

Agricultural Implements, English and American Cutlery, Iron, Steel, Nails, Guns, Pistols, Ammunition, &c.

We would respectfully call the attention of wholesale buyers to our full and complete assortment, embracing all and every description of Goods in the Trade, and to the superior advantages we can offer from having the agency of several of the best leading Factories.

Always on hand Sole and Harness Leather, Kip and Calf Skins.

Paints, Oils, Glass, Sash, Doors and Blinds, &c., &c.

Please call and examine, before purchasing, the stock at

NATHL JACOBI'S Hardware Depot, 9 Market Street

DR. T. E. UNDERWOOD,

Has recently located in GOLDSBORO, N. C.,

And solicits the patronage of the people of Goldsboro and surrounding country.—Calls promptly attended to.

Residence on James st., near Episcopal Church. Office at Drug Store. Jan. 29, 1878-3m

DR. THOS. A. WOODLEY,

LATE OF KINSTON, N. C.

Offers his Professional Services to the citizens of Goldsboro, N. C., and surrounding country.

Office, at present, at Barham's Hotel, where all orders may be left. August 23d, 1872. 1m

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,

GOLDSBORO, N. C.

This is one of the best conducted Hotels in the State, (new and established since the late fire.) At this House you will find the best of Fare, comfortable fires, excellent Lodging Rooms, a well furnished Parlor and accommodations for Ladies.

Polite and attentive servants. JAS. W. MORRIS, Proprietor.

SWIFT GALLOWAY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Goldsboro, N. C.

Office on Walnut, near West-Centre Street. Practices in the Courts of Wayne, Wilkes, Greene, Lenoir, etc.; in the Supreme Court, and in the United States Courts.

Office open in Snow Hill 1st and 3d Tuesdays of every month. mar10-1f

MERRIMON, THOS. C. FULLER, S. A. ASHE

MERRIMON, FULLER & ASHE

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

RALEIGH, N. C.

Will practice in the State and Federal Courts wherever their services may be required.

Office—Former Office of Phillips & Merrimon. mar3-w3m

WE OFFER FOR SALE

The Celebrated Climax Wood Collar,

WITH

Baker's Improved Irons

You will find it the best Collar in the world for Horse or Mule. They require no Hames, and are very simple and durable.

We confidently recommend them to the farming public, and warrant every one sold not to break. With their use the shoulder is kept cool and never galls. Come and see them at

Jan 13 KORNEGAY & BORDEN'S.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Office Reg. of Deeds, Wayne Co.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., March 18, 1873.

ANY and every person paying a tax on their property and sales, as provided in the Revenue Law, ratified 3rd day of March, 1873, such as Merchants, Auctioneers, Commission Merchants, &c., &c., and every person who has first to obtain a license before exercising any trade or calling, all of whom are comprised under Schedule "B" of said act, and have heretofore returned such list to the Sheriff of the County, are now required, under sections 12 and 28 of said act, on the 1st day of January, April, July and October, to list, on oath to the Register of Deeds, the total amount of their purchases, receipts and sales, as the case may be, for the preceding quarter.

This, therefore, is to give Notice, to any and every one interested, that the undersigned will on the first day of April next, attend at the Register's office at the Court House in Goldsboro, for the purpose of receiving such sales. And those whose duty it is to attend and who fail to do so, will be charged a double tax as required by law. D. J. EZZELL, mch20-1f Register of Deeds, Wayne Co.

I. B. GRAINGER, President.

C. M. STEWART, Vice President.

S. D. WALLACE, Cashier.

ISAAC BATES, Assistant Cashier.

BANK OF NEW HANOVER,

Capital & Surplus - \$225,000

Authorized Capital - \$1,000,000

DIRECTORS:

D. R. Murchison, O. M. Steadman, W. Wright & Steadman.

G. B. French, Geo. J. A. Leak, of Wadesboro.

G. B. French & Son, M. Weddell, of Tarboro, N. C.

J. W. Volgers, of Adrian.

J. W. Hinson, of Sprunt.

E. B. Borden, of Goldsboro, N. C.

I. B. Grainger, President.

GOLDSBORO BRANCH. E. B. BORDEN, R. P. HOWELL, President, Cashier.

DIRECTORS: E. B. Borden, W. T. Faircloth, W. F. Kornegay, A. J. Galloway, Herman Weil.

TARBORO BRANCH. M. WEDDELL, J. D. CUMMING, President, Cashier.

DIRECTORS: James M. Redmond, Fred Phillips, W. G. Lewis, Matthew Weddell.

Issues Certificates of Deposit bearing interest.

Is authorized by Charter to receive on deposit moneys held in trust by Executors, Administrators, Guardians, &c., &c., &c.

Sells Checks on New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Norfolk, Columbia, Charleston, Richmond, Petersburg and all the cities and towns in North Carolina.

Buy and sells Checks in sums to suit on Great Britain, Ireland, Germany, France, &c.

Buy and sells Gold, Silver, Bank Bills, Bonds, Stocks, &c., &c.

Strict attention given to the orders and requests of our country friends by mail or otherwise. dec 2-1f

Carolina Messenger.

J. A. BONITZ, Editor and Proprietor.

"For us, Principle is Principle—Right is Right—Yesterday, To-day, To-morrow Forever."

Published Semi-Weekly and Weekly.

VOL. 9.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., MONDAY, APRIL 7, 1873

NO. 60.

Carolina Messenger.



SEMI-WEEKLY EDITION.

MADRIGAL.

Every robin-redbreast takes himself a mate! Say the birds, sing the birds, "It is wrong to wait Till the lily-footed spring glides out at summer's gate" So I heard the birds sing, once upon a day; Oh, my treasure! Oh my pleasure! Canst thou say me nay?

Birds' songs and birds' nests and green boughs together, All gone; love alone laughs at bitter weather. Summer days and winter days; little recks Love whether; If so be that Love have his own, his darling way. Ah, my fairest! Ah, my rarest! Canst thou say me nay?

In the wood the wind-flower is sunken out of sight, Low down and deep down, and world-forgotten quite. But do you think the wind forgets that she was sweet and white? Then listen to his sad voice a little while, I pray! Oh, my cruel! Oh, my jewel! Canst thou say me nay?

The sun stole to a red rose and wiled her leaves apart; May dew and June air had wooed her at the start; But wasn't fair the sun should have her golden, perfect heart? Let me choose one short word for timid lips to say; Ah, my precious! My delicious! It shall not be nay!

THE POOR HUNCHBACK AND HIS SECRET.

High up on the brown shaggy mountain side there stands an old stone cross, cracked, lichened, mossed, and sinking on one side into the ground; and beneath the cross there bubbles a clear, holy well, to which few go now, except the sheep that crop the rich green grass that springs around its brink. Beside the well sat a little boy, and as he looked into the crystal water his tears dimpled it like rain.

"It only tells me what I knew before," said the disappointed little fellow, with a sigh.

The little boy was weeping because he was a hunchback. His big, sad eyes melted the heart like minor melodies, but there was nothing else beautiful in his stunted, distorted, feeble frame. His mother lavished fondness on him at times; but at other times there was a look in her eyes which it was hard to bear—the mortifying pity of crushed hope. His father looked at him as if he wished that he had never been born. His sisters were kind to him after a fashion, but their proud love was reserved for his beautiful younger brother, who patronized and promised to protect him with half contemptuous compassion. Outside of his own family the little hunchback was either ignored or coarsely pitied or made the butt of most cruel ridicule, and the victim of downright brutality. He felt very lonely, in a world which he loved because it was so full of beauty—among so many people, whom he longed to love, if they would only let him.

He had heard the old tales that were told of the curing powers of the deserted holy well. It bubbled up as brightly as ever it had bubbled; why should it not be as good a doctor as ever it had been? He determined to try it. Fearing to be laughed at, he kept his determination to himself, and started, without telling any one, for the mountainside.

As he passed through the village street he was jeered at and pelted by the village children; but a good-hearted woman rushed out from her washtub, with brawny, bare, soap-suddy arms, and drove off his young tormentors by sounding boxes on the ear, breath-taking thumps upon the back, and teeth-chattering shakings by the collar. The little boy was grateful to his protectress, but he thought it hard that he should need protection; and when she said "Poor little boy—it is not his

fault that he is such an object," her pity made him feel sore.

But he left the village behind him, and got out into the sunny country beyond, where he met no one to twit him with his ugliness, and the pain of his poor little smarting heart was lulled. It was a glorious day in June. The trees were out in full leaf, but the leaves had not yet lost their fresh, May green. The meadows and the patches of turf between the ditches and the road were tufted with white, red, and yellow clover-heads. The little boy picked handfuls of honey-suckle blossoms and sucked the sweet bugles as he walked. Larks sang overhead, golden-banded wild bees went booming about, lilac-colored butterflies fluttered hither and thither, the bells of a distant church were chiming merrily; in a meadow down below—too far off for him to fear teasing from them—haymakers were singing and laughing.

"In this beautiful, happy world," thought the little boy, "how is it that I am so ugly and sad?" He toiled up to the holy well. The black-faced sheep that had been drinking its clear water and cropping its lush grass scampered off, and kneeling down he curved his hand into a cup and dipped into the well. Thrice, according to old custom, he drank of the holy water; thrice he sprinkled it over his head; but he became no stronger, no handsomer.

"It only tells me what I knew before," said the little boy, as he sat looking into the liquid mirror.—"Everything is beautiful except me," he murmured. "No, there's an ugly thing," he added, "as hunchbacked as I am. What is it? It looks like a bit of dry stick, and yet it seems to be alive. It's moving!"

As he spoke the hunchbacked bit of stick cracked, and there came forth a beautiful butterfly, which soon spread its wings of orange-tipped white and flew off to a hawthorn bush hard by.

The little boy, stretching himself on the sunny grass, watched for a long time the beautiful insect fluttering over the beautiful mass of creamy blossoms, flecked with red and green. Presently it flew off and began to flutter around him. It alighted on his ear, and whispered something to him; and then butterfly and hawthorn bush—nay, more, the very mountain itself—suddenly vanished. But, after having been spoken to by a butterfly, the little boy could be astonished at nothing.

He was no longer a little boy, but a man. He was still a hunchback, but he had ceased to be sorry for that. When people, as was still sometimes the case, slighted or insulted him on account of his ugliness, he would smile and whisper to himself, "Ah, if they only knew—but that's a secret."

Two brothers were going to fight, but the hunchback ran between them, and, being ashamed to strike such as he, they ceased from their quarrel long enough to cool, and finally shook hands over the hunchback's head.

In a bare room an almost blind old woman lay alone, bedridden.—Every one belonging to her was dead. She was a peevish old woman, interesting in no way, and in the wide world there was not a soul to care whether she lived or died, until the hunchback found her. He brought her food and physic and clothes; he brought her coals, he brought her cooling fruit. He sat with her, reading and talking. Sometimes the ungrateful, ugly old woman snapped at him for being so ugly; but the hunchback simply smiled, and went on being kind to her.

A young woman, without a penny, alone in a great city, and maddened by her loneliness, had thrown herself with a loud shriek, into the black, gas-lit river, of which the hunchback, when he saw it as a man, remembered that he had read when a boy. There was none to care for her but the hunchback. He had dragged her out and calmed her, and comforted her and got her work; and at last she had married an honest husband, and lived to have a swarm of pretty little faces swaying about her like roses around a bush; and wife and father and

the little roses all blessed the hunchback.

Another lonely girl, whose face had once been a pure little rose, but had been sadly blighted, he had found wandering reckless in the same great city; but he had lured her back to her quiet country home; and once more father and mother, sisters and brothers, blessed the hunchback.

One of the most cruel of his village tormentors, grown up like himself, was almost ruined—would be completely ruined if he had to pay immediately a sum of money—he owed the hunchback. "Ask him to have mercy on you, and give you a little grace," said the man's wife.—"It's of no use," the man answered, moodily; "I never had any mercy on him, and, of course, he'll take it out of me now!"

"Then I'll go and ask him," cried the wife; and when she had told him of his old tormentor's troubles, the hunchback freely forgave him all. The man professed to be very grateful, but afterward he spread a report that the hunchback had only given up his claim because he knew that he had been a cheat in pretending to have one. And again the hunchback forgave the man all.

A fearful plague raged in the village. In almost every farm-house and cottage there were some persons down with it. Almost all not smitten with it had fled in their selfish terror. There was no one left to bury the dead. Scarcely any one was left to comfort the dying, and to cherish and rescue such of the sick as might be saved, except the hunchback. Ugly as he was, he went from house to house, like a sunbeam, the only ray of hope to the poor creatures with whom he sat up night and day.

But his turn came to be stricken down. His eyes were sealed, his limbs frozen; and then his face was transfigured, and the hump expanded into snowy wings, on which he flew away to rest. The secret was out. "We always said he was an angel, and that his wings were packed away in the hump," exclaimed the sufferers who watched his flight. But when his eyes opened, he saw again the orange-tipped butterfly and the hawthorn bush. He was again a little feeble, ugly boy, lying on the warm grass beside the holy well.

Somehow, however, as he walked down through the heather, thinking over his strange experiences, he felt that his pilgrimage to the well had not been made in vain.

The Virtue of Economy.

It was one of the follies of Robert Burns to imagine that saving was a sordid and small occupation. The poor gleaner of his bread from the sterile Scottish glebe might be pardoned that weakness and despair if anybody could. It was the apparent hopelessness of making headway against his cruel fortune which made Burns affect to despise the painstaking thrift of his neighbors, not a sense that it was mean and inferior. He must have admired their stern courage, their heroic poverty. His shiftlessness was not due to the possession of genius, but his self-indulgence and irresolution. We, who have milder difficulties and more lenient fortunes, are without the excuse of his unhappy circumstances, and must not make the mistake of attributing that to his greater qualities which is really due to those human weaknesses which he shared in common with his kind.

The truth is that economy is always a necessary and noble quality, and often a heroic one. It is especially fine in those men who care little for money in itself. Thrift may become a passion just as self-indulgence may become a passion; it is the duty of reason to curb and regulate both. The man who has once begun to save soon finds it a greater pleasure to add fifty dollars to his little pile than to spend the sum upon a tailor or a caterer. As soon as he begins to confuse the means with the ends, reason should demonstrate that the present has its demands as surely as the future has its exigencies. So, when long habits of self-pampering have taught one to think that he must have everything he wants, it is good to

learn to deny himself. It is odd to see the tricks and deceptions we play upon ourselves. We judge of our needs by our habits. "We used to pay so much for our dinner," we used to go to such a place for our summer vacation; whether we need such a dinner, or to go to such a hotel, does not occur to us. The great virtue of economy, we may remark, is to economize to-day and not to-morrow, for in the future virtue looks attractive, and then it has none of those prosaic difficulties which beset it just now. It makes not the least difference about the triviality of the economy. Truth and wisdom are qualities which enable any action they may touch, however sordid and common these actions may seem to our prejudiced and uneducated eyes.

The Financial Flurry in New York.

The Evening Post of Monday, referring to the excitement on that day in the New York gold and stock market, says:

For a week past the Wall street markets have been dull, every one awaiting the Treasury programme for April. This was published this morning, and provides for the sale of \$6,000,000 gold and the purchase of \$1,000,000 5-20 bonds, the programme evidently having been framed to put down gold, which has been creeping up for ten days past.

The effect was just the opposite to the Treasury calculations. Gold closed Saturday at 117. This morning after selling at 116½, it advanced to 117½, then halted for a short time and then bounced up to 118.

Stocks declined, as also investment securities, and great excitement, bordering on a panic, prevailed.

No failures have yet been reported, but unless the excitement is checked and the markets steadied, some will necessarily occur.

A telegram from Washington says:

The great flurry in the stock and money market in New York has been the occasion of much attention at the Treasury, and the Secretary has been in the receipt of numerous telegrams on the subject. It is said in some quarters that this disturbance is the result of an organized attempt on the part of some of the Wall street operators to destroy confidence at the outset in the administration of the new secretary. Secretary Richardson appears, however, to be perfectly serene, and intimates that these attempts, from whatever source they emanate, or from whatever cause, will not have the effect to induce any alteration in his programme. It was said in high financial circles that it would not be a surprise if gold went beyond twenty before the upward movement is arrested.

The Baltimore Sun remarks:

The situation is full of anomalies, and sets calculation at naught. How the market was got into this fix is subject to a half dozen different explanations. There is one fact, however, not to be lost sight of.—The specie shipments from 1st of January to date amount to \$13,511,412, against \$5,213,197 last year, and 13,389,021 in 1871. They possess a popular as well as a commercial and financial interest.

When any little misunderstanding arises between neighbors in Texas, instead of having recourse to the tedious and uncertain processes of law, they settle the matter among themselves inexpensively and expeditiously after this simple and Arcadian fashion: Four gentle shepherds of the San Saba county sporting themselves in testing their fleetness of foot against that of a pony, a trifling difference of opinion occurred as to the result of the race. By way of reaching an amicable agreement, two of the shepherds incontinently emptied six-barrelled revolvers into each other and into a third participant in the discussion, all receiving mortal wounds, whereupon the fourth closed the debate with an axe, chopping off the head of the noisiest mourner, and cutting short all objection from the others. Having thus departed equally unsmilingly the peaceably departed bearing with him the good wishes of the bystanders.

If you want to sell your cotton for a good price and buy your goods cheap, don't fail to call on John H. Powell.

Men and Women.

The question, which is the more interesting creature, man or woman? is one that in the present paucity of the sexes—there being but two—it is impossible to settle. Either a man or a woman giving it in favor of their own side might be said to be biased; and if they awarded it to the other, how would it be proved that they had done themselves justice? It might even be a weak personal propitiation. Literature gives an impression wholly in favor of women—which is to the credit of masculine politeness, considering who the writers have mainly been. It had gone the other way, it would have been very shameful. Whether however, men are more interesting to men than women are, and whether women find more in women to interest them than they do in men are points about which an appeal may be made to evidence. It is true that books seem to take all for granted here again. According to them there never were creatures so fond of one another as men and women. When you come to the face of real life, some doubt arises. One thing is certain, nothing like so much fondness is actually shown as is talked of.

Observation goes to force upon us the unwelcome conclusion that this pretended fondness of the two sexes for one another is the great fundamental hypocrisy of the race. It would be unfair to dwell too much on the circumstance that they make one another uncomfortable in a way that men never make men nor women women, taking that fact by itself. This might be a mere result of their being different. But a review of the whole case tends to establish a general incompatibility between the two. Things will have to alter very much if men and women are ever to get along well together. The pretence that they are dying of sheer liking for one another is not only not proved, it is disproved. Not merely is that kind of mortality wholly absent from the returns, but, after all these centuries, the two sexes greatly keep aloof from one another. Whenever you can get a glimpse of their true tenderness, it comes out clearly enough that men and women are domestic creatures under compulsion. Their real wish is for partial cohabitation. All kinds of social contrivances have been tried, the real purpose of which, no matter how it may be disguised, is to separate the sexes, and so secure for each the pleasure of being only in his own society. There is no sacrifice men will not make to get this luxury. They will support the costliest clubs, they will smoke, they will pretend any sort of recreation from cards down to billiards, so as not to be apart from women for a portion of their time. The like thing holds of the ladies in their own way. The inability of the men to stay at home allows their wives to assemble mutual clubs in their own drawing rooms, and they do so. For one club the men have, the women have hundreds—just as many as there are houses.

It is all very well to decry this disunion; but of what use is that if it arises out of an incurable antipathy? This is the test of the sexes radically differ. At home feminine likings prevail; and there is no man who is not more or less aware that the minor arrangements and the wonderful, and to him superfluous flounce like ornamentation of his hours, are not for him, not for his sex; that is the admiration of their own kind—not of the opposite one—they lay themselves out for. Men and women are in a perpetual condition of surprise, and scoff at each others styles both always self-complacent, and altogether omitting criticism of their own. The dress of the sexes utterly fails of the captivation of one another. The fashionable doings of the one are mystic to the other; for nine eighths of the time their attire is an offence to one another. Mutual criticism on the point has not the slightest recognition; nor do the modes effect each other, save in the most rudimentary way. Each take their own course. It is not for the young ladies that the young men put on their wonderful neckties, their sleek fur collars, their astonishing jewelry, any more than it is of the male dandies that the young women stay thinking and hesitating so long over the pattern of a lace or the tint of a personal. Men never notice the pattern of the lace; they pay little heed to an umbrella, unless it is one a man is carrying. Both have in their eye those who can understand them best—their own sex. Conversation equally betrays this natural opposition. If the sexes had real respect for one another, would they indulge in these unbelievable compliments. Neither does it to those of their own kind whom the honestly like. The artificial style of talk which is the traditional custom of the sexes is plainly that of creatures who do not understand each other and have mutual suspicions. Being strange they betake themselves to compliments. A qualification in reference to the family relation has to be made. To a man his mother is not a woman—she is a divinity; the like partly holds in a girl of her father; and brothers and sisters

are not a lady sex. But get outside this nonsexual circle, and the antipathy quickly comes. Boys nearly hate girls, and the feeling is returned; old men care nothing for women of any age, except as nurses; old women creep together. It is only during the central portion of life that the sexes can be said to be civil to one another. In fact, if a man had not forced men and women to love each other during that portion willy-nilly, and given them that incredible and perplexing bribe of children, it is doubtful whether they would have any mutual liking. Love is all that exists between them. The score of their feelings of understanding, of sympathy, of appreciative respect, or rational emulation which men have for men and women for women, neither sex has for the other. It is astonishing, considering what a complete, intricate, long association the bringing up a family ties a couple to, that they do not become more really intimate than they do even in the best cases. Doubt may well be felt that there are few husbands and wives who, in spite of all the trials they have shared, have not at the bottom of their hearts a sense of grievance one against the other. At least, it may fairly be said that, if there were any joint concern of another kind which kept two men or two women partners of fortune under such mutual responsibilities for as long a period, they would develop more warmth of feeling on each side.

It is all very sad, but it cannot be helped. The sexes are a partial failure, and somehow has arisen an enormous exaggeration of their liking for one another. Looked at calmly, the interest each has for the other is woefully lacking in versatility; it is alike monotonous and small—mere love, in fact. We can but hope that, as generations succeed, his natural incompatibility between men and women may abate, and that they may assimilate in their tastes.

The Hand.

Neatness is the first consideration which makes a hand attractive. No matter how long, bony, or large jointed and unshapely, if it is clean, and the finger nails properly cared for, a hand can never look disgusting.

A soft, warm, pliable hand has great power and fascination. There is the whole in a large hand, many times far greater than in a tiny one. A hand corresponding in size to the rest of the body is much finer than the best of dimpling hands, so many are proud to possess, and others envy the possession. It is equally as nonsensical to squeeze the hands into gloves a size too small, as to pinch the feet for tight boots. A very small nose is considered insignificant, while a large one is said to indicate nobility of character. Why not the same with hands and feet? If, with changes of time, the idea should prevail that small noses only were fine, while large ones were something to hide, and of which to be ashamed, would not the vanity of humanity attempt to reduce the proportion of that member by lacing, or inserting in a close net? It would be equally as sensible as stopping the circulation of the blood in the other portions of the body. A white flexible hand is desirable, but not at the sacrifice of duty. Many a hand, rough hand has done enough good in the world to look beautiful in the eyes of the appreciative. Girls who slick all the house work, making drudges of their mothers, rather than soil their dainty white hands, need not expect to be loved by those who know it. The callous places and other signs of labor would be far more to their credit. The best hand in the world is an honest hand, be it hard or soft, white or brown, smooth or rough, angular or spiky; an honest palm that takes the hand of a friend with a warm, hearty grasp, as if there were nothing in the heart to conceal, only warmth and kindness towards all. This is the best and most beautiful hand in the world.

A Soldier's Devotion.

Last week William M. Smith, who lost his right arm at Seven Pines, and was one of the first to volunteer in the Twenty-second North Carolina regiment (Pettygrove's brigade), arrived in Lexington, having walked all the way from Guilford county, N. C., for the purpose of seeing the graves of Lee and Jackson before he died. Having accomplished his purpose he is now on his way back on foot. He was given "the freedom" of the town, and was kindly treated by all he met. He made the pilgrimage with no flourish of trumpets, but was found weeping at General Lee's tomb, and seemed the modest, brave soldier his papers and armless sleeve proved him to be.

are not a lady sex. But get outside this nonsexual circle, and the antipathy quickly comes. Boys nearly hate girls, and the feeling is returned; old men care nothing for women of any age, except as nurses; old women creep together. It is only during the central portion of life that the sexes can be said to be civil to one another. In fact, if a man had not forced men and women to love each other during that portion willy-nilly, and given them that incredible and perplexing bribe of children, it is doubtful whether they would have any mutual liking. Love is all that exists between them. The score of their feelings of understanding, of sympathy, of appreciative respect, or rational emulation which men have for men and women for women, neither sex has for the other. It is astonishing, considering what a complete, intricate, long association the bringing up a family ties a couple to, that they do not become more really intimate than they do even in the best cases. Doubt may well be felt that there are few husbands and wives who, in spite of all the trials they have shared, have not at the bottom of their hearts a sense of grievance one against the other. At least, it may fairly be said that, if there were any joint concern of another kind which kept two men or two women partners of fortune under such mutual responsibilities for as long a period, they would develop more warmth of feeling on each side.

It is all very sad, but it cannot be helped. The sexes are a partial failure, and somehow has arisen an enormous exaggeration of their liking for one another. Looked at calmly, the interest each has for the other is woefully lacking in versatility; it is alike monotonous and small—mere love, in fact. We can but hope that, as generations succeed, his natural incompatibility between men and women may abate, and that they may assimilate in their tastes.

The Hand.

Neatness is the first consideration which makes a hand attractive. No matter how long, bony, or large jointed and unshapely, if it is clean, and the finger nails properly cared for, a hand can never look disgusting.

A soft, warm, pliable hand has great power and fascination. There is the whole in a large hand, many times far greater than in a tiny one. A hand corresponding in size to the rest of the body is much finer than the best of dimpling hands, so many are proud to possess, and others envy the possession. It is equally as nonsensical to squeeze the hands into gloves a size too small, as to pinch the feet for tight boots.

A very small nose is considered insignificant, while a large one is said to indicate nobility of character. Why not the same with hands and feet? If, with changes of time, the idea should prevail that small noses only were fine, while large ones were something to hide, and of which to be ashamed, would not the vanity of humanity attempt to reduce the proportion of that member by lacing, or inserting in a close net? It would be equally as sensible as stopping the circulation of the blood in the other portions of the body.

A white flexible hand is desirable, but not at the sacrifice of duty. Many a hand, rough hand has done enough good in the world to look beautiful in the eyes of the appreciative. Girls who slick all the house work, making drudges of their mothers, rather than soil their dainty white hands, need not expect to be loved by those who know it. The callous places and other signs of labor would