

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

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THE JOURNAL.

H. A. BURN, Editor.

NEW BERNE, N. C., JULY 26, 1898.

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The Wimbledon Match.

The handsome victory won by the British volunteers over the American militiamen at Wimbledon is all the more creditable from its entire fairness and from the liberal spirit with which the concessions asked by the visitors in regard to the wind gauge and other details had been granted. The National Guardsmen, on their part, have no reason to be ashamed of their defeat, since a triumph of 45 points in a total winning score of 1,951, or only about 1 in 43, is a decided reduction from last year's victory of 170 points.

The main lesson of the contest is obvious, namely, that American militiamen have not yet had enough practice at the two extremely long distances to win the annual international match. Last year, in addition to being novices at those distances, they possessed neither guns nor ammunition suitable for them. This year they have had the benefit of a twelve-month's practice at the unaccustomed distances; still, men who only began a season or two ago to shoot with military breechloaders at 900 and 1,000 yards cannot expect to surpass at once those who have been familiar with such shooting for many years.

In shooting at 800, 900, and 1,000 yards with the regular long-range fine rifles, best adapted for this work, America of course still holds the undisputed championship, the scores of her best long-distance riflemen never having been equalled. It has now also been demonstrated by the late match at Wimbledon that even in shooting with military rifles at what are accepted in this country as the usual military distances American marksmen have the leadership, since in the aggregate scores of 200, 500, 600, and 800 yards they beat the British volunteers; and certainly 800 yards, or nearly half a mile, covers any distance at which infantry in battle is ordinarily called upon to open fire. Even 600 yards is in this country considered the extreme limit for the practical training of troops in military firing, as the prescribed regular army target practice convincingly shows. Hence, when the British volunteers originally insisted on adding extreme long-range firing, such as their annual Elcho Shield match had accustomed them to, to the short and middle distances proposed by the Americans as the distinctive features of the international match, the Creedmoor directors at first objected, not only on the ground that our militia knew nothing whatever about such firing, and had no military rifles or cartridges constructed for it, but also for the reason that this was resorting to distances not required or desired here by either State authorities or the regular army. However, as the long distances were imperatively insisted on, the National Guardsmen began practicing at them; and the Wimbledon match reveals the gratifying progress already made.

At 800 yards the American militia score was not only better than the British, but nearly twenty per cent better than last year's British score and over thirty per cent better than their own last year's first record in the match at Creedmoor. It cannot be doubted that a couple of years' practice will produce equally great improvements at 900 and 1,000 yards. Indeed, had three of the most brilliant marksmen of the visiting twelve shot merely up to their expected strength at these two distances the Americans would have won the match; and perhaps Jones, who was highest on the first day's shooting, with his fine average of over 32 at each distance; Smith, who was third with 30, and Hall, who was fourth with 29, never dreamed of making less than an average of 25 the next day at each of the longest two distances, instead of only 27 and

35 respectively at both distances combined. It has often been said of the American team that it has "no head and no tail," and this is unfortunately too true, for the highest scores in the practice of one day have very often indeed dropped to the foot in the scoring of the next day. Still, a fully compensating result was the gratifying fact that no mortifying breakdown occurred among the entire twelve; and while it is but ordinary justice to notice the uniform steadiness of firing and high average on both days of the two Scotts, Hinman, and Van Heusen, it remains true that no single individual of the team was in any sense responsible for the American defeat, and that every man, so far as can be judged from the scores, is worthy of high praise. Indeed, the final selection of the men reflects great credit on Col. Howard. The lowest American individual score was exactly the same as the lowest British; and it illustrates the uncertainties of such matches that few would have picked out Major Young, after his splendid shooting and prize winning this summer, to bring up the rear of the British international column, just as no one would have selected Smith, last year's American top scorer, with 168 points, for the next to the lowest place this year, with 149. The chief honors of the match go to Private Wattleworth of the Fifth Lancashire, who has made his entrance into international shooting with the splendid aggregate of 180 points. It may be added that seven of the British team and five of the American shot in last September's match at Creedmoor.

The British volunteers, they have maintained their last year's superiority over the American militia in shooting at all the distances combined. Our National Guardsmen, although with vastly fewer practicing riflemen to pick from, yet, encouraged by this year's gain at Wimbledon, will soon be cheerily making up their deficiencies for next September's contest, and probably will long before that time be able also to somewhat improve their rifles. It would add greatly to the meeting of 1894 at Creedmoor if the British would then make one more attempt to wrench from its American possessors the famous emblem of the world's championship at long range shooting, the Palma.—N. Y. Sun.

A WIFE'S MISTAKE.

Everyone said that Clara Johnson was foolishly fond of her husband. A nature as free from suspicion as hers proved an uncorrupted and incorruptible heart.

It was her custom in her long winter evenings, when her husband, deeply engaged in his business affairs, was absent, to prepare for his return a delicious little supper, and then, quietly awaiting his return, dream over his last words of love; for Clara was a foolish little blonde, and certainly loved well, if not wisely. One evening, she was surprised by a visit from a maiden aunt, who was noted for gossip, and had heretofore been very sparing of her visits to this house of wedded bliss. Alas! what untold miseries have resulted from the human tongue. Clara's aunt on this occasion looked portentously dismal, and after a few commonplace remarks she launched at once into the subject-matter of her discourse.

"My dear," said she, "I suppose you are totally unaware of what is going on in the theatrical world? You have not heard of the extraordinary beauty of Mademoiselle Vera, the leading star at the theatre?"

"Aunt, you know my husband's time is so occupied. I dearly love the theatre, but I love him better, and I can't enjoy myself when he is toiling for me."

"But did you never think it strange," said Aunt Liza, "that Mr. Johnson, who is so immensely rich, should be forced to work so hard? Why, another woman would be mad with suspicion."

"Oh, Aunt Liza!" said the sensitive girl, as her eyes filled with tears. "I could not suspect the husband I have married and loved."

"Well, there are women, and you are one of the most trusting little dears I ever met. I trust you will never have any cause to repent of your fidelity."

Clara sat by the window at her house in Windsor, gazing at the star-embossed heaven, with a vague feeling of uneasiness which she found impossible to reason away. There have been cases where loving and faithful wives were deceived by those whom they cherished as the incarnation of goodness.

She had read many a novel, with tearful eyes, wherein those who seemed best and noblest proved base and vile. She knew in her short experience of life that men were lured away by influences that they arrived in vain to resist. All these thoughts came to her, and with them a firm resolve to trust her husband that very evening.

The hours passed away, seeming centuri to the poor young wife who was thus rudely awakened from her dream of bliss by the venom of a woman's tongue. At last, as the clock struck eleven, Clara heard the welcome step on the footpath, and was soon in her husband's arms. For an instant doubt and suspense were at end. Gazing into that noble face, reading truth and love in those proud black eyes, it seemed impossible that such a one could harbor deceit or create misery.

Mr. Johnson consumed his supper with great relish. He was satisfied with the loving gaze of his wife, and spoke but little; but astonishment was in store for him.

"Herbert," said Clara suddenly, nervously twining her hands, "what is this business that detains you in the evening? Oh, do tell me! Let there be no more secrets between us, or I shall die."

Mr. Johnson pushed his plate from him and regarded her attentively.

"My darling," he asked, simply, "who has been here?"

"No one—that is, Aunt Liza," answered Clara, wondering.

"Ah!" said Mr. Johnson.

"But Herbert, you have not answered me; you treat me with contempt."

"Oh no, my dear!" said Mr. Johnson, quietly; "not you. Come, love, you are overcome by nervousness and groundless suspicions. I promise you I will be more at home hereafter, and give to my little rosebud of a wife that love which her angelic disposition so justly deserves."

There was something in his quiet, self-possessed manner that set Clara's tortured mind completely at ease.

She kissed her husband fervently, and said, "Forgive me for doubting you, Herbert. It was my love caused my fear."

"There is nothing to be forgiven my sweet wife. Heaven bless and keep you always!"

Clara's eyes filled with tears, and the reconciliation was complete.

A few days after this, Clara was at her favorite window gazing out with rare pleasure at the handsome equipages which dashed past. It was a splendid winter day, and there was snow on the ground. Since the night of Aunt Liza's visit Clara had been supremely happy, her husband had spent his evenings regularly in her company, and had once even taken her to the very theatre spoken of by her aunt.

True, she had noticed the lovely Mademoiselle Vera, and had imagined her attentions were rather plainly addressed to her husband; but she had determined to banish suspicion forever. It was an easy task, for frankness was one of the chief virtues in her lovely character. Absorbed in her pleasant reverie, she had not noticed the approach of a maid, who handed her a letter. A vague presentiment of evil came over her as she opened it.

It was from Aunt Liza, and ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR NIECE.—I regret exceedingly the position I am placed in, but feel bound, under the circumstances, to expose your husband's duplicity. I saw him unobserved, this forenoon, conversing in the lobby of the theatre with Mademoiselle Vera. I overheard enough to convince me that he is going to attend the performance to-night. He is cruelly deceiving you and I strongly advise you to unmask his villainy and separate from him.

Affectionately yours,
AUNT LIZA."

Clara crushed the letter in her hand, and sat there looking at the fast-falling snow, it was growing darker and he would soon be here. And then? Would she show him the letter and demand an explanation? No. It would be met by equivocal replies; he was a master in the art of deception; but that night would end it forever. As she thought this she felt a dull pain at her heart—and the evening grew deeper. "Why, little wife, are you sitting alone in the gloaming?" It was Herbert's cheery voice; he had entered unperceived.

"Herbert!"—the tone was forced and hollow—"are you going out to-night?"

"Why, yes, my dear—I might have told you this morning. I have an important engagement. It will not be long now, pet wife!"

What did he mean! He could not see the weird beauty of that deadly pale face as she bade him farewell. It was a gala night at the theatre. The benefit of Mademoiselle Vera, the name of whose beauty and talent was whispered, had drawn a crowded audience; and boxes, orchestra and gallery presented an animated scene. There was one there, however, whose heart was aching with pain.

Yes, Mademoiselle Vera was beautiful; and there was no mistaking the fervent admiration with which she was regarded by all, but more especially by the solitary occupant of one of the boxes; and this person Clara recognized as

her husband. How changed he looked!

The contamination of that woman's presence seemed to affect him with fever; there was an unnatural brilliancy in his splendid eyes, notwithstanding which, his face looked worn and haggard. He was never so at home. The curtain fell at last, and tumultuous applause brought Mademoiselle Vera before it. She was greeted with flowers and cheers, which were treated by the pampered beauty with proud indifference, till at last a bouquet more elegant than the rest fell at her feet. She gave a glance at one of the boxes, kissed her hand to the occupant and withdrew.

Clara felt the building swim round before her, but by a strong effort she controlled herself, and reached the entrance in safety. Shutting herself in her carriage, she waited patiently, much to the astonishment of her coachman, an unusually stolid individual, quite averse to adventures. Half an hour afterwards he received the welcome order to drive home. Clara has seen her husband emerge from the stage entrance with Mademoiselle Vera. A deadly pallor passed over her countenance, and she fainted. On arriving at home Clara proceeded to the drawing-room. As she opened the door a cry of astonishment burst from her lips.

Mr. Johnson was seated in an easy chair, reading. He looked up good-humoredly, and said, "Turn about is fair play, where has my pet wife been?"

Clara sat down wearily.

"Herbert, you can deceive me no longer. I was at the theatre to-night. I saw you, and know all."

"It was not at the theatre to-night, Clara, I do not like Aunt Liza; she has been here again."

"Herbert, am I mad? I saw you and—that woman!"

Mr. Johnson advanced, and took his wife's hand in his.

"My pet wife," he said, quietly, "the person you saw to-night at the theatre is my twin brother. Years ago he was obliged to leave the country on account of his participation in a mad escapade. Notwithstanding a long career of profligacy, I loved this erring brother of mine. I accumulated money by additional labor without impairing that fortune which, in the event of my demise, of right belongs to you. I have finally paid his debts, and summoned him back to his native land. He has improved but little, I am sorry to say, but his destiny is in his own hands, and he can make or mar it as he chooses. And now, my dear, are you satisfied?"

"Oh, Herbert, darling!—can you forgive me, wretch that I have been?"

"On one condition, Clara," said Mr. Johnson, smiling; "that you will never listen to Aunt Liza again."

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