

HER ANSWER

The battle at last was finished. The victory was lost and won, and while the defeated army had fallen back to take shelter in the woods and mountain passes the victorious host had encamped upon the field of action. A thick, misty haze hung over the landscape, through which the setting sun shone like a great copper shield burnished and ready for combat.

Since early morn the battle had been in progress, and the carnage was frightful. Even the sturdiest of the surgeons had more than once turned pale as they worked over their improvised operating tables, and all had felt a sensation of faintness that they did not care to own.

In one corner of the field when the fight had been the hottest, in a little grove of half a dozen trees at the angle of a stone wall, knelt the colonel of a New York regiment beside the prostrate form of his own lieutenant, a young man of English birth and a great favorite among his comrades. His breath came slowly and painfully, and when he strove to speak the lifeblood welled up in his throat so as to almost choke all utterance.

"Creston, my boy," said the colonel in the low voice which he always used when in the presence of suffering, for the colonel was as kind and as gentle as a woman to the sick, "is there anything more that I can do for you—any word or message that you want to send? For you know?"

Creston's lips parted with a faint and almost imperceptible motion, and the colonel, bending low, caught the words, "Lift—me—up."

Raising the dying man to a half sitting position, the colonel held him in his own strong arms and gently wiped the red froth from his lips.

"Colonel"—the words were weak and low—"my vest—open—the—pocket—inside?"

The exertion was so great that he could say no more. The colonel, opening the vest, drew from an inner pocket a miniature, the portrait of a young and beautiful girl, so beautiful that even then the colonel could not help gazing upon the likeness with interest and admiration.

"And this?" he questioned as he held it up to the eyes of his dying comrade. The pale face of the sufferer grew strangely bright when he looked upon the bit of painted ivory before him.

"In England," he whispered, "she lives—Densmond in Devonshire—you'll remember—take her this yourself—no one else. Find her in Densmond—Amelia Burton. Tell her—I didn't forget"—A torrent of crimson lifeblood gushed from his lips, and all was over. The colonel arose, folded a blanket and placed it beneath the head of the corpse. Then the night winds gathered and whispered among the trees and brushed with their dark pinions the bright, cold drops that stood on the pale forehead of Herbert Creston.

Already the sun was casting long shadows over the landscape around the pretty English village of Densmond in Devonshire, for Densmond was pretty and everybody said so—that is, everybody who had ever been there said so. And, as for those unfortunate beings who had not been there, they were so very much in the minority that no one ever cared a straw what they said or thought.

The day had been hot and sultry, and with the advent of the cooling breezes of evening every one who could possibly get out of doors did so, for the air was delicious now after the overpowering heat of the day.

Along the dusty highway a man, well dressed and evidently a stranger in the country through which he was passing, was walking slowly, evidently absorbed in thought. He was about forty, of a bronzed complexion and dark hair, now slightly tinged with gray. On the whole, he was far from handsome, nor did the scar of a saber wound across his forehead add to his attractions.

Just now he paused before a cottage that stood somewhat back from the public road, almost buried in flowers, like the modest and retiring cottage that it was. Sounds of happy laughter came from an arbor concealed by the surrounding hedge. Colonel Nathaniel Pember paused but a moment, however, before he opened the gate.

"Can you tell me," he asked one of the party of young girls that met his view as he entered, "if you know of any one residing in this neighborhood of the name of—of Amelia Burton?"

"Yes, indeed," answered one of the young ladies, with a meaning smile, "but you'll have to hurry, though, for there will be no such person here after tonight."

"She—she is not sick—not dying, is she?" questioned the colonel hastily.

"Oh, not at all," answered the young lady, with a pleasant laugh; "only she's going to be married to Lord Littell tonight."

"Married?" said the colonel half to himself; then aloud: "Can you tell me where she lives? I must see her upon business—something very important."

"It's not very far from here. The house in the park that you see on the left belongs to her father. But you must hurry. It's after 6:30, and you've scarce an hour."

Colonel Pember turned and walked hastily along the road. "Married—married—then I am too late. Perhaps not. I don't understand it. I can't." And with every step he took came the refrain, "Married, married, married."

The next day Densmond was all excitement. The daughter of the Hon. Crofton Burton had refused at the last moment to marry Lord Lorloose Littell. And then, too, the appearance of this suspicious looking American. That must not be overlooked. Surely there was something in this, "if those as knew would tell." But the Hon. Burton, M. P., would tell nothing, and as Lord Littell had left for town that morning he could tell nothing, and Miss Burton had declared that she would tell nothing. So there the matter rested, and like every other sensation was almost forgotten ten days after.

Almost, I say, for Colonel Pember had taken lodgings at the Pot and Kettle, and scarcely a day passed but he made his way to The Oaks, the residence of Mr. Burton, who seemed to have a great fancy for his company.

Nor was it long in becoming common talk that the colonel had returned to Miss Burton on the eve of her intended wedding a blood stained miniature, the token of a schoolgirl love that she had given to Herbert Creston, the village me'er do well, and that as she saw the picture, stained with his lifeblood, the old love had returned, and she had refused to marry any one else.

So passed a year, and again summer visited the little village, sprinkling the lawns with yellow dandelions and the hedges with all manner of sweetness. From the many farmyards came the sounds of cattle and of fowls upon the clear and silent air, mingled with the distant dashing of brooks. The trees, resplendent in their "garments of green," cast grateful shadows for the noonday wanderer. And then the gardens—roses everywhere! The air was one mass of perfume, delightful and overpowering, the first sweet gift of summer.

During this time Miss Burton had not been seen by the village folk save on one or two rare occasions, and those who had viewed her reported that she was looking pale and sickly and that she scarcely ever spoke. Now, however, at the approach of summer she had thrown off her gloomy aspect, laid aside the "inky cloak" that she had insisted upon wearing and had even gone so far as to ride out into the country and always with the colonel as a companion.

One night they walked together in the gardens that almost entirely surrounded The Oaks. There was no other light than that of the stars. As Amelia paused the colonel placed his arm about her and held her hand.

"You have my answer?" he questioned softly.

She raised her face slowly. Their lips met.

"It is 'yes'?" he asked.

And she answered, "Yes."

Far away in the wilderness of Virginia the night winds gathered and whispered and murmured and muttered and with their dark pinions brushed the bright cold drops of dew that clung to the blades of grass above the unmarked grave of Herbert Creston.

Palmerston and the Empire.

When Lord Palmerston was premier of Great Britain, he took over the colonial office for a time during the absence of Lord John Russell on a foreign mission. His first question of the permanent secretary of that department was, "Mr. Merivale, where are the colonies?" He was cheered to find the office full of maps. "I manage the British empire, as you know," he said, "but I never could understand my latitude and longitude or make out where the British empire isn't."

Books and Germs.

A medical journal draws attention to the dangers of circulating libraries and says that all books should be disinfected before being taken from them. Experiments have proved that the germ of diphtheria will live for twenty-eight days in a volume and the germ of tuberculosis for more than a hundred days.

THE STRICT GRAMMARIAN.

He's All Right on Paper, but Not in Conversation, Says This Writer.

Mercutio wreaked all his dislike upon a man that fought "by the book." I have a mortal grudge against one that talks by the book. Let a man write himself into syntactical tangles that would befuddle a German philosopher; let him be pompous as Sir William Temple; let him be purposely archaic as Spenser or as full of coinages as Shakespeare, as parenthetical as Browning or as antithetical as Swinburne; let him follow any whim or scholasticism to the death, so long as he commits bookishness only on paper. But heaven preserve me from frequent encounter with the fatal bore that talks bookishly. I am not patient with the unco' learned who interlard their speech with those crackling "by which's" and "to whom's" rather than seek the direct colloquial forthright that gives them an honest, stout preposition to end a sentence with. Now, the torment of bookishness in actual talk is bad enough, but you can always escape by running, or at least call the police. What refuge is there, though, from the bookish talk of the characters in fiction? When an author is before the curtain in propria persona, one is not offended necessarily by magniloquence or overnicety of construction, but when he steps back and pulls the strings that work his puppets' jaws then surely, surely, he must talk like talk and not like composition.—Scribner's.

The Banana.

The banana was named *musa* after Antoninus *Musa*, the freedman and physician of the great Augustus of the Romans, says Linnaeus. The sapientum—the wiseness—in its name is a graceful tribute to it as the "wise man's food," for, incredible as it may seem, it is perhaps the best food product of the earth, being far more productive than either wheat or potatoes, the staple food of other nations. Long ago it was calculated that it is 133 times as productive as wheat and forty-four times as productive as the potato—in other words, that the ground that would give thirty-three pounds of wheat or ninety-nine pounds of potatoes would, as far as mere space is concerned, give 4,000 pounds of bananas and with a fractional amount of the same trouble. It has been called the "prince of the tropics" because it takes the same place, only to an even greater degree, in those hot countries that wheat, rye and barley take in west Asia and Europe and that rice takes in India and China.—Longman's Magazine.

Bats and Vampires.

At sunset in the forest of Guiana the bats flit from their hiding places, some taking the place of the parrots and flocking around the fruit trees, while the horrid vampires wander far and near in search of some sleeping animal or even man in order to obtain a meal. Cows, goats, hogs, fowls, as well as game birds and quadrupeds, all suffer from their attacks if not secured in well latticed pens, while the traveler must not be surprised when awaking to find blood oozing from a wound in his foot or temple. In some places domestic animals cannot be kept at all, as they are so weakened by repeated attacks as to ultimately die of exhaustion. Fortunately, however, the vampires are not very common and with proper care may be excluded from dwelling houses and stock pens.

Enlarged Vocabulary.

To have helped a great man on his way is something to remember. A Chicago paper says of one western senator that he takes pride in never saying more than "yes" or "no" to newspaper men.

One day a correspondent interviewed him with the usual result and ended by asking:

"What is the largest city in South Dakota?"

The senator looked his surprise, but replied courteously:

"Sioux Falls."

The reporter bowed and took his leave. A few moments later he met a friend and said to him:

"I've beaten all you fellows. I've just added the words 'Sioux Falls' to Senator —'s vocabulary."

Merits of Honey.

If people would use more honey and less butter on their bread, we think it would be better for their health, especially for children and invalids, at least such as suffer from defective or weak digestive power. Honey is a partly digested form of sugar and thus relieves the stomach from the task of changing cane sugar to grape sugar, which must be done with other forms of sugar before they can be absorbed into the system. Many resort to honey when they want a remedy for coughs and sore throat, but why not use it as a preventive?

GOLDFISH.

The Proper Way to Care For These Pretty Household Pets.

Goldfish are the cleanest and least troublesome of pets. A quart of water to a fish is sufficient. A medium sized globe will accommodate four fish and, containing some shells and a growing plant, which can be bought of the fish fancier, makes a very pretty ornament for the room. The water must be changed about once a week in cool and twice in hot weather. With a cup I gently dip out the fish, one at a time, and put them in a bowl of fresh water, which I have tried with my fingers to be sure it is of the same temperature. They can stand cold better than heat. Then the globe and shells must be scoured and the plant rinsed.

After the shells and plant have been returned and the globe refilled the fish can be put back the same as taken out, and they show their appreciation of being at home again. I have fed mine once a day for nearly a year on oat flakes, about two to a fish, and they flourish on their diet. They soon learn to come to the top and accept food from my fingers. They should be fed nothing else, except fish food, as meat and bread are apt to sour the water. If when cleaning the globe I find particles of food among the shells, I do not feed them quite so much. They must not have more than they will eat, as it makes the water cloudy. The intelligence they manifest seems wonderful to me.

One usually rules the "globe," and it is not always the largest. I have a little tyrant too greedy to let others eat until he has been served, and he will chase one of his mates twice his size. Goldfish repay what little trouble they cause. They are not especially suitable for children, as they do not thrive so well when tampered with. Let them live in their own way and they will be happy.—Good Housekeeping.

Turtles Ruin Vines.

"One of our colonists," says an *Algiers* paper, "recently noticed that his vines had been gnawed around the roots, and, resolving to ascertain the cause, he went at night into the vineyard and soon heard a noise which was so strange that for a moment he thought it was of supernatural origin.

"Having lighted a lamp, however, he discovered that it was made by an army of turtles, which was slowly making its way from the river to the vineyard. The mystery was now solved, for the turtles no sooner entered the vineyard than they began to ravage the vines. Summoning some laborers, the owner finally succeeded in getting rid of the turtles, but in order to guard against further assaults he was obliged to erect a wall around the vineyard."

Small Change in Abyssinia.

For small change in Abyssinia a peculiar "coin" is employed. This is no other than bars of hard, crystallized salt, about ten inches long and two and a half inches square, slightly tapering toward the end. People are very particular about the standard of fineness of the currency. If it does not ring like metal when struck with the finger nail or if it is cracked or chipped, they will not take it. It is a token of affection when friends meet to give each other a lick of their respective "coins," and in this way the value of the bar is decreased. Smaller change than a bar of salt is sometimes needed, and then the natives have recourse to cartridges. Three cartridges pass for one bar of salt.

A Curious Echo.

"Fellow citizens," thundered the impassioned orator, bringing his fist down hard on the table, "what, I ask again, is our country coming to?" And the echo answers, "What?"

"Pardon me, sir," interposed a mild looking man in the audience, rising to his feet. "Did I understand your question to be 'What is our country coming to?'"

"Yes, sir."

"And you say the echo answers, 'What?'"

"That is what I said, sir."

"Then there's something wrong with the acoustics of this building," said the mild man, shaking his head in a perplexed way and sitting down again.

A Changed Man.

A Scotchman had reached the summit of his ambitions, says *Everybody's Magazine*, in attaining to the magisterial bench. The honor seemed to him a great one, and he tried to live up to it.

With his head high in the air he swaggered along till he went bolt up against a cow, which had not the manners to get out of the way, but continued to browse by the roadside in mild unconcern.

"Mon," cried the indignant owner, "mind my cow!"

"Woman," he replied, with fine dignity, "I'm no longer a mon. I'm a bailie."

PROVERBS

"When the butter won't come put a penny in the churn," is an old time dairy proverb. It often seems to work though no one has ever told why.

When mothers are worried because the children do not gain strength and flesh we say give them Scott's Emulsion.

It is like the penny in the milk because it works and because there is something astonishing about it.

Scott's Emulsion is simply a milk of pure cod liver oil with some hypophosphites especially prepared for delicate stomachs.

Children take to it naturally because they like the taste and the remedy takes just as naturally to the children because it is so perfectly adapted to their wants.

For all weak and pale and thin children Scott's Emulsion is the most satisfactory treatment.



We will send you the penny, i. e., a sample free.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409 Pearl St., N. Y. 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.

The copartnership heretofore existing between M. C. Winston and R. M. Nowell, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. M. C. Winston will continue the business in all of its branches. All parties indebted to the old firm of M. C. Winston & Co. will please make immediate settlement to either M. C. Winston or R. M. Nowell. All bills against the firm will be paid by M. C. Winston. Thanking all our friends and the public for such a large portion of their business.

Your friends,
M. C. WINSTON,
R. M. NOWELL.

Fewer gallons; Wears longer; Devoe.

Grippe Knockers—Just what they do to Grippe, Colds, Headaches. 25c.

A dose of Anways Croup Syrup might save baby's life, if given at beginning of attack. Croup is dangerous and Anways is safe, safer to have a bottle in the house. Thousands use it, recommend it too. 25 cts. at Hoods.

For Fire Insurance call on John O. Ellington & Co. Best companies, best rates.

I have a full stock of heavy shoes for men, ladies, boys, misses and children for cold wet weather. Also men's leather and rubber boots at reduced prices. W. G. YELVINGTON.

Insure your property in the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Co. Largest, Oldest and Strongest Co. in the world. Rates to satisfy. J. H. KIRKMAN, Agent.

New Drug Firm.

To the Public:

We have bought the Drug Business of MR. ALLEN LEE and will conduct a first-class Drug Store at the same stand. We will carry a complete stock of PURE DRUGS and everything kept in an up-to-date Drug Store, and will be pleased to serve you at all times, day or night. Prescriptions will be carefully compounded by a registered and well experienced Pharmacist.

Christmas Goods and Toys

GOING NOW AT COST.

We can give you bargains.

Yours to serve,

Boyett & Hardee,

A. H. BOYETT, Manager.

SMITHFIELD, N. C.

MacRae Boyett. Joe Jernigan.

New Firm.

We have formed a copartnership and will deal in

Heavy and Fancy Groceries, Snuff, Cigars and Tobacco, Chickens, Eggs, Hams, Etc., bought and sold.

Country produce of all kinds a specialty. Next door to BOYETT BROS. & GODWIN.

All friends and the public generally are invited to call and see us.

Smithfield Grocery Co.,

BOYETT & JERNIGAN, Proprietors. SMITHFIELD, N. C.

DENTAL ACCOUNTS.

All persons owing Dr. J. W. Hatcher for dental work are requested to call at once and settle same with Mr. Thomas R. Hood, Smithfield. He has statements of the accounts. If more convenient you can settle with me. HARDY HATCHER, Selma, N. C.

Jan. 2—2w.

INCORPORATION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the General Assembly of North Carolina at its next session at Raleigh, N. C., for a charter for the Bank of Selma, Selma, N. C.

L. D. DEBNAM, Cashier.

December 24th, 1902.

FOR RENT.

A good one-horse farm for corn, cotton or tobacco. Located 4 1/2 miles south of Clayton. For terms apply to D. L. Jones, Clayton, N. C., or T. A. Branham, Raleigh, N. C.

Hancock's Liquid Sulphur baths should be taken once or twice a week. It destroys the germs in all skin diseases, and heals it when all other remedies fail. For sale by Allen Lee

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the firm of Etheredge & Hatcher is dissolved by mutual consent. W. H. Etheredge will collect all accounts due the firm and all persons indebted to same will please come forward and settle at once. W. H. ETHEREDGE.

FOR SALE.

On Tuesday, January 20, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash at my farm in Smithfield township, my fodder, shucks, hay, two cows and two yearlings, six head fattening hogs, one two-horse wagon, carts, plows, one mower and rake and other farming implements.

This January 6, 1903.

J. A. WOODALL.

SALE.

At 10 o'clock Saturday, January 10th, I shall sell at public auction, one wagon, one buggy and harness and my farming utensils. The land I have been cultivating is for rent. My place is on Smithfield and Wilson's Mills road two miles from Smithfield. NEEDHAM LUNCEFORD. Jan. 2—2w.

STRAYED OR STOLEN.

During Christmas time a small cur barrow dog strayed or was stolen from my place. Color bluish white with small black spots, a large black spot on his back, yellow ears. If you find him please let me know.

J. M. BLACKMAN, Gift, N. C.

Jan. 2—2w.