

North Carolina Argus.

"THIS ARGUS O'er the PEOPLE'S RIGHTS DOTH AN ETERNAL VIGIL KEEP, NO SOOTHING STRAIN OF MAJESTY CAN LULL HIS HUNDRED EYES TO SLEEP."

(38 YEARS OLD)

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Selected Poetry.

LIFF'S MYSTERY.

Only a brief moment an earth.
Only a light, light breath.
Scarcely break the seal of Birth,
She comes Death!

Look we forward to sweet bliss!
Hope to pluck the flowers of May!
Alas! the Enchantress' Kiss
Doth delay!

But sweet Faith says: "Good not ill,
Cometh soon—only believe!"
She promises—though hope we still,
Doth deceive!

Loving and lived, we are blest;
We toil—and when toil is o'er,
Our poor hearts starve'd, and unrest,
Rest implies!

Oh, Liff's but a moment—a breath—
We're mystified on each instant's flow
It's mystery is Death, Decay, Death!
Thus we go!

Selected Story.

MARDI GRAS.

BY K. M.

Isabel went to the piano, and after singing several solos, all joined in a quartette, as both gentlemen had good voices. When they arose to say "Good-evening," they asked permission to escort the young ladies to the opera the following evening, which, of course, was granted.

Mr. Gordon never suspected that the fair girl he had just left had ever conversed with him before. He did not notice that her voice was of rare sweetness and clearness, but did not identify it with the one that had so thrilled his heart. He thought her a beautiful, highly accomplished, and entertaining woman, far superior to the general class of fashionable but-terflies; consequently many summer evenings found him at Mr. Merri-man's. Often he spoke of his Mardi Gras adventure, and as often as he expressed his faith in the unknown, Mabel laughed a low, scornful laugh, so expressive of her scepticism in regard to the Indian girl's verities, that he could not help feeling uncomfortable, yet he did not cease to believe. So continual was the war of words waged between them, that Isabel declared that each of them considered it a positive duty to quarrel on every imaginable subject, but that nature seemingly antagonistic are almost sure to join at last, and flourish harmoniously in one channel, and thus it was destined to prove in this case.

The summer days were drawing to a close, and autumn's footsteps were visible on the fallen leaves and ripened fruits. Mabel was going home on the morrow, and her cousin was to accompany her. Mr. Gordon came in to say "Good-by." Mabel came down to him royally magnificent in her stately beauty, robed in faultless white, with only a few scarlet flowers for ornaments. Her cheeks were tinged with a faint rose-tint, and her eyes sparkled with an unusual light, which was but the reflection of the fire raging in her heart. She knew this was the last time she would see him, and she felt the separation keenly. Still she would not that he knew he had brought her more than she had expected. That her heart throbbled one second faster. She fancied that his face was graver than usual when he gave her his hand, saying, "Good evening, Miss Mabel!"

Never before had he addressed her only as "Miss Starling." The traitor blood flow to her face, but the hand she extended was cool and soft, nor even tremulous, and her manner was even haughtier than ever.

"I owe you many thanks for the pleasant evenings spent in these parlors, Miss Starling,"—he did not repeat her Christian name—"and you will be missed by your best of friends, but by none more sadly than myself."

Linwood needs me. I have promised my best friend until I fear that my own will think I have still to him, and I have not time to go. He has just arrived, and I have not time to go.

they were embalmed in lavender." "Which is almost equivalent to burying them in oblivion, for, when stowed away so carefully, you will consider it a pity to disturb them."

"Then you think me a traitor to the absent?"

"Have you not endeavored with unwearied patience to teach me the hard lesson that every woman is a traitor? Now do you complain when I am at last convinced?"

"You acknowledge, then, that you are convinced?" Her voice was touched with sadness.

"No, I am not yet a proselyte to your doctrines, though I believe that woman is often, very often, traitor to her own heart."

Did he know that she was false to her own heart now, trying to crush every hallowed emotion within it? Perhaps so, or he would not speak so purely; still, she gave no sign of suffering.

"Then you will not believe that Minnehaha was but a shadow, now vanished forever, though six months of careful search have failed to find her or any of her kindred?"

"Six months more will end my waiting. She will come then," he answered, quietly.

"How incorrigible you are! Yet it may be so. I sincerely hope that you may not be deceived, your future peace of mind seems so dependent upon her re-appearance. What if she should prove to be a woman endowed with woman's faults, instead of the angel you have clothed in celestial beauty of mind and person?"

"If she is all that I have dreamed of that is pure and lovely, I will have no reason to complain. But what do you care for my happiness? And he looked full into the dark eyes.

"Why should I not care for the welfare of any friends, Mr. Gordon? You care for your happiness, and hope that your future may be as bright as your moon just rising o'er the river."

They were sitting within the recess of the bay window, and the shadow of the curtain concealed the sadness upon her now pale face.

"That wish may color my future, Miss Starling. May I come to see you sometimes in your own home?"

"Certainly! Father and mother will have a welcome for you for the sake of their friendship for General Gordon, of whom I have often heard them speak."

"Though you have not said that you, too, would welcome me, I will avail myself of your kind permission to come, so you may expect me very soon," and without heeding her embarrassment he asked, lightly, "Where is Miss Merri-man this evening? Is she to return with you tomorrow?"

"Yes. She and Mr. Thorne have gone to a social gathering at Mrs. Edmonds' this evening."

"Why did you not go, too? You seem so fond of gaiety that I am surprised that you prefer spending your last evening at home alone."

"I only remained at home because I was tired, and had some little preparations to make for my journey," she said indifferently.

A sudden gleam of light had flashed into his eyes, but he did not cut at her cold reply. He had dared to hope that she had stayed at home expecting his coming; but, alas for human vanity! she had not thought of him.

"Am I interfering with your arrangements? If so, I will go."

"Oh, no! I have finished my preparations, and will weary of waiting for Isabel, if you leave so soon. Come to the piano, and let me sing for you. What accords best with your present state of mind?"

"Brightest Eyes, Love," he answered, half-dreamily, and looking up, she saw a light in his blue eyes she had never seen there before.

Again the crimson tide flushed her cheek, but her voice rang out clear and full—

"Right eyes that charmed me,
As he is, so was I; do not
Down, down to despair that had brought me.
My dearest, what wouldst thou had more?"

As she repeated the refrain, and lifted her hand for a moment to reach a sheet of music, he suddenly caught it in his own. She hastily snatched it away. The spirit of perversity that sometimes rules every human heart would not let her wait for the words which she knew were trembling on his lips. Her fingers dashed off a brilliant polka or he could speak. She had never seemed so brilliant, so fascinating as now, and despite her coldness, Cliff Gordon could not tell if her image or Minnehaha's was uppermost in his heart.

"I will wait until I meet the dark-eyed maiden again ere I reveal my love to Mabel. I may know my own heart better than she. Ah, my proud Mabel! I saw the blush upon her cheek to-night. Your heart is not so cold as you seem. I have not time to go. He has just arrived, and I have not time to go."

walked homeward.

Linwood was a princely estate, and Judge Starling took pride in having it kept in perfect order. Isabel pronounced it a Paradise fit for the habitation of Paris, to which declaration her cousin Will had gallantly replied:

"One has strayed within its flowers, fair cousin, wonderfully like yourself; but we live in constant fear lest a certain knight of earthy clay woo her away again."

The lawn was smooth as velvet, and sweet with perfume from rare flowers. Gods and goddesses, Niobes, Psychoes, Cupids, and dryads stood about in graceful attitudes, and cool fountains sparkled and bubbled at their feet. Fearing that her gay cousin would be lonely (as if such a thing were possible), Mabel devised tableaux, parties, and games of croquet, thus bringing together the young people of the neighborhood. The days fairly flew by in a whirl of amusement. Mr. Thorne came out from the city, and also several other gentlemen, but Isabel waited Mr. Gordon's coming again. At last she gave up all hope.

"I treated him so cooly, that he will never come to me again. Why should I desire a boon that at once was at my refusal? 'Tis a fate to grieve for me; I am a fool, and I will not recognize it."

He recognized the angel of his dream, or as she would have termed the world? Would that I had not promised to meet him. I tried so hard to undermine his faith in Minnehaha. I fear I succeeded but too well. If he does not already despise me, he will when he discovers my deception. But go I will, let the consequences be what they may."

But she did not go, for Providence had otherwise decreed. Mrs. Starling was ill, and Mabel could not leave her. When the festival again came around, Gordon at an early hour repaired to the spot where he had first met Minnehaha, and waited impatiently the musical voice that seemed truly an echo of laughing waters. Hour after hour passed, but still the maiden came not. Many were the inquiring glances bent upon the Indian warrior who had appeared in the same dress, at the same spot, a year before; but he heeded them not.

Daylight darkened into twilight. Half-lighting, half-despairing, he hastened to the hall to await her coming there. "She will come," whispered golden-haired Hope, and his heart listened all too willingly to her soothing words. The gay throng danced and talked until the clock chimed twelve; then, with slow step and contracted brow, he returned home.

"Mabel said she would not come; she told me not to trust the dusky maiden. She was wiser than I. She is a woman, and can read woman's heart—but I am unjust. Who knows what may have detained her? Sick-ness, perhaps, or death. No, I will not doubt you, though lost to me forever. Now will I go to Mabel, proud Mabel, and tell her. It will pain to listen to her scornful laugh when I tell her of my still living faith, but she shall know it."

Accordingly the next week the train bore him to Linwood. Mabel was in Mrs. Starling's room, when a card was handed her, bearing upon its white surface "A Friend." Not thinking of him, she arose and went into the parlor. At sight of the unexpected visitor, forgetful of her former haughtiness, she extended both hands, while warm words of heartfelt welcome fell from her lips.

"Come into the library; it is far more comfortable than this cold room, and she led the way across the wide hall into a smaller apartment, filled with every luxury pertaining to wealth.

Long shelves of books showed from whence Miss Starling had gathered her knowledge of our best authors. Oil paintings upon the wall, statuettes mantled with ivy, bouquets of living flowers upon brackets, soft velvet cushioned chairs, bright carpeting, and a blazing fire, were sufficient to render any room both comfortable and beautiful. Judge Starling, the only occupant, was sitting before the fire, reading his paper.

"Father, this is Mr. Gordon, the son of your friend General Gordon."

With that dignity of manner which his daughter Mabel had largely inherited, the old gentleman gave him a hearty welcome. After some conversation, Mabel went for her mother, a gentle little woman, who won your heart at first sight. In the evening, when the old people had left them alone, Gordon drew his chair nearer Mabel, and said quietly:

"Shall I tell you why I came? I know that what I have to say will only awaken your contempt and derision; but it must be told. Mardi Gras has come and gone, and Minnehaha has deceived her confiding friend. I am the only one who knows the truth. I expected the joy on the 15th February."

laugh; but there was no mirth or ridicule in the face turned toward him.

"Then you have lost faith in her at last. Did I not prophesy it would be so?"

"My faith is still unshaken. Something has detained her elsewhere. There was truth in her eyes and voice when she said, 'I will come.'" Though our paths through life lie widely apart, I know she is a true and noble woman," and there was a touch of reverence in his tones.

"Do you give her up as lost forever? May not some lady friend have devised this plan of deceiving you? Do you know no one whom the unknown resembles?"

"No one so much as yourself. Your eyes are so strangely like hers, and she was about your size. She gave me this star in exchange for my ring. Here he held up her own diamond, and continued, "My friend Thorne thinks I have quite a mania for pretty white hands, for I note every jeweled finger, with a hope of finding my own ring, and thus recognize the lost unknown. But why do you not laugh at my disappointment?"

"I will laugh if you wish it. I was trying to sympathize with you for once in my life. Besides, I will forbear quarreling with you while here, lest you find Linwood tiresome and disagreeable."

"Far from it. It is almost as charming as my fair mistress."

"Why did you not save your compliment until it could have been received by mother in person?"

"For the simple reason that I had reference to yourself."

She laughed, and replied, evasively: "I will show you the beauties of Linwood to-morrow. If you admire the picture, we will ride over to the Fairy Lake. Its limpid, pure waters, are a fit home for an Undine. Brother Willie will go for Ella Matland, and I will send for Mr. Clifton and Floy Durand; so we will have a special picnic."

That night, Cliff Gordon, when alone thus communed with his heart: "What am I to do? Shall I tell Mabel Starling that I love her, and give up my last Minnehaha? Oh, thou fairest, sweetest of all dreams! why did you fade so quickly? I cannot, cannot drive you from my heart. Like a meteor vacillating between two spheres, my heart declares allegiance first to you, then to Mabel."

Why does she treat me so cooly? She is a glorious type of womanhood though she veils her heart in an impenetrable reserve. She did not laugh when I told her of my disappointment—she wept. I saw the shadow of a smile in her eyes, but a touch of sadness new to me. To-morrow, if she will give me one ray of hope, I will entrust my future happiness to her keeping. If she still repels me, I will turn again to my search for the loved and lost, and perhaps kind heaven will interfere and restore her again to my heart."

True to his word, he watched her closely as they rode together to the lake, but seemingly acquainted with his intent, woman like, she skillfully baffled every look and word by keeping up a brilliant conversation. Having arrived at their destination, she took care to keep with the company.

The day was a lovely one for a winter day in a Southern latitude. Nature was awaking from her slumber. The green holly, with its scarlet berries, was not alone in its beauty; the maple buds were swelling, and bright spots of green violet leaves grazed, and ferns were scattered about in every nook. The sun was setting in waves of crimson glory as they turned their horses within the broad avenue leading to Linwood.

Cliff Gordon was blind to all natural charms now. He saw nothing but the fair girl at his side; heard nothing but her clear voice which spoke to him so carelessly. That she cared nothing for him he was thoroughly convinced. He would go back to the city the next morning without telling her of his love, for his pride forbade him to sue for that which was not to be given.

After tea he waited alone for her in the library. Presently her light, quick step sounded in the hall, and she entered. Wheeling a sofa before the fire for her, he seated himself near her. For a little while neither of them spoke. He abruptly broke the silence.

"Miss Starling, you ought to be very happy. Few of us poor mortals enjoy such an enviable lot as you enjoy. No wonder your life is so pure, so stainless, surrounded as you are by all that is calculated to make one feel that earth has some pleasant paths. Tell me truly, can a regret or fear enter such an elysium? When I return to the dusty city, redolent with its gulf and crime, I shall keep the memory of this visit as a precious treasure. Deep in my heart—But I fear burdening you with how much. I shall return to the land so joyous."

"E. F."

ing no sisters, no brothers, my life was a lonely one. The follies and gayeties of fashionable life are worthless and unprofitable. What is it fills your home with that air of peace and cheerfulness I have never found elsewhere?"

When she replied her voice was low and serious, while the eyes were downcast. "Evil spirits are not even denied admittance here, for they follow my footsteps. Perfect peace cannot reign where deception dwells, and I have deceived you! Look! Do you know this?" and she held out her left hand, upon the third finger, of which a diamond sparkled and flashed.

"Miss Starling—Mabel—where did you get this ring?" cried he catching the extended hand, and looking eagerly into her eyes; but the lids drooped and hid their language. "Ah, I know," he whispered softly, "I have found my Minnehaha, my Laughing Water, my Mabel. No wonder those eyes were so strangely alike. Minnehaha, shall Hiawatha claim his darling?"

The crimson tide swept over cheek and brow; but the curved lips were silent; the shy, beautiful eyes met his for a moment, and then he read her story. The little hand was not withdrawn.

"Oh, my darling, this is a fullness of joy I never dared to dream of being poured into my cup. This evening I rode home with you, resolved to tell you nothing of my love, for you gave me no hope. I would have gone away from you forever; I could not look upon your face again, knowing that you cared nothing for me. Long, long has my heart wavered between my Mabel and the Indian maiden. Who has conquered? Both, both are mine now and forever—You knew me all the time; why did you deceive me? Why treat me so cooly through the whole summer, when you were conscious that I would oh, as gladly recognize you as my lost love? Tell me, why was this, Mabel?"

The answer was low and painfully embarrassed. "Mr. Gordon, I did not know that you were Hiawatha, but I wished to test your faith in Minnehaha. I tried in every possible way to drive you from my heart. Like a meteor vacillating between two spheres, my heart declares allegiance first to you, then to Mabel."

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"E. F."

At a recent funeral in Danbury where several organizations were in attendance, no crane badges were provided for a female society. The president, after adjourning about in a near peculiar to her unfortunate happy sex, suddenly blurted out: "I don't enjoy this how much. I shall return to the land so joyous."

"E. F."

Miscellaneous.

Danbury Man Cures his Boy of the Tooth-ache.

A Town Hill boy was awakened by a severe tooth-ache Thursday night, and signified to his father by sundry howls and the frequent repetition of the name of Moses, that some sort of attention should be paid to him. The parent aroused at once and set to work to relieve the pain. He put a saucer of alcohol on the stove and touched a match to the liquid. While it was blazing he took hold of the saucer to carry it to the bed for the purpose of advancing some operation calculated to obliterate the tooth-ache, when, not making the proper calculation of the temperature of the saucer, he was obliged to let go of it with some precipitation. It may be necessary to state here that the parent, in his anxiety to relieve his offspring, had moved about in a primitive attire—consisting wholly of a very short shirt. The moment the saucer dropped, the burning liquid spouted from the dish, and catching hold of the capillary substance on the legs of our friend, mounted up his body like a flash of lightning, and reaching his very luxuriant whiskers almost instantaneously, burst into a cloud of flame, and instantly disappeared. The movement was so rapid that the man was stupefied for a second. In the next he fell to slapping his scorched limbs, rubbing his burnt face and howling like a disappointed lunatic. But it cured the boy, and as that was what the parent got up for, he is probably satisfied.—*Danbury News.*

Attempt to Get a Husband.

Bottlebury, of Camden, will never drive into the creek to save another woman from drowning. He saw a girl named Sparks tumble in the river the other day off a boat, and he instantly plunged in after her, caught her by the dress and swam to the shore with her. As soon as they were on dry land Miss Sparks gave a hysterical scream, and her arm around Bottlebury's neck and fainted. Just then the father came up with the rest of the family, and perceiving the situation, he dashed up to Bottlebury, grasped his hand and said: "Take her my boy, take her! It is hard to give her up! It wrenches her old father's heart but she is yours. Bless you, my children, bless you!" Then Mrs. Sparks cried, and she said she hoped Harriet would be happy. The Sparks manifested their emotions by climbing up Bottlebury's legs and pulling his coat tails, while Harriet came to, and laying her head on Bottlebury's shoulder and whispered: "Kiss me, darling." Bottlebury amazed and indignant, turned himself away and fled. He was arrested that afternoon on a breach of promise; and on trial the jury gave Miss Sparks two hundred dollars damages. Bottlebury has intimated to his confidential friends that if any other woman intends to fall overboard near him, she will find it to her advantage to learn to swim first.—*Max Adler.*

Spanish Maxims.

He is a rich man who hath God for his friend.
He is the best scholar who hath learned to live well.
Change of weather finds discourses for fools.
A pound of care will not pay an ounce of debt!
The sorrow men have for each other hangs upon one hair.
A wise man changes his mind, a fool never will.
That's wise delay makes the road safe.
When all men say you are an ass it is time to bray.
Let us thank God for what we have.
The foot of the owner is the best measure for his land.
Enjoy that little you have while he foot is hunting for more.
A life ill spent makes a sad old age.
Tis money that makes men lords. We talk, but God does what he pleases.
Go not to your doctor for every ill, nor to your pitcher for every thirst.
A wall between two men preserves friendship.
The sum of all is, to serve God well and do no ill thing.
Setting down in writing is a lasting memory.
As you use your father your children will use you.
True to his purpose in all things, the last heard from Livingston was that he was about to "depart into the interior. He was always departing into the interior for good now, we imagine."

Cheap Habits.

A funny joke, and all the more palatable as its truth can be vouched for, says a New Jersey paper, occurred at a prominent church in that State. It seems that a worthy deacon had been very industrious in selling a new church book, costing seventy-five cents. At the service in question, the minister, just before dismissing the congregation, arose and said—

"All you who have children to baptize will please present them next Sabbath."

The deacon, who by the way was a little deaf, having an eye to selling the book, and supposing the pastor was referring to them, immediately jumped up and shouted:

"All you who haven't any can get as many as you want by calling on me at seventy-five cents each."

"HEAD IS, SOMEBODY."—Moore, of the Montgomery News, will have to assume all the responsibility of this joke on Smith's.—"He says that a man whom he calls Smith, by way of variety, we suppose, had a pet calf which he was training up in the way of an ox.—The calf walked around very gaily until one end of the year while Mr. Smith held up the other end; but in an unfortunate moment the man conceived the idea of putting his own neck in the yoke to let the calf see how it would seem to work with a partner. This frightened the calf, and elevating his tail and voice, he struck a "dead run" for the village, and Mr. Smith went along with his head down and plug hat in his hand, straining every nerve to keep up, and crying out at the top of his voice, "Here we come, d—n our fool souls; head us, somebody!"

THE HABIT OF SNEERING.—When we over-value ourselves, we undervalue our neighbors. Self-conceit is therefore, the source of that Pharisaical weakness called contempt. The man who relies upon himself and cares not who is his great-grandfather. The self-sufficient paragon says to the scapegrace, "Go to, wretch—I am holier than thou!" and the millionaire, who regards money not as a means but as an end, looks with scorn upon the plodder who is content with a moderate competence. There are few things in this world so utterly contemptible as contempt. It is the vice of vanity, and is a sensation unknown to true greatness.

An Illinois youth is in trouble, and writes as follows to an editor for advice: "Lately becoming acquainted," he says, "with a young girl attending school, I was switten with her, and she appeared to regard me favorably. She is very much of a lady, although but sixteen years of age. I sent her a present of a handsomely bound book of poems, costing \$5, which she returned with a note, stating her father would not let her keep it, for which she was very sorry. Don't you think it was an insult to return the book without more of an apology. Hadn't I better whip the old man if he don't apologise?"

Chicago is a nice, pleasant place to die in. The following appears in a late issue of *The Times*: "Stolen—Will the parties that took the cross of flowers from off my husband's casket yesterday, during the funeral services, at 140 Seventeenth street, please return them at once, as I know who took them? No questions will be asked if returned at once. Please return without further trouble."
—*Mrs. BERTH FINEBAY.*

PERSEVERANCE.—If you wish to do good, do good; if you wish to assist people, assist people. The only way to learn to do a thing is to do it; and that implies, before you learn to do right you will learn to do wrong—you will make blunders, you will have failures; but persevere, and in the end you will learn your lessons, and many other lessons by the way.

A chap given to statistics, estimates that over 2,000 lives were frozen during the past winter, by young ladies keeping their hearts lingering at the gate, instead of asking them into the parlor.

There is a very perceptible break in the gloom and depression which ushered in the new year. Our people have gone to cheering again.

Another watch belonging to Dr. Benjamin Franklin has been discovered. If this sort of thing goes on history will have to be rectified and the historic printer become the so-called accumulating uncle.

The Prince of Wales Bonaparte has opened a dressmaker's establishment in Bond street, London. She recently visited Paris to make purchases.

only House in the Centre of Town. From Cass B.R.R. attached.