

EVERY YEAR.

Albert Pike, well-known in literary circles, wrote a very beautiful poem, entitled "Every Year." To this Hon. A. M. ...

THE CHRISTMAS NIGHT OF A FISHERMAN.

It was near the Eve of Christmas. Dark fantastic clouds enveloped the western horizon. Darker and darker they became as the northwestern breeze ...

A minute after another and another came over the waves. It was a call for help of a vessel in distress.

Two men stood before the door of the lighthouse. They were gazing towards a flickering light that was ascending the path, borne in the hands of a woman.

"You can't tell her that, Besides you are not sure that his boat hasn't weathered the gale. You did well to make for the shore before night, but Grayton was further out than you.

"My husband—my husband! I have seen him!" panted the woman, as she rushed passed the two men into the shelter of the arched doorway.

"He hasn't come in. I guess he's aboard the brigantine!" answered the man.

"Take my child—take my child—I must save my husband!" screamed Dora, pushing a bundle into the hands of the lighthouse keeper.

"Step! stop!" cried he, but she had already vanished from his sight.

"Poor babe, only six months old and already fatherless!" exclaimed the kind woman, unrolling the large bundle in which was wrapped a sleeping child.

when Dora received a letter from her father in which he begged her to return and leave her husband and baby. That he had money enough to pay for a thousand divorces if she wanted to free herself from the bonds of matrimony, said the lighthouse keeper, who had put on his coat and hat.

"Now," he continued, "I'm off for the the cave. Look out for the lighthouse take care of the baby!"

With these words the lighthouse keeper left the room. Let us follow him.

The sea was now in a perfect swirl, tossing its white-capped waves high into the murky air, and the puffs of the gale seemed to have increased in strength. The waves leaped madly over the rocks that lined the shore and the salt spray flew in feathery showers over a group of four men and one woman who were standing near the white line of the surf.

They all gazed seaward. Again the veil of driving clouds rent asunder, and the light of the moon revealed a brigantine rearing a fringed crest of line of rocks about a mile away from the shore.

Soon a dull crash sounding above the roar of the waters, proclaimed the doom of the vessel.

"My husband! my husband!" shrieked Dora, throwing her arms upward. A white, gleaming pack was dancing a moment upon the crest of a huge wave that came rolling towards the breakers.

It was the fisherboat of Dora's husband. By the aid of his night glass the lighthouse keeper saw that as the boat passed the stern of the vessel a man leaped overboard and was picked up by the occupant of the boat.

"Your husband has saved a man, but they never will reach the shore; there's too much undertow along the cape, and then—" shouted the keeper, but he could not finish the sentence, for at that moment a large wave thundered against the shore and threw its blinding spray over the group.

After the wave had subsided, the party saw naught of the brigantine. But between them and the reef of rocks danced the little boat of the fisherman.

"If we could get a line to them, they'll be saved. But we can't get a boat over the surf, and it would be risking one's life to swim out there," remarked a fisherman who stood near Dora.

"Give me a line, for God's sake, give me a line! I have learned to swim; he has taught me!" screamed Dora, pointing towards the little boat which was now only a few hundred yards from the shore.

It came nearer despite the visible efforts of Charles Grayton who was rowing.

"Stuff and nonsense!" shouted the fisherman taking hold of Dora, who had taken a thin but stout fishing line from the locker of one of the boats lying near the beach.

His mercy has spared our lives," said Charles, kissing her pale brow. The old man lifted his hands as if in prayer.

"Glory to God on high—Peace and good will on earth!" he said, in a solemn tone. "Yes, children, forgive what I, in my vain pride, uttered against you when both begged me to give my consent to your union. An all-wise Providence had ordained that you should become the savior of my life. That vessel, of which I am the only survivor, belonged to me. I was on my way to Cape St. Lucas, where I intended to bring the brigantine to anchor. I saw the lights of the lighthouse and I sprang towards it. He drew me in the boat. Children, this is the last day you remain in this wretched abode. I have already bought houses, and to-morrow we will be on our way to San Francisco. You shall never toll again, Charles. I care not for the loss of my brigantine; I still enjoy a princely income, and we will live henceforth together."

The bright, golden rays of the Christmas sun shone on the happy group, and the glistering mist that danced in the sunbeams seemed to rejoice at the reconciliation of father, daughter and son-in-law.

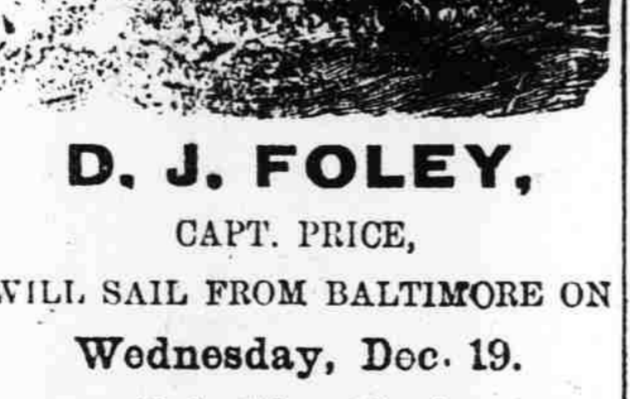
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Wilmington, N. C., Nov. 10, 1877. CHANGE OF SCHEDULE. On and after Sunday, Nov. 11, the following schedule will be run on this road:

DAY EXPRESS AND MAIL TRAIN, (daily except Sunday.) Leave Wilmington... 10 44 A M Arrive Florence... 3 17 P M

THROUGH FREIGHT TRAIN (Daily, except Sundays.) Leave Wilmington... 11 00 A M Arrive Florence... 7 00 P M

WILMINGTON & WELDON RAILROAD COMPANY. Office of Gen'l Superintendent Wilmington, N. C., Nov. 10, 1877.

On and after Sunday, Nov. 11th, 1877, Passenger trains on the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad will run as follows:

DAY MAIL AND EXPRESS TRAIN, daily. Leave Wilmington, Front St. Depot... 9 10 A M Arrive at Weldon... 3 25 P M

NIGHT MAIL AND EXPRESS TRAIN. DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY. Leave Wilmington, Front St. Depot... 7 05 P M Arrive at Weldon... 2 20 A M

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Mr. ROBERT W. SMITH, Agent, 47 University Place, New York April 5. WHOLESALE PRICES. The following quotations represent the wholesale prices generally. In making up small orders higher prices have to be charged.

BAGGING—Gunny... 13 1/2 @ 13 1/2 Double Anchor... 13 1/2 Standard Domestic... 12 1/2 BACON—North Carolina, Hams, 7 @ 13 1/2 Shoulders, 7 @ 11 1/2 Sides, 7 @ 10 1/2

Wheat, 13 @ 15 Hams, 13 @ 15 Shoulders, 7 @ 10 Dry Salted... 8 1/2 @ 8 1/2 Sides, 7 @ 8 1/2

BEESWAX—Wilkinson, 7 @ 10 00 BRICKS—Wilmington, 7 @ 10 00 BUTTER—North Carolina, 20 @ 25

Wheat, 13 @ 15 Hams, 13 @ 15 Shoulders, 7 @ 10 Dry Salted... 8 1/2 @ 8 1/2 Sides, 7 @ 8 1/2

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Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The term, however, is but a feeble expression of my high appreciation of its value based upon my own personal observation. As a close observer, I have, while witnessing the positive results in the few special diseases incident to the reproductive organs of woman, singled it out as the climax or crowning gem of my medical career.

Those who desire further information on these subjects can obtain it in "THE FAVORITE COMMON SENSE MEDICAL ADVICE," a book of over 500 pages, sent post-paid, on receipt of \$1.00. It treats minutely of the diseases peculiar to Females, and gives much valuable advice in regard to the management of those affections.

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The novelty of modern Medical, Chemical, and Pharmaceutical science. No use of any longer taking the large quantities, and unwholesome pills, composed of cheap, crude, and bulky ingredients, when we can, by a careful application of chemical science, extract all the medicinal and other medicinal properties from the most valuable roots and herbs, and concentrate them into a minute granule, scarcely larger than a mustard seed, that can be readily swallowed by those of the most sensitive stomachs and feeble natures.

Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using them. They operate without disturbance to the constitution, and, in fact, are a most valuable and reliable medicine for the relief of those who are afflicted with Biliousness, Constipation, Impure Blood, Pain in the Shoulders, Tightness of the Bowels, Dizziness, Sour Eructations from the Stomach, Bad taste in the mouth, Headache, Fever, and all the ailments of the region of the Kidneys, Internal Fever, Blotting feeling about the stomach, Rush of Blood to Head, High-colored urine, Gravel, Gout, Rheumatism, and all the ailments of the system.

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