

RAID NOTES.

Joseph A. Englehardt, of that sterling daily, the Washington Journal, is strong...

Pool, of Newbern, editor of Living and Our Dead, is an officer for Superintendent of Schools...

The Greensboro Patriot wants to know what the denouement will be...

A Darkey plowing in Hale County, Alabama, recently examined a pot containing \$90,000 gold...

An exchange says if you put a lamp chimney in a vessel of cold water...

The word "lally" is said to be derived from two Saxon words "lall" loaf, and "lian" to give...

The Greensboro Patriot says that in his opinion a desirable opening on one of the papers in this State...

He will probably stick to his profession, as cheap and good lawyers are in great demand.

The Wilmington Star does his little marriage notices up by "Nycely."

Capt. Edgar Williams, of the little steamer Wm. Nycely, having entailed himself to promotion...

The Wilmington Journal says that in the car, on the hack, on the jolting road wagon...

An investigation of the damage to the University buildings has been made and the estimated cost of repairs is six thousand dollars...

Just so, neighbor, and you might have added that plenty of them after receiving it a year ago...

Not once did he raise his eyes to see who was looking on.

Harvard says that in the night, and Y...

The Pee Dee Herald.

"In Necessariis Unitas, In Non Necessariis, Libertas—In Omnibus, Charitas."

Volume 3.—No. 46 } Whole Number 162 }

WADESBORO, N. C. APRIL 1ST, 1874.

{ 2.50 Yearly, in Advance } Single Copies 5 cents

OUR STORY.

THE GAMBLER'S VICTIM.

BY BURR THORNBURY.

Some years ago, I was collecting agent for a mercantile house in New York, doing a large business in the South-west.

One of our best and largest customers resided in Memphis and on him I intended to call ere completing my tour.

In accordance with a private arrangement between him and the firm in whose employment I was, a telegram had been sent him, apprising him of my coming...

A response to the telegram had been received, and I was informed that our valued customer was ready with his funds for payment.

He had, as I knew, peculiar ideas of business honesty, and having once promised any sum would be the very last man to shirk or delay the fulfilment of the obligation.

So I journeyed on toward Memphis, confident of receiving from Mr. Lamoyle the very handsome sum owing our firm from him.

At Cario I took the boat for a passage down the Mississippi. To my surprise, one of the very first persons I saw on board was Mr. Lamoyle himself, who was returning...

His face would flush his eyes would not meet mine, and he appeared to be very unpleasantly agitated, though he endeavored to conceal the traces of his emotion.

The boat, I soon found was infested with gamblers, as every Mississippi steamer in those days was.

They made no concealment of their character and calling. In the cabin and on deck groups gathered to witness their operations.

Lay and night the play went on. As I approached one of these rings of interest in the cabin, after the lamps had been lighted...

He was excited that was plain to be seen, and the intensity of his interest in the game both pained and alarmed me.

though he continued to win for a while, I pitied him, as he sat there, and felt painfully concerned for him.

I was sure those cold-faced, wily villains who were around him had marked him for their victim, and were utter destruction.

But I dared not utter one warning word—it would have cost my life.

At last the tide began to turn against Mr. Lamoyle. He lost and lost again.

The sum was considerable, and I saw he was dismayed. The old, uneasy look came back to his lately brightening countenance.

At the next game he won. For the first time now he made a remark not directly connected with the game.

"If I had twenty thousand dollars of my own, I would stop," he said.

Twenty thousand dollars of his own! Why he owed our firm that much, and had promised to pay it.

He had in some way lost, and was he thus madly endeavoring to retrieve his broken fortune?

Twenty thousand dollars! I had supposed he was worth ten times that sum.

A cold, contemptuous smile, and some words which I could not catch, was the reply made to him by his opponent.

The play then went on—the stakes were doubled. Mr. Lamoyle lost. His face grew white with fear, his hand trembled.

In the Revelations we read of seven stars, seven churches, seven candlesticks, seven trumpets, seven plagues, seven thunders, seven vials, and a seven-headed monster.

The stakes were again doubled; again the miserable man lost. He arose, with a smothered groan.

"I have lost all!" he muttered, and the expression in his face was sickening to behold.

In silent agony he withdrew from the table. All made way for him, and many eyes following him pittingly.

Jacob served seven years for Rachel. And yet another seven years more.

Jacob was pursued seven days' journey by Laban. A plenty of seven years and seven years of full corn and seven years of blasted corn.

On the seventh day of the seventh month the children of Israel fasted seven days and remained seven days in their tents.

Every seven years the land rested. In the destruction of Jericho seven persons bore seven trumpets seven days, on the seventh day they went around the walls seven times, and at the end of the seventh round the walls fell.

Solomon was seven years building the temple, and fasted seven days at its dedication. In the tabernacle were seven lamps.

The golden candlesticks had seven branches. Naaman washed seven times in the river Jordan.

Job's friends sat with him seven days and seven nights, and offered seven bullocks and seven rams for an atonement.

Our Savior spoke seven times from his cross, on which he hung seven hours, and after his resurrection appeared seven times.

The Eagle and the Crow. Mr. Robbins, a member of Congress from North Carolina, in a recent speech upon the Civil Rights bill, made a suggestion that might with propriety be adopted.

He said: Above your head Mr. Speaker, I see the image and presentment of the eagle—our national emblem.

In the name of equality, sir, I demand what business has he there? He is a monarch—the king of birds.

He is not a fit emblem for us in these times—no proper representative of the prevalent idea. I suggest that he be torn down, as the French tore down the monogram of the Emperor.

Do you ask me what bird could with propriety be put in his place? The crow, sir. He is a bird of medium size, and therefore embodies well the idea of the levellers.

His plumage is of the favorite color, so dominant with the popular party. [Laughter.] I will not, because it would seem ungracious—osty out the parallel in its details, and show how fit an emblem for the times he is in other respects, such as his thieving propensities and the like.

[Laughter.] I think what has been suggested is sufficient to satisfy you that if this bill is to pass, the so-called reformers should at least amend it, by providing that the eagle shall henceforth come down from his proud perch, and the crow be exalted in his stead. [Laughter.]

Meteoric. A very large meteor passed over our town on Saturday morning about 7 o'clock, and was seen by several of our citizens.

as far as seven and ten miles in the country—it made a hissing noise on its approach to the town. It was indeed a strange phenomenon, and created much excitement among some of our citizens.

(\$Young Folks.)

THE FOX IN THE WELL.

Sir Reynard once, as I've heard tell, Had fallen into a farmer's well, When wolf, his cousin, passing by, Heard from the depths his dismal cry.

Over the wheel a well-chain hung, From which two empty buckets swung, At one, drawn up beside the brink, The fox had paused, no doubt to drink.

And putting in his head, had tipped the bucket; fox and bucket slipped, And hampered by the bail, he fell.

As I have said, into the well, As down the laden bucket went, The other made its swift ascent.

His cousin, wolf, beguiled to stop, Listened astonished at the top; Looked down and by the uncertain light, Saw Reynard in a curious plight.

There in his bucket at the bottom, Calling as if the "hounds had got him!" "What do you there?" his cousin cried,

"Dear cousin wolf," the fox replied, "In coming to the well to draw some water, what d'ye think I saw?"

"I glimmered bright and still below; You've seen it; but you did not know It was a treasure! Now behold I've got my bucket filled with gold,

Enough to buy ourselves and wives Poultry to last us all our lives!" The wolf made answer with a grin,

"Dear me! I thought you tumbled in! What, then, is all this noise about?" "Because I could not draw it out, I called to you," the fox replied:

"First help me; then we will divide." "How?" "Get into the bucket there." The wolf, too eager for a share, Did not one moment pause to think;

There hung the bucket by the brink, And in he stepped. As down he went, The cunning fox made his ascent, Being the lighter of the two.

"That's right! hal hal hal how well do you! How glad I am you came to help! Wolf struck the water with a yelp; The fox leaped out. "Dear wolf," said he, "You've been so very kind to me, I'll leave the treasure all to you."

LIFE IN A TREE.

ST. C. S. P. 1848.

"Wouldn't it be jolly fun, Mollie, if you and I could just go off and live in a tree, like birds?" Four year-old Mollie opened wide her blue eyes.

"But we couldn't Tommy. Who'd be our mother and hear our prayers?" "That's just like girls. Why don't you know birds don't have mothers and say prayers, as children do?"

Tommy's six years of observation carried conviction to the mind of his little sisters. There was silence for a moment, then a grave doubt crept in, which found expression thus.

"But what'd we eat? Mary don't cook things for birds. Birds don't have to have things cooked for 'em. When they get hungry they just fly down and eat berries and things. I think it must be awful nice."

"Well, Tommy, let's try it. Mother won't be back in a spell. Let's go off a good ways, so't nobody can find us, and live in a tree and eat berries always."

Then meditatively: Berries are good, ain't they, Tommy?" "I'll bet they are," enthusiastically. "And we'll get lots of them."

So off went our little adventurers down through the leaf gate, across the meadow, where the tall grass almost covered their heads, bound for the woods beyond, where the prospects of life with the birds led them.

"Oh! dear me, this hay is awful to get through," groaned Mollie. "I wish we could just fly over it, don't you?" "It isn't hay, it's grass," asserted the superior masculine wisdom.

"And if we should try to fly over the meadow our folks would see us and call us back; and then we couldn't live in the tree, you see."

"Well, let's go on," And on they went, through poor little Mollie lost her shoe in the mud, and got tangled in the long grass, and had to be helped out several times before they reached the edge of the woods.

At length the cool shade was reached, however, and the bird life began. "Now, Tommy, if we're going to be birds, I s'pose we'll first have to chipper, like they do, and not talk any. Won't we?"

"Oh, fudge! We ain't going to be birds, but to just make believe we are, and to live like 'em and have fun, you know." Little Mollie's inmost conviction, I fear, must have been that it had not been so vastly funny so far; but she said nothing.

"Oh, well! Stop blabberin' and 'll come down and help you," was he very unbird-like rejoinder.

By dint of great exertion on the part of each, little Mollie soon reached the perch; and by the side of her brave hard brother held on with fingers and toes.

But the little's face had grown sunken to the rough bark, and soon she ventured to change her position, when crash! down through the green leaves and waving boughs went the little human.

Even Tommy forgot his bird nature so far as to scream loudly as he saw his little sister's danger; but fortunately that their perch was not a high one, and she was but little hurt; Tommy had tumbled from the tree to the ground; but they were both soon laughing merrily over it.

"That's just the way little birds tumble around" when they first begin to fly," suggested he. "I've seen 'em tumble out of the lilac bush enough to kill 'em. But it never seems to hurt 'em any."

"Hurrah! Let's up and try it again. It's awful jolly being a bird. Ain't it, sis?" "Yes," was the delicious answer. "But I'm hungry. Ain't you, Tommy? I guess it must be birds hungry to tumble out of trees. Don't it? Let's go and hunt some berries before we get up again."

"All right, Mollie. How we go. I wonder where the berries are. But we'll find 'em. Come on." And off went they. But the berries seemed only to exist in their imagination. None were found, and they both felt very, very hungry.

"Oh! dear," groaned Mollie, "I wish I had a cookie. Don't you, Tommy?" The "cookie" would have tasted very good indeed to Tommy just then; but the reply came out characteristic of boyhood.

"Oh, pahaw! Birds don't eat cookies." "Well, Children do; and I think it's better to be children 'n 'n to be birds," was the positive reply. Let's go home. I'm tired."

"Don't want to go home; but, if you're bound to, I suppose I'll have to. I ain't so sick of being a bird as that all comes to," replied Master Tommy with spirit while in his inmost heart he was glad enough to go.

Home they started! But, alas! their wanderings in the woods had confused their little heads; and now, with the dark night coming down about them the little ones found they were lost.

"Oh! dear, Tommy, Em, afraid. Ain't you?" "No, Mollie, I ain't exactly afraid but I didn't think about birds having to stay outdoors all night in the dark. I wish mother'd come."

"I'm so tired I can't walk another step," moaned Mollie. "Well, you just lie down here on the moss and rest, and I'll sit and watch you," said the little brother, anxious now to make amends, as far as possible, for having let his little sister into trouble.

The dark night settled around them. The little girl, thoroughly disgusted with bird life, tired and hungry, soon sobbed herself to sleep. Quivering with fear at the slightest sound, the little brother sat beside her, holding her little hands in the dark. It seemed to him like ages before he heard some one shouting: "Tommy! Tommy!" And with a glad shout he answered: "Here we are, papa."

Little Mollie soon woke with the lights and voices, and was instantly nestled in papa's loving arms and being carried rapidly toward poor, distracted mamma, who was almost wild with anxiety about her little ones.

"I tell you, papa, birds don't have such awful jolly times, after all. Do they? Ain't it awful to live outdoors in the night?" As Mollie knelt to repeat her little prayer that night she prayed: "Please, God, don't ever let me be a bird any more; but just mamma's good little girl." Independent.

If Brigham Young keeps on considering the large family he has to support, he will wind up in the poorhouse. He has only \$7,000,000 to his credit in the bank of England.