A Desperate Lover.

There is a terrible lover "down East," who, having met with a sore disappointment from some faithless fair one, threatens to play the very deuce with all creation. Hear him:

I'll grasp the loud thunder,
With lightning I'll play,
I'll rend the earth asunder,
And kick it away.

The rainbow I'll straddle,
And ride to the moon;
Or in the ocean I'll paddle
In the bowl of a spoon.

The rain shall fall upwards,
The smoke tumble down;
I'll dye the grass purple,
And paint the sky brown.

I'll set fire to the fountain,
And swallow the rill;
I'll eat up the mountain,
And be hungry still.

The sun I'll put out,
With the whirlwinds I'll play;
Turn day into night,
And sleep it away.

The moon I will smother,
With nightmare and woe;
For sport, at each other
The stars I will throw.

I'll flog the young earthquake,
The weather I'll physic;
Volcanoes I'll strangle,
Or choke with the phthisic.

The rocks shall be preachers,
The trees do the singing;
The clouds shall be teachers,
And the comets be singing.

[illegible] up the winds
[illegible] handle together,
[illegible] their ribs
[illegible] ostrich feather.

[illegible]d'Amour.

[illegible]

[illegible] old,

[illegible] must,
[illegible] ate,
[illegible] rust.

[illegible] her lands,
[illegible] strong;
[illegible] ands
[illegible] ong;
[illegible] enderness
[illegible] epart,
[illegible] t shining tress,
[illegible] heart.

[illegible] ory.

[illegible] is up,
[illegible] ern sea;

[illegible]
Never a change thy heart shall know,
Whatever betide—some life, come death—
Darling, darling—I love you so!"
Oh, but the northern nights are keen!
The sailor clings to the frozen shrouds;
A kiss burns hot through his dreams of home,
And his heart goes south through the flying clouds.
The maiden laughs by the garden gate—
Dreams of love are the soonest o'er!
Kisses fall on her lips and hair,
And the world goes on as it went before.

WHICH DO YOU PREFER?—If you prefer the keg of lager or the bottle of wine to me, said Mary, just take them to the Magistrate, and get married to them.

What do you mean? said John.

Just what I say. I don't want a young man to come here evenings chewing cloves to cover his breath, and hide his habits of drinking. If you like lager more than you love me, just marry it at once, and don't divide your affections between woman and wine—or a woman and lager; love and liquor have no affinity.

Why, Mary, how you talk! exclaimed John.

Yes, I mean what I say; unless you sign the pledge and keep it, you had better not call here again.

John did sign the pledge, and he kept it, and he married Mary.

A countryman stopped at Brown's Saloon in this city to get dinner. The waiter inquired what he would have, and was told by the countryman to "bring something of what he had." The waiter brought him a regular dinner upon small dishes, as is the usual form, and set them around his plate. The countryman surveyed them carefully for a moment, and then broke out: "Well, I like your samples, now bring on my dinner."

We saw a young man bravely turning up the glass. He was a glorious free-hearted fellow—he was, as he said, sowing his wild oats. We afterwards saw the Constable hauling a drunkard from the gutter to the jail. It occurred to us that the wild oats were being dragged in—a glorious crop! The bar-room and gutter are exhaustless in their fertility.

A wife who had been lecturing her husband for coming home intoxicated, became incensed at his indifference, and exclaimed, "Oh that I could wring tears of anguish from your eyes!" To which the hardened wretch hiccoughed "Tal—'tal—'taint no use, old woman to bo—bo—bore for water here."

An Irishman recently soliloquized: "What a waste o' money to be byin' mate, when you know the half of it is bone, while you can spind it for rum that hasn't a bone in it."

"Leave you, my friend," said a tipsy fellow, clinging to a lamp-post on a dark night; "leave you in a condition not to take care of yourself! Hic, never."

Marrying a Wife and a Fortune.

Have you heard the news about Miss Temple, Ned? said Charley Ashton, as he sauntered leisurely up to the desk which Edward Farnham occupied in Messrs. Smith & Jones' office on Wall street.

The warm blood colored Ned's cheek in spite of all his struggles to prevent it, and he replied:

No; I hope no harm.

Well, I should guess it wasn't.—Come, put up your book, and as we up town I'll tell you.

No; I cannot leave yet. I have not finished my balance.

Oh, pshaw! finish that to-morrow before ten o,clock. I wouldn't work as hard as you for any man living, much less these bankers, who think all a fellow is made for is to work and make money for them. Come along.

No; I cannot go.

Well, then, the tale in short is, she has had a big fortune left her, some say five hundred thousand dollars.

An involuntary sigh escaped Ned, and he rather muttered than spoke:

I'm sorry to hear it.

Why, what's got into you, you ninny? Sorry! Why, I haven't heard anything to please me so much in many a day. I always liked the girl, but I'm not philosopher enough to marry her for love alone. My doctrine is, when poverty comes in at the window love goes out at the door.

I am afraid I don't agree with you in all things, but I have no time to discuss it now. Miss Temple, in my opinion, would be a fortune for any man, did she not possess a cent of money.

Pshaw, Ned, that's old fogy.—Love in a cottage! ha! ha! Well, I liked her pretty well before, but I can't help thinking her attractions very considerably enlarged since I heard that news. Never should have thought of anything but a pleasant acquaintance—guess I'll go in for her now. Good-bye, old fell, and don't hurt yourself working over those books.

Ned made no reply, but he felt as if he would like to grind beneath his heel one who could speak so irreverently of her, who, to his idea, combined every grace of heart and mind, and perfection of form and feature, which should make up a perfect woman. His thoughts turned to action, and he caught himself stamping the desk-stool with such force as almost to dent a hole in it, and looking up, saw Mr. Smith's steady gaze fixed on him.

Back to his work he tried to bring his thoughts, but they were not subject to his will, and he found himself in great danger of writing the thoughts passing through his mind. 'She is lost to me. Oh, how I wish it had never happened!' He shut the book, put away his papers, and with that dreary, lost far away kind of look, passed unheedingly among the throng on the money mart of the new world.

Charley Ashton lost no time in improving his opportunities, for that night found him seated *tete a-tete* with Miss Temple in a cosy little room in Twenty-first street.

Miss Temple was an orphan, and had for years lived with an aunt, her father's sister. An income of four hundred dollars a year had been left her, which at least, supplied all necessary wants. She was not ashamed to assist her aunt about many things some would call menial; and in form and feature, heart and mind, all her acquaintances said, fully sustained the high opinion we have seen Ned Farnham had of her.

Ere the evening was over, Charley Ashton had succeeded in appearing deeply in love, and not many days passed ere he had proposed and was accepted. Of all her male acquaintantes, Miss Temple had always preferred the two young men mentioned. It was true, she had rather leaned to the quiet, steady Mr. Farnham, but of late he had ceased to visit her, while Mr. Ashton's presence had been almost constant. Hence, she had persuaded herself that she loved and had accepted him.

Charley urged a speedy marriage; why come in a conversation too long for me to detail, wherein it appeared that some of the *boys* down *street* were fixing up a pool to buy a certain stock, and our friend Ashton wanted some of the five hundred thousand dollars to put in it. Anna Temple preferred a longer time; urged that time would make them know each other better, especially in the intimate relation they now stood. Charley vowed that he would never change, and he knew that time could never develop any faults in her.

But, said Miss Temple, there is another reason, and I think I can be free with you now; I have spent so much of my little income, and aunt has no spare money, that I have no means of defraying the necessary expenses.

But you have the fortune left you by your Australian uncle, and even if you have not received it, your agents will certainly make an advance.

I have no fortune, dear Charley.—Some thought it was mine, but the fortune to which you probably allude, was left to my cousin, Miss Anna Thompson Temple, to whom I introduced you at the Philharmonic.

Ah, it was, indeed! She is a favored young lady; and how much does she receive?

Reports said five hundred thousand dollars, but cousin Nan has been informed by the agents that there is but ten thousand dollars in money, the rest is in houses and lots at Melbourne, valued at ninety thousand dollars.

Ah! well, really, how these things do spread. But to our matter; I guess, Miss Anna, you had best have your way.

The hours of that evening dragged heavily along, and as they lengthened Mr. Charles Ashton's manner became more and more formal. He left, and Anna's warm heart was sad as she thought over the cool manner and the cooler parting. No sleep came to her eyes that night.

Can it be? she said to herself a thousand times; and yet it must, for his manner changed almost from my telling him of Nannie's fortune.

The next night came, but Charlie was not in his usual place, and the next and still more. About a week afterward, a short note informed Miss Temple that having lost all his savings in a bad speculation, he could not think of holding her to an engagement which it would be out of his power to consummate for years.

To say this did not grieve her, would be false, but it did not require many days to teach her that she had not loved Charlie Ashton as she should the man she was to marry.

Again our two young men met. This time on Broadway, Charlie gayly sauntering along, hailed Ned in his old familiar way.

Well, old boy, off early to-day?

I've been promoted, and am not obliged to work so late, though I do often; then I think of taking a ride in the park; my head has ached much of late, and I am more nervous than formerly.

Shouldn't work so hard; don't get any thanks for it. By-the-by, that fortune of Miss Temple's turns out to be all in my eye.

How—what's that? was the eager reply.

Well, a Miss Somebody Temple has about a hundred thousand dollars left her, but it wasn't our pretty little friend.

But I heard you were very attentive—some said engaged.

There's no telling what might have been done, but for that fool of an uncle making a mistake in names. However, it's all over now. You know that I at least can't afford to marry a poor woman, no matter if she is a Peri. I know you entertain some sort of foolish notion that love, etc., will do, but it's all bosh. Give me the dimes, my boy. When poverty comes in at the window, etc., you know. Take my advice and drop all such foolish ideas.

Ashton might as well have talked to a lamp-post, for all the hearing Ned Farnham did. What he was thinking of we cannot say, but he did not go to the Park that afternoon, but the evening found him in a little parlor which had so often been graced by Charlie's presence. Ere the evening was over he had explained his long absence, told of his better prospects, and offered his heart and hand. She asked three weeks to consider, he to visit her as often as he pleased. At the end of that time he was accepted, and Anna learned what true love was.

Here my story might end, but there is a sequel. Some months after the engagement, Mr. Smith tapped Ned on the shoulder, and motioned him to the private office.

Going to marry my neice? said that gentleman.

I am engaged to Miss Anna Temple, sir, and we expect to be married in a quiet way one month from to-day. But I was not aware that she was your niece.

Neither was I until a few days since. As for your quiet way, understand me, sir—the child of my only sister can be married nowhere else but in my house. Come now, no flinching. I've heard all about it. But she's poor—poor as Job's turkey; and I've too many children to give her more than a decent wedding.

Ned did not understand the expression on Mr. Smith's face, but felt a little angered, and replied:

I should never have addressed her, and I would release her this moment if I knew she was an heiress.

No you don't; no you don't. I know you, and I know the whole story. You can go.

Ned pondered long over this singular conversation, but got no satisfaction from his own thoughts or from Anna. She replied only by a smile and a kiss.

Notwithstanding all the urging of her new found uncle, Anna refused to leave her aunt until the time for the wedding. That event came, and the ceremony was over. Then Mr. Smith called the young couple into his library, and drawing from his safe a strong iron box, said:

Now, young man, you're tied hard and fast, and I'll tell you that you've got an heiress, and a rich one, too. A foolish brother of her father's who would go to Australia, took it into his head to die, not long since, and left such a blotched up will that it has taken over six months to get the straight of it. We were his agents, and kept the matter to ourselves, because it was a large sum, and might create impostors. We soon disposed of the one hundred thousand dollars to Miss Anna Thompson Temple, but the contents of this box, one hundred thousand pounds in consols, we used more scrutiny in assigning, and in the course of our investigation, I not only found the rightful owner of our trust, but the child of my only sister. Sir, you are worthy of her, and, what is of less value, her fortune. The morning papers will announce you as a partner in our house.

"What is the annual corn crop of Kentucky?" asked a foreign tourist of a Kentuckian. "I can't exactly say," replied the Kentuckian: "but I know it's enough to make all the whisky we want, besides what is wasted for bread."

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Particular attention given to enlarging and coloring pictures of deceased or absent friends.
Mr. G. R. Anderson, who is with me, and who is a practiced Chemist, a first-class Photographer and polite gentleman, will be happy to wait on you. Give me a call at No. 7, Hay street, Fayeetville, N. C.
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Do not Forget to Call at
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WHERE you can get the best of Whiskies, Brandies, Gins, Wines. Also the celebrated
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Dry Salted Shoulders,
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THIS old established House has gained for itself a reputation far superior to any in town.
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R. Mitchell,
At His Old Stand on Gillespie Street,
WHERE he has been for the past twenty-one years, keeps constantly on hand, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Flour, Soda, Bacon, Lard, Fish of all kinds, Cheese, Butter, Soaps of different kinds, Candles, Molasses, Tobacco and Snuff, Corn and Meal, Salt, Blacking, Matches, Liquors of all kinds at wholesale or retail.
He returns his thanks for past favors, and hopes to merit a continuance of the same.

Very Desirable Goods.
THE SUBSCRIBER has now in store a very desirable Stock of Goods, embracing *Hardware and Cutlery, Blacksmith Tools of all descriptions, Club and Turpentine Axes of the best make, Carpenter's Tools of all kinds, Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Extra Cream Cheese, 100 Doz. Prize Candy, Powder, Shot and Caps, Tobacco and Snuff, Segars.*
Always on hand, a large lot of the celebrated
Alamance Yarns and Plaids.
Ames' Shovels and Spades, Rowland's Mill Saws, Crosscut and Hand Saws, Hollow and Wood Ware, &c., &c.
The above Goods are offered at extremely low prices for cash, or short time.
Two doors east Fayetteville Hotel.
E. L. PEMBERTON.

J. W. BAKER
HAS JUST received a large and general stock of
All Kinds of Furniture,
at his old stand on Hay street, consisting of Side Boards, Bureaus, Tables, Bedsteads, Mattresses, Sofas, Book Cases, suits of
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All of which he will sell as cheap as they can be had in the market.

R. T. SCANLIN,
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N. C. Corn, (pure,)		Baltimore Corn.	

Brandies.

N. Carolina Apple,	Cherry,
" Peach,	Ginger,
" Blackberry,	French.

Rum

Imported,	Domestic.

Gin.

Imported,	Domestic.

Wines.

Sherry,	Malaga,
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Scotch and Irish Whiskey.
Scotch Ale and London Porter.
Choice brands of Cigars.
Fresh Cream Ale by the keg.

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MY BAR is always supplied with the best Brandies, Wines, Ales and Segars found in this market.
Persons coming to Fayetteville will find my Saloon three doors below the market, on Green street.
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W. OVERBY,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
WOULD call the attention of his friends and the public generally, and begs leave to inform them that he still carries on the above mentioned business at his
Manufactory on Person Street,
where he can supply them with the different articles in his line of business, made of
The Best Material,
and put up in the best style by
Competent and Experienced Workmen.
Having carried on the business for the past
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS,
he thinks, from his experience, that he will be able to please all who may patronize or favor him with their orders.
He has now on hand a good assortment of
Saddles and Harness,
RIDING BRIDLES,
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His Harness, Bridles, and Wagon Gear are made of the best quality of
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No Sewing Machine used in this Manufacture. Also a good supply of Buggy and Wagon Whips, Wagon Harness and Saddle Blankets, Bitts, Spurs, and every article in his line.
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A General Assortment of Family Groceries always kept on hand on the
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which will be sold for Cash or exchanged for Country Produce.
Give us a call at the old stand, next door to the Old Cape Fear Banking House, now A. W. Steel & Co.
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H. M. ANDERSON, Clerk.

THE CAUSE AND CURE OF CONSUMPTION.—The primary cause of Consumption is derangement of the digestive organs. This derangement produces deficient nutrition and assimilation. By assimilation I mean that process by which the nutriment of the food is converted into blood, and thence into the solids of the body. Persons with digestion thus impaired, having the slightest predisposition to pulmonary disease, or if they take cold, will be very liable to have Consumption of the Lungs in some of its forms; and I hold that it will be impossible to cure any case of Consumption without first restoring a good digestion and healthy assimilation. The very first thing to be done is to cleanse the stomach and bowels from all diseased mucus and slime, which is clogging these organs so that they cannot perform their functions, and then rouse up and restore the liver to a healthy action. For this purpose the surest and best remedy is Schenck's Mandrake Pills. These Pills clean the stomach and bowels of all the dead and morbid slime that is causing disease and decay in the whole system. They will clear out the liver of all diseased bile that has accumulated there, and rouse it up to a new and healthy action, by which natural and healthy bile is secreted.

The stomach, bowels, and liver are thus cleansed by the use of Schenck's Mandrake Pills; but there remains in the stomach an excess of acid, the organ is torpid and the appetite poor. In the bowels the lacteals are weak, and requiring strength and support. It is in a condition like this that Schenck's Seaweed Tonic proves to be the most valuable remedy ever discovered. It is alkaline, and its use will neutralize all excess of acid, making the stomach sweet and fresh; it will give permanent tone to this important organ, and create a good, hearty appetite, and prepare the system for the first process of a good digestion, and ultimately make good, healthy, living blood. After this preparatory treatment, what remains to cure most cases of Consumption is the free and persevering use of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup. The Pulmonic Syrup nourishes the system, purifies the blood, and is readily absorbed into the circulation, and thence distributed to the diseased lungs. There it ripens all morbid matters, whether in the form of abscesses or tubercles, and then assists Nature to expel all the diseased matter, in the form of free expectoration, when once it ripens. It is then, by the great healing and purifying properties of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, that all ulcers and cavities are healed up sound, and my patient is cured.

The essential thing to be done in curing Consumption is to get up a good appetite and a good digestion, so that the body will grow in flesh and get strong. If a person has diseased lungs—a cavity or abscess there,—the cavity cannot heal, the matter cannot ripen, so long as the system is below par. What is necessary to cure is a new order of things,—a good appetite, a good nutrition, the body to grow in flesh and get fat; then Nature is helped, the cavities will heal, the matter will ripen and be thrown off in large quantities, and the person regain health and strength. This is the true and only plan to cure Consumption, and if a person is very bad, if the lungs are not entirely destroyed, or even if one lung is entirely gone, if there is enough vitality left in the other to heal up, there is hope.

I have seen many persons cured with only one sound lung, live and enjoy life to a good old age. This is what Schenck's Medicines will do to cure Consumption. They will clean out the stomach, sweeten and strengthen it, get up a good digestion, and give Nature the assistance she needs to clear the system of all the disease that is in the lungs, whatever the form may be.

It is important that while using Schenck's Medicines, care should be exercised not to take cold; keep in-doors in cold and damp weather; avoid night air, and take out-door exercise only in a genial and warm sunshine.

I wish it distinctly understood that when I recommend a patient to be careful in regard to taking cold, while using my Medicines, I do so for a special reason. A man who has but partially recovered from the effects of a bad cold is far more liable to a relapse than one who has been entirely cured; and it is precisely the same in regard to Consumption. So long as the lungs are not perfectly healed, just so long is there imminent danger of a full return of the disease. Hence it is that I so strenuously caution pulmonary patients against exposing themselves to an atmosphere that is not genial and pleasant. Confirmed Consumptives' lungs are a mass of sores, which the least change of atmosphere will inflame. The grand secret of my success with my Medicines consists in my ability to subdue inflammation instead of provoking it, as many of the faculty do. An inflamed lung cannot, with safety to the patient, be exposed to the biting blasts of Winter or the chilling winds of Spring or Autumn. It should be carefully shielded from all irritating influences. The utmost caution should be observed in this particular, as without it a cure under almost any circumstances is an impossibility.

The person should be kept on a wholesome and nutritious diet, and all the Medicines continued until the body has restored to it the natural quantity of flesh and strength.

I was myself cured by this treatment of the worst kind of Consumption, and have lived to get fat and hearty those many years, with one lung nearly gone. I have cured thousands since, and very many have been cured by this treatment whom I have never seen.

About the First of October I expect to take possession of my new building, at the Northeast Corner of Sixth and Arch Streets, where I shall be pleased to give advice to all who may require it.

Full directions accompany all my Remedies, so that a person in any part of the world can be readily cured by a strict observance of the same.

J. H. SCHENCK, M. D.,
Philadelphia.

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