

# On The Way To The Opera...

There had been a long silence between the man and girl in the carriage. It suddenly struck him that she had scarcely spoken save in monosyllables since she accepted his offer of marriage.

He scanned her half-averted face more closely. Of course, the dim of the street was not favorable to conversation, but why was she so excessively pale? Was it merely the cold gleam of the electric lights? Again he looked at her, and hesitated; and then laid his hand gently on her arm. "Mildred!"

A childish scream of terror from the street broke in, followed by deeper voices and the vague rush of a gathering crowd. Mildred Allerton came out of her abstraction with a start.

"What was that? What has happened?" she exclaimed.

Hayden threw up the window and leaned out. The carriage had stopped. Two or three people were carrying something to the pavement, something helpless and inert, like a dead weight. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"You've run over a man," somebody said roughly.

"It wasn't my fault, sir," put in the coachman. "The little girl ran right in front of us, and he after her. We were on them before I could pull up."

Miss Allerton opened her wraps about her.

"Will you open the door?" she said to her companion.

"My dear Mildred," he protested, "I do thank all that is necessary."

"Thanks, I would rather go myself," And she laid her hand on the door.

Seeing that she was determined, he unwillingly helped her out. The crowd turned to stare at her.

"Was the little girl hurt, too?" she asked.

"No, miss, she ain't, only him. He pulled her right out from under the horses' hoofs afore they hit him. That's him over there with the doctor, see?"

Miss Allerton hesitated, then went on, Hayden following in irritated silence. A white flower fell from her dress, showing crimson as soon as it touched the pavement.

"Come away," said Hayden, stopping short in angry protest. "I refuse to countenance this folly."

She paid no attention, but advanced toward the two figures under the electric light, one lying motionless, the other kneeling beside him. As she looked down into the white upturned face, her own grew almost as pale and her clasped hands trembled. But with a quick breath she regained her self-control.

"I hope he is not badly hurt?" she said.

"He is dying!" the brusque old doctor checked himself. Women were liable to scream or faint. "That is, unless," he gave her a quick appraising look. "Do you know him?"

"Yes," she came closer. "I was in the carriage, and I saw—the blood!"—with a shudder.

"Only a little cut," hastily interposed the doctor, fearful of her breaking down. "It's his head I'm afraid of. Nothing rouses him."

"May I try?" she knelt down beside him.

"H'm! Can't do any harm, I suppose," glancing around for the ambulance that he had summoned.

She laid her hand softly on the man's forehead and looked into his wide-open, unseeing eyes. "Arick!" she pleaded. "Oh, Arick, don't you know me—Mildred?"

The doctor, watching, gave a start. "I believe he does know you," he said, pointing to a flicker of the rigid eyelids. "Speak to him again."

"Mildred!" Hayden came hurrying up, too impatient to wait longer. At the sight of the prostrate figure a look of hatred flashed from his eyes.

"Mildred," he said again, imperatively, "this is no place for you."

"Leave her alone," sharply interrupted the doctor. "The man's in a death stupor. If she can rouse him, let her."

Hayden scowled, but said no more. The doctor turned his back and bent over his patient again.

Those few seconds had wrought a wonderful change. The strained eyes had grown soft as they gazed up at the girl's face hovering above him like a vision out of a cloud of light! The time was not long past when that face had meant heaven upon earth to him. Then it had become a torment, the very thought of which was agony. Now again it symbolized love and hope and happiness—all the sweet possibilities of life. And now—he was dying.

The bitterness of it pierced even through his dull apathy. His lips moved. "Dying!" They could just guess at his meaning. Then his eyes closed.

"Young lady, excuse my bluntness," said the old doctor, "but if you have once been lovers, let him fancy it is so still. Speak to him! Rouse him! It's his own chance."

She leaned over him again, her hands clasping his elbow.

"You are not dying," she cried, "you will live, Arick, for my sake; remember!"

His eyes unclosed again and a quiver almost like the ghost of a smile passed over his lips.

"There's the ambulance!" The doctor sprang up with a sharp breath of relief. Simultaneously appeared a belated policeman who bustled himself with ordering back the crowd. The doctor turned to Mildred Allerton. In spite of his familiarity with such crises, he had been touched by this glimpse of romance. Perhaps, too, her girlish grace and beauty had its effect.

"I believe he has a chance," he said hurriedly, "thanks to you. If"—he hesitated, "If I can be of any use, here is my card."

There was another rattle of wheels, a shout from the policeman, and they were gone.

Hayden stepped forward. He did not intend to make a scene in public, but only his hand lines of his mouth betrayed his inward anger. "Miss Allerton," he said, "excuse me, but you will be chilled in that thin wrap. Let me take you to the carriage."

She turned and went back with him through the staring crowd. Neither spoke till the carriage was reached.

"We shall be late for the opera," he said coldly, as he helped her in.

"I am not going to the opera," she answered.

"Not going to the opera?" He spoke as if to an unreasonable child. "Shall we drive home, then?"

"I am going to the hospital. I will not trouble you to go," she said, icily.

"To the hospital?" His face grew white. "Surely you will not compromise yourself so?"—A sudden passion broke through his hard self-restraint. He leaned close to her. "Mildred, will you forget tonight's folly. When you are my wife?"

"I shall never be," she interrupted, snatching away the hand he had taken.

"You knew I loved him, but you came between us, you slandered me and turned my mother against me—No, I shall never be your wife, whether he lives or dies!"—A quick sob caught her breath, but she fought it down and went on as if more to herself than to him. "The doctor said there was a chance—he said he would help me. I am going to him now." She lifted up her head and looked Hayden full in the face with returning composure.

"Will you give the order, or shall I?" Hayden stood with the door in his hand, hastily considering the situation. He had been so sure of this girl. Only tonight—not half an hour ago—she had promised to marry him, and now!

He set his teeth at the thought, but he would not allow his angry disappointment to lead him to make a false step. He loved her with selfish intensity and he had not the slightest intention of relaxing the hold he had gained through her mother's worldliness and his own machinations, but he saw that in her present mood persistence would be worse than useless.

"Under the circumstances, let it be as you wish," he forced himself to say. "Tomorrow we will see."

She made no reply. He bowed and walked away, controlling his inward rage with new plans for the future.

The coachman gathered up his reins, and the horses dashed forward. The few curious loiterers still remaining turned to watch the carriage out of sight and the hurried away. Nothing was left of the brief drama which had changed the course of three lives but a crushed white flower with blood-stained edges glistening under the electric light.

At the opera that night two seats were conspicuously vacant in the brilliant throng. As the applause rang loudest over the diva's great aria, a young girl stood by the door of a dimly lighted hospital ward, looking up with happy eyes into the face that smiled back at her.

"We've won!" nodded the doctor with an exultant grasp of the hand. "He'll pull through now, never fear!"

## IN A HUMOROUS VEIN.

"Sir," said the indignant citizen in the gas company's office, "this bill of mine is an infernal outrage! I haven't used that much gas in six months!"

"Oh!" exclaimed the obsequious cashier, "it must be our mistake, my dear sir. Pardon us and just deduct 75 per cent from your bill."

Mrs. Slanagay: "Surely, John, you haven't brought anyone home to dinner?"

Mr. Slanagay: "Sure, I have. Haven't you got any grub for 'em?"

Mrs. Slanagay: "Of course not. You told me you'd bring home a couple of lobsters for dinner."

Mr. Slanagay: "Well, that's them in the parlor."

Long-Say, Short, I'd like to have that \$10 you borrowed of me three months ago."

Short—Sorry, old man, but I can't give it to you at the present writing.

Long—But you said you wanted it for a little while only.

Short—Well, I gave it to you straight. I didn't keep it half an hour.

A young woman of twenty-eight upon returning home after a long absence was greeted by her old nanny with, "An' so, Miss Caroline, yer ain't married yet?"

"No, nanny, and I've about given up all hope."

"Well, honey, it's powerful comfortin' when ye cease to struggle, but it will be mighty disappointin' to yer maw."

"Now, here is a showcase," said the dealer, pointing to a peculiar looking specimen of his wares, "that is bound to become popular. It magnifies everything put in it to double its natural size."

"Can't use it in my business," replied the prospective customer. "What I want is a case that will seemingly reduce the actual size of its contents one-half."

"What is your line?" asked the dealer.

"Ladies shoes."

An Englishman went into a restaurant in a New England town and was served for his first course with a delicacy unknown to him, so he asked the waiter what it was, and the waiter replied:

"It's bean soup, sir," whereupon the Englishman, in high indignation responded:

"I don't care what it's been; I want to know what it is!"

"There is only one place where an American is content to have another above him," remarked Bellingham to Gildersleeve.

"And where is that, I'd like to know?"

"In the upper berth of a sleeping car."

An exchange tells of the pitiful case of two young men, one of whom "has married a girl who can cook, and thinks she can play the piano," while

the other "has married a girl who can play the piano, and thinks she can cook!"

Senator Hoar received word that a friend who was supposed to have appendicitis was really suffering from acute indigestion. The New York Tribune says the Senator from Massachusetts made this reply: "That is good news. I rejoice that the trouble lies in the table of contents rather than in the appendix."

"It's quite cool for June," remarked the Observant Boarder.

"Yes," added the Cross-Eyed Boarder; "in the effort to get June days to the requisite degree of June-ness, the weather man is almost certain to hand out a few that are underdone."

"Pennsylvania avenue at one time had three trees down the center, I believe," was the remark I made to a Georgetown man I met in a trolley car.

"Yes," was the gentleman's reply, "and now you can find presidential timber on nearly every street in Washington."

Senator Kittridge of South Dakota saw two street urchins quarreling in Washington and said to them, "Come now, boys, try to get along without fighting." "We ain't fighting," said one of the urchins, "we're only playing Senators." Mr. Kittridge walked away muttering, "Confound Ben Tillman—and McLaughlin, too."

Congressman Cowherd, of Missouri, relates that he was making a campaign speech last fall when he was annoyed by the frequent interruptions of a countryman who seemed bent on making trouble. "My friend," said the speaker, determining to squelch the disturber, "haven't you heard the story of how a braying ass put to flight the entire Syrian army?" "Don't you be afraid of this audience," shouted back the object of this pointed rebuke, "there ain't no danger of it stampeding. You've done tested it!"

Miles: "Isn't it queer that a man's ears are placed in such a way that he can hear only the sounds in front of him?"

Giles: "Nothing queer about it at all. A merciful Providence never intended that a man should hear what is said behind his back."

THE WEALTH OF SOUTH AFRICA.—It is thought that the restoration of peace in South Africa and the opening up of the greatest gold-producing mines in the world will be followed by a great revival of commercial matters on the Rand Continent. The U. S. Treasury Department has issued a monograph on African commerce, which is stated to amount to \$700,000,000 annually, of which \$129,000,000 represents imports. The great number of peoples and tribes in Africa which keep no records must make this total larger. Three-fourths of the imports to Africa are through the ports at the extreme north and south of the Continent, the Southern being supplied by caravans from the north-east ports, while at the south the imports are largely for the mining country and paid for in gold and diamonds. These regions use machinery, mining tools, dynamite, powder, flour, meat, clocks and trinkets. The trade is mainly with England, as her colonies lie in that section. The diamond mines at Kimberley, 600 miles from Cape Town, furnish 98 per cent. of the diamonds in commerce, and have in the past thirty years furnished \$350,000,000 worth of rough diamonds, worth double that sum after cutting. This output could have been increased but for the agreement of the owners to limit it to the consumption of the world. The gold product of the Rand since 1884 has been over \$200,000,000 and experts say that the gold "in sight" there probably amounts to \$3,500,000,000, and there are other mines in Rhodesia which are also very promising. So it seems probable that South Africa will continue for a long time to be the greatest gold-producing section of the world. All of which goes to explain the reason for the war. Had the Boers settled a country without gold they might have kept their cattle and independence unmolested. But they were too weak to keep the gold that England wants and has never hesitated to sacrifice human life to obtain.—Practical Farmer.

HE WAS NO SPEAKER.—Wm. Alden Smith, of Michigan, illustrating the value of honesty in politics, told a story the other day of an old governor of Michigan, who became a candidate on condition that he should not be asked to make speeches. An occasion arose, however, when the regular orators were absent from a meeting, and the crowd insisted on hearing from the candidate himself. He walked to the front and bravely announced that he was no speaker, with considerable repetition, and after a little halting proceeded to talk for three quarters of an hour. When the meeting was over the candidate had quite come to the conclusion that he was a speaker after all, and especially did he feel so when an old farmer came up to him to say that, although a life-long Democrat, he had decided as a result of what he had heard, to vote this time for the Republican candidate. Before the latter, in his bluster, could stammer out a response, the farmer continued: "What we want as governor is honest men. You are one. You said you were no speaker. You told the truth. I shall vote for you."

Elmington, the beautiful Virginia estate of Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., is at its best just now. King Powhatan lived near there, and, according to tradition, it was there that Pocahontas saved the life of Capt. John Smith.

THE CORPSE RANG FOR ICE WATER.—A correspondent of the Charlotte Observer tells this story of a negro named Butler, whom he describes as the unique bell-boy of the Central Hotel in that city:

It was in the days of the late Eugene Dawson that Butler fared worst. Mr. Dawson had a way of making life miserable for hotel negroes and Butler was one of his pets. One night a decade or more ago a corpse was left at the Central over night. It came from South Carolina and was deposited in room 70, where it remained, all alone, behind locked doors. Butler was night bell-boy as he is now. Mr. Dawson had a room in the neighborhood of the dead body. He phoned a key to the room and about 2 o'clock in the morning when all was still and at peace about the town and hotel Mr. Dawson slipped into the room of the corpse and rang the bell twice—for ice water. Butler left his easy chair in the back part of the office and walked to the board to see what room wanted ice water. When his eyes dropped on "70" his courage left him and his limbs quaked. His eyes spread and his mouth dropped open. He was paralyzed from head to foot but when he saw the shadow of a gown on the wall at the head of the stairs and heard a feeble voice say: "Ain't yo goin' to fetch no water to seventy?" all his strength came back and carried him out the front door—half the door going with him—and to his home in Brooklyn. It was a week before he could be persuaded to return to the hotel. He argued that would starve before he would work where dead men rang for ice water.

In an address delivered in Atlanta a few days ago Mr. R. H. Edmunds, editor of the Manufacturers' Record, made a strong plea for manual and technical education for Southern boys, and in the interest of the South itself. He declared that unless the South develops its now limited facilities for the many white boys who would gladly avail themselves of the opportunity, "the great natural advantages will no more enable them to win in competition with the technical experts of other sections that would a naturally strong position enable an army equipped with the old muzzle-loader guns to withstand an assault from one holding a positive naturally weaker, but equipped with the repeating rifle and the breech-loading cannon."

Twenty-five thousand American farmers have migrated to Manitoba this spring, and the Canadians are getting a little uneasy lest these pioneers may sometime start a movement for the annexation of the province to the United States. The homestead law has resulted in the taking up of all the available arable land in the United States and Manitoba is the "last chance." It is a great cattle country as well as a good place for raising spring wheat. It will soon be settled up at the rate people are rushing in there this year. Most of the immigrants are from the prairie States.

## Dark Hair

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a great many years, and although I am past eighty years of age, yet I have not a gray hair in my head."

Geo. Yellott, Towson, Md.

We mean all that rich, dark color your hair used to have. If it's gray now, no matter; for Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color to gray hair. Sometimes it makes the hair grow very heavy and long; and it stops falling of the hair, too.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

That Gold Spoon.

There are some men who seem to be favorites of fortune. They are industrious, cheerful workers, full to overflowing of the energy of splendid health, and success seems fairly to drop into their hands. It is of such as these that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best remedy.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription gives the mother health to give her child. It cures nervousness, makes the body comfortable and the mind content. It gives physical vigor and muscular elasticity so that the baby's advent is practically painless.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription writes Mrs. E. E. Roberts of Medicine Lodge, Kan.: "I was expecting to become a mother and suffered terribly with pains in the back of head, in fact I fainted over. I was threatened with awful bleeding down pains; I was threatened with weeks with mishap. A lady friend told me to use Dr. Pierce's medicine. I took them and felt like a new woman. I began to feel better before my baby came and took four weeks' suffering almost dead with my other two children, but hardly realized that I was sick when this baby was born and she weighed twelve and one-quarter pounds. She is now eleven months old and has never known an hour's sickness; at present she weighs thirty-three pounds. I owe it all to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

"Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, and sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the most desirable laxative for delicate women.

PICKENS RAILROAD

J. E. Boggs, President.

TIME TABLE, No. 2.

Superior Time Table No. 1. Effective 12:01 A. M., Feb. 1st, 1901.

Read Down. STATIONS. Read Up.

No. 10. Mixed. No. 9. Mixed.

10:40 a.m. Lv. Pickens Arr. 2:55 p.m.

10:45 a.m. "Fergusons" 2:45 p.m.

10:55 a.m. "Parsons" 2:30 p.m.

11:05 a.m. "Arlins" 2:25 p.m.

11:15 a.m. "Ar Easley" 2:15 p.m.

No. 12. Mixed. No. 11. Mixed.

4:00 p.m. Lv. Pickens Arr. 6:10 p.m.

4:05 p.m. "Fergusons" 6:00 p.m.

4:15 p.m. "Parsons" 6:15 p.m.

4:25 p.m. "Arlins" 6:10 p.m.

4:35 p.m. "Mauldin's" 6:05 p.m.

4:40 p.m. "Ar Easley" 6:00 p.m.

"Play Stations. All trains daily except Sunday.

No. 10 Connects with Southern Railway No. 33.

No. 12 Connects with Southern Railway No. 11.

No. 11 Connects with Southern Railway No. 34.

For any information apply to J. T. TAYLOR, General Manager.

An observing farmer says: "There are some curious things about corn, and one of them is, where do the red and speckled ears come from when you do not plant any but white corn?"

And another is, why can't we find an ear with an odd number of rows on it? You can find a four-leaf clover, but you never saw an odd row on an ear of corn yet. It is always fourteen, sixteen, twenty or some other even number, and we would like to know about its mathematics and what objection nature has in these instances to odd numbers."

For the first time since women were admitted to Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., in 1872, the girls who are members of the graduating class will not sit on class day with the young men. The men have voted to do away entirely with the platform and return to the old custom of sitting on the ground, cross-legged, Indian fashion. They will build the amphitheatre for the guests around the enclosure where they sit. The men have invited the young women to sit with the other guests, as, of course, they could not be expected to sit on the ground.

The consumption of meat all over the universe is increasing. It is now estimated that in one year the total amount of meat consumed over the entire world (not including missionaries and adventurers) amounts to 8,420,000 tons, or sixteen billion, eight hundred and forty million pounds. This includes the three classes of human meat food—beef, mutton and pork.

Diversified farming is the most profitable system of managing a farm in the corn and wheat growing States. The fertility of the soil can in this way be maintained and even increased under continuous cultivation by rotation of crops and careful saving and applications of manures.

Southern Railway.

Greatest Southern System.

SCHEDULE OF TRAINS AT GREENVILLE, S. C. (In effect May 23rd, 1902)

Trains leave Greenville, A. & C. Depot:

1:25 a.m. No. 25 (daily) United States East Mail. For Atlanta, Birmingham, Memphis, Montgomery, New Orleans, Chattanooga, Macon, etc. Through Pullman sleepers for Atlanta, Birmingham, Montgomery, Mobile, and New Orleans, connecting at Atlanta with through Pullman sleepers for Chicago, Chattanooga, Cincinnati, and Kansas City.

5:15 a.m. No. 30 (daily) United States East Mail. For Charlotte, Richmond, Washington, New York, and the East. Through Pullman sleepers for Richmond, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York. Dining cars.

7:00 a.m. No. 48 (except Sunday), mixed local train for Hodges, arriving Hodges 2:10 p.m.

9:10 a.m. No. 12 (daily), for Columbia, Charleston, and intermediate points.

11:10 a.m. No. 20 (daily), Atlanta and New York Express, for Atlanta, Macon, Birmingham, etc. Close connections for Atlanta for all points South and West. Pullman sleeper for Atlanta. Also, each Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday through Pullman Tourist car to New Orleans, connecting at New Orleans via Atlanta, Montgomery and New Orleans.

12:30 p.m. No. 37 (daily) Washington & Savannah Limited. Solid Pullman train of finest equipment. Connections at Atlanta for all points. Through sleepers for Macon, Montgomery, Mobile, New Orleans, Birmingham, Memphis. Dining cars.

2:35 p.m. No. 12 (daily), Local Express for Charleston, Columbia, Charleston, Danville, and intermediate points.

4:30 p.m. No. 11 (daily), Local Express for Atlanta, with close connections at Atlanta for all points South and West; Chattanooga, etc.

5:20 p.m. No. 38 (daily), Washington & Savannah Limited. Solid Pullman train to Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. Through Pullman sleepers to New York via Danville, Lynchburg, Washington, etc. Dining cars.

7:10 p.m. No. 40 (daily), Atlanta and New York Express, for Charlotte, Danville, Norfolk, Richmond, Washington and the East. Through Pullman sleepers, Greenville to Washington.

6:20 p.m. No. 16 (daily), The Exposition Flyer, for Columbia, Charleston, etc. Through Pullman sleeping cars. Greenville to Charleston.

TRAINS ARRIVE GREENVILLE (A. & C. Depot):

From New York, Washington, Richmond, Danville, Charlotte, Spartanburg, etc. No. 36, fast mail, daily, 12:01 a.m.; No. 36, express, daily, 11:05 a.m.; No. 37, limited, daily, 12:25 p.m.; No. 11, local, daily, 4:25 p.m.; From Atlanta and points South and West, No. 38, fast mail, daily, 5:35 a.m.; No. 11, local, daily, 2:40 p.m.; No. 38, limited, daily, 5:15 p.m.; No. 40, express, daily, 5:50 p.m.

From Charleston, Columbia, etc. No. 16, Exposition Flyer, daily, 11:20 a.m.; No. 11, local, daily, 4:25 p.m.

From Hodges, S. C., mixed, except Sunday, 3:00 p.m.

Through sleeper to Charleston. Summer tourist tickets on sale after June 1st to all tourist points at reduced rates.

For further information apply to J. D. Moffie, Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 S. Main St., Greenville, S. C.; Frank S. Gannon, 3rd V. & G. M., Washington, D. C.; H. Hardwick, G. P. A., local, daily, 4:25 p.m.; Robt. W. Hunt, Div. Pass Agt., Charleston, C. W. Hayloe, A. O. P. A., Atlanta, Ga.

Dropsy

Cured in thirty to sixty days. Ten days treatment FREE. Would glad to have names of all suffering with Dropsy.

O. E. COLLUM DROPSY MEDICINE CO., 312-18 Lowndes Building, Atlanta, Ga.

# CASTORIA