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Poetry.

It is the Province of Poetry to hallow the sphere in which it moves, and breathe around it an odor more exquisite than the rose or the lily.

[Original]

The Triumph of Light.

When in her beauty, lovely day
Glides slow from 'neath the pall of night,
How soon is darkness chased away
How quickly speeds the morning light.

How quickly come day's glorious King,
And throws his beams of brightness 'eer
Hill brook and trees, each living thing
Rejoices in the golden store.

Each little beam a messenger
Sent from his Monarch dazzling throne
To glad the things that black-robed
were

When darkness claimed them as its own

All night like mourners clad in gloom
Heads bowed and weeping dew-drop
tears
Fair flowers have yeiled their radiant
bloom

Till coming light their sadness cheer.

NANNIE R.

WAGES ABROAD.—Sixty cents a day is considered good wages for workingman in any of the European countries, except Great Britain, where the wages are somewhat higher. In the Tyrol silk region and in Italy they often do not get more than ten cents. In the country in Germany ten cents is the common pay. Women there often get but five cents. In Sweden men often work from four o'clock in the morning till nine in the evening, and do not get more. During the late war many poor women in Berlin were hired to knit stockings for the soldiers for five cents. The profit of the poor who keep petty shops, sell trinkets in the streets, or act as sutlers do not average more than three or four per cent. Barbers in Berlin, since the raising of their prices, get five cents for hair cutting and two and a half cents for shaving. Servants at hotels get from three to eight dollars a month. Servant girls in private families often get but ten dollars a year.—Somestimes these classes cannot get work at any price.

A society in Piscataquis, Maine, has resolved that it is "as bad to vote for a thief, a liar, or a drunkard, as to be one."

Our Story.

[Original.]

THE
Diamond Bracelet

OR, THE
Evil Wrought By One Man

BY SUE J. DICKSON.

["THE DIAMOND BRACELET" was commenced in No. 24. All new Subscribers will be supplied with the back numbers.]

CHAPTER XII.

THE MARRIAGE OF ELGENTINE WENTWORTH AND GUY LEATON.

In the freshness, and sweetness of youth, while twenty-two years, were spanning her brow,
She came blushing in beauty; and truth,
Exchanging with him, sweet lover's plighted vow.

Two weeks passed away; and Judge Wentworth's magnificent mansion was again illuminated. Brilliant lights streamed from every window, lighting up the broad smooth lawn, and throwing a softening glow upon the many colored flowers that beautified the artistically laid out grounds. Carriage after carriage rolled up the lawn, for the elite were gathering there to witness the marriage ceremony between Guy Leaton and the Judge's daughter, the fair Elgentine. The parlor was crowded with beautiful women and courtly men, the merry tones of whose voices floated through the room, whilst rippling peals of girlish laughter filled the air with playful mirth. Amid the guests who were assembled, there were James Wallace, and by his side, the tall, stately form of Gilbert Douglas. We start as we look into his sad, serious face, in which four years have wrought some startling changes, and we involuntarily exclaim. "Can this be Gilbert Douglas, this man whose locks four year ago were black as a raven's wing, now silvered over, as if by the frost of time?"

Ah! sorrow has done this; and what along engagement. Now,

sorrow has drawn those lines upon his once smooth brow.

"I never thought Guy would be coming away down South to find a wife, he remarked, turning to Wallace, who was gazing over the room at the merry chatter boxes, with something like an amused smile upon his lips, which ended in a low laugh, as those words, spoken by a merry coquetish girl, reached his ear:

"I will tell you what I am going to do, Robert, I shall marry Mr. Wallace over there, and cut Mr. Leaton out of that magnificent property, just for the sake of being avenged on him, for carrying Elgentine off in this unceremonious manner. Why even her most intimate friends, and I am one of them, knew nothing about it until the first of last month, and here they have been engaged nearly three years. My! I don't intend to be engaged to Mr. Wallace longer than three months, before our marriage is solemnized."

"Well, then, if you are so averse to long engagements, I would be most happy to have ours shortened," retorted her companion.

"Oh!" cried the gay girl, "I never intend to marry you, unless I can't bring Mr. Wallace to terms; you know I am just holding you off for a better chance."

Here a merry peal of laughter followed, and Wallace turned to Douglas, and asked:

"What were you saying, Gilbert, for instead of listening to you, I was trying to hear what kind of a trap that was, Miss Seabright over there was laying for my benefit."

"And I think you did hear," replied Douglas, with a smile.—

"I was saying, I never thought Guy would have come down South in quest of a wife."

"Oh," replied his companion, he did not come in quest of a wife; but happened down here four years ago, on the very evening of Elgentine's first ball. I persuaded him to attend, and he went to please me, fell in love with her on first sight, and has been courting desperately ever since. You see, Gilbert, love is like lightning, it only goes where it is sent."

Just at that moment the minister appeared in his long black silk gown, and with book in hand crossed the room, and took his stand. Then occurred a general

buzz, in the midst of which the bride and groom appeared, when immediately all became silent as death. The bridal pair advanced into the room, followed by a train of bridesmaids, and the fond father, who that night was to give his only child into the keeping of another.

As the two passed up, and stood before the man of God, Gilbert Douglas averted his head, while his heart throbbed painfully, and a deadly palor over-spread his face. Was he thinking of another bridal scene, when he himself stood before the man of God clasping the snowy hand of a sweet blue eyed girl, who looked up trustingly and proudly upon him? None knew, but the single words, "Oh God!" burst from his lips, and clasping his hands to his breast he rushed through the open window at his elbow, just as all eyes turned from the bridal party to him; and even the bride-groom, turned from the minister, and looked after his retreating form. But he was forgotten, for the next moment the deep, clear voice of the minister broke the death-like stillness:

"Guy, you take this woman, whom you hold by the hand, to be your lawful wife; and you promise and covenant in the presence of God and these witnesses, that you will be unto her a loving and faithful husband until you shall be separated by death?" The minister paused, and with a face more ghastly pale than Douglas had been, a moment before, Leaton answered in a voice far from calm:

"I do."

Then turning to the bride the minister continued:

"Elgentine, you take this man, whom you hold by the hand, to be your lawful and wedded husband, and you promise and covenant in the presence of God and these witnesses, that you will be unto him, a loving, faithful, and obedient wife." The low sweet voice of the bride answered, and the minister continued, "I pronounce you husband and wife: whom, therefore, God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." As they turned away Elgentine raised her radiant eyes to her husband's face, and heard him whisper:

"Mine now, forever mine."

Then their friends came flocking around them to offer their con-