The North Carolina Whig.

"Be true to God, to your Country, and to your Duty."

VOLUME 3. CHARLOTTE, N. C., APRIL 11, 1854. NUMBER 9.

HOLTON & WILLIAMSON,
EDITORS.

T. J. HOLTON, PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

The North-Carolina Whig will be afforded to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS in advance, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if payment be delayed for three months, and THREE DOLLARS at the end of the year. No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editors.

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (16 lines or less, this sized type) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuance. Court advertisements and Sheriff's Sales charged 25 per cent. higher; and a deduction of 33⅓ per cent. will be made from the regular prices, for advertisers by the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at $1 per square for each time. Semi-monthly 75 cents per square for each time.

☞ All letters on business must be directed to the Editors. Letters must be post-paid or they will not be attended to.

☞ Payments can be made to either.

☞ Postmasters are authorized to act as agents.

CAROLINA INN.
BY JENNINGS B. KERR,
Charlotte, N. C.

February 16 1854. 3tf

TAYLOR'S INTERNATIONAL
HOTEL,
Broadway, (Corner of Franklin See.)
NEW YORK,

IS completed and opened for travellers who desire agreeable and attractive accommodations. It is conducted upon the principle of the best European Hotels, the meals being served in the several apartments, or at the tables in the saloon, at the option of guests. The Hotel and Furniture combine elegance with comfort, and is designed as well for the convenient reception of travellers by the late trains.

JOHN TAYLOR, *Proprietor.*
January 31, 1854. t11

Hagler's Hotel.

THE subscriber adopts this method of informing his friends and the public generally, that he has recently refitted and opened for their accommodation the large Brick Building on Morgantown st., in the town of Lenoir, owned by Col. Wm. Davenport, of the Happy Valley. The subscriber hopes by an assiduous attention to his duties to merit the condition of all who stop with him comfortable and agreeable. Persons travelling in the mountains, and wishing to spend a few days, weeks, or months, in the pleasant village of Lenoir, may find his house a pleasant resting place.

A. E. HAGLER.
May 4 1853. 1y

AMERICAN HOTEL,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

THE subscriber begs respectfully to inform her friends and the public generally, that she has taken a lease of the above HOTEL, which she will open for the reception of Boarders and Travelers between the 15th instant and the 1st September. This long established and well known House, has undergone a thorough alteration throughout, and furnished with new and fashionable furniture, and being situated in the centre of business, and in the most fashionable part of the city, solicits a call from her numerous friends and former patrons of the House; and will say in conclusion, nothing will be left undone on her part to make them comfortable while in the House.

MRS. A. J. KENNEDY.
August 18 3—2m

S. J. LOWRIE,
Attorney at Law,

WILL practice in Mecklenburg and the adjoining counties and prosecute Bounty Land and Pension Claims. Office Johnston's brick building between Kerr's Hotel and the Post Office, up stairs.

January 19 1853. 52—1Y

Dissolution.

THE copartnership of Fox & Cardwell is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All persons indebted to the firm are requested to make immediate settlement with the subscriber, who is authorized to settle the same.

C. J. FOX.
September 1 1853. 3m

JAMES MOORHEAD,
NO. 26, ARCHDALE STREET,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

HAS always on hand a good assortment of the best GROCERIES, WINES and LIQUORS. Also, Manufactures

Morehead's Premium Wine Bitters,

so much recommended by Physicians, and all who have used them, as the best tonic and stomachic now before the public, wholesale and retail.

October 25, 1853. 37-1y

RANKIN, IULLIAM & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Foreign & Domestic, Staple & Fancy
DRY GOODS,
No. 131, Meeting Street,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

W. D. RANKIN of Asheville, N. C.
R. W. FULLIAM late of " "
F. M. RANKIN late of Georgia.
A. D. SMITH, late of Asheville, N. C.

Just Receive,
AT GILMER'S DRUG STORE,
MEXICAN MUSTANG LINEMENT,
PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER,
DR GUYSOTT'S EXTRACT OF YELLOW DOCK AND SARSAPILLA,
HULL'S SARSAPARILLA,
WISTER'S BALSAM WILD CHERRY,
DALLEY'S MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR,
DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

Landreth's Warranted Garden SEEDS.

FISHER & HEINITSH, Druggists and Chemists, beg to inform their friends and the public generally, that they have now open and ready for sale, a large and well selected stock of Landreth's GARDEN SEEDS, embracing every variety usually planted in the Carolinas. The reputation of Mr. Landreth is extensively known, and well sustained from year to year. They take pleasure in stating that every packet of seed from their Store may be relied upon for genuineness.

February 14, 1854.

For Sale,
BELVOIR, NEAR LENOIR,
CALDWELL COUNTY, NORTH-CAROLINA.

THIS place, late the residence of the undersigned, is offered for sale on very accommodating terms, privately until the 1st Monday of July next ensuing, when, if not previously disposed of, it will be put up to the highest bidder at public auction. The tract of Land comprises

250 Acres,

50 to 60 of which is first rate bottom under the plow. From 70 to 80 acres of good upland is also in cultivation; the remainder of the tract is woodland. The Dwelling House, a Cottage office, contains four large and convenient rooms on the ground floor, with dining room, store room, pantry and library attached by a covered way. There are also on the place a barn 70 by 25, two stories high and very conveniently arranged; stables for milch cows and horses; all other necessary out buildings, such as kitchen, negro houses, &c.; a growing and thrifty orchard, containing about 100 trees of different kinds of fruit just beginning to bear.

The situation is one of the most pleasant and improvable in the State, commanding a full view of the finest mountain scenery and falling off beautifully in every direction from the house. To any gentleman in the low country desiring a cool, healthy and pleasant summer residence it presents an eligible choice. Further information may be obtained of the undersigned, by addressing him at Charlotte or Lincolnton.

T. S. W. MOTT.
February 14, 1854. 1tf

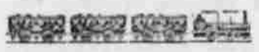
CHARLOTTE
Carriage Manufactory,
NO. 53, Opposite the Jail.

THE subscriber hereby informs his friends and the public, that he manufactures out of the best materials, and by the best of workmen, every kind of

Carriages and Buggies.

And he furthermore warrants every article made by him, to be just what he represents it. He devotes all his time, talents and means to his trade, and flatters himself that he can give general satisfaction to all who may call on him.

J. TROTTER.
December 6, 1853. 44tf



Ho! for South Troy and Eagle Mills
A MINE OF WEALTH—
A little more help and its riches shall be developed to the astonishment of the world and to the enrichment of the South.

THE proprietors of Eagle Mills and South Troy, (the most important real estate in the South, and comprising water powers of incalculable value,) nothing daunted by a degree of public neglect, are pushing forward. Their motto is, "ONWARD! ONWARD!"—and so far, their labors have been handsomely rewarded. $45,000, clean cash, in eleven months, is not to be sneezed at. And if this sum can be realized by a limited investment of capital, what could not be done by a liberal and full handed company? And will not money men give their attention to this locality and its great inducements for the investment of capital? Its intrinsic and prospective value has been estimated at $2,500,000!! Very *comfortable* sum, that! and ought not the subscriber to pass, to be deemed unworthy attention of *millionaires*. At one time it was within the reach of men of small means—those who boast of their 20, 30, and 50 thousand dollars. They must be satisfied, now, with simply seeing the land of promise. They are invited to come and take a look; and perhaps they may be gratified with a *brief* talk about trading for interests. But liberal men, with handsome means, are those who will receive greatest attention. Come forward gentlemen, here is the place for your money, and the place that will repay you double for every dollar expended. $4,300 a year for 25 years, are $100,000—clear—over and above expenses. Money will make money. It strangely multiplies itself, and that very rapidly, when properly used. Will you come? Come if you will. If not, why, we'll go on as we have done: We'll do the best we can: We'll continue to improve this valuable property, slowly and surely.—We'll introduce one thing after another until the ground is occupied. We will not only live by it, but make money. Poor men who want work shall find constant employment and good wages. No difficulty about it. Eagle Mills and South Troy are bound to go ahead, just as sure as the sun shines and that the rain falls to water the earth.—The Southern country shall feel its benign influence, and rejoice in its prosperity, and when we have done with it, all men shall call us blessed.

ANDREW BAGGARLY.
January 19, 1854. 35

P. S. The location and other advantages of South Troy and Eagle Mills, properly understood and appreciated, would hardly fail of attracting the serious attention of the directors of the Western Rail Road extension. It is our intention to collect information on this subject, with a view of urging upon the public and the Legislature, the claims of that section; and have but little doubt that if facts of sufficient importance shall be adduced, South Troy and Eagle Mills, will be speedily connected with Salisbury by railroad as it ought to be, and thence with the markets of the world. To this end, a survey of the route between the two places shall be made in due time. South Troy will, ere long become a manufacturing city; and hence the necessity of increasing transporting and travelling facilities. The advantages of such a road would tell powerfully upon the merchantile and mechanical interests of Salisbury; Doctors, Lawyers and Divines, are also concerned, and would all be benefitted.

A. B.

Law Copartnership.

WM. JOHNSTON and A. F. BREVARD having formed an association for the Practice of Law, will hereafter attend the Courts of Mecklenburg, Cabarrus, Iredell, Lincoln and Gaston counties, and give prompt attention to all business entrusted to them.

☞ Office opposite American Hotel.
January 17, 1854. t1

Celebrated Schiedam Schapps,

OR PURE HOLLAND GIN. This medical beverage is manufactured by the proprietor at Schiedam in Holland, and is warranted not only pure and free from every injurious property, but of the best possible quality. Its extraordinary medicinal properties are acknowledged by the whole medical faculty, and attested by them as a superlative Tonic, Diuretic, Anti-Dyspeptic, and invigorating cordial. For sale at

FISHER & HEINITSH'S
Feb. 14. *Cheap Drug Store.*

For Sale,

TWO GOOD WORK HORSES. Inquire at this office.

ALMANACS

For 1854, for sale by T. J. HOLTON.

Poetry.

SOULS NOT STATIONS.

Who shall judge a man from manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes, fit for something less.
Crumbled shirt and dirty jacket
May bedothe the golden ore,
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—
Satin vest could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar
Ever ow'ling out of stones,
There are purple buds and golden,
Hidden, crushed and over grown;
God who counts by souls, not by dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values thrones, the highest,
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man upraised above his fellows,
Oft forgets his fellow; then
Masters—rulers—lords—remember
That your meanest hands are men!
Men by labor, men by feeling,
Men by thought, men by time,
Claiming equal rights to shrine;
In a man's ennobled name.

There are form embroidered oceans;
There are little weed clad rills,
There are little inch high swellings,
There are coders on the hills,
But God who counts by souls not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me,
For to him all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth and fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same,
By the sweat of other's foreheads,
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifteth up its voice.

But truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light,
And sunset's shall never prosper,
Where there is a sunny right;
And God, whose world-heard voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Will sink oppression with its titles,
As the pebbles of the sea.

Miscellaneous.

From Arthur's Home Magazine.

A FIVE DOLLAR BILL;
OR,
Charity begins at Home.

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY.

"Have you any money to spare, Henry?" asked Mrs. Williams, as her husband was about leaving the house to go to his daily employment. "The children are much in need of shoes and some other little things, and I owe a dollar to the young girl who has been sewing for me lately."

"Money is rather hard to get just now, Lucy," was the reply, "still the children must have shoes and honest debts must be paid. Here is a five dollar bill. Will that answer your purpose?"

"Perfectly well. I am glad to have it to-day, for I shall probably be at leisure to make my little purchases. Mary took cold yesterday from damping her feet, and Ellen's shoes are also far too thin for the season."

"By all means, attend to it directly," replied the husband. "Health is not to be disregarded. The seeds of many a fatal disease are often sown by a slight cold."

Mr. Williams departed, and his wife proceeded to attend to her domestic duties, which, owing to her husband's limited income, devolved in a great measure upon herself.

An hour passed in the busy round of the various cares of housekeeping, when a ring at the bell announced an early visitor.

Miss Jones, the lady who entered, belonged to that class of single maidens, who, being unburthened with cares of their own, charitably devote themselves to looking into the affairs of their neighbors. She was also a prominent member of several benevolent societies, and was seldom without some new project for benefitting certain poor proteges whom she took under her own peculiar protection.

"You must really excuse my calling at this early hour, my dear Mrs. Williams," she exclaimed, as the lady of the house advanced to meet her with extended hand, "but my errand is an urgent one."

"No excuse is necessary, Miss Jones. You are too old an acquaintance to stand on ceremony."

"Thank you for saying so. And now I have recently met with a most touching case of poverty, a poor widow with five children, very feeble health, and quite unable to support such a family without assistance from the humane. I do not wish to beg for her, but have exerted myself to make a few little articles, which may be sold for her benefit. Will you allow me to show them to you and urge you to become a purchaser?"

"Really, Miss Jones," replied Mrs. Williams, "I fear I must decline assisting you this morning. Mr. Williams has been obliged to meet several heavy expenses of late, and is somewhat troubled for ready money."

"Well, just look at the contents of my little basket," continued the persevering visitor. "It will give me great pleasure to show you my handiwork, even if you do not purchase."

The basket was accordingly opened, and the usual stock of work-bags, pen-wipers, pin-cushions and infants' aprons, exhibited for the admiration of Mrs. Williams, who, being also of an exceedingly charitable disposition, began to feel a slight uneasy sensation in that part of her bosom where she had thrust the five dollar bill which her husband had given her that morning.

"I should like to take one or two little things, just for the sake of bestowing my mite," she said hesitatingly. "But unfortunately I have no change—nothing but a five dollar bill."

"Let me see," replied Miss Jones, drawing her purse from her pocket. "Perhaps I can relieve your difficulty.

"Yes, here is a three and a one. Now, if you will take that pretty cushion you are just admiring, at fifty cents, two pen-wipers for your little girls, at twenty-five, and one of these useful work-bags for the other quarter, it will make all right."

Easily done, to be sure, but Mrs. Williams was rather startled at the idea of only four dollars for the necessary purchases which she had mentioned to her husband.

Hastily she ran it over in her mind. "One dollar for the sempstress, two for shoes, and one for flannel for the baby. Then she had intended purchasing materials for warm hoods for Mary and Ellen, but perhaps this might be delayed; their cape bonnets would do for little longer. The weather was not severe now, and it was really uncharitable to refuse Miss Jones, who worked so disinterested by herself. So the five dollar bill was drawn from its hiding-place, and the three and one placed in its stead, while the pin-cushion, bag and pen-wipers were duly transferred to her work-table.

"I wish everybody had your feeling, my dear Mrs. Williams," remarked the charitable lady, as she rose to depart. "I have made but one call this morning, but that was an unsuccessful one. You know Mrs. Evans. Should not you suppose she could spare a dollar for benevolent purposes?"

"Most certainly was the reply. "Her husband's income is considerably larger than ours, and they have no more family to support. I have but a slight acquaintance with her, but have been told that she was a kind-hearted, good woman."

"She may be so, but I saw no signs of it. She declined assisting me in the most decided manner, and would not even consent to my opening my basket. But I must bid you good morning, as I have many calls to make."

"I will dress myself immediately, and go to the shoemaker's," said Mrs. Williams, as she closed the door after her visitor. "I may again be interrupted."

But when with bonnet and shawl on she had given her parting directions to the attendant, and was about to leave the house, another ring was heard.

"No more morning calls I hope," thought the lady, as she herself opened the door, resolved that the intruder should at least see that she was intending to go out.

But the present guest was of too distinguished a character to be passed by. No member of the circle in which Mrs. Williams moved, was more thought of than Mrs. Ackerman. For piety, benevolence, and a host of Christian virtues, she was esteemed unequalled, and with a cordial welcome Mrs. Williams led the way to the parlor.

"But I fear I interrupt you. Were you not going out?" asked the visitor, as she accepted the rocking-chair which her friend drew forward for her convenience.

"Only to the shoemaker's. I can go by-and-by. I am delighted to see you. Will you not take off your hat and pass the day?"

"No, I thank you. I came on business this morning, and as I have several calls to make, we can walk along together. But first let me beg you to put your name to this subscription, for our church have just formed a new society to raise funds for the instruction of the poor heathen. I regard it a peculiarly Christian work, to which all should devote themselves, even if it involve self-denial and relinquishment of some of the luxuries of life."

"Certainly; I agree with you fully," was the reply. "But just now it is quite out of my power to contribute anything. The small sum which I have by me is already appropriated to necessary purchases."

"I do not wish to constitute myself a judge of your affairs," answered Mrs. Ackerman, "but before you give a decided refusal, I must entreat you, as a true friend, to reconsider the purchases which you are about to make, and if there is any one article of creature comforts which can be dispensed with, to appropriate a part of your funds to this great cause—the salvation of human souls."

"It is indeed a great cause," returned Mrs. Williams, thoughtfully, but really," and here she paused, and once more counted the cost of shoes, flannel, and seamstress' bill. There was no surplus remaining, but perhaps the last item might be delayed. It was not absolutely necessary to pay the young girl immediately. Possibly she would not call for the money for another week. It was really impossible to refuse such a woman as Mrs. Ackerman, who was so charitably devoting herself to a glorious work.

So after a little hesitation another dollar was drawn from the five, and the name of Lucy Williams swelled the list which was triumphantly placed before her.

This done, the two ladies, arm in arm, proceeded through the busy streets.

"My next call must be on Mrs. Evans," remarked Mrs. Ackerman. "It is right on our way. Do stop in with me. It will detain you but a few moments."

With a slight feeling of curiosity as to how Mrs. Evans would meet this second claim upon her charity, Mrs. Williams entered.

A neatly-dressed, bright-eyed little girl showed them into a pleasant room, where they were not long kept in waiting. With a friendly greeting, Mrs. Evans advanced to meet them, her countenance beaming with such genuine kindness and good feeling, that no one could suspect her of want of benevolence.

A few general observations passed, and Mrs. Ackerman proceeded to state the object of her visit. A gentle but decided refusal was the reply. Persuasive arguments or hints at lack of charity were useless; but perceiving the unfavorable impression which she had made upon her guests, and respecting the motives by which they were actuated, Mrs. Evans was about to add a few explanatory words, when another visitor was announced.

A pleasant looking young lady entered, uttered an exclamation of pleasure at finding Mrs. Ackerman and Mrs. Williams seated with Mrs. Evans.

"It will save me such a long walk," she said; "for you must know that I am on a charitable mission this morning, and intend to call upon you all for aid."

"Many beside yourself appear to be engaged in the good cause of charity this morning," replied Mrs. Evans smiling.—"This is the the third call which I have received."

"Indeed! But my business must be of a different nature, for I am the only agent at present. I have a little paper here, edited by a poor blind man, as a means of gaining a support for himself and his family. The subscription is only one dollar for the year, payable in advance, and you will not only have the satisfaction of aiding a most worthy family, but you will have a work full of useful reading, and valuable, it being conducted, and indeed mostly written by one who is entirely deprived of sight."

Mrs. Ackerman took the paper which was offered for examination, and also the list of persons who had already subscribed.

"You have been successful," she remarked, as she glanced over the names. "I have no objection to bestowing a dollar upon so worthy an object, and if Mrs. Evans will kindly furnish me pen and ink, I will add my name at once."

"And the other ladies will follow your example and do the same, I hope," was the reply; and again poor Mrs. Williams fingered the purse in which her little store was now deposited, with a peculiar uneasy sensation.

The baby must have his flannel. That was certain, and Mary's shoes were too bad; but Ellen's might do a little longer. True, they were thin for the season, but a week or two could make but little difference, and Mr. Williams expected to receive a considerable sum before many days. Then followed the desire to appear as liberal as Mrs. Ackerman, and to aid in setting a good example to Mrs. Evans, to say nothing of the wish to assist the blind man.

All these various reasons triumphed, and Mrs. Williams took the pen from the hand of her friend and added her name with a feeling of satisfaction slightly mingled with self-reproach.

"And now, Mrs. Evans," continued the fair patroness of the blind man.

The lady appealed to shook her head. "It is quite out of my power," she said firmly. "I am grieved to appear uncharitable to so many of my friends, but it is my endeavor to act conscientiously in these matters, and to do this I am often obliged to refuse appeals to my benevolence."

"But the sum is so trifling, and the cause is such a good one, Mrs. Evans Charity is a great virtue you know."

"It is, indeed, but it consists not in mere alms-giving. I consider the right performance of all our duties as so many acts of charity. In the first place, we should pay particular regard to the welfare of those who are more especially placed under our care by the Divine Providence. Our children are certainly among the first objects of our charity, and their moral and physical well-being should be strictly cared for. Other near relatives or friends are generally pointed out, entirely acknowledge the doctrine that as we are all one great family, those connected by ties of relationship have no peculiar claim upon us. God hath seen fit to divide us into families, and, as a general rule, I think those thus connected can be better mediums of good to one another."

"Would you then assist none but your own near connections?" inquired Mrs Ackerman, with some severity of tone and manner.

"Certainly, as far as my means would permit. I have certain rules in regard to these matters by which I regulate my conduct, but I fear their repetition may be wearisome to you. In the first place, I have an accurate knowledge of the amount of my husband's income, and make it my especial study to provide for the comfort of my family in an economical and prudent manner. This done, I put aside a certain sum for sickness and unforseen expenses, which I consider a positive duty, as otherwise there are times when debts will accumulate, and to withhold from any one their just due is decidedly uncharitable. I then set apart another sum for the releif of the poor and needy, which I endeavor to expend in ways which appear to me most productive of good. I first seek out the poor in my own immediate neighborhood, or those who by some providential circumstances are brought particularly to my notice. After they are cared for, I am ready so far as my means will permit to assist those at a greater distance, even to the heathen in foreign lands. At the present time, I have had unusual demands upon my little fund, and must be cautious lest I trespass upon money devoted to other purposes. Excuse this long explanation, ladies, but it seemed necessary for my own justification."

With some altered feelings, the guests took leave. The remarks of Mrs. Evans had at least furnished them with food for reflection, and with regret Mrs. Williams recalled the manner in which three dollars of the little sum appropriated to the payment of a just debt, and to the comfort of her children, had been expended.

If Mrs. Evans is right in her ideas of true charity, I have certainly not acted in accordance with it," she mentally exclaimed, as she proceeded to purchase *one* pair of shoes and a few yards of flannel.

Her self-reproach was increased, on reaching home, she found the young seamstress awaiting her.

"Could you conveniently let me have the dollar which you owe me, Mrs. Williams?" she asked, in a timid but earnest manner.

"I am sorry to say that I cannot, this morning, Alice," was the reply. "Call the latter part of next week, and it shall be ready for you."

The girl hesitated. She evidently disliked to urge her request, but necessity overcame her reluctance, and she again said—

"It would be a great favor if you could let me have it."

"It is impossible, Alice, but if you really need it, I will endeavor to send it to you in a day or two. What is your number?"

With a deep sigh, Alice gave her address, and took her leave. The tears fell fast from her eyes as she left the house, for with that trifling sum she had hoped to procure some necessary comforts for her invalid and destitute mother.

Quite dispirited, Mrs. Williams returned to her parlor, and looking with disgust at the pin-cushion and work bag, which accidentally met her eye, she hastily thrust them out of sight, exclaiming—

"How I wish Alice had the money which I paid for these. I suppose I must ask Henry for a dollar for her, though I hate to tell him of my foolishness."

The reluctance to tell her husband prevented the request from being made that evening, and the next morning it passed from her mind until he had gone to his daily business.

"Never mind," was the reflection, "I said in a day or two. I will ask Henry for the money when he returns, and send it to Alice, this evening."

The morning was cloudy, and soon after the children went to school the rain came down in torrents. On their return, little Ellen's thin shoes were perfectly saturated with wet, and with some anxiety her mother hastened to warm and dry her feet, and the child was naturally delicate, and could bear little exposure.

"See, how dry my feet are, mamma, with my thick new shoes!" exclaimed Mary, triumphantly. When will you buy Ellen a pair?"

"Very soon, my dear," was the reply, accompanied by another pang of regret as she thought of the appropriation of the needful sum.

Experience is a stern teacher. Its lessons are valuable but often bitter.

Not many hours elapsed ere Ellen showed symptoms of a sudden and violent cold, and before night was so exceedingly feverish that her father judged it best to call a physician.

"Can you account for the attack?" he added, as he felt the pulse of his little patient, and listened to her short and labored respiration.

"They returned from the school in the rain," answered Mr. Williams, "and must must have taken cold."

"Her feet got very wet," added Mary, who was standing by the bed, looking sorrowfully at her sister. "Her shoes are very thin, indeed, not like my nice thick ones, which keep out the water."

Mr. Williams looked enquiringly at his wife, but her face was turned from his observation.

"Nothing worse than damp feet, at this season, particularly," remarked the physician, as he wrote a prescription, and promised to call at an early hour in the morning.

The mother passed an anxious night at the bed-side of the restless child. She felt fearful that a regular course of fever must follow, and the opinion of the physician at his next visit confirmed her apprehensions. Several days elapsed before the little invalid showed any signs of recovery, and then her feeble frame had received such a shock that it was evident that unceasing care would be necessary through the winter.

"How soon can I go to school again, papa?" she asked, as her father stood by her bedside, on his return home, one evening.

"Not for a good while, I fear, my child," was the reply. "We must try and make you happy at home, for it will be long before you can bear exposure. By the way, Lucy," he continued, addressing his wife, "how did it happen that you did not buy thick shoes for both the children? I understood you that the money I gave you was sufficient for all needful purchases."

Mrs. Williams blushed but frankly replied:

"And so it was, Henry, had I appropriated it as we intended. I meant to have told you all about it long ago, but this sickness has prevented. Let Mary sit by Ellen, and amuse her for a few minutes, and I will explain it to you."

Mr. Williams listened with attention to his wife's experience.

"It will, I hope, be a useful lesson to me," she said in conclusion. "I am now fully convinced that Mrs. Evans is right, and in order to be truly charitable, we must first regard the interests of those whom Providence has placed peculiarly under our care."

"That is undoubtedly true," replied the husband. "Another time you will be better able to withstand the persuasions of the charitable ladies who, in perfect ignorance of the circumstances of those to whom they apply, often enforce their claims in a manner exceedingly annoying. But the little dept to Alice—has it yet been discharged?"

"I am grieved to say that it has not. Ellen's illness has put everything else out of my mind. I hope the poor girl has not suffered from the want of such a trifling sum."

"It may not be trifling to her, Lucy. Give me the number, and I will go at once and settle it."

A short walk brought Mr. Williams to the door of the comfortless dwelling, one room of which was occupied by Alice and her mother.

His knock was answered by a tidy-looking woman, who directed him to their apartment, saying, as she did so:

"The poor woman is very low, sir. I fear she has not many days to live."

The inner door was opened by Alice, herself, who immediately recognized Mr. Williams, whom she had several times seen when at work at his house.

"Walk in, sir, she said, in a faltering voice; "my mother is very ill, and I cannot leave her a moment."

The appearance of the apartment bespoke extreme poverty, although their was an air of neatness which rendered it attractive. The sick woman lay on a bed in one corner, but her eyes were closed, and she did not seem to notice that any one had entered.

"Has your mother been long ill?" asked Mr. Williams, in a low voice.

"For many months, sir, but for the last ten days she has failed rapidly."

"And are you not in need of some assistance, my good girl? I called to pay the dollar which has been too long due; but in your present situation, other relief is necessary, for you have no longer leisure to attend to your usual employment."

Alice burst into tears. "Indeed, sir," she sobbed out, "the dollar will do much for our comfort. The last bit of fuel which I have in the world is on the fire, and I knew not where to procure the means to purchase more. But you have never yet been reduced to asking charity."

"Nevertheless, you must allow others to make you comfortable, now that you are unable to provide for yourselves," was the reply. "My own means are limited, but I will do what I can, and there are others who will do more. Sickness in our own family must excuse Mrs. Williams for her neglect in not sending you the money as she promised. Make yourself quite easy as to fuel. It shall be sent you immediately, and if you like I will request my own physician to attend your mother."

"Bless you for your kindness," replied the sobbing girl. "It is hard to be friendless and alone," and with a grateful heart, she saw Mr. Williams depart on his benevolent errand.

Ere the usual hour for retiring to rest, she was in possession of more comforts than she had known for a long time, and all fears, lest her dying mother should suffer from causes which human aid might relieve, were at an end.

But the kind physician, who, at the request of Mr. Williams, soon visited her, gave no encouragement that life could be prolonged beyond a few brief days.

When the convalescence of little Ellen permitted Mrs. Williams to visit the humble dwelling, she found Alice alone in her grief. The poor sufferer had gone to rest.

"And now, Alice, you must come home with me, for the present at least," said her sympathising friend, as the lonely girl poured out her sorrows. "You tell me that you are alone in the world. We will gladly protect you; and the assistance which you can render me in my domestic duties will be an ample recompense. I have the full consent of Mr. Williams to this plan, so you need not hesitate."

"My Heavenly Father has, indeed, raised up a friend in my hour of need," was the grateful reply. "There have been moments when I have been almost led to distrust His providence, when I have seen my poor mother in need of comforts which I could not procure, and have expended our last dollar to the bare necessaries of life; but I can now look back upon the way through which I have been led, and, with a full heart, bless the Lord for His goodness."

"I have once added to your afflictions by withholding your just dues," said Mrs. Williams; "but for this you must forgive me, Alice. For the last few weeks I have been learning a lesson in true charity, which I shall not easily forget. Henceforth I will endeavor to recollect that benevolence should go hand in hand with justice and economy."

THE VIOLIN TRICK.

Some days ago there presented himself before a dealer in curiosities, at the Palais Royal, a young man poorly clothed. "Sir," said he showing a violin which he carried, "I am a musical artist; this is the season of balls and soirees; I have just had a long illness, which has exhausted my purse; my only black coat is in pawn; I would be much obliged if you will lend me ten francs to redeem it. I would leave as security one of the violins you see, for I have two. It is an excellent instrument. I will return to take it again as soon as, thanks to my coat, I shall have earned some money at balls and parties." The young man had such an honest bearing, that the dealer lent him ten francs and kept the violin, which he hung up in the shop.

The next day but one a gentleman, well dressed, wearing at his button-hole the ribband of the Legion of Honor, was choosing from the dealer's stock of goods some shell work. Seeing the violin, he took it up examining it narrowly. "What is the price of this instrument?" said he. It is not mine," replied the shop-keeper, and he related how he came to possess it. "This violin," continued the unknown, "is worth money; it is a Cremona. Perhaps its owner is ignorant of its value. If he returns offer him two hundred francs for it. He is a needy artist who, it may be, obliged, and who can play just as well on another violin." Then handing fifty francs to the shopman, the unknown added, in taking his leave, "You will keep that for yourself if the affair succeeds I will return in a few days."

Two days after the young man re-appeared, bringing the ten francs to redeem his violin, for which the dealer offered him two hundred francs. After some hesitation he agreed, pocketed the money and withdrew, lamenting the sad necessity which compelled him to part with his favorite instrument. At the end of the week the dealer, not seeing the decorated gentleman, became suspicious. He carried the violin to an instrument maker, who offered him three francs for it. He acknowledged then though a little late, that he had been the dupe of two adroit knaves, whom he described to the police.

CAMPHOR DID IT.

A gentleman of much natural and acquired talent, but very bashful, a few years ago, was attentive to a young lady whom we know. Her friends did not favor his attentions. He was always strongly perfumed with camphor, so much so that they called him her "camphor bottle." He probably used it for the headache. At any rate it was disagreeable to her, and especially to be so much tormented about her "camphor bottle." One day he left at a place where she was stopping a book for a present to her. One of her friends, who is a little roughish, opened the book, and sprinkled between the leaves powdered camphor, and laid it aside for the lady. When she returned the book was handed to her. She opened it, and the smell of camphor and the loud laugh which arose were too much for her, and she flung the book across the room. A few days after he was told he need not call upon her again. We are not aware that she knows to this day the joke that was played upon her. Young men be careful and select agreeable perfumery.