

[The following beautiful Poem, written for Col. Pool's *Our Living and Our Dead*, is from the pen of our esteemed friend and former Associate, Capt. W. T. R. Bell, member of the N. C. Senate from Carter county.—Ed.]

### Our Dreamland Cot.

There's a calm retreat where my love and I  
Meet 'neath the silent stars;  
A rosy bower with a book near by,  
Where we sit under lattice bars.  
At the midnight hour, when the world's asleep,  
We steal to this spirit-spot—  
With stealthy step and careful creep,  
We enter our Dreamland Cot.

We've hid it away on the banks of a stream,  
Where elves and fairies play;  
Its starlit skies with glories gleam  
That never are seen by day.  
There are walks that wind their wand'ring way  
By beds of blooming flowers;  
There are dreamy paths that sweetly stray  
To secret cozy bowers.

Ambrosial shades sleep in its trees,  
Whose branches calmly rest,  
Unless perchance a love-born breeze,  
Sighs out its faint distress;  
And then some bough its bosom heaves,  
And opens its arms above,  
And a fond caress enfolds the leaves,  
As pity yields to love.

There's an amethyst cup and a nectar brook  
By the side of a wicker gate,  
Near a lonely ledge in a little nook  
Where our spirits always wait.  
And when I approach, I hear her song—  
A love 'pressed plaintive air—  
And my heart leaps up as I haste along,  
For I know my *Birdie's* there!

I soften my step to give surprise,  
As I steal 'neath the shadows near,  
But a glance reveals to love's eyes,  
And no sound 'scapes a lover's ear;—  
She bounds to the gate as a lithesome fawn,  
And we meet with a raptured kiss,  
And arm in arm stroll up the lawn  
To the home of our fancied bliss.

We sometimes stop in a jasmine bower,  
And under the moon's pale light,  
Recall to mind the fatal hour  
That marked our spirits' plight—  
How a summer's eve our lips were pressed  
In a moment of tender pain,  
And thus in a thrill our hearts confessed  
What our words did not explain.

How both were young in that long ago,  
And one had a boyish heart;  
And why it was that we could not know  
How soon we'd be called to part.  
And then we tell of long, long years  
Of sorrow and anguish and woe,—  
How had we strove to hide the tears,  
That in secret still would flow!

And I press her nearer my aching heart,  
To calm her troubled breast,  
As I venture to speak the saddest part  
Of all my life's unrest:—  
How tossed about in a stranger land,  
With no eye to share a tear,  
In a thoughtless hour I lost the hand  
My heart had pledged to her.

And when I feel her bosom heave,  
As a wave of the boundless sea,  
I curse the fate that makes her grieve  
For a stricken mortal like me.  
I kiss the tears from her tender cheek,  
And brush her ringlets by,  
And feel forgiveness—though she does not speak  
By the smile in her swimming eye.

We know that He who governs all,—  
Who guards the linnets' nest,  
And marks the tiny sparrow's fall—  
Will do for us what's best.  
A purpose runs thro' every life  
Too deep for us to scan;  
Our seeming ills with good are rife,  
And love shapes every plan.

What now appears to be the worst,  
Shows wisdom when 'tis past;  
And that which strange-t seems at first  
May sweetest be at last.  
With faith to do—and leave the rest—  
We learn, despite our fears,  
How joy is nursed at sorrow's breast,  
And smiles are born of tears.

And my soul casts off its iron chain,  
And spurns its captive lot,  
When free as larks we laugh again,  
With troubles all forgot!—

My *Birdie* sings a merry song,  
As she clings to my boy's side,  
And arm in arm we skip along  
To the home of my spirit-brid.

And when life's sun at last shall set  
I shall reach the river side,  
And bridle a payer for my darling's part,  
The *Janice* floats lowly tide.  
And when I have gained the father's shore,  
And all his *Janice's* have died,  
I'll watch the gleam of the golden oar  
That brings my spirit-brid.

She'll find the cup and the nectar brook  
By the side of the wicker-gate,  
Near the lonely ledge in the little nook,  
Where our spirits used to wait.  
And when we've pre-see the raptured kiss,  
Upon the same old spot,  
We'll bow to Him who gave the bliss  
Of a cherished Dreamland Cot.  
*Harlowe Academy, August 31st, 1875.*

### A Story for Boys.

#### HOW A LAD WHEELED HIMSELF INTO A FORTUNE AND INFLUENCE.

At a meeting of the stockholders of a prominent railway corporation, recently held in Boston, there were present two gentlemen, both up in years, one, however, considerably the senior of the other. In talking of the old times gone by, the younger gentleman called the attention of his friends and told a pleasant little story, which should be read with profit by every poor, industrious and striving lad. He said:

Nearly half a century ago, gentlemen, I was stout, willing and able, considering my tender years, and secured a place in a hardware store, to do all sorts of chores required. I was paid seventy five dollars a year for my services. One day after I had been at work three months or more, my friend there, Mr. B., who holds his age remarkably well, came in the store and bought a large bill of shovels and tongs, sadirons and pans, buckets, scrapers and scuttles, for he was to be married the next day, and was supplying his household in advance, as was the groom's custom in those days. The articles were packed on a barrow, and made a load sufficiently heavy for a young mule. But, more willing than able, I started off, proud that I could move such a mass on a wheelbarrow. I got on remarkably well till I struck the mud road, now Seventh Avenue, leading to my friend B's., house. There I toiled and tugged, and tugged and toiled, and could not budge the load up the hill, the wheel going its half diameter into the mud every time I would try to propel forward. Finally a good natured Irishman passed by with a dray and took my barrow, self and all on his vehicle, and, in consideration of my promise to pay him a bit, landed me at my destination.

I counted the articles carefully as I delivered them, and, with my empty barrow, trudged my way back, whistling with glee over my triumph over difficulty. Some weeks after I paid the Irishman the bit, and never got it back from my employers. But to the moral. A merchant had witnessed my struggles, and how zealously I struggled to deliver that load of hardware; he even watched me to the house and saw me count each piece as I landed it in the doorway. He sent for me next day, asked my name, told me he had a reward for my industry and cheerfulness under difficulty in the shape of a five hundred dollar clerkship in his establishment. I accepted, and now, after nearly half a century has passed, I look back and say I wheeled myself into all I own, for that reward of perseverance was my grand stepping stone to fortune.

The speaker was a very wealthy banker, a man of influence and position, and one universally respected for many good qualities of head and heart. Boys take a mor-

al from this story, and be willing and industrious. You do not know how many eyes are upon you to discover whether you are sluggish and how many there are who, if you are moral and worthy, will give you a stepping stone to wealth and position.

### Anecdote of Sir Wm. Sidney Smith.

I once heard an anecdote of this distinguished British Naval officer which is worth repeating.

When in his eleventh year—a year before he entered the navy as a midshipman—our hero formed a strong attachment for a girl cousin of about his own age, who was stopping at the old hall in Sussex, and the gallantry which distinguished him in after years was not wanting even at that early age. Among the many accessories to the beauty of the place was a broad, deep lakelet of clear, shimmering water which particularly attracted the attention of the embryo admiral, and from the margin of which the anxious entreaties of his parents could not restrain him.

It was the custom of the paternal Smith, every evening, to summon his household to prayer, and the members thereof were called together in the primitive fashion of the sounding of the horn. One summer evening the horn was sounded in the usual manner, but in answer to repeated blasts, no William Sidney nor Many Anne appeared. The father became alarmed, and caused the horn to be sounded louder and louder, but without avail.

The young absentee heard the horn plainly enough, but he did not obey the summons, because he could not. In short he was in a situation extremely nautical, and if it was pleasurable to him, it certainly was not to those who finally gathered around to behold.

The boy had launched a large wash-tub upon the lake, and having embarked with his fair cousin, he had, by means of a long pole, set himself well out from the shore. Whether he paid more attention to his lovely companion than to the navigation of his frail bark, or not, we cannot say, but, from some cause of inattention he had lost his pole, and when the household reached the shore they beheld the tub in the center of the deep lake, with not a breath of air to move it landward, its only motion being a revolving one. The future hero of many battles stood with his arms folded, while his more timorous companion crouched low down, wailing with terror.

The situation was truly perilous, for a very slight motion would have been sufficient to overturn the tub, and those on shore were totally at a loss how to bring the frail craft, with its precious burden, to land. Not one of them could swim. Night was drawing on apace, and the situation was becoming every moment more critical and dangerous.

At length, however, he who had created the difficulty proceeded to overcome it. When he had sufficiently enjoyed the glory of the situation he hailed those on the shore, and directed them to give one end of the string of his kite to his favorite dog. This having been done, he called the dog to the tub, and thus gained a tow-line, by means of which his first command was safely towed to the shore, where the relieved parents quickly snatched the rescued pair from the stranded bark. The father was so deeply affected that he could not speak. Not so, however, with William Sidney.

"Now, father," said the young hero, "I guess we'll go to prayers."

They did go to prayers, and it may well be imagined that the prayers on that evening were unusually heartfelt and sincere.

### A Jealous Store of Fashion.

She was an elderly lady, and as she seated herself on one of the stools in Wallack's store and asked to be shown some "caliker," she remarked that when she was a "gal" she thought she was powerful lucky if she got sixteen yards in a dress and she thought it a "singful" waste of stuff to put in more; but she had just "heern" that Mrs. X. was agoin' to have forty two yards in her new caliker, and she hoped that there might be a cloud burst in seventeen minutes if that air woman should stare round at her in church and make remarks about her clothes. "You kin jist cut me off forty-three yards, and I'll have it made pin-back fashion, with an over dress, and a square mainsail, and a flyin' jib, and a back action, and then I'd just like to see that stuck up Mrs. X. put on airs over me."—[Austin (Nev.) Reveille.]

EARLY RISING.—The praises of early rising have been sung for generations back, and many people have an idea that men and women who are in the habit of waiting for sunrise before disturbing their own slumbers, are necessarily indolent and thriftless. There should be reason in this matter as in other things, people who pride themselves on very early rising are certainly subject to many of the discomforts enumerated in *Appleton's Journal*, as follows:

Early rising means a hurried dressing in a dim, half lighted room—a sleepy, stumbling descent down dark, cold stairways—a rapid breakfast in a grey, cheerless, sunless room, while cold shivers run down your back, and a sensation of dizziness creeps over your entire body—and then a precipitate plunge into the mists and vapors, and a general rawness of the streets.

There is no sweetness in the day begun in this way, and no health, either. The sun should be up before us to give us light and warmth and comfort; our breakfast rooms should be cheerful with his beams, and our breakfast should be partaken with the ease, the comfort, the deliberation, the social enlivenment that can come only when we rise at a rational hour. A breakfast eaten by candle-light, or snatched in the gray, chilly dawn, is an abomination. Early rising hence, opens the day with keen discomforts.—It is productive of numerous social ills: it sours the stomach, promotes irritability, disorganizes the nerves, creates bad temper, and makes domestic bliss a mockery.

THE POLISHED WOMAN—Surrounded by people whom her gracious good breeding compels into a like courtliness is the polished woman whose freedom from mannerisms and quiet grace will make her queen wherever she is; for you feel there is a reserve force of character and true womanliness behind her tact and refinement. She is witty without being loud and has all the marks of good breeding which Oliver Wendell Holmes enumerates: "Good dressing, quiet ways, low tones of voice, lips that can wait, eyes that do not wander, shyness of personalities, except in certain intimate communions." You may not meet such a woman everywhere although you may see imitations, but when you do pay at once that homage which genuine elegance commands from all.

The best English authorities agree that the wheat crop of that country for the present year will be about thirteen millions less than that of last year, and that it will be necessary to import some eighty eight millions bushels for the year's consumption. It is believed that the general European crop will be equally short, and that a corresponding increase will be made in the exports from this country. This will not be bad news for Western farmers who are happy over an unusually large crop.