#### Ever to the Right.

Ever to the right, boys, Ever to the right!
Give a ready hand and true
To the work you have to do
Ever to the right.

Ever to the right, boys, Ever to the right! Never let your teachers say, Why my wishes disobey to the right.

Ever to the right, boys, Ever to the right! To every study well attent,
To every schoolmate be a friend Ever to the right.

Ever to the right, boys,
Ever to the right!
No known duty try to shun,
Be faithful, frank to every one-Ever to the right

Ever to the right!

Ever to the right!

Speak the truth, the right pursue
Be honest in all you say and do—

Ever to the right.

Ever to the right, boys, Ever to the right

Time is gold: do what you can To make your mark and be a man Ever to the right.

#### ONTE COME TREET

The death of Gov. Graham, says the Wilmington Star, took away from the State the last but one of the notable politicians of the brilliant era which, commencing with the Administration of Quincy Adams, closed with the disruption of the Union and the end of the old policies in 1860. The solitary figure of Abram W. Venable, erect though tottering Power in front and envisers. ing, Roman in front and carriage, massive—speaking eloquently of the long goneby days when there were giants in the land and mon followed them and the land was blessed—the lone figure of Ven-able, we say, remains while of the great past only the subtle flavor and reminiscence of its grandeur belongs to this rushing and thronging generation. Since the war a number of the fathers of our political Israel have departed. One by one they dropped off the bough, fruit full ripe, and now only one is left of the lofty brood of sons the old State murtured in the days of her pride and her glory. Thomas Bragg, Weldon N. Edwards, Henry T Clark—two ex-Governors and one distinguished or Characteristics. tinguished ex-Congressman-have gone forth calmly in sublime faith to meet the "great men of old," those "dead but sceptred sover-eigns who rule our spirits from

tablish the fame of the Commonwealth, laid away one by one in the stient vault. They are a part of us, and their absence from our deliberations is sadly noted. But thank God, they go not out of our memory and our cratifula. Death memory and our gratitude. Death may claim their mortal bodies,

A Death-Red Sermon.

New York secular gives the following incident as a warning to the multitudes of poor rich men whom we meet continually:

A gentleman died last week at his residence in one of our up-town fashionable streets, leaving \$11,000,000. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church, in band and father, and a thriving citizen. On his death-bed, lin-gering long, he suffered with agony of mind and gave coned in a lifetime. It is a life devoted to money getting I regret. It is this which weighs me down and makes me despair of the life hereafter? His elergyman en-deavored to soothe him, but he turned his face to the wall. 'You turned his face to the wall. 'You have never reproved my avaricious spirit,' he said to the minister. 'You have called it a wise economy and forethought, but my riches have only been a snare for my soul! I would give all I possess to have hope for my poor soul! -In this state of mind, re-fusing to be consoled, this poor rich man bewailed a life devoted to the mere acquisition of riches. Many came away from his bed side impressed with the useless ness of such an existence as the wealthy man had spent, adding house to house and dollar to dolhouse to house and dollar to dollar, until he became a millionaire. All knew him to be a progressing Christian and a good man, as the world goes, but the terror and remorse of his death bed administered a lesson not to be lightly dismissed from memory. He would have given all his wealth for a single hope of heven.

# A Mother's Prayer

My mother's life had been a long catalogue of troubles, but God was ever near to comfor and to strengthen her. I was her only son, she loved me as a mother only can. Although I was but seven years old when she died, I can distinctly remember to the state of the ber her taking me into her reome and weeping a prayer to God that I might be saved. When we rose off our knees, she told me that God was soon going to take her home and she was afraid. the ability of this generation to perpetuate the glories of the last, but a feeling of inexpressible sadness overcomes the thoughful citizen as he sees the venerable statesmen who have helped to as the feeling of inexpressible sadness overcomes the thoughful citizen as he sees the venerable statesmen who have helped to as the feeling of inexpressible sadness overcomes the thoughful citizen as he sees the venerable statesmen who have helped to as the feeling of this seed me, and I heard hor say as the teams rolled down he checks, "God bless him!" Then she kissed me, and I heard hor say as the teams rolled down he checks, "God bless him!" Then she kissed me, and I heard hor say as the teams rolled down he checks, "God bless him! Then she kissed me, and I heard hor say as the teams rolled down he checks, "God bless him! Then she kissed me, and I heard hor say as the teams rolled down he checks, "God bless him! God bless him! God bless him!" The next week stored as the teams rolled down he checks, "God bless him! God bless him!" The next week stored as the teams rolled down he checks, "God bless him!" The next week stored as the teams rolled down he checks, "God bless him!" The next week stored as the teams rolled down he checks, "God bless him!" The next week stored as the teams rolled down he checks, "God bless him!" The next week stored as the teams rolled down he checks, "God bless him!" The next week stored as the teams rolled down he checks, "God bless him!" The next week stored as the teams rolled down he checks, "God bless him!" The next week stored as the teams rolled down he checks, "God bless him!" The next week stored as the teams rolled down he checks, "God bless him!" The next week stored as the teams rolled down he checks, "God bless him!" The next week stored as the teams rolled down he checks, "God bless him!" The next week stored as the teams rolled down he checks, "God bless him!" The next week stored as the teams rolled down he checks, "God bless him!" The next week stored as the teams rolled do eyes were closed, and she lay silent and still. As I kissed her she opened her eyes, and looking at me, said, "Edward, do love God. When I'm dead remember my words: Love Ifim." She said no more; the eyes closed, the spirit had loft its tabernacle of clay. I cried very much for a little time; but my boyish grief soon abated, and I was as gay as ever. Years passed away, and I yes were closed, and she lay of their deeds and precious legacy of their worth abide forever. The State treasures her great men in her heart of hearts, and some day a devoted son will arise who shall recount to coming generations the proud story they wove for her out of the threads of high resolve and itamortal genius.

When a man is ready to go where duty calls, he should go home, if nothing mare serious the interest of her thanks and almost the proud story they wove for her out of the threads of high resolve and itamortal genius.

Soon abated, and I was as gay as Westington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Tyler, repose in Virginia. Two, John Adams, and John Quincy Adams, in Matsachusetts. Two, Van Buren and Fillmore, in New York; William Henry Harrison, in Ohio; Zachary Taylor, in Kentucky; Pierce, in New Hampshire; Buchanan, in Pennsylvania; and Abraham Lincolu in Illinois. In all we home, and for the first time for many years the landened dimense the present inguident sactions.

The Sunker and the Merchant

A merchant in London had a dispute with a Quaker respecting the settlement of an account. The merchant was determined to bring the question into court, a proceedor to which the Quaker objected. siring to make a last effort, the Quaker called at his house one morning, and inquired of the ser-vant if his master was at home.— The merchant heaving the in-quiry and knowing the voice, alled aloud from the top of the stairs, "Tell that rascal that I am not at home." The Quaker, look-

and he in the wrong. He requested to see him, and after acknowledging his error, he said: I "have one questiod to ask you how are you able, with such patience, on various occasions, to bear my abuse ?" 'Friend,' replied the Quaker, I will tell thee: I was naturally as hot and violent as thou art: I knew that to indulge this temper was sinful, and I found that it was imprudent. observed that men in a passion always speak loud; and I thought that if I could control my voice, I should repress my passion. I have, therefore, made it a rule never to suffer my voice to rise abover a certain key; and by a careful observation of this rule, I have entirely mastered my natural temper.'

#### A Mother's Sad Affliction.

A Des Moines, Iowa, corres-pondent of the Chicago Tribune writes: A remarkable incident occurred near Viroqua a few days ago, in a family whose name my informant could not remember There were three little children the oldest being five years, two of whom went to the barn to find hens' nests. They found one and crawled to it, and one or them thrust his hand forward get the eggs, when he quickly withdrew it, saying the old hen had bitten him. The other said had bitten him. The other said howasn't afraid, and thrust his hand forward, when he, too, was bitten. Both then screamed, which quickly brought their mother to the spot, when it was discovered that they had been struck by a rattlessacke coiled in the rest. The mother seized the lit-tle boys in her arms and hastened to the house, where a new horror met he gaze. In her haste to secure the boys at the barn she had set down a boiler of hot water, into which the babe had fallen. In thirty minutes all her children were dead.

## Graves of the Presidents.

The remains of three ex-Presidents, says the Springfield (III.)

Journal, rest in Tennessee, Andrew Jackson, James K. Polk and Andrew Johnson. Five, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Washington, Johnson, Madison, Monroe, and Tyler, repose in Virginia. Two, John Adams, and John Quincy Adams, in Massachusetts. Two, Van Buren and Fillmore, in New York; William Took Trust the Little Ones

I call to mind two families that I call to mind two families that have grown up within my knowledge—two homes presided over by parants who were anxious to do right, and to rear their children to do right. In one of those homes the lock and key were put upon every door behind which cake, pie and swoctmeats were stored, and upon every drawer containing curiosities or trinkets. The good mother and the sterner just father meant well—They just father meant well—The meant to remove temptation from timual expressions to his remorse at what his conscience told had been an ill speut life. Oh! he exclaimed, as his weeping friends and relations gathered about his bed—Oh! if I could only be spared for a few years. I would give all the wealth I have amassed in a lifetime. It is a life devoted to were a life to the spare to the matter, became convinced that the Quaker was right were not the path of the children—but the path of the children—but what was the result! As the children came to the age of reflection they were forcibly reminded of the fact that they were not trusted. If they were not trusted by their own parents who knew them well, of course they yet and having more deliberately investigated the ward having and having and having the course they were not trusted by their own parents who knew them well, of course they yet and having more deliberately investigated to were not trusted by their own parents who knew them well, of course they were not trusted by their own parents who were not trusted by their own parents and just as naturally their wits found work in circumventing the keepers of the hidden treasure Eruit or pastry, accidentally left exposed, was sure to disappear. If the culprit was found he waspunished. By-and-by the elder of the children found false keys to fit the locks of the closet doors; and so it came to pass that systematic thieving became the order of the day.

In the other home, with the same

number of children, nothing that could possibly excite the normal desire of a child was ever locked up or hidden. From cellar to garret, all storing places of fruit, pastry and sweetmeats were open and free. One of the first impressions upon the minds of the pressions upon the minds of the children were that they were worthy of trust. And they were trusted. No false desires or appetites were created by concealing from them good and pleasant things. And so, being trusted they grew up trustworthy; and the good mother of that household would have thought of finding her child cutting its own fugers off as find it using those fugers in stealing.

gers on as that it days gers in stealing.

And who shall say how much of this early editection is carried into the after-life, for weal or woe? Far more, I wot, than is

generally considered.

A SHINING LIFE .- I would not give much for your religion, if it cannot be seen. Lamps do not talk but they shine. A lighthouse talk but they shine. A lighthouse sounds no drum, it beats no gong, and yet far over the water its friendly spark is seen by the mariner. So let your actions shine out your religion. Let the main sermon of your life be illustrated by all your conduct, and it shall not fail to be illustrated. trious.

I have heard of a poor sailor who had been little educated, but who had been converted, and knew the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, when he was dying very cheerfully and joyfully longed to depart. His wife said to him: "But man, aint ye afeared to stand before the Judge?" "Woman," said he, "why should I be afeard of such a man as died for me.

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