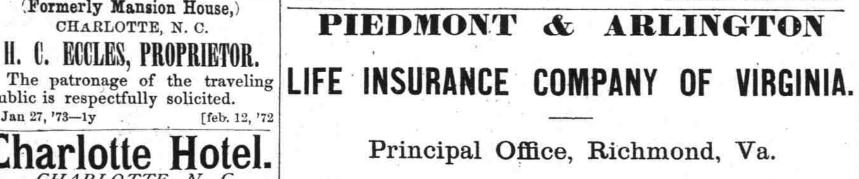


PROVISIONS.

Agricultural paper we would state that we Our J. W. MILLER recently canvassed the Northwest and made special arrangements with Packers and Railroad Companies, such as will enable us to offer Bacon, Lard, Hams between us. &c., at Baltimore prices.

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Have also made special arrangements with some of the leading *Mills* of the country to furnish us regular supplies of our celebrated brands—"Southern Beauty," "Pride of the Carolinas" and "Our Favorite," which we are selling at prices that defy competition. No man could say I neglected my duty. A better farm no man ever had, and larger crops none gathered, and no starved cattle (Send for samples and price list.) Buying much larger than ever before, and for Cash, we will offer unusual inducements. R. M. MILLER & SONS.



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[feb. 12, '72

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J. J. HOPKINS, Assistant Secretary.

smell of the evening primroses growing far sweeter and sweeter, and Nellie still as The old man would have laughed me quiet as a mouse, sitting with folded hands out of the notion; but when he found me

firm, he gave me what help he could. We are busy folk enough by day; but we idled away the long summer evenings to-I went on board a vessel bound for China, and wrote to sister Jennie, telling gether, and thought no harm of it. It is her to send for Uncle William and his wife good to be idle sometimes, in that happy sort of way, and to tell the truth I like it. to manage the farm, which I knew they would be glad to do; but I never told her No man could say I neglected my duty. where I was or what I had done. I meant you see, to throw myself away, and be crops none gathered, and no starved cattle heard of no more by any one. Of course, grazed in my meadows. As for my dairy 1 was mad for the time; that is the only -but that was sister Jane's doing. excuse for me.

good house-wife, a pretty bright-eyed girl with a warm heart, and a laugh that seem-ed to be catching. Alone together we two So I led the sort of a life a sailor in the merchant service leads-no very pleasant one I can tell you-for a year or two. I grew no better for it, and no happier. The were, and we were fond of each other. I never told her I liked Nellie Brodie, other men had mostly some one at home but I did not hide it from her. Nellie and -mother or sister, wife or sweetheart-to she were great friends. Over and over get a letter or a message from at times; I, again I tried to find out from Jennie what of my own act, had no one. And all the

she said about me-Nellie, I mean-but while, at work or at mess, or in the hours the girl would never let a word slip out. when watch was kept on deck, I thought A true woman hides another woman's se- of Nellie; saw her as she looked when she crets. I knew that and I built on it. "For," said I to myself, "if Nellie dis-moonlight; saw her with the firelight on liked me Jennie would give me a hint, sis- her golden hair, beside the winter hearth; JOHN E. EDWARDS, Vice-President. I HOPKINS Assistant Secretary

largest of which 450 feet long by 100 wide. The mainland on which Mestre stands, was called Dogada in the time of the Old Republic. It was there where Palladio built a fine palace for the Bar-baro family. From that point I proceed. ed to Padua, through a flat country highly cultivated, and villages churches and country seats, dispersed all along with canals and fine roads running between. The Tyrolese Alps are seen all along on the north. I noticed every here and there thatch-covered houses which I suppose were for the cultivators of the soil. They looked very neat-generally built in an oblong square, with hipped roof, very steep. Padua is still a place of con-siderable importance; population 65,000. It is a very ancient place. Here Livy was born. He and Virgil call it Patavium and state that Antenor founded it and there planted his Trojans. It is considered a very healthy place, and for that reason is a great resort for Italians seeking health. When Attila plundered it in 452, its best citizens went and built Venice which had no existence till that time. It

the right is Calcinato, where Victor Emanuel had his headquarters in June, 1859. Nine miles further east we reached Brescia, a bustling city of over 40,000 inbabitants, located in a rich country, near the mella where the Alpine hills fall into the great plains of Normandy. Like many of the old towns, its streets are narrow and are arcaded as many of the Italian towns are. It stands at the foot of a beautiful cluster of hills on which are many beautiful villas. It has a fine supply of water by canal which not only. supplies its 72 public fountains so that they can wash the streets, but private fountains, I am informed, are also supplied and the waste water used for running small machinery. It is the ancient Brixia, and is said to have been colonized by the Romans over 200 years before Obrist; was ravished by the Goths and and afterwards taken by the Lombards, whose last King was a native. It was the birth-place of Arnaldo di Brescia, a reformer who was burnt at Rome in 1155. There is much connected with its history that is interesting. It was once celebrais a fortified city and like all such has nar- ted for its fire-arms, sabres and cutlery. Either she knows nothing, or she knows through the snow drifts that last bright its ancient history that is interesting. lages and country seats. Proceeding east 30 miles through a very interesting country, we arrived at Bergamo, built in an amphitheatre between Bremba and Serio which flow between the Vatelina mountain. It is surrounded with walls and ditches and has a castle on top of Monte Virgillo, from whence is a fine view. The suburbs of the town extend around the bottom of this hill. Its most singular building is its Fiera house. It is a large quadrangle with three gates on each side, and several streets in it, with 600 shops, and a fountain in the midst. A Fair is held here every August, and silk goods, I am told, are sold or offered for sale to the amount of twenty-five million francs. Every yard of ground is turned to ac-count. Olive oil, silk, iron, prints and woolen are said to be its principal productions. It gives name to the citrus bergamium which yields the essence of bergamot, and has much of historical interest connected with it. Leaving here, we turned as it were, our backs to the mountains, and sped away across the plain for Milan, over 30 miles distant. Mulberries take the place of vines; meadows are more plentiful, and before reachto the Austrians. Its silk manufactories ing Milan we were passing through rice fields. Milan has much about it to adern Italy, and it also carries on a large mire, it is a gay business place, popula-trade in artificial flowers. Soon after tion aboue 190,000. The marble cathedral is the finest in point of masonry I have seen in Italy, it is built in the florid Gothic style, 371 feet long by 226 wide and 92 high, in the arches, 122 feet high in the nave, the vaulting of which is about 150 feet high, and that of the cupalo 127 feet. It has 100 spires, the principal one is 360 feet high, from the top. of which a fine view is obtained of the extensive plain extending down to the Adriatic, while across the plain to the north and west are seen the long range the Austrians before his many repulses at Arcole and final success. The route of the Alps with their towering peaks all along here and on to Verona is through and white snows, and to the south the range of the Apennines. There is some a fertile plain, with the vine twisted 3000 statues used as brackets or supports around and along the rows of mulberry Your portrait. of course; one of those pho-tographs you had taken—I found the rest after you went away. Oh, Ned, don't look the sickle) and the land plowed or dug the building about 8,000 of those statues and there is some 7,000 niches for statues, trees with fine wheat generally between, and generally corn-planted—or sown are in position and 2,000 more are requir-"I thought you told me she wore anoth- broadcast with corn. Both the corn and ed to complete the building. The whole er man's picture," I said. "That drove me Irish potatoes are very thick on the is of fine marble, even the roof is of the same material. While many of the churches at Rome and some at Naples she had my picture; and I might have cast ted to the top, and behind them is seen the her away! I who loved her so, and have Alps which bound Italy. Verona has a them any thing like equal this on the ex-Alps which bound Italy. Verona has a them any thing like equal this on the ex-population of some 65,000. It stands on terior. While the dome at St Peter's at the banks of the Adige at the foot of the Rome is covered with lead, the roof of motherly face and loving woman's eyes, Tyrol Alps among the hills. Theriver runs the main building is covered with tile on through it and the streets run upon the the roughest sort of wood-work the archmy neck, and whispered, 'Don't despair, sides of the hills. Those in the valley are es being under; here alt is fine white mar-Ned. She has never liked any one else, subject to be swept over by the swift ble and the floor is of fine checkered mar-The old town of Milan is surrounded by a capal and the streets narrow and crooked, and the Cathedral was at one time much crowded. They are now ellie Brodie, once more. Well, Jennie told the truth; I went to It was at one time said to be second only streets, and have put up very fine buildsee Nellie Brodie, and found her sweet to Rome for its remains of ancient build-and beautiful as ever; and we were mar-ings. The remains of the fortifications June last they had a terrific bail storm, 170,000 franes worth of glass was broken,



China, Crockery and Glass Ware, Plain and Cut Gob-lets, Tumblers, Decenters, Bar Bottles, Plates, Cups & Saucers, Dishes, Mugs, Pre-serve Stands, Salt Stands, Ware, consisting of Bohemian Toilet Sets, Ware, Consisting of Bohemian Toilet S TRYON ST., CHARLOTTE. N. C.,

Charlotte, N. C.

[April 27-1y

apr 13:tf

Nellie likes me.' After that, I may say I courted Nellie. thing in my arms. And fancy painted other She knew I loved her, I'm sure of that; pictures. I saw her as Tom Armstrong's even if I had not said so out and out, she | wife. I saw her-oh, good heavens !- with | could not help knowing it. But there were other young men in the

place of course, and many willing enough to listen to old Brodie's stories for the sake ed to alter the circumstances in my posilie had the same, pretty kindly ways to all, and the same smile for every one. I used to think that a "no" from Nellie's ken by the falling of a spar. For a month is treets. It is the birth place of Palladio, is would go straight through my blue's lay on a sick bed; and then, with a soft- the great architect, and here are seen

like a bullet, and I found it hard to risk the sea, I went home to sister Jennie, to be the place is surrounded by beautiful the hearing of it. She must say it to all a farmer again, if I could. The place is surrounded by beautiful low round hills, many of which are the hearing of it. She must say it to all a farmer again, if I could. In these two years she had never as one, and not so witty as another, and had a line from me. Not an angry word

not so rich as a third. I think I never did she give me, but ran into my arms how how plain I was though, until I had and wept on my besom like a child; and of some of these hills a splendid view is my photograph taken one day, by a man then she showed me the wedding-ring on obtained of the broad and fertile valley my photograph taken one day, by a man who had a gallery in the village. I thought her finger, and the baby lying asleep in hirth place of Fra Giovanni who in 1933. at first he must have made too much of my the cradle, told me whose wife she was. mouth and too little of my eyes; but he showed me plainly that the machine must never guessed they liked each other! take a good likeness, because it was a ma-"And I'm happy as the day is long," she said, "only fretting about you. How chine and couldn't make a mistake. I took could you go away so, Ned? If you did not think of my feelings, you might have the things home and put them in a drawer, and showed them to nobody; but they took the little vanity I had out of me, remembered Nellie Brodie's." though I kept saying over and over again, "Nellie Brodie's feelings !" I cried. "Nelie Brodie's! Dont laugh at me, Jennie." What do looks matter for a man?"

ple speak of the same feelings since, in re- a quarrel I think. Whose fault was it, stream with marshy tanks, with dikes gard to photographers; and I am not sure yours or hers?"

now that they were always perfect. Waiting and watching, hoping and fear-ing, I let the time slip by; and winter came with its frost and snow, and old Mr said. the test before Christmas, and didn't. You see when a young fellow is in love he loses courage. But one thing I vowed—Nellie should take a sleigh ride with me. Tom Armstrong had said—I had heard

him-that he meant to drive the prettiest cutter, the prettiest pair of horses, and the prettiest girl in New Bridge. He meant Nellie by the prettiest girl. His turn-out might be what he chose, but Nellie should never go with him. She should go with

The snow fell fast; and by morning you could see nothing for miles around but great white drifts, though the sky had grown as clear as though it had been summer. I called for Nellie in the afternoon, and she was ready, and away we' went. She looked charming, with her rosy cheeks and bright eyes and sunny hair; and I was happier than ever I had been in my life. Going out of the village, we met Tom Armstrong, with his splendid cutter. He looked daggers at us both—or at least I thought so; and he went as I heard afterwards to invite Sue Nichol to ride with him. As he drove out of sight, I made up my mind to ask the question that would settle everything on our way home.

Man proposes and heaven disposes.

however, gave it but a short visit. day, and saw her as she lay like a dead I next proceeded up the flat but finely cultivated valley to Vicenza. Before reaching the latter place, we passed through two short tunnels. This town his children on her knee! is said to have been founded near 400 I am not sure but that I should have

turned idiot, had not something happen-ed to alter the circumstances in my posi-is about 36,000. Vicenza is located tion. This was nothing else than the total on the banks of Bachiglione and another mountain stream. It is a doubled-walled wreck of our vessel, and my narrow es-cape from drowning, but with an arm bro-

crowned with white villages or summer houses with battlement walls and towns surrounded by vineyards. From the top birth place of Fra Giovanni, who in 1238 She was Mrs Tom Armstrong, and I had at a great meeting near Verona, attempted to bring about a general peace which ended by burning six heretics. In 1848 this place was bombarded for 18 hours by Radetzky and had to capitulate

are said to be the most important in northleaving Vicenza a fine view of the Berice you my dear ! I haven't thought of it. Did Hills (a volcanic range) is obtained, after which we crossed the Alpone, a sluggish built up across them. At the juncture of this stream with the Adige is the village "Miss Brodie and I never had a quarrel," of Arcole and the famous bridge where Bonaparte came so-near losing his life in "Oh, Ned," she resumed, softly, "don'i November, 1796. Although in sight, I try to hide it from me, when I saw your

portrait in her bosom. I told you so, I did't stop to visit it. Next I passed Calknow, and thought it all settled and was diero where Bonaparte was defeated by so glad." "I started up and caught Jennie's wrist. "My portrait ?" I cried.

"Why, Ned, Ned, don't look at me so, screamed Jennie ; "what does it all mean?

so, dear ?" away; that, and nothing else. Oh, what a ground compared with our planting-to wretched fool I've been! I did not know the North of this plain are hills cultivawretched fool I've been ! I did not know

pined for her all these years ?" But Jennie, dear Jennie, with her kind, and I know for certain, that she wears river. It is an old walled and fortified And those words brought my youth back different works erected by the Austrians your picture still."

tome; and the years seemed blotted out, and I was the Ned Brown who fell in love with considered it the key to their Italian Nellie Brodie, once more.

ried when the spring came and the birds built by Sanmicheli, one of her sons, is the effects of which are still seen. In began to build their nests in the green still to be seen, and he stood high in his the grand Arcade alone, near the Church,

