger was not to be appeased. "I knew Lettie spoke falsely. If all the world charged you with such a thing, I would not have believed it. I will take you at once, my precious wife. I will not let you remain among these people."

His hair was soiferino, his necktie cerulean, his sack coat purple, and his trousers a loud, yellow plaid, truncated at the lower extremity.

There protruded from an inner pocket the neck of a tickler, containing a decoction labelled "Nash County New Dip, for shark and Mosquito Bites."

He occupied two seats on a crowded train going to the hammocks, and he was meditative.

Rousing himself as he caught a whiff of the briny breeze, he exclaimed, looking out upon the ocean: "Gosh! But are they agwine to try ter go across that river on that train?"

Finally, disembarking and standing on the ocean shore, and gazing over the waters with open mouthed wonder, he thus accosted a Messenger reporter.

"Say, mister, hain't they got a mighty fresher down here?" He was assured it was only an ordinary flow.

Well, whats them gals er wadin in ther fer—didn't they never see er river afore?" "They are bathing," he was informed.

Wonderful Courage and Presence of Mind.

It was in India. Dinner was just finished in the mess room, and several English officers were sitting about the table. Their bronzed faces had the set but not unkindly look common among military men.

The Major was slowly looking the man over, from his handsome face down, when, with sudden alertness and in a steady voice, he said—"Don't move, please Mr. Caruthers. I want to try an experiment with you; don't move a muscle."

"All right Major," replied the subaltern, without even turning his eyes. "hadn't the slightest idea of moving, I assure you. What's the game?"

"Do you think," continued the Major—and his voice trembled just a little—"do you think you can keep absolutely still for, say, two minutes—to save your life?"

"Yes," and his face paled slightly. "Burke," said the Major, addressing an officer across the table, "pour some of that milk into a saucer, and set it on the floor here just back of me. Gently, gently, man. Quiet!"

Like a marble statue sat the young subaltern in his white linen clothes, while a cobra di capello, which had been crawling up the leg of his trousers, slowly raised its head, then turned, descended to the floor, and gilded toward the milk.

"Thank you Major," said the subaltern, as the two men warmly shook hands. "You have saved my life."

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