

## Barefoot.

Oh, don't you remember the old hill-side farm,  
 And the farm-house with clapboards so gray,  
 With the garden of roses, and sweet pinks, and balm,  
 And the meadows with buttercups gay?  
 And don't you remember how, in doors and out  
 And under the old orchard trees,  
 And gay, laughing children went skipping about,  
 With bare feet, as busy as bees?  
 How we all played together, the girls and the boys,  
 And had houses, and workshops, and stores,  
 Rag babies, and "earthens," and just as much noise  
 As our voices could make out of doors?  
 How we loved through the pastures and woodland to roam,  
 Together bright mosses and flowers!  
 We thought then, as now, there was "no place like home."  
 And no home so delightful as ours.  
 And don't you remember the pleasant school road,  
 And the school-house so sunny in June,  
 With the lessons we learned, and the "mark that we toed"—  
 And how we played "pizen" at noon?  
 Our sunbonnets, crumpled, hung over our necks,  
 The summer wind played with our hair;  
 While the sun paid our faces the warmest respects,  
 And kissed our white toes that went bare.  
 How we climbed the steep hill-side as nimble as goats,  
 And skipped o'er the ledges in glee;  
 We mimicked the woodlark and whip-poorwill's notes,  
 And sung with the chick-a-dee-dee.  
 We waded the brook when the water was low,  
 And shouted to make the woods ring,  
 Or played on its banks in the summer's soft glow,  
 Light hearted as birds on the wing.  
 You remember the pond where the geese used to swim,  
 How we called it the ocean so wide,  
 And in an old hat that was minus the brim  
 We sailed our rag dolls on its tide?  
 And when they had cruised all the wide ocean through,  
 And outdone both Magellan and Cook,  
 We drew them all home in an old ragged shoe,  
 And called it a coach ride they took.  
 How we danced in the mud with our bare, naked feet,  
 And played 'twas the Dutch way to churr!  
 We made us mud biscuits and plumcake so sweet,  
 Without any cook-book to learn.  
 How we pitied the children whose stockings and shoes  
 Forbade them to share in our fun!  
 While we stirred up our puddings, and pastries and stews,  
 And left them to cook in the sun.

## "Charge It."

A simple little sentence is this, to be sure, and yet it may be considered as one of the most insidious enemies with which people have to deal. It is very pleasant to have all the little commodities offered for sale in the market, and it is sometimes hard to deny one's self of the same, when they can be obtained by just ordering them and saying "Charge it." But this habit of getting articles, however small the expense may be,

without paying for them, keeps one's funds in a low state most of the time. "I have not the money to-day, but I should like the article very much," says a young man who, happening into a store, sees something which strikes his fancy. "Never mind," says the gentlemanly clerk, "you are good for it." "Well, I will take it and you may charge it." And so it is that little accounts are opened at one place and another, till the young man is surprised at his liabilities; which, though small in detail, are sufficiently large in the aggregate to reduce his cash materially when settling day comes. In many instances, if the cash was required, the purchase would not be made, even had the person the money by him; but, to some, getting an article charged does not seem like parting with an equivalent. Still, when pay-day comes, as it always does, this illusion vanishes, and a feeling is experienced of parting with money and receiving nothing in return.

**A MURDEROUS WEAPON.**—M. Kranka, the inventor of the breech-loader which has been adopted by the War Department at St. Petersburg for the Russian army, has just published a pamphlet at Prague, in which he describes a new invention of his called the "kulomet," or hand mitrailleur. The kulomet, he says, is of simple construction, and may be used by the soldier on any ground, however hilly, just like a rifle. It is comparatively cheaper than Wernel and other breech loaders used in the European armies, and a soldier armed with it can, under all circumstances, fire thrice as rapidly as with the zundnadelgewehr. In battle it will fire twenty-four shots a minute, while other breech-loaders only fire twelve or thirteen a minute. Any rifle may be converted into a kulomet, and any cartridge may be used with it.

**SPOTS.**—There is a growing tendency among scientific men to trace a connection between the spots on the sun and various earthly phenomena, such as excessive disturbances of climate, volcanic outbursts, earthquakes, and the prevalence of epidemic diseases. The maximum frequency of sun-spots occurs at regular periods, between eleven and twelve years apart. Thus it fell in the years 1848 and 1860, and fell also in the year just closed. The writer in *Nature* calls attention to the fact that great national epidemics occurred in two former years, and that the potato disease in Ireland, and the vine disease in France and Portugal, are now devastating those countries respectively.

## What a Brave Man Did.

One night, in the long galleries of an immense convent at Castro, during the retreat of Sir John Moore, immediately preceding the battle of Corunna, several thousand British soldiers were sleeping heavily, exhausted by the fatigue of the past day, and by the evening of revelry which had followed.

The corridor below was completely filled by the horses of the men and of the artillery. These were packed so closely that there was no room to pass between them, and there was but one door of entrance.

At a late hour of the night, two officers who were crossing the bridge of Castro perceived that one of the shutters of the convent was on fire, and that the flame was fast spreading to the roof above. The peril was extreme, for had a chance spark fallen on the straw beneath, the whole would have blazed up at once, and hundreds at least of those senseless men who lay sleeping there in the deep stupor of intoxication must inevitably have perished.

Not a moment was to be lost. One of the officers, Captain Lloyd, of the Forty-third—his name deserves to be remembered—made a sign to his companion to keep silence; then ran on fast to the convent, and making his way into the corridor, leaped on the back of the nearest horse. On he sprang from horse to horse—for there was no room to move in any other way; it was giddy work, but with strong courage and steady nerves he went bounding on over that living bridge.

Will he be in time? Already the flames are licking the rafters of the roof above, and the wood is old and rotten. One more flying leap and he has gained the window; the next moment he is tearing away frantically at the shutter, to loo en it from its hinges.

It was a moment of fearful excitement. One false step now, one cruel spark, and all his work would be in vain; he and the loomed men he was trying to save would alike have been crushed or stifled or burnt to death amongst the falling ruins. Still he kept his place at the giddy height, tugging away manfully at the shutter. Well done, Captain Lloyd! Hold on but a little longer, keep a good heart, and you will save them yet.

The fire helped rather than hindered him now, charring and loosening the framework, which at any other time it would have taken a very Hercules to move.—He worked on against time through moments which seemed like hours, till at last he had wrenched the shutter from its hinges, and the mass of flaming wood was loose

in his hands. Then, with one final effort, he hurled it down, as far as he could, into the courtyard beneath, there to smolder and burn itself into a white ash, and do no harm to any one.

We fancy the man's heart must have beat fast and proudly when he looked down afterwards and realized what he had done—done all alone, too, and silently; without a single cheer to help him all the time.

## The Price of Type.

Messrs. George P. Rowell & Co. announce that they have at their warehouse, in New York, an assortment of type from one of the most celebrated foundries in world, that of Figgins, London, Eng., which they will sell at 20 per cent. discount from the American scale, when ordered in fonts of 100 pounds and upwards. They also offer to import large fonts on special orders at a greater discount from the American scale, and profess to be able to fill the largest order in eight weeks from date of its receipt in New York. They supply sorts in large or small quantities from their stock on hand in New York, at the American scale rate. They assert that if the present duty on type shall be removed, the price of the article, both of home and foreign manufacture, will immediately fall 40 per cent below the present scale. Messrs. George P. Rowell & Co. are known as conducting the largest advertising business ever secured by one house, and are also extensive dealers in printing material. They are compelled to import foreign goods, because American founders, governed by a close corporation or ring, keep the price vastly too high, and at the same time make it an exception to every other species of merchandise by recognizing no wholesale price; the same amount per pound being charged to the purchaser of five thousand pounds as would be paid by him who wants but fifty.

The *Intelligencer* says that three gentlemen whose combined weight was a thousand pounds, registered at the Simonton House in Statesville last Friday.

## CHARLOTTE

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