FROM NORTH CAROLINA

(Continued from front page)

mountains, which are all around. They come in an endless stream, bringing tobacco, potatoes, cabbage, onions, apples, lumber and other products from the valleys and hills of the old North Carolina and from old Virginia which is not for off, an immense amount of tobacco is shipped from here in hogsheads and the number of car loads of the mountain products is immense also. A great many train loads of tan bark is also shipped from here. But the main item of shipment is granite. I think there is every morning a long train load of either finished stuff in the shape of monuments, trimmings for fine houses or rough stones for bridges or paving sent off. They are now finishing and shipping a fine monument for our state in the Vicksburg park. The quarry is almost one mile from where I stopped and every morning I was waked up by the explosions of dynamite bursting the solid stone to be worked in artistic shapes. I was surprised to see the granite split as straight and as true as a good board tree. The drilling, splitting, and in fact most of the work is done by machinery driven by compressed air. The rail road is down in the valley. The stone on the sides and top of the hills and is hoisted and carried to the cars easier than four men can load a wagon with bags of cotton.

I have just received a wire message from Chicago announcing the shocking accident to my little grand son. A bright handsome little fellow five years old who was playing in a room on the eight floor of the hotel with a younger brother, and while leaning against the wire screen in the window I suppose the screen gave way and the little fellow fell to the stone pavement and never breathed after striking the stone. Oh how sad, how sad. I and my two daughters will start immediately to meet the afflicted father and mother in Memphis and mingle our tears with theirs. Goodbye. D.

The Wooing of Wilhelmina.

By Cecily Allen.

Of Wilhelmina's taste in dinner giving and the quality of her hospitality there could be no question. The first was above reproach; the second, like that of mercy, was not strained.

Of Wilhelmina's ability as an artist, however, there was very grave question indeed. Those who had no desire to defer to her dinners were very apt to pronounce her pictures daubs, which will explain why Dobson drew Remington aside and reviewed the situation. Dobson was taking Donald Remington, who had just returned from a year in England, to enjoy one of Wilhelmina's Sunday night dinners.

"You see, she hasn't had a fair chance yet, but she's awfully ambitious, and we all have hopes."

Remington nodded understandingly. He knew the type of artist, though the rosy colors in which Dobson had painted the dinner prospective had rather confused him.

"They lived on a farm—her folks had all kinds of money, blooded stock and all that—and they sent her to boarding

"I WANT TO BE YOUR TEACHER," HE SAID GENTLY.

school. You know how those finishing schools kill one's style."

"From finishing school to studio, eh?"

"Not much. You musn't make any mistake. She isn't exactly a spring chicken. She'll never see thirty again. But we call her Wilhelmina because she likes it—makes her feel as if she was one of us."

"So does art defer to appetite," murmured Remington as he lighted a fresh cigarette.

"Well, you wait. She went back home from school and took care of both the old folks till they died, three weeks apart. Then she sold out everything in Indiana and set up her studio here in New York. She's brought along a lot of the family heirlooms, mahogany, hand woven stuff and all that, and it's the greatest spot ever"—

"How about her pictures?" interrupted Remington good humoredly.

"Well, say, you want to be careful about those. She took the correspondence course in art after she went home, and you know what that means. She's an impressionist, and"—

"Never mind harrowing details. I am prepared for the worst."

Three minutes later he was standing, stricken dumb, in a most gracious presence. As he looked into her clear gray eyes, well set beneath a broad white forehead, he remembered having seen just one such face in his busy life. It was the face of an Englishwoman of title, whose peculiar gifts as a mother had made her greatly beloved of men.

"Did any one ever tell you how much you resemble the Countess of W.?" he demanded suddenly.

Wilhelmina flushed faintly and shook her head.

"You are so English that you don't seem to belong here at all!"

"Oh, but I do belong here, and I'm every inch American. I have a latchkey of my very own—and no English girl has that."

All during dinner Remington watched his hostess curiously. She seemed so utterly out of place among her guests, harmless, irresponsible chaps, hanging on the ragged edge of art's prosperity, ungroomed girls with enormous mops of hair and yellowed fingers which spoke of the cigarette habit.

"Looks like a Madonna among a bunch of dime museum freaks. It's a shame to spoil a good house mother to make a poor artist. Gad, what taste she had in hangings and fittings!"

For Remington was an architect and a good one. He could size up the refinement and true artistic instinct as stamped on a home, irrespective of cost or pretense, and he knew that so far as homemaking was concerned Wilhelmina Stevens was an artist.

Perhaps that was why, when he caught his first glimpse of her canvases, he almost groaned aloud.

"Those birches are wonderfully true," he heard Dobson explain, and he knew that the boy had picked out the one best point in what he felt was a landscape gone on a Saturday night's spree.

The pathos of her pose was to him fairly fascinating. Often after that he came to the studio, and always his heart sank within him as he realized how absorbed and determined was this lovable, young-old woman. She reminded him of a family friend who would sit enraptured at grand opera or concert and yet who could never strike a single true note or carry a tune and who wept because singing her babies to sleep was a boon denied.

Remington dropped in to see Wilhelmina oftenest when he was sure of finding her alone. He avoided her dinners and teas and chafing dish suppers. He found Wilhelmina's society a real inspiration in his work, for Remington had a mission. He wished to transplant to the suburbs of New York the love of old English architecture which he had absorbed during his year in the English provinces. And Wilhelmina not only appreciated English architecture, but she seemed instinctively to grasp its fundamental principles.

Remington had not dared to tell her how much he had depended upon her working out his plans for the cottage contest in the "ladies' round the year guest." That was why, with triumph lightening his heels and brightening his eyes, he rushed into her studio one stormy March day, the letter of supreme importance held aloft. And Wilhelmina sprang up abruptly from the mass of pillows on her divan and tried bravely but ineffectually to hide her tears.

Remington stopped, joy freezing on his lips at sight of her obvious grief.

"Wilhelmina, what has happened? Tell me at once."

"Daniels sent me home—told me to pack up my brushes and go away. His class was not for such as I."

The wretched truth was out. Daniels, whose special course at the academy was for the chosen few, the few with money to pay, had turned her out, money or no money. Like many a genius, he declined to teach those who gave no promise.

And Remington realized bitterly that the blow had been doubly hard because of the false hopes raised in this woman's heart by those who had feasted at her board.

Like a flash from the skies came his inspiration.

"I am sorry if you are disappointed, dear girl," he said, drawing her gently down on the divan and gripping her hand firmly in his, "but it gives me the courage to tell you what I wanted to say for a long time. Will you drop still life and the figure, oils and studio life—and dig hard into architecture and interior decoration? That's your gift. I've known it ever since the first night I stepped into this room and studied your hangings. And she who helps to build a home is as great as she who paints pictures for its walls. Will you?"

"Do you think I could really?"

His words had been balm to her aching ears. She raised those wonderful gray eyes to his brown ones, and her lips curved into a smile pathetically brave and womanly. And again Remington did the thing he had not anticipated. He bent over deliberately and kissed the lovely lips.

"I want to be your teacher," he said gently. "Not for a few weeks or months, but always. Why, you know we've done those cottage drawings together and won! Here's the letter. We'll build one of these very houses on the site I was showing you last week. In the attic we'll have our studio. Think of the houses we can plan there, with the whole of New York harbor to inspire us! And some day when Daniels wants us to design a house for him we'll laugh and turn him down."

"Donald Remington," she said, sternly suppressing the dancing light in her eyes, "do you call this a proposal of partnership or matrimony?"

"Look me in the eye and ask that question again," he said.

Her glance fell before his.

"I am thirty-four tomorrow," she murmured faintly.

"You are the loveliest woman in the world and the only one for me. I knew that the first time I saw you. Besides, I am of age myself. Will you marry me tomorrow?"

"I will not!" gasped the astonished Wilhelmina.

"Why not?" argued Remington.

"Because I give a dinner tomorrow night to a crowd—and there is no time to call it off. It was to celebrate the coming of Daniels."

Just for an instant the shadow of regret fell upon her lovely face, and Remington, seeing it, took her in his arms.

"Bless the old bear! If he'd pronounced you a genius where would I have been?"

His Position.

"What is your name?" asked the justice.

"Leggitt Fergrubb, your honor," answered the prisoner, a red nosed specimen of the genus hobo.

"You are charged with vagrancy, having no visible means of support and being a common nuisance in the neighborhood. What have you got to say for yourself?"

"I hain't got no visible means of support, your honor, but that ain't my fault. I'm out of work."

"Have you tried to get work?"

"I couldn't begin to tell you, your honor, how hard I've tried."

"I suppose not. How long is it since you have had any occupation?"

"'Bout a year, or it may be two years."

"What was your last job?"

"I had a position in a barber shop."

"A position? What kind?"

"Juxtaposition, your honor. I was next."

"Six months in the workhouse!" roared the police justice. "Call the next case!"—Chicago Tribune.

The Retort Worthy.

Major Throckmorton, an innkeeper of Louisville in ante bellum days, was one of the most interesting characters that ever helped to make life worth living or history worth reading. He ejected Charles Dickens, the great English novelist, from his hotel, and he made at least one retort worthy to be handed down from generation to generation.

"Get this man's horse," said the major to his hostler (the man had insulted one of the major's guests)—"that little Arkansas pony."

"I'll let you know," shouted the man, "that I am not from Arkansas, and my horse is no Arkansas pony, either!" And then in a still louder tone he called out, "I'll let you know that I am a gentleman!"

The major answered, "And I'll let you know that I am a gentleman!"

"And I'll let you know," yelled the big man, "that I am Colonel Wilson of Woodville, Mississippi."

"And I'll let you know," vociferated the major, "that I am Major Aris Throckmorton of the Blue Licks, Kentucky."

"And I'll let you know," screamed the big man, "that I run for the state senate in my deestrick last summer, and that I was beat four votes!"

"And I'll let you know," shrieked the major, "that I ran for the state senate in this district last summer, and that I was beat 400 votes!" — Harper's

The Scrap Book

Needed the Cork.

John Simmons had been a twenty years' abstainer, but fell from the ways of grace and worshiped the vinous god with all the fervor of a pervert. Feeling the need of recuperation, he sent his boy to an adjacent hostelry for a bottle of whisky.

"But," cried the hotel proprietor, "who's it for?"

"For my father."

"Nonsense. Your father is a total abstainer and has been, to my knowledge, for longer years than you've lived."

"Well, at all events, he sent me for it."

"What does he want it for?"

"To let you into a secret," said the boy, ashamed to tell the truth, "he's going fishing, and he wants the cork to use for a float!"

Worried.

"Why," asked the good man's wife, "are you so thoughtful? You look as if something disagreeable had happened."

"Perhaps," he replied, "I am foolish to feel as I do about it. My congregation has raised a purse for the purpose of sending me to Europe."

"And are you sorry it isn't large enough to enable you to take me with you? Don't let that cause you to feel depressed. It will be very lonely here without you, but I know you need the rest, and I shall be cheered by the thought that you will return refreshed in mind and body."

"It is very good of you to look at it in that way, my dear. I appreciate your feeling. But the gentleman who made the presentation speech said he was sorry the amount that had been raised was not larger so that I might be able to remain away longer, and somehow it seemed to be that the applause was more hearty at that point than anywhere else in the course of his remarks."