PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

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Notices of Marriages or Deaths, not to exceed ten lines will be inserted free. All additional matter will be charged 10 cents per line.

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Communications containing news or a discussion of local matters are solicited. No communication must expect to be published that contains objectionable personalities, withholds the name of the author; or that will make more than one column of this paper.

Any person feeling aggrieved at any anonymous communication can obtain the name of the author by application at this office and showing wherein the grievance exists.

THE JOURNAL.

W. D. BRYAN, - - - - Editor.

NEW BERNE, N. C., MAY 29, 1885.

Entered at the Post office at New Berne, N. C., as second-class matter.

PARTED AND RETURNED.

I entered this wood an hour ago, yet I stand here still. My brain seems reeling. An awful sorrow has crushed me.

Sixty minutes ago I was a young, happy girl—a bride of two months' standing. With a light step I came gaily down this woodland path, and saw—my husband, with another women in his embrace! Her white arms were round him; her fair hair was blown across his breast; her lips were pressed to his. Oh! shall I ever forget the sight or the agony it brought to my soul to know that he, my heart's darling, whom I had deemed a king amongst men, was false to me!

They did not see me. I listened for no words. With the sound of those passionate kisses filling my ears—with that shameful scene burning like fire within my brain—I fled away into the deepest gloom I could find, like a wounded animal vainly rushing from the dart which is fixed in its own breast. How am I to go home! How shall I bear to look again upon his traitorous face!

* * * *

"Don't touch me!" I cry.

My husband and I are standing face to face; he has dared to offer me a caress. Bertram gravely looks at me, with surprise in his eyes.

"Lenore, have I offended you in any way!" he asks.

"You have only killed every feeling of affection I ever have had for you. That is all!" I say fiercely.

"I do not understand."

"Do you not! Bertram, I have just come from Oakwood!"

He starts, but there comes no look of guilt on the calm, dark face I am keenly watching. Is he so base that he can thus deftly hide his sin!

"You saw me there," he questions.

"Yes, and I hate you!" I exclaim, snatching my hand from his grasp. "You are the vilest man I have ever known. I would not remain under your roof for a kingdom!"

* * * *

Yesterday I left my husband—only twenty-four hours ago; yet it seems as though a century of time has passed since then, and I ask myself how I shall live without him the long, blank years which stretch out before me.

I am travelling by express train to a little place among the mountains, where I can hide my misery in peace. I am alone in the coach, and leaning my head back wearily against the cushions, I ponder whether she—his new love—will now take my place within that lost home.

The cars enter a tunnel; then, as they emerge into daylight, there comes a piercing scream from the locomotive's whistle of an approaching train, and a deafening, blinding crash, which seems to swallow me up.

I recover consciousness, to find I am only bruised. The collision has taken place near a few farm-houses, and the injured passengers are being carried to these dwellings. A dreadful scene meets my gaze as I alight; the front portion of both trains is completely wrecked. Amidst the *debris* lie maimed human bodies, some struggling to extricate themselves, others white, still, wrapped in the last dread slumber. A female figure is borne past me on men's shoulders. Every part of her body looks crushed out of shape; even the pale face and long fair hair are made ghastly by crimson stains of blood.

Where have I seen such hair as this before! Like a flash of light that scene in Oakwood rises before my sight. Yesterday those golden tresses were flung across Bertram's breast!

I start forward. A wild hatred for this woman, who has ruined my peace, takes possession of my mind, driving out all pity.

I heed not those around us. It seems to me as though she and I have the world to ourselves.

"Do you know what you have done, with your shameful wiles!" I cry. "How dare you steal away my husband's heart!"

She has, I see, no power to move aught except her eyes. These with a frightened, pleading expression, turn to my face.

Her lips move feebly; she utters but one word—"Forgive!" and my rival falls back dead.

* * * *

Twelve months have rolled slowly away, but the flight of time has brought no peace to me. I am heart-hungry—starving for the love which once was my daily food.

Though I turn with loathing from the thought of my husband, an intense yearning grows up in my soul to be near him—to look once more upon his countenance.

The strong desire of my heart conquers me; I grow languid and weak. At last, yielding to an irresistible impulse, I leave the dwelling I have for a year called *home*, and return to the neighborhood of that other house where dwells the husband whom, in spite of all, I still love.

I resolve to remain here unknown, so that some day I may, unseen, behold him again.

It is not long before, one night, I steal forth in the darkness to stand, an hour later, in front of my lost home.

There is no light in the drawing-room. He does not, then, occupy the apartment we so often shared.

I turn to his study window. That also is dark. Where is he?

I lift my eyes to his chamber. Here a light burns steadily; while shifting shadows, as of persons moving quietly within, fall across the blind.

My heart grows sick with a dreadful fear. He is ill. He may be dying; and I, his wife, stand here, a stranger, with no power to cross the threshold.

I tremble with intense anxiety. Oh, if some servant would but open the door, I might inquire what is the matter! If the dusk they would not recognize me.

A quick step comes up the gravel path. I turn hastily. It is the doctor.

Unheeding his astonishment, springing forward, I grasped his arm.

"Tell me what is amiss!" I gasp. "He is not seriously ill!"

Doctor Taylor looks down gravely into my agitated face as he answers, "Ill unto death; there is only a gleam of hope."

I shed no tears; they seem frozen. The words ring again and again through my brain—"Ill unto death!"

"I must see him," is all I say.

The doctor shakes his head.

"You must let me go Bertram!" I cry. "Oh, have some pity, and keep me not from my dying husband! I will not agitate him, I assure you!"

"The very sight of your face would do that. Mrs. Tremaine, do you know, during the time he was unconscious, your name was on his lips day and night!"

"Yet you are cruel enough to keep us apart!" is my passionate response.

A moment's silence, while I see his stern face soften, then he says, "You shall be admitted on one condition. It is that you remain behind the bed. He will not perceive your presence, and you must promise to speak no word; the flame of life is so weak that any agitation may extinguish it at once."

"I promise," is my quick response.

We enter the house. Five minutes later I stand on the threshold of my husband's room. My heart beats nigh to suffocation. How shall I bear the sight which is before me! Oh, Heaven! how shall I look upon him, perchance for the last time, and make no sign!

The door opens. The nurse, at a word from Doctor Taylor, leaves the chamber. He motions to me with his hand, and I glide into my appointed place.

Where I stand is in shadow, so that I am hidden; but I see the outline of a prostrate figure; of a face so white, so haggard, that it chills me with agony.

"Oh, my darling!" I cry, humbly, "my darling always, though so false to me! Is it thus we meet at last?"

"Doctor," faintly says my husband's voice, "it is nearly all over. This is surely death coming? Tell me."

"You are very weak," replies the medical man, evasively.

"That means you fear to answer my question! You need not. Life has been too bitter for me to regret it is fleeting. But before I die there is something I wish to say, that you may repeat it some day to my wife."

I start violently in my hiding-place, but Doctor Taylor casts a warning glance in my direction, and I am silent. Is the secret of his falsehood to be revealed here, and now!

The low voice continues. This is the story:—

"Years ago, before, I met Lenore, my wife, I fell in love with a girl named Constance Fielding. She was very beautiful, and she did not disguise that she returned my passion. I made her an offer, which was accepted. On the very day I had held her in my arms, on the very day her lips had sworn love-vows to me, I learnt she had been for two years the affianced of another. I was nearly mad in that hour. Rushing into her presence, I poured forth in bitter words my rage at her deception.

"She threw herself at my feet, imploring me to listen.

"'Not one word!' I cried. 'Your falsehood has crushed out all the love I gave you. Had you been my wife before this truth became known to me, I would have cast you off as I do now!'

"From that moment she faded out of my heart. I had deemed her all purity, all truth; I found that, plighted to one man, she yet allowed another to press her to his heart with tender kisses on her perjured lips. This knowledge made her as dead to me as though I had seen the sods piled over her grave.

"Three years passed, when I met Lenore. She was all I had dreamed my first love to be—a pure-hearted, loving woman, and she became my wife.

"Two months I had of brief, entrancing joy with my darling girl—two months of golden love. Then in one hour life's bliss faded utterly; I was left in blank darkness—alone.

"You know Oakwood, which lies on my grounds? I walked through there one day, and encountered the worn shadow of a woman I once had known. This ghost from my past was Constance. In her attenuated face the large blue eyes glittered feverishly; the cheeks were bright with the fatal hectic of consumption.

"She burst into bitter tears as we met; then poured forth with incoherent words a story of wild, wasted affection and mad folly.

"'I married the man to whom you left me,' she cried; 'but, Bertram, I never loved anyone but you!'

"'Hush!' I said, 'why wrong your womanhood by telling this to me? You are a wife, I am married. Be sure I did not wed another with any love for you still lingering in my heart. You were as though dead to me when I left you that day. Your falsehood had killed my love. But my wife is the one joy of my heart—a priceless treasure I can never cease to value!'

"Having thus spoken, I sternly turned away. But she followed me.

"'Bertram,' she cried, wildly, 'don't torture me with such words. It is the very thought that I am nothing to you, *when I might have been all*, that she, that other woman lies in your arms, and has a right to your caresses, which is killing me. Despairing, intense love for you, has drawn me from my home—from the man I call husband, to die here at your feet!'

"As she uttered these words her violent emotion seemed to be forcing soul and body asunder. She leant back against a tree; her lips white—her bosom panting convulsively with every labored breath.

"I did not touch her. No shadow of past tenderness awoke again in my breast. The pure image of my wife arose before me; while besides her stainless love this woman's shameless avowal of a sinful passion seemed loathsome in my sight.

"She saw the stern reproach of my eyes. A wild storm of feeling swept across her face, and with a despairing cry, ere I was aware of her purpose she cast herself on my breast, her arms clasped round me, her lips on mine.

"I struggled to free myself, but she clung desperately, exerting all her strength; so, for one moment she lay there upon my heart, while gasping forth the words, 'I am dying; oh! let me rest here for a little while where I have so longed to be!' Then I had ruthlessly put her aside.

"I was true to my wife in soul and thought, I swear, I had vowed to be before the altar; but what man could see such passionate love as this lavished upon him without some feeling of pity arising within his heart!

"I spoke a few soothing words to her, saying what folly it was to thus destroy her own honor and tarnish her wedded name by an affection which could never meet with a return.

"Gradually she grew calmer. A look of shame passed across her face, and she said, 'Bertram, I should not thus have betrayed myself to you, had I not known that I am dying. Keep my secret for a short time, I pray you. In mercy to my womanhood, speak not of my folly to your wife till I am dead. She has your love—she has all! I have nothing but my shame; don't reveal that until I am gone beyond reproach. It will only be a few weeks at farthest; then you shall be free to tell her my story.'

"I solemnly gave her the promise she asked. I thought no one had witnessed our meeting, and I saw by her face that death would soon cancel the pledge. But when on reaching home I met my wife's eyes, I knew with certainty that she had seen us just at the fatal moment when Constance, half-maddened, had cast herself into my arms. Could she but have heard the words which passed, the true meeting of that strange scene would have been apparent; but hearing nothing, my guilt seemed self-evident. I felt this was so, yet no excuse could I utter; the promise given to Constance sealed my lips. In that very hour, with a few bitter words, my wife left me."

Bertram's voice sinks almost to a whisper, but he struggles to add, 'Promise me . . . to . . . seek . . . out Lenore . . . and . . . tell . . . her;" then, solemnly, "I think this . . . is . . . death!"

An awful silence—a faint sigh, and forgetful of all, save that my husband—my darling—is passing away from me, I am on my knees, with that dear head upheld upon my bosom.

Doctor Taylor utters no word of reproach. Every moment is precious, as with strong restoratives, he labors to bring back the soul almost trembling for its flight upon the parted lips. Some minutes of terrible suspense, then my Bertram opens his dark eyes calmly upon my agonized face.

Joy seldom kills; it does no harm to him.

"Lenore, you have heard!" he questions.

"All! Oh, my husband! forgive me!" I cry.

In one glance, eye to eye, our hearts meet again, never more to be divided, and our wedded hands are reclasped forever.

* * * * *

Many years have passed since then, and as I sit here finishing this history of the most trying period of my life, Bertram is just returning from a drive with our two boys, and as I see them coming up the same gravel walk on which I met Dr. Taylor on that eventful night, my heart is uplifted to God in praise and thanksgiving for the gracious manner in which He providentially brought about this precious and lasting re-union.—*Ex.*

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J. B. BANKS, Quaker Bridge.
J. M. WHITE, Gen'l Manager.
Kinston, N. C.

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Thursdays—
Leave Lake Landing for New Berne at 12 o'clock, m., stopping at Bayboro, Stonewall, Vandemere and Adams Creek, arriving at New Berne, Friday, 2 p. m.

Fridays—
Leave New Berne at 5 o'clock, p. m., for Lake Landing, stopping at Adams Creek, Vandemere, Stonewall and Bayboro, arriving at Lake Landing, Saturday, 10 o'clock, a. m.

Mondays—
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