

IT SHALL BE WELL.

If thou shalt be in heart a child,
Forgiving, tender, meek and mild,
Though with light stains of earth defiled,
Oh, soul, it shall be well.

It shall be well with thee, indeed,
Whate'er thy race, thy tongue, thy creed,
Thou shalt not lose thy fitting meed;
It shall be surely well.

Not where, nor how, nor when we know,
Nor by what stages thou shalt grow;
We may but whisper faint and low,
It shall be surely well.

It shall be well with thee, Oh soul,
Though the heavens wither like a scroll,
Though sun and moon forget to roll,
Oh, soul, it shall be well.

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.

The radiant-colored leaves of the October morning were drifting down on the walk; the distant woods were glowing like a giant kaleidoscope, and the sweet, pine-scented air was blue with the intense blueness of an American autumn, as Doctor Dulany sauntered down the village street.

"My lines have fallen in pleasant places," said he to himself. "When old Doctor Holden asked me to come here and take charge of his practice for three months while he went to Europe, I had no idea that I was stepping into an earthly paradise like this, and—"

"But at this moment, a tall, square-shouldered young man stopped, directly in front of him, holding out a welcoming hand.

"No," cried he. "Surely my senses can't be playing me false! It is Frank Dulany! And what in the name of all the heathen gods has brought you here?"

Dulany laughed.

"I knew you lived somewhere in this vicinity," said he. "I am here in charge of old Holden's practice for three months, before I go South for the rest of my life. Tell me something about Mossbridge and the Mossbridgians."

Mr. Kirke linked his arm in that of his friend, and together they walked down toward the little stone hospital on the shore of the river, where incurable diseases, gratis-patients and out-door relief were lumped together, as they often are in country towns; and as they walked they talked with the careless abandon of college friends.

"But you haven't told me anything about the ladies," said Dulany carelessly.

"I am coming to that," said Kirke. "We have a dozen pretty girls at the very least, but only one beauty. And I tell you what, Dulany, you had better beware of Gerald Granger."

"And why?" Dulany asked.

"Because," Kirke laughingly made answer, "she is a merciless beauty—a slaughterer of human hearts—in fine, a first-class coquette."

"And you think I shall become one of her victims?" said Doctor Dulany.

"Think! echoed Kirke; "I don't think at all—I'm quite sure of it!"

"But I'm only a poor young country doctor. Why should she trouble herself about me, if she is, as you say, such a peerless beauty?"

"Because," said Kirke, "she would flirt with a chimney sweep, if there was no one else on hand upon whom she might exert her powers. It's in her. She's born to rule human hearts, and trample on them afterward."

"And how have you escaped this common doom of all mankind?" asked Dulany.

"I haven't," Kirke answered, with a comical grimace. "My scalp hangs at her belt, with half a hundred others. She refused me a year ago. She don't mean to marry in Mossbridge. She has announced her determination to become the bride of some city millionaire; and I think she'll do it too; for by George, she's handsome enough to be a crown princess."

Doctor Dulany thought over all these things afterward, when he was by himself in his little office.

"I don't mean to become the prey of this rural Cleopatra," he said to himself; "and I rather think that my obscurity is my security."

"The young doctor who has taken old Holden's practice, eh?" said Miss Granger, a little disdainfully. "He is to be at Miss Mix's to night, is he? Very well—I shall soon dispose of him."

Gerald Granger was a tall, imperial beauty, with dark, long lashed eyes, a complexion like cream-and-roses, and a soft languid voice; and, as Miss Mix's social gathering that night, she looked as lovely as the young man of Circe. But, to her surprise, she saw more notices of her than he. Percy, who wore a wig and a monocle, and Miss Granger did not make of him.

"He was coolly polite—"

"and Miss Granger did not make of him."

"He was rather handsome," she an-

willingly admitted to herself.

Miss Granger put on her prettiest dresses and decorated her hair with the sweetest flowers out of her aunt's little conservatory, and really devoted herself that autumn to the business of captivating Doctor Dulany.

"The man must be made of cast iron," she said to herself. "And only an insignificant little country doctor at that! It's perfectly ridiculous!" The idea of his visiting Miss Herbert just because she has a mania for charity and poor people! And he took Lucy Villars down into the woods to botanize after autumn flowers—the hateful school-miss! And he's going to join Mrs. Gracey's Shakespeare Society. I never was a blue-stocking, and I never will be. Let him go!"

And she tossed her head, and frowned up, like a fair icicle, in his presence, and the flinty-hearted fellow never even seemed to know it.

"A charming young man," said Mrs. Gracey—"so intellectual, so perfectly well informed on every subject."

"So truly generous and good to the poor!" said Louisa Herbert.

"The most delightful companion in the world," said little Lucy Villars, who was developing into a dangerously pretty blonde. "Oh, Gerald, if you could only hear him talk about his home and his mother!"

"Pshaw!" said Gerald, so short and sharp that Lucy looked up, wondering what was the matter.

Miss Granger was somewhat pensive that evening. She had always regarded Lucy Villars as a child; but after all, she was nearly seventeen, and undeniable pretty. But what a fool Doctor Dulany would be, to fling away his rich nature and rare capacities on a thoughtless girl like Lucy, just out of boarding school!

"Aunt Susie," said she, suddenly. "I think I should like to join a sister-hood, or go into a convent, or something of that sort."

"What?" said Aunt Susie, in dismay.

"I'm tired of all these senseless balls and parties," said Gerald, bursting into tears.

"My love," said Aunt Susie, "you are not well. Your nervous system is all run down. We'll send for the doctor."

Doctor Dulany came just exactly like a "human machine," as Gerald declared in her anger, felt her pulse, asked half a dozen conventional questions, and advised early hours and a tonic.

"I can't bear that man!" said Gerald; and she burst out crying.

"The poor darling is quite hysterical," said Aunt Susie. "Never mind—good old Doctor Holden is coming back next month, and he will understand your constitution!"

And then Gerald cried more bitterly than ever, and Aunt Susie was hopelessly puzzled.

Doctor Dulany was at the hospital, next day, just at twilight, and as he came into the feverish ward a soft-gray shadow glided out at the other door-way.

"Who is that?" he asked, quickly. "Not old Kate, nor yet Alice Evans."

"It's Miss Granger, sir," said the head nurse. "Alice has the neuralgia in her face, and Miss Granger would take her place."

"She must not do it again," said Doctor Dulany, with quiet authority. "I am not quite sure of the non-contagious character of some of these cases."

"She says, sir," declared the old nurse, "that she wants to do some good in the world. But we was to be sure and not tell you, sir."

Doctor Dulany smiled.

"There are more ways of doing good in the world than one," said he. "And Miss Granger must come here no more."

He hurried through the various wards and made such good speed back along the lonely road that he overlooked the gray, gliding shadow at the entrance to the village street.

"Miss Granger," said he, "I detected your identity at once!"

"What of it?" retorted Gerald, almost fiercely. "I supposed I had a right to enter a Public Hospital so long as my uncle pays taxes for its support!"

"Possibly," said Doctor Dulany; "but it is my desire that you will not come there again."

"Is it, then, an offense even to cross your path?" indignantly cried out Gerald.

"Not in the least; but—"

"I know—I have known all along," went on the girl choking down the angry sobs in her throat, "that you hated the sight of me; but you have no right actual to tell me so! Oh, I am so wretched! I wish that I were dead."

Doctor Dulany planted himself directly across the path, so that she could neither walk over, under, nor around him.

"Miss Granger," said he, "will you be kind enough to tell me what you mean?"

"No!" flashed out the girl, "I won't!"

"But you shall!" quietly declared the doctor. "The reason that I did not want you to enter the hospital, is that I have an idea that some of those fever cases partake of the typhoid nature, and—"

"What then?" said Gerald. "What have I to live for that I should shrink from exposing myself?"

"Everything!" said the doctor.

"Nothing!" said Gerald.

"Nevertheless," said Dulany, quietly, "I forbid you running this risk."

"What is it to you?" she cried, passionately. "If I dreamed that you cared whether I lived or died—"

much, indeed. In fact, had I not been told that you were a heartless coquet—"

"It is false!" said Gerald, hurriedly.

"I might even venture to say more," he pursued, his eyes fixed intently on her face.

"Say it, then," she whispered, making no effort to withdraw the hand which he had taken.

"Well then," he returned, laughing, "I love you. Is that definite enough?"

"And I love you!" she answered, "Oh, Doctor Dulany, you must have seen that long ago! But, tell me, when did you first begin to—love me?"

"From the hour in which I first saw you," said he.

And so our village coquette was conquered, and surrendered at discretion; and to the surprise of all her friends, she has married the quiet young country doctor.

"Lay off your overcoat or you won't feel it when you go out," said the landlord of a Western inn to a guest who was sitting by the fire. "That's what I'm afraid of," returned the man. "The last time I was here I laid off my overcoat. I didn't feel it when I went out, and I haven't felt it since."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

IS IT SO?

A foreign scientific journal remarks, as a curious physiological fact, that although open-air life is so favorable to health, yet it has the apparent effect of stunting the growth in early youth. Thus, while the children of well-to-do parents, carefully housed and tended, are found to be taller for their age than the children of the poor, they are not so strong in after years; the laborer's children, for instance, who play in the lonely country roads and fields all day, whose parents lock their humble doors when leaving for work in the morning, so that their offspring shall not gain entrance and do mischief, are almost invariably shorter for their age; the children of working farmers exhibit the same peculiarity. After sixteen or eighteen—after years of hesitation, as it were—the lads shoot up, and become great, hulking broad fellows, possessed of immense strength. According to these statements, it would seem that in-door life forces the growth at the wrong period, and thus injures. Is it so?

THE SOUTHERN COUNTRY.

Mr. E. M. Pulsifer, the senior editor and proprietor of the Boston Herald, was in Cincinnati Monday on his return from an extensive tour of the South, during which he took in the Atlanta Exposition. Mr. Pulsifer is enthusiastic over the display at the exposition, and thinks a great point has been achieved in getting the New England manufacturers in direct contact with the cotton producers. He says the New England manufacturers are going South to a considerable extent, and that a great deal of Northern capital is seeking investment there. Mr. Pulsifer further says, what is evident to any intelligent observer, that Northern capital has every protection in the South, which, he says, is "enthusiastic in developing its material resources and not meddling much in politics." The special needs of the South Mr. Pulsifer sums up in a word—capital judiciously applied to the development of its natural resources. He thinks there will be no trouble in getting an abundance of skilled labor as the demand increases.—*Baltimore Sun.*

It is hard to personate and act a part long, for where truth is not at the bottom nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will peep out and betray itself one time or another.

He understands liberty aright who makes his own depend upon that of others. True liberty does not permit the entrance of one's self through the enslavement of some one else.

From Caldwell to Kansas.

Lenoir Topic.

ARMSTRONG, KANSAS.

DEAR EDITORS: We received your very interesting paper some hours since. Never in all times past have we met so welcome a messenger. It would be of some interest, perhaps, to your readers for us to say something about Kansas and our trip.

We took the train at Hickory, Sunday night, reaching Greensboro, N. C., at daylight Monday morning. We there purchased a through ticket to St. Louis, Mo., and reached Washington City about nine P. M. and had to stay there till three A. M., when we made our first turn for the "Great West." We passed through Cincinnati, Cleveland, and Toledo, and reached St. Louis at about midnight. It did not seem larger than the Catawba at that point. We passed on and reached the "Wonderful Bridge" across the Mississippi river at St. Louis. It is one and a half miles wide. It is wonderful to behold. We were stopped about midway the bridge for some purpose or other, some ten or fifteen minutes, which afforded us ample time to see the "Great River." Beneath us and as far up and down as we could see were steam boats moving—too numerous for us to count from our position. We crossed over and entered the city—St. Louis, and rested there, bought tickets to Kansas City, Mo. We had got along very well up to that, but some time after leaving, the engine switched off and struck another, smashing both up, killing one young man from Pennsylvania, supposed to have been "breaking" his way. His legs were cut off near the knees, his head terribly torn, body cut up. The engineer had his arm broken, fireman injured. We stopped at this point one hour. Another engine was ordered and we reached Kansas City, Mo., October 27th, near noon.

I regret to say one of our company, Mr. W. Henry Estes, became deranged by the way, but whether it was the use of intoxicating liquors or having his wife and child behind, I am not able to say—perhaps it was both. He would cry out and beg every body that came near him, "don't hurt me, I am not the man, I am not going to resist." There was a fiddle on board from St. Louis to Kansas City, and that seemed to make him worse, he would cry like a child whippers. We reached Mr. Madison Paett's near night, on the 27th ult. Henry ate supper, told us that was his last night on earth, left immediately afterwards, hunted for him that night and next morning, have never seen nor heard of him since, except he killed himself.

Kansas is the place for men that wish to become slaves, especially for others. Armstrong is headquarters for making and repairing railroad stock. They move ahead pretty much all the time—day and night—Sunday not excepted. Young men club up and take their guns out sporting on the Sabbath day. The prohibitory law is claimed here, but I have not yet seen any of its good effects. They have their drinking saloons open all the while, drink and sell in defiance of the law.

I am coming home very soon. No business here for me that will pay. One dollar in the "Old North State" is worth three here—perhaps five. Young and old people that can't live in western North Carolina can live no where. It is the best place on earth. When men can't live there they have done their work any way, and ought to die. I am candid in this.

There are young fellows standing about these work shops, wishing employment, but can't get it, they are full. These young fellows are from various parts of the country. They get out of means, offer their clothes for money to carry them back home, but can't get it. So let all that have any home, at all, stay at it, improve it and make it pleasant. By the time I reach home again I will have spent or thrown away one hundred and forty dollars. Money and time gone forever.

They have a very good school system here. It is pretty much like ours, except the districts are larger—numbering 400 to 500 children. They also have a certain time for all to open, Oct. 1st Monday.

JOHN MADISON BOWMAN.

Nov. 33, 1881.

A little too fresh: Jones was sitting on the front steps the other night, waiting for his sweetheart to come out. She knew what time to come and Jones didn't wish to ring the bell for fear of alarming the old folks. Presently he heard the door open and the old man muttered something about somebody's being "too fresh."

"Do you address yourself to me?" said Jones, springing up with a flashing eye.

"No," said the old gentleman, mildly: "I was speaking of the point on the steps. It was put there this afternoon." Jones clasped his hands to the spot, and, realizing the force of the old man's remarks, reached his room in five minutes.

A SLAYER OF TWENTY-SEVEN MEN.

Dr. Cockrell, of Gunnison, Colorado, on being asked by a stranger whether the reports of killing affrays were not greatly exaggerated, replied that some of them were, while in other cases the truth had never been told.

"There is a man," remarked the Doctor, indicating a medium-sized, mid-eyed person who stood in the doorway looking into the billiard-room of the Tabor House, "who has killed twenty-six men, and he is only twenty-seven years of age. He is H. B. Masterson, of Dodge City, Kansas. He killed his men in the interest of law and order. Once he shot seven men dead within five minutes."

"While in a frontier town news was brought to him that his brother had been killed by a squad of ruffians just across the street. Taking a revolver in each hand, for he shoots readily with both, in this manner" (the Doctor here crossed his right wrist over his left in the form of an X), "he ran over to avenge his brother. The murderers became terror-stricken when they saw him coming, and hastily locked the door. Masterson jumped square against the door with both feet, bursting it open at the first attempt. Then he sprang inside, firing immediately right and left. Four dropped dead in shorter time than it requires to tell of it. The remaining three ran for their horses in a vain attempt to escape from the town. He followed them up so closely that before they reached the outskirts all three had bitten the dust."

"At another time," continued the Doctor "two Mexican half breeds, a father and son, became very troublesome in the mining camps. They were the sharpest shots in the country, working together with a precision that made them invincible. As soon as one had emptied the chambers of his revolver he would reload under cover of the other. Many a miner had they murdered and relieved of his outfit and treasure. A standing reward of \$500 was offered for their bodies or their heads. Finally Masterson resolved to kill the half breeds. They occupied a cabin in a little clearing in an almost inaccessible place in the mountains. One morning, hours before daybreak, Masterson crept to the verge of the clearing with a repeating rifle in his hands. Hidden by a friendly bush, he reined on a sack which he had brought from his horse, that he had fastened a mile away in a glen. Shortly after sunrise the door of the cabin opened wide enough to permit the shaggy head of the old man to protrude. After sweeping the boundaries of the clearing with searching eyes the head was slowly withdrawn. In a few minutes the head reappeared, followed by a body with a belt of pistols strapped around its waist and a rifle slung over its shoulders. The old man carried a water pail, and at his side walked the son, fully armed. Masterson covered the old man with his rifle over a path to and from a spring a hundred yards or so from the cabin at right angles. The father and son were conversing earnestly, seemingly unwilling to re-enter the cabin, before the door of which they stood for some time. Thirty minutes passed, which seemed hours to Masterson before he could obtain what he considered a favorable shot. Finally the man old made a move which uncovered his son. Masterson took advantage of his opportunity, and the young man felt to rise no more. Before the smoke revealed from whence the shot had come the old man was a corpse alongside of his boy. Cutting off their heads, Masterson placed them in his sack, and started to exhibit his trophies in order to obtain the promised reward. A two days' ride under a hot sun swelled and disfigured the heads so that they were unrecognizable, taking advantage of which the authorities refused to pay the reward."

AN IMMENSE HAMMER.

The largest steam-hammer in the United States has gone into operation at Pittsburg. It weighs seventeen tons, while the anvil block under it weighs 160 tons. With a full head of steam it will strike a blow of ninety tons, but, as this tremendous weight is not always necessary in hammering, it can be made to strike as light as desired. It has a thirty-eight-inch cylinder and nine-foot stroke. The ponderous blows make the earth quake for a radius of nearly 200 yards. The big hammer is for forging steamboat shafts and other heavy work.

Life is hardly respectable if it has no generous task, no duties of affections that constitute a necessity of existing. Every man's task is his life-prosperer.

The best part of human character is the tenderness and delicacy of feeling in little matters, the desire to soothe and please others—minutiae of the social virtues.

Bill Arp's Letter.

He Visits the Exposition and Peruses the Exhibits.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

"All hail to the chief." We used to sing that song to Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun in the halcyon days of peace, and next to Jeff Davis and General Lee in the rip roaring times of war. But it's all played out now, and we have nobody to sing to. We have got no chief, and so far as I am concerned we don't want any. Bob Toombs has retired, Alek Stephens is serenely waiting for the summons, Ben Hill has seen his best days, and Joe Brown is on the down grade. There seems to be no new of the grand old men of the olden time. Well, maybe we don't need them—that is to say we don't need great statesmen nowadays, for all the great questions of government are settled and agreed on. This is an age of business now, and not of theorists. It's work, work, all the time. If a man has any doubt about it, let him go to the exposition. He will see more work done there in one day than he will see at home in a lifetime. The exposition is an index of the times—of the age we live in, and it is the biggest show I ever saw. They say Mr. Kimball deserves all the credit of it, but my opinion is that Mr. Kimball never conceived the half of it. It has just grown up, and kept growing, and made itself, until Mr. Kimball is astonished, and everybody else. But Mr. Kimball is a great man. He has great ideas, and executes them. He reminds me of George Train's speech at Chicago, when he said he wanted the government to issue a hundred thousand millions of paper currency so that everybody could have a pocket full and then we would build railroads and canals and fine churches and hotels and everybody be happy. Some teller rose up and asked Train if there wouldn't be a big collapse afterwards. "Of course, of course, there would," said he, "but the railroads and canals and churches and hotels wouldn't collapse. They would all be there. And, jesso, Mr. Kimball will get up big things and when the collapse come, the big things stand fast, money or no money, for there is the opera house and the Kimball house. The exposition is a success. I don't know whether it will pay out or not, but it is a success. It is the best school and the best show in the land. Every man and his wife and his children ought to go. If all can't go then some of the family ought to go and come back and tell the rest all about it. It beats all the schools in the land for instruction for the time you are there. It beats a circus for amusement. I saw Mr. Jim Camp, of Floyd county, a tip-top farmer, and he told me he had been there several days; that he came to learn, just like boys go to school, and he said he had learned more in those few days than he would have done in five years by staying at home. It is a school of applied science you see how things are done. I saw some little show of esthetics, but not much, just enough to spice the concern, which is all right. Mr. Moser has got a good lot of it in the Judges' hall. It is a splendid picture that large one over the stage. Mr. Jaccard showed us his diamond worth ten thousand dollars, and I told him to put 'em in my hand, but he made me turn my hand over and put 'em on the back thereof, which I didn't like, for it was a reflection on my hand. I should like to see a man steal anything on the back of his hand. I didn't care anything about the diamonds, no how. We couldn't eat 'em nor drink 'em. They can't work nor do anything."

If there is anything in this world that I have an supreme contempt for, it is diamonds. I know folks who lock up their genuine diamonds in their trunks and wear paste diamonds on the street. Mr. Jaccard told me that there wasn't one man in ten thousand that could tell the difference between the paste and the genuine. I was a thinking about diamonds and what they were good for, and a man told me that in case there was a war they were good things to hide in one's clothes and run the blockade. Jesso, jesso. I like diamonds during a war. As for their beauty and brilliancy, I have seen the dew drops shine on a May morning more brilliant than diamonds, and they never cost a cent. But the exposition is a big thing and I wish everybody could go to it. There will not be such an opportunity perhaps for twenty-five years to see how things are made that we use in everyday life. I paid my money at the gate and I got the worth of it, and I am going again, and take Mrs. Arp and the children so that we will have something to talk about all the winter. I saw old Joe Brown there, and they told me he came every day. His head is level. He is always drinking in knowledge. He ain't much of an original genius, but he is the greatest absorber I ever knew. He is a regular sponge.

BILL ARP.