THE MAGNOLIA MONITOR.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
—AT—
MAGNOLIA, N. C.,
BY
W. T. HANNAFORD.
TERMS:
One Year..... $2.00
Six Months..... 1.25
Three Months..... 75

The Magnolia Monitor.

VOL. 3. MAGNOLIA, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 15, 1874. NO. 28

ADVERTISING RATES.

Ten lines, one inch space, or less, constitutes a square.

SPACE.	1 W.	1 MO.	3 MO.	6 MO.	1 YR.
1 square	$1.00	$2.50	$6.00	$11.00	$20.00
2 "	1.50	4.50	11.	20.00	35.00
3 "	2.00	6.00	16.	30.00	50.00
¼ col'm.	3.50	9.00	25.	40.00	70.00
½ "	6.00	15.	40.	70.00	125.
1 "	10.	25.	70.	125.	200.

☞ Reading matter notices are charged fifteen cents per line first insertion, and ten cents per line for each subsequent insertion.
There will be no deviation from the above rates and regulations.
☞ Our terms are CASH unless by special contract. ☜

MISCELLANEOUS.

TAKE SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR

This well-called Southern Remedy is warranted not to contain a single particle of Mercury, or any injurious mineral substance, but is

PURELY VEGETABLE,

containing those Southern Roots and Herbs which an Allwise Providence has placed in countries where Liver Diseases most prevail.

It will cure all Diseases caused by Derangement of the Liver.

The most common symptoms of Liver Complaint are a bitter or bad taste in the mouth; pain in the back, sometimes mistaken for Rheumatism; sick Headache; loss of appetite; bowels alternately costive and loose; tongue loaded; loss of memory, accompanied with a painful feeling of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; dizziness, drowsiness, chills, and a yellow appearance of the skin and eyes; a dry, hacking cough is sometimes mistaken for consumption; the Liver, in many cases of these complaints, is the organ primarily deranged, although in the majority of cases all the organs named seem to be affected. In some cases of Liver Complaint, but few of the above symptoms will be found to exist, while in others almost all will appear. One thing is certain, a medicine that will cure any of the diseases named above, when the Liver is the organ deranged, must be in that organ, and must act upon the Liver, or it cannot cure DEATH will ensue.

This Great Unfailing SPECIFIC will not be found the Least Unpleasant.

For CONSTIPATION, DYSPEPSIA, Jaundice, Bilious attacks, sick Headache, depression of spirits, SOUR STOMACH, heartburn, &c. &c.,

SIMMON'S LIVER REGULATOR,
Or Medicine,
is the cheapest, Purest and best Family Medicine in the World.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
MACON, GA., and PHILADELPHIA.
Price $1.00. Sold by all Druggists.

PUBLICATIONS.

Christian Advocate,
RALEIGH, N. C.
REV. J. B. BOBBITT, EDITOR & PUBLISHER.
Established in 1833.
HAS THE
Largest Circulation in [illegible]
Devoted to Religious Literature, Science, Art, News and General Intelligence.
The Organ of the N. C. Conference of the M. E. Church, South.

It has its support and the contributed aid of its Ministers, (all of whom are agents) toward increasing its circulation.

We offer no premiums. The Advocate stands upon its intrinsic merits.

While it is Methodistic in doctrine, it will contain news from all Churches, so as to make it a welcome visitor to the intelligent Christians of all denominations.

Its wide and increasing circulation renders it a

Most Excellent Medium for Business Men Generally.

☞ Terms, $2.00 per annum, in advance; $1.25 for six months.

THE RALEIGH NEWS:
DAILY & WEEKLY.
Published by
STONE & UZZELL.
DEVOTED TO [illegible]
DAILY, $7.00 per annum.
WEEKLY, $2.00 per annum.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
Daily, one year..... $7.00
Weekly, one year..... 2.00
Subscribe for 1874.
STONE & UZZELL.
Raleigh, N. C.

THE WILMINGTON STAR.
ESTABLISHED OVER SIX YEARS!
DAILY STAR
HAS THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF [illegible]
All its [illegible] Daily, Weekly and Semi-Weekly, [illegible] when [illegible] of interesting and valuable matter.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year..... $7.00
Six Months..... 3.50
Three Months..... 2.00
WEEKLY STAR.
PRICE REDUCED.
THE WEEKLY STAR is now combined with the CAROLINA FARMER, and is one of the cheapest papers in the country, at the following
REDUCED RATES:
One Copy, One Year..... $1.50
One Copy, Six Months..... 1.00
☞ Clubs of 5 to [illegible] one year, $1.25 per copy.
☞ Clubs of [illegible] one year, only $1.00 per copy.
☞ Specimen copies sent on application.
Address,
WM. H. BERNARD,
Editor & Proprietor,
Wilmington, N. C.

Try Kearney's Buchu if you are suffering with disease of the bladder, kidney, or stomach. Try one bottle and be convinced of its healing virtues.

THE MAGNOLIA MONITOR
is the only Paper published in the County of Duplin, and has an extensive Circulation in Sampson Onslow, and Jones.

Published Wednesdays

THE PLEDGE AT SPUNKY POINT.

A TALE OF VIRTUOUS EFFORT AND HUMAN PERIDY.

It's all very well for preaching,
But preaching and practice don't agree;
I'm passed on virtue and temperance,
And you cant wring it in on me.
Just toddle along with your pledge, Squire.
Ef that's what you want me to sign:
Betwixt me and you I've been thar,
And I'll not take any in mine.

A year ago last Fo'th July,
We met to the boys was here;
We all got corned and riz and the pledge.
For to drink no more that year.
There was Tilman Jeo and Sheriff McPhail.
And me and Abner Fry,
And Sheldy's boy, Leviticus,
And the Golvers—Ike and Cy.

And we mixed up a hundred
In the hands of Deacon Kelge,
For to be divided the following Fo'th,
'Mongst the boys that kept the pledge.
And we knowed each other so well, Squire,
You may take our word for it as a fact,
Ef every man when he needed some
Didn't feel dead sure of the pool.

For awhile it ah went fust rate,
We put up a job next day
For to make Joe believe he was dead.
And he went home and died.
Then Abner Fry he killed Tilman,
And afore he was hung, Sheriff McPhail
Just bucked the will'rous out o' sheer
Eggsitar him stewed in jail.

But Christmas scooped the sheriff,
The cholera gathered Ham in—
And Sheldy's boy, Leviticus,
Was New Year's tight as sin.
And along in March the Golvers
Got so drunk that a fresh biled owl
Would a looked longside o' them young men
Like a sober temperance fowl.

For months alone I walked the chalk:
I thought my heart would break,
And as the boys a-clapping my back,
And axin "what'll ye take?"
I never slept without dreamin dreams
Of Borbon, peach or rye.
But I chewed it my nigger-head and swore
I'd take that pool or die.

At last—the Fo'th—I bumped myself
Through coffee an breakfast soon,
Then scooted down to Taggart's alone,
For the pledge was off at noon.
And all the boys was gathered there,
And each man had his glass,
Waitin for the clock quite solemn like,
I'm to see the last comb' pass.

The clock struck twelve, and I raised the jug,
And took one lovin' pull,
I was hollar clar from head to boots,
It seemed I couldn't git full.
But I was rous'd by a sardonick laugh,
That all the house raised the dead
Them comp'nions take to beat the clock
A hull an hour ahead.

"All right," I squeak'd, "you've got me;
Give's another bottle again,
And we'll paddle up to the Deacon's
And scoop the whole in."
But why in we got to Kelge's,
What's to do? Ass that we saw?
The Deacon an Parson Sheetees
In the tail of a waggon drawn.

They had shook 'em the helt of the mornin'.
The Parson's fled, we can,
And he raked the matter we got thar,
The last of our pious plan.
So no more temperance for me, Squire,
I'll be jes all very free,
But as for pledges, I think ye,
I'll not take any for me.

Julia Boyle in Harper's Weekly.

Original.

Written for the Monitor.

Contest and Conquest.

A STORY OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY LELIA LEE.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was Christmas Eve, and a gay bevy of girls were assembled in the long dining room which was crowned at Stanton Hall, by Floy as her own particular territory, among whom our readers would recognize at least three familiar faces, those of our old friends, Julia Mann, Lilly Hendricks and Emily Read, who the reader will readily remember, were those to officiate with Essie in the character of bridesmaids in the occasion. Each one of the young ladies was already provided with a groomsman but as yet our heroine was ignorant as to whom she was to wait with. Floy having informed her that Major Seaton would bring a young friend of his to fill the place.

The last finishing touches were just being put to the exquisite toilettes, when a servant came in with a message to the effect that Major Seaton, having some little work arrived, desired to see Floy a while before the ceremony, which would not come off in half an hour yet. The irrepressible accordingly took herself off but not forgetting the role of martyr which she had played all along, she turned at the door with an expression of such comic resignation and despair depicted upon her face, that a ringing peal of laughter from the merry group followed her exit. She had not been absent five minutes ere she returned and beckoned Essie upon the room, saying:

"My dear, I desire to introduce you to the gentleman with whom you are to stand up and witness the sacrifice."

Following Floy, our heroine was conducted into a cosy little sitting room, where to her utter astonishment and delight, she was confronted by no less a personage than Col. Ralph Morcland. What need to depict the joy of the lovers, so long separated? There are few hearts, young or old among my readers, which have not, at some period of their lives, felt just the same sweet sensations now agitating the breasts of these two young beings, and what maiden reader of mine is there who cannot sympathize with our heroine in the love and pride which she felt in this tall, manly, sunbronzed lover of hers, who had for three years been nobly fulfilling his duty to his country 'mid the smoke of the battle-fields which were, alas! so many then throughout the country.

The surprise was of course the work of our friend Floy, and she it was who had suggested that for fear of disappointment, Ralph's coming, which was a matter of uncertainty, should be kept concealed from Essie.

A few moments only were allowed them before the ceremony was performed which converted our lively friend, Floy Benton, into Mrs. Seaton, under which new name she will hereafter be known to the reader.

As in those days of blockade and universal disturbance, bridal tours were an impossibility, the young couple and their friends were fain to content themselves with a trip to the home of Major Seaton, where they were warmly welcomed and for a few their heart's content by the happy parents of the groom.

Essie returned to S. before the bridal party, as she was to return to Wilmington on New Year's day, and of course our hero accompanied her, not only to S., but after a few days quietly, happily passed in the old home, he accompanied her down to Wilmington, demurring meanwhile, at her residence there, as he considered that city just then, anything but safe from an attack.

Looking back through a mist of tears afterwards, how doubly sweet seemed those unexpected hours of enjoyment with her lover; and how much more precious seemed his generous, young devotion and tender care of her, and in contrast to the dull routine of duties which she entered upon for another year, how like a beautiful green oasis in some rock-bound desert seemed those two weeks of unalloyed pleasure.

To our struggling heroine the year of 1864 seemed dreary and dark enough at its commencement, and darker still for her was its ending, for it proved but a continually recurring chain of unpleasant, painful events.—Almost the first letter which came to her after her departure from home bore the painful intelligence that Frank had left S. for the army in Virginia, and while her own heart trembled for the fate of her brave, impetuous young brother, she was compelled to put a cheerful, hopeful face upon the matter to soothe, if possible, the deep grief and anxiety of her mother.

Then came the sad news of the almost total ruin of beautiful old Oaklands, of the flight of the family to Richmond for safety, and later still in the summer, came news that in the battle of Winchester on the 19th of September, Ralph had again been wounded and was lying in an almost dying condition at the hospital. All this was distressing enough to our fair heroine, but she was doomed to undergo still harder strokes yet.

As soon as able to write, which he was not able to do save by proxy, until December, Ralph sent to her a most tender epistle, redolent with affection and breathing sweet hopes of the future, which was read over and over again by the [illegible] directions "come [illegible] the speedy restoration of [illegible] loved Comte', and to prove by the [illegible] Essie now, at least, [illegible] ability [illegible] their [illegible] hers future years [illegible] our year here, when she [illegible] high such, [illegible] soften to [illegible] wife of [illegible] loved.

Only a little longer, hope whispered daily, a year or two more of patient work, and then we would have done as far as she was able, towards fitting those entrusted to her care, to assume their positions on the stage of life, and she might look to them to aid her in her efforts for them.

Thus looking over the time gone by and hazarding a glance into the future of Frank and Nannie, the time yet was long enough to that patient, devoted heart, but here and there was the remaining part of the road smooth, clear and brightened by rays of sunlight. "The highest, roughest mountains—the widest, darkest streams have been crossed," murmured she to herself—"the foundation has been laid for the future, and now a few more months or years and then may I claim the beautiful crown of happiness offered me—then may I reward with a life of love, the long-waiting and unquestioning devotion of him I love. Dear—dear Ralph!" and a tender smile wreathed the beautiful mouth and a proud, holy look of love crept into the depths of those soft brown eyes as the letter looking in its cramped writing, so little like the bold, elegant chirography of her lover's former letters, was folded away with a tender kiss and a pitying thought of that painful wounded arm from which she knew the noble fellow was still suffering.

Aye! fold it away—sweet, patient, trusting Essie; the road looks almost smooth—with few shadows before you now, but there are treacherous pits yet, which hope's bright verdure hideth from you now, and those mute but eloquent sheets, so filled with love, so glowing with the devotion of a noble heart, will soon be all left your loving heart to feed upon; these letters will be doubly dear in that coming time because of the utter hopelessness shrouding the future.

Ralph's letter came to her the first of December, and the week following she learned of the dangerous illness of her mother; Nannie writing for her to come as soon as possible, as Doctor Gleesum was fearful of the result. Filled with alarm and forebodings as to the condition of her idolized mother, Essie made her preparations as quickly as possible and made took the journey home, which was no slight undertaking if the reader will call to mind the very great difficulty of travel just at that period. After many inconveniences and delays, she at length reached S., to find Mrs. Norwood as represented lying very low with typhoid-pneumonia, and it was several weary days 're a decision could be made by Dr. Gleesum whether life or death would be the result. On the eighth day after Essie's arrival, however, some favorable signs were observed, and slowly the sick woman began to mend. It was, however, a tedious convalescence, and had it not been for the unremitting kindness and attention of Dr. Gleesum's family, Floy and other friends, Essie could not have undergone the great fatigue and exhaustion of nursing the patient. Floy, or as we should perhaps now more properly denominate her—Mrs. Seaton—was the same friend as of yore, changed only in name, and was still staying with her aunt and uncle, as the major was yet in the army.

Her mother was so much better one afternoon, some two weeks after her arrival, that Floy on coming down to the cottage insisted that Essie should go for a walk and leave her in charge of the invalid, and Mrs. Norwood having joined her commands to Floy's entreaties, our heroine sallied forth accordingly, well wrapped, to enjoy the invigorating air. As she walked down the familiar lane which was now robbed of its beautiful green carpet and flowery, fragrant hedge by the icy hand of winter, her thoughts wandered back through the past and she visited in memory the dead years—her dead years on whose breasts lay so many yew and myrtle-crowned hours, and as the years came back so came, too, loved, absent faces which in those dead years had shone upon her. The sweet face of Aunt Myra came before her as it often, often did, and from the lane her feet turned into the familiar street leading to the cemetery. She had only advanced a little way beyond the lane when the kind face of Doctor Gleesum was seen approaching on his way to the cottage, and as he came up to Essie, he extended a couple of letters and a small sealed packet toward her, saying,

"Off duty, eh? That's right, for I don't want two patients on my hands. I took these from the office as I came on. Now this letter is post-marked Richmond, and looks warlike. Am I at liberty to inspect the contents, being naturally curious about the events in that city? What! you refuse?" as Essie with a light laugh caught his hand as he pretended to open the missive. "Ah! well, well, I suppose I will have to content myself with the [illegible] *bonjour ma [illegible]*! Go [illegible] ungrateful, selfish child," he continued, laughingly, "and enjoy the [illegible] of this [illegible] hours."

With a glowing cheek and sparkling eye, our heroine, as the doctor left her, [illegible] way toward the old [illegible] and [illegible] not read [illegible] the street, [illegible] her letters 'till [illegible] occupy the rustic seat [illegible] Aunt Myra's grave, and enjoy them without interruption. Soon the seat was reached, and with a moment's pause to give a loving, lingering look at the sacred mound, beneath which her beloved relative slept in death, she approached and threw herself upon the seat. Then the letter from Richmond was with trembling fingers and expectant smile opened, and her eyes eagerly commenced to scan the contents. As the read on, the smile faded from her lips and a pallor almost ghastly, overspread the cheeks but a moment before flushed with pleasure and expectancy, and as the last line was read of the short epistle a tremor shook the slight form of the reader, and with a low, bitter moan of anguish she sank back upon the seat like one bereft suddenly of life.

White and trembling she lay thus for several moments and then raising her hand in a dazed, bewildered sort of way to her head, she again picked up the letter and commenced again to peruse it as though unwilling to believe the evidence of her eyes. Then, as though but just remembering it, she tremblingly lifted the little sealed packet and tore off the wrapper, revealing a tiny box from which she emptied into her trembling hand a small fragment of a gold chain. As she sits gazing in mute agony upon the glittering relic in her hand, let us pick up from her feet where it has fallen, the letter which has wrought such a terrible change in the gentle girl in so short a time, and see what the contents are. Short it was, but oh! what power to wound was centered in every line:

RICHMOND, VA., Dec. 20th, 1864.

MY DARLING ESSIE:—Next week I shall probable leave the hospital for the army, and as I cannot know what may be my fate in the coming battles, I cannot go into the dangers of the battle-field with the consciousness resting upon me that I am doing you a wrong. When long ago I gave you the half of this little chain, I told you should your feelings ever change to return it to me, and promised that I would do likewise. How little then did I ever think of being the first to break the troth then plighted. I know not, darling Essie, how to proceed. I know so well by my own heart, how my act will pain yours, but as I have the painful duty to perform, it is not manly in me to shirk it.—While so near death in this dreary hospital, and before any of my family could aid me, I was nursed—in fact saved from death—by the care and devotion of a sweet girl here, and she in her ministrations, it seems, has learned to love me devotedly. I cannot—I can not to explain how the knowledge of this came to me. I can only in agony assure you that—even though the assertion render me contemptible in your eyes—my feelings towards you are unchanged, and in taking the step I do, I can only say I am discharging what I believe to be a duty to one to whom I owe my life. I enclose the chain which I have worn through so many dangers next my heart, and beg of you to send me the piece retained by you, without the reproaches I know you think I merit.

Pray for me, darling Essie—forgive me—and oh! do not utterly despise

UNFORTUNATE RALPH.

Words! light, weak words! how vainly do they strive to tell the experience of pain, and paint the fearful struggles of a soul in its hour of bitter trial! How weak a medium do they prove for the rebellious, giant thoughts which in such hours of agony wrestle with Providence in mutinous strength or in prayer for light, wildly turn and question everything as if they would in their frenzy compel some voice to break the deep silence and reveal to the tortured heart the grand secrets of eternity.

In her agony poor Essie felt all this [illegible] the almost [illegible] shall or doubt in God's mercy and love falling upon her and in the wild chaos of thought sweeping over her, she almost believed herself insane. As in her voiceless sorrow she turned her head wearily about, her eye caught sight of that mound which was the last visible "foot-print" of kind Aunt Myra on earth. From the senseless mould a form seemed slowly to rise, and thro' the roar of troubled waters in the girl's heart seem to ring a well-remembered voice, saying:

"They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed but abideth forever."

"He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still."

Blessed memory of a pure-hearted, faithful child of God! How like a voice from heaven was this thought of the sainted dead falling upon the grief-storm that was raging in that young heart and how quickly it recalled all rebellious thoughts and pointed out the never-failing star of God's love, which to the eye of Faith, is visible 'mid the darkness of the wildest storms. Falling upon her knees beside that lowly mound the young girl prayed in almost voiceless accents 'til the waves of grief subsided in her heart, and when she at length arose it was with the light of a pure faith irradiating her soul and a calmness born of resignation, to be nurtured by heaven-eyed patience.

But oh! the intolerable feeling of hopelessness—of utter despair for the future which hung about her heart—the aching void which the flight of this beautiful life-dream left! That remained through resignation came, and would be seen for many a weary day, as it was seen now, in the strangely piteous sadness which settled in the brown eyes and the listless step with which she walked down the avenue homeward, passing slowly along like one suddenly aged and thinking as she gazed upward at those bare, leafless, winter-shorn trees, how much like them her future life would be, and realized fully how much harder it is sometimes for a human being to live than 'twould be to die; the one requires but strength of nerve to snap suddenly one tiny "silver cord" and drop from the heart, maybe, a life-long burden; the other—to live, often requires every energy of the soul to take up the burden of a blighted, aimless existence—a life from which all inspiration has been swept, and in which hope's rosy glow is quenched. And we could not—dare not—take that burden up, were it not that Jesus in His dear love and mercy, comes to our souls and tells us through his Words Divine, that on this heavy cross we here lift up hangs the glorious crown that we are to wear "over there."

And so, to this struggling young heart, so sad beneath the stretch of those bleak and naked trees, He spoke and said, "be still and know that I am God," and lo! as the voice sounded fell the "peace," and the young heart, by an instinct granted, saw those leafless branches grow radiant with a mantle of fresh green leaves, and she saw in a coming time—in an everlasting spring—how her life so barren and shorn here would also be clothed and made radiant with the beautiful garb of immortality.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[For the Magnolia Mohitor.

SITES AN SOUNDS AT KULMINASHUN PINT KONTINERED.

BY KITTY KURIOUS

In our frequent konversashuns Mistur Knowall interduced menny different toppicks. I raly du beleeve he duz it mear tu git mi opinyun than tu ekspress hiz own. He axed me wunda what I thort uv mankind az an institewshun, an I tole him I diddent think tha wuz tu be dependid on outen site, an theer wuz but a very little differens in mankind an the amount uv brute kreashun.

"Whi," sez he, "Miss Kathun, yew ar severe; that's a sweepin assertion."

"I kno it," sez I, "but I kan prove it fur awl that, an I kan prove that sivilised men ain't haf az good az injuns nuthur."

"How'll yew make that?" sez he.

Whi, refinement of manners konsists wun differens."

"No it don't," sez I, "for ole Mistur Ben Franklin sez that tru perliteness belongs tu the savage, and hiz in purity good authority."

"Well, theer's the diffurens in dres," suggestid Mistur Knowall.

"I kant see it," sez I; "the yung injun brave with hiz eer rings, noze rings, blankit fethurs an beeded shoes an hiz hair soaked in bar greese ain't wun bit finer nor wun bit bigger fool than wun uv the yung fops uv the prezzent da, with hiz striped and figgerd britches, hiz brass bress pins an fingur rings, hiz danglin brass watch chane, hiz fancy pumps an hiz locks partid like a sheep in the middle, an soaked in hogs lard perfumed with parrygorick ur cinnamun draps."

"That's so, Miss Kathun, but I must still think theer's a site uv diffurens in a man an animils. Yew no man haz only too legs," sez Mistur Knowall.

"Well," sez I, "a goose ain't got but the same numbur az ever I kud see."

"Well, but," sez Mistur Knowall, "man iz a religus annermil."

"Lan sakes!" sez I; "enny brute's got the advantig uv him theer, fur if he iz religus he keeps on sinnin, while the verry act fur which he'd be punished woodn't be rong in a brute."

"Rite agin," sez Mistur Knowall, "man iz the only annermil that kooks hiz food."

"No he ain't," sez I, "I've node nunkys tu roast chesnuts befoar tha eat 'em."

"Well, I giv it up, Miss Kathun," sez he, laffin, "what iz the diffurens?"

"Well," sez I, "the only wa yew kin demonernate man tu distinguish him from brute s iz tu kall him a shaving annerail, fur he iz the candy wun that shaves, but," sez I, "in mi opinyun, that ain't much tu hiz kredit unless he kud jest shave hiz face an not allwaze be SHAVIN HIZ NABURS IN BARGINS."

FLANKING A SALARY GRABBER.

Colonel Ozro J. Dodds, late member of Congress from the Fifth District of Ohio, tells a good story about a call he recently received at his office from a man who claimed to be an editor from Arkansas. He was a very seedy-looking chap, and appeared as though he had but recently come off from about a six weeks' spree. Bowing profoundly, then striking an attitude, with one hand to his heart and the extending a badly used plug hat he exclaimed with a dramatic air:

"Have I the honor of addressing the Honorable Ozro J. Dodds?"

Said the Colonel: "My name is Dodds, but I'm no longer an honorable."

"Not an honorable? Dodds not an honorable? Now by St. Paul, when I scan that honest face, on which all the Gods at once do seem to set their seal, ('Green Seal,' murmed Dodds to himself), I read nothing *dishonorable*."

"That's right,' said Dobbs, "never read anything dishonorable. But to business."

"Yes, as you say, to business. I am a printer.—I might say, with no unbecoming blush an editor. I am from the noble State of Arkansaw—the only State, by-the-way, able and willing to support two Governors at the same time. But I have been unfortunate. Much have I been tossed through the fire of cruel Juno, and—

"Juno how it is yourself," broke in the Colonel.

"Buffeted by the worlds' rude storm you see me here a stranded wreck.—Scarce three months have passed since I left my office in charge of my worthy foreman, and sought the peaceful vales and calm retreats of my Muskingum valley, where my childhood sported. Returning, I stopped in Cincinati. I fell into evil company, and—but why dwell upon details? Enough that I am, that, I am disheartened, ruined, broke! A mark for scorn to point her slow, unerring finger at. As I was about to give up in despair, having given up everything else I had, I thought of you Sir. I am here. You have a name for me but I have come! Your name, sir, is known and honored from one end of this great republic to the other. It

"Glows in the stars
That deck the brow
Of night in the sky
And blossoms on the trees."

"Why the entire editorial country was threatened by a foreign foe, Congressmen you stood like a wall of a rampart between the people and these plutonomic salary grabbers. Lead me a dollar!"

"My dear sir," the Colonel hastened to explain, "you mistake the case entirely. I was never the grabbers."

"You were?" grasping the Colonel's hand warmly, "so much the better! Let me congratulate you that a parsimonious public could not fright you out of what was but a fair remuneration for your valuable services. I am glad that some pecuniary circumstances soften much better than I supposed. Make it two dollars."

And the Colonel did. It was the only thing left for him to do.

PRAYER OF THE LIQUOR SELLER.

The following is an appropriate form of prayer for all who are engaged in liquor selling:

"Our Father, which art in Heaven, I feel that it would not be right at this late hour to retire without asking the blessing on my business during the day. Pardon my sins. God bless the good I have done this day. I know thy word pronounces a woe on my business; but my own conscience tells me it is right to sell intoxicating drink to all who will buy it. Bless the liquor I have sold for medical purposes. May it prove an effectual cure. Bless the family I have sold to those poor men who took five drinks each today, at ten cents a drink, out of their daily wages of one dollar and twenty-five cents. Bless the man I have sold to that poor beggar who had the *mania-a-potu*, may it take away all loathsomeness from his breath, and all the red blotches from his face, and make him clear and right in mind, and sober, and pure [illegible] dear, heart-broken wife [illegible] children. Bless that man [illegible] gave me his last dollar [illegible] drink.—Don't permit him to [illegible] a moderate drinker; and be pleased to provide him clothes for his wife and bread for his starving children. May the liquor business prosper, and extend over the earth. Bless all my brethren engaged in it, and make them all instrumental in turning multitudes of poor drunken and poor [illegible] to thyself, and to love and holiness and virtue. I thank thee that I am not like those saints in church who sell not rum, and who never speak nor like those saints in [illegible] who denominate man tu distinguish him from brute s iz tu kall him a shaving annerail, fur he iz the candy wun that shaves, but," sez I, "in mi opinyun, that ain't much tu hiz kredit unless he kud jest shave hiz face an not allwaze be SHAVIN HIZ NABURS IN BARGINS. scared with the snakes and with the rum-sellers that [illegible] my way. Bless my pastor, I ask, and send me many souls to [illegible] I may do them good in my [illegible] bless my brethren, Abraham and Isaac and Jacob. Amen."

INDEPENDENT CANDIDATES.

The Charleston *Courier* [illegible] to deal heavy blows at "independent" candidates. Says the *Courier*:

"We believe that independent candidates are usually actuated by [illegible] and we shall [illegible] that we are happy to know that [illegible] all the Democratic [illegible] North Carolina [illegible] and are equally straightforward in [illegible] what we believe to be right. This is highly [illegible] to the [illegible] nals of the State, and our [illegible] ward with [illegible] in which [illegible] isfactorily [illegible] the [illegible] Democratic Party of North Carolina in the [illegible] elections, and the complete [illegible] which [illegible] the Republicans. Nothing should deter [illegible] from exerting our whole power at this [illegible] They will [illegible] great [illegible] as true as ever in [illegible] devotion [illegible] our party and the State, and it [illegible] not likely to be let astray by a few [illegible] independents.

In another article the same paper says:

"Is it not a matter of fact that Independent candidates in their private conversations and public speeches are strangely silent on the Radicals? Do they not [illegible] their adhesion to the nominees of the Conservative? And is it not true that these Independent gentlemen are aiming to outrun the Radical vote? Oh, for shame, that ambitious politicians, professing to belong to the Conservative party of North Carolina, should thus 'turn their guns' upon tried friends, and beg the enemy to come over and support them in the attack! And for no other reason than simply to get office."