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LOVE'S VICTORY.

SCENE THE FIRST.

IN THE BANKING-HOUSE.

CHAPTER VII.

A BATTLE OF WORDS.

The turn which the conversation between the two young men had taken did not promise well for future friendship. As in chemistry there are bodies which fly violently from each other when attempts are made to bring them together, so among men there are natures which it is impossible to bring into unison. Even when, notwithstanding that their inclinations urge them to regard each other with aversion, they strive, for one reason or other, to overcome their antipathy, the attempt is invariably a failure. No power can make their opposing natures harmonize. The mere presence of one grates upon the other, and it might almost be said that, with their eyes closed, they could detect the baleful influence. It is often a singular feature in this instinctive repulsion, that the parties know no ill of each other. As in the present instance. Here were two men of equal fortune, presumably of equal standing in society, who but a quarter of an hour since were absolute strangers to each other's existence; and although they met on friendly grounds, with no known motive for anything but friendliness, and with every outward circumstance favorable for the cementing of cordial relations, they were, within those few minutes, very nearly on the brink of a quarrel.

Perhaps it is unnecessary to be precise. If they had a quarrel, Richard Barton would have been the open aggressor. He was the more impulsive and hot-blooded of the two—the more sincere and out-spoken, the more inexperienced. Frederick Chappell was two well versed in the usages of polite society to commit a breach of good manners when his passions were not strongly excited; and as, in consequence of a decided laxity in his moral nature, he was not so quick as Richard Barton to take offense in such a manner as this, his cue for aversion was somewhat uncertain.

The situation may be thus briefly described. Richard Barton, hurt and indignant at the apparent indifferent heartlessness of his companion, was yet very angry with himself for showing temper; and being in a new world, of whose social laws he considered himself ignorant, was not sure that he himself was not in the wrong. Then, his innate love and sense of justice whispered to him that he was ungenerous and uncharitable. This over-nice sense of the moral affections is a great torment to a man. It is like wearing a porcupine's skin, with the points turned inward. A kind of accusing conscience is forever on the alert to prick the soul with doubts and to make every nerve quiver. Frederick Chappell was not thus afflicted. Over the velvet skin of his moral affections all questions of morality and its opposite glided smoothly, no notch being in the way to discompose him. He was, if any thing, amused at Richard Barton's "innocence," as he would have termed it, and was but slightly ruffled by either his companion's tone or words. He had decidedly the best of the situation.

The danger was averted by a timely diversion. A visitor was announced in the person of Mr. Armstrong.

"The very man I was speaking of," said Frederick Chappell to Richard Barton, "Mr. Armstrong, the American. I can introduce you here; you will like him."

Mr. Armstrong entered; a tall, spare man, with clear, sharp-cut features, slightly furrowed by thought, blue eyes, large, shapely hands, and with no hair on his face. I mention his hands, because they were eloquently expressive, and were in some sense an index to his character. Everything about him was indicative of power and self-possession.

"Mr. Chappell not in?" he asked, as he entered, looking around for the banker.

"No," replied Frederick; "I am left in possession."

Mr. Armstrong nodded carelessly, and his eyes rested upon Richard Barton, who was regarding him with some curiosity.

"I regard this meeting as a very interesting one," said Frederick, in his drawling manner. "Here we are, representatives of three great constituencies, accidently brought together, all speaking the same language, and having at least something in common. I represent England, which I place first, as the most important constituency of the three."

"England has cause to be proud of its representative," observed Mr. Armstrong, caustically.

"I ought to have warned you," said Frederick, addressing himself to Richard, "that Mr. Armstrong is a wit, and is privileged to say smart things. Next to England, I place America, represented by Armstrong; you stand for Australia."

"And I venture to state," said Mr. Armstrong, "that the representative of England is the only one of the three who would need prompting on the score of good manners."

Frederick Chappell laughed good-humoredly, and took the hint.

"Mr. Richard Barton, Mr. Armstrong."

"We really have something in common," said Mr. Armstrong, shaking hands cordially with Richard—the young fellow's bright face had an attraction for him—"as we hail from new worlds. Have you been long in London?"

"Only a few days."

"You two will suit each other capitally," said Frederick, in a bantering tone. "I have already discovered that young Australia will believe anything."

Richard gently corrected him; he had almost got over his sore feeling. "No, no; not anything."

"I like a man who believes," said Mr. Armstrong. "I would send all skeptics and sneerers to a land of their own, where they could snarl each other to death."

Frederick held up his hand, as though to protect himself from the words. His manner throughout the conversation was the manner of a man who was indolently conscious of his own superiority.

"Don't be vindictive," he said. "Before you came in, I was sounding your praises. Tell us some news."

"I went to the Cut-and-Come-Again last night. I didn't see you there."

"The Cut-and-Come-Again," said Frederick, in explanation, "is one of our high-class theatres; Mr. Armstrong is an enthusiast on the subject of the drama. What did you see?"

"It was the first night of an original drama written by Mr. Clip."

Frederick again played the part of chorus. "Clip is one of our best authors. An original drama! That is news indeed. Really original?"

"Without a shadow of doubt. Clip took it from the French, who took it from the Spanish. The French had no right to it, so Clip attached it. It is Clip's clearly. Clever fellow, Clip—a genius. He has produced one hundred and ninety original plays. Long live waste and science!" [illegible] said Richard. "Mr. Chappell has promised to take me behind the scenes to-night."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Armstrong with a keen look at Frederick, who, in this instance at least, did not seem quite at his ease; "what theatre?"

"I don't know," replied Richard; "where a new burlesque is being played, and where he promises to show me a very pretty congregation of sinners."

"By which he means female sinners. Mr. Chappell, I believe, has peculiar views with respect to actresses. Yet why should I say peculiar? He holds them in common with many other young gentlemen."

"Spare me! spare me!" cried Frederick, in a tone of mock appeal.

Mr. Armstrong paid no attention to the sarcasm. "I never neglect an opportunity to speak in defense of the maligned. As Mr. Chappell says, I take great interest in the drama. I love theatres, and am acquainted with a number of good women on the stage. I know more than one who, in the illness or incapacity of their husbands, work hard and cheerfully for food for their children, for the warm clothing which protects them from the cold, for the little boots which cover their tender feet. Shall I be silent, then, when I hear them spoken of in a body as a pretty congregation of sinners? The words themselves convey a reproach which would not be lessened by the tone in which Mr. Chappell is capable of uttering them."

Frederick laughed; nothing that Mr. Armstrong could say seemed to discompose him. Mr. Armstrong continued, and now addressed himself specially to Richard Barton:

"I am an older man than you by many years, and, I doubt not, older in experience by a life-time, and something in your face emboldens me to take a liberty with you. In the world you are about to enter you will soon learn, if you have not learned it already, how common it is to value women only for those qualities which are least creditable to them; you will soon learn how common it is to hold up their small follies and magnify them into great vices, and utterly ignore their sweet and noble virtues. Do not fall into the fashion. Pay no heed to the utterances of our cynics and shallow-pated butterflies, for the world is full of good women."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Frederick. "It's enough to take one's breath away. What a capital moral exordium! Mr. Barton, beware of the example of the Bad Boy of this little comedy, if you wish to make a friend of Mr. Armstrong. Be virtuous, my son, and you will be happy. And now, if your schoolmaster has finished his sermon, perhaps he will tell us some more news. You will never find our schoolmaster at a loss, Mr. Barton; he has always something ready. I shall begin soon to think that he is ubiquitous, for he is everywhere and sees everything. A month ago I had occasion to visit Bow Street Police Court, as a witness in an assault case—deuced hard lines it was, for I was not mixed up with it in any way—and there was our schoolmaster sitting on a bench, watching the poor wretches who were before the magistrate for being drunk and disorderly with as much interest as he would watch the performance of the last opera bouffe."

"I went into a police court last week."

"There, Mr. Barton! did I not tell you? Now listen to his experiences."

"It was in the country, and one of your beautiful administrators of justice, in the shape of a justice of the peace, who knows as much of law as my little finger, was on the bench."

"Understand," interposed Frederick, "that, as an American, Mr. Armstrong has a profound contempt for our English institutions, and indeed for all institutions that are not American."

"Understand," rejoined Mr. Armstrong, with a slight frown, "that I have a profound contempt for injustice, wherever it be practised. Country makes no difference to me; I judge by men and manners. Some of your justices of the peace would be a disgrace to any civilized country."

"You have not been to America, Mr. Barton?" asked Frederick.

"No," replied Richard, who followed with interest this battle of words between his new acquaintances. "I hope to go one day."

"There," said Frederick, ironically, "you will find justice administered by immaculate men—men above reproach, beyond corruption. Unhappy me! Why was I born an Englishman?"

"We have deep blots upon our systems," said Mr. Armstrong, "but we have the excuse, at all events, that we are comparatively a new country; and you must bear in mind that we have an enormous number of men of mixed nationalities, and an enormous territory to govern. Why, sir, we could play dice with three Great Britains in

"Bravo! bravo!" cried Frederick.

"You have no such excuse for misgovernment in this country," continued Mr. Armstrong, "as those I have adduced. You have had time, ripe experience, great intellects, a settled population, to perfect your institutions, which yet do not compare too favorably with ours. But I must pick up the thread of my story. As I said, I went into a country police court last week, where a justice of the peace was dispensing justice. The first case I heard was that of a gentleman who appeared to answer a charge of assault upon a woman. He denied the charge, and said that the woman accosted him in the street—it seems that there had been a previous acquaintance between them of not the most reputable kind—that he simply pushed her aside, and that she chose to fall into the road, so that she might bring him, a gentleman, before a magistrate. However, the woman had witnesses, who swore to a different version of the affair, and who said that the man brutally struck her. He was convicted, and sent to prison for a month without the option of a fine. The next case was that of a miserable-looking man in rags, who was charged with stealing a turnip from a field. The man was munching the turnip when the policeman pounced upon him, and he was taken red-handed to the station. In his defense the man pleaded that he was starving, and from his appearance this was probably true. To my mind his statement carried conviction with it. He pleaded, moreover, that the turnip was not in the field, that it had tilted over—as naughty turnips sometimes will do—into the common road, and that it was damaged. Anyway, he was starving, and the temptation was not to be resisted. The stomach is a stern tyrant. He was convicted and the justice fined him sixpence for the offense."

"Which you paid!" exclaimed Richard, eagerly.

"I did not say so," replied Mr. Armstrong, gravely.

"Well," said Richard, "these examples do not prove that this justice of the peace was unworthy of his position. The sentences were just ones."

"You believe that I have spoken the truth?"

"Certainly."

"Then you will believe anything. You are a living miracle. I made a slight mistake, and transposed the sentences. The gentleman was fined five shillings for the brutal assault on the woman, and he paid the money with a smile, and walked out of the court with his friends. And the starving man was sent to prison for three months for the brutal assault on the turnip. Long live that justice of the peace, and long may he reign! And now I should like to ask what subject you young gentlemen were discussing when I entered. You appeared to me to have arrived at an awkward phase of it."

Richard Barton turned red at the remembrance of his irritability.

"A great subject, a wonderful subject," replied Frederick; "two, indeed—money and woman."

"You place them in the order of merit?" observed Mr. Armstrong.

"Undoubtedly. The first is the most stupendous theme that I am acquainted with."

"I am greatly disposed to agree with you. The theme is stupendous. Honesty, virtue, charity, and all the vices that lie beneath it. Truly, such an argument is illimitable. [illegible] commenced it on a day that would last for five thousand years, and talked till the sun was wrinkled and the moon came out on crutches, you could not do it justice."

Frederick Chappell yawned lazily, and said:

"It is a good job for some of us, that we don't live in the times when the devil used to tempt men with money-bags."

"You would have made a bargain with him."

"No doubt of it," said Frederick, very readily. "For twenty thousand a year, and twenty thousand to bolster it up, I would sacrifice much."

"Principles, even?"

"Yes; and every other virtue I may happen to possess."

"Strange," said Mr. Armstrong, who for a reason of his own took Frederick at his word, and appeared to be not disinclined to wrangle with him—"strange that men live who are not subscribers to your faith! Here is a case within my own experience. A firm (say in India), established for half a century—honored, respected, reputed to be wealthy—suddenly stops payment. Johnson, head of the firm, has grown old in honorable commerce. His partner, who has the direction of affairs, has for years been playing Old Harry with them to support his extravagance. Crisis comes; the defaulter flies, and is not heard of again. Johnson, the white-headed, sells every bit of property he possesses, and, with his wife's consent, gives every farthing that he can touch, pays every man of the firm, and is left, at seventy years of age, a beggar, without a shilling, but not dishonored. What is your opinion of him?"

Frederick (shrugging his shoulders): "He is a stupid old sap. He might have stuck to his wife's settlement. No one would have thought the worse of him."

Richard (enthusiastically): "He is a noble fellow. I should like to know him."

Mr. Armstrong turned his back upon Frederick, and held out his hand to Richard, saying:

"Your verdict's a good one, sir, and I like you for it."

Frederick glanced at the clock, and wished that his visitors would go. Mr. Armstrong, however, showed no disposition to leave.

"You two fellows," said Frederick, "owe me eternal gratitude for making you known to each other. You run capitally together. But it's rather good, Mr. Armstrong, to hear you speak in that way of money—you who have the advantage over us poor Englishmen. You Americans are the smartest men in the world for making money."

"I understand you. It is the fashion to say of my countrymen that they are smart—that is, that they will do any mean thing to make money, but do it in such a way that the law can't get hold of them. That is your interpretation of the word 'smart,' as it is applied to us. It is the fashion to say of Americans, 'They're cute, they are!' 'They're smart men, they are!' 'They know how many beans make five, they do!' And we all know what sort of praise that is—such as might make a man feel as mean as a peacock in a thunder-shower."

"Or a donkey sitting on a rainbow," added Frederick, who, in his calm imperturbability, proved himself very nearly a match for Mr. Armstrong. "But you don't mean to say that you are not fond of money?"

"No, sir, I don't mean to say that. I am so fond of money that I believe the sun, moon, and stars are all cut of the wrong pattern."

"Why, what pattern would you have them?" asked Richard.

"The pattern in which it was originally intended they should be shaped—that of the almighty dollar."

"That would do for the States," said Frederick. "What would you do for England?"

"I would have the sun and the moon each fashioned to the shape of a fat pound £, and all the stars should be cut into little s's and d's to represent the shillings and the pence."

Both the young men laughed at the extravagant absurdity of the notion, and Frederick said that, as the Americans were strong on patents, Mr. Armstrong ought to take out a patent for his new scheme of the planets and constellations. In the midst of their laughter, Trail appeared at the door and announced a new visitor.

"Mr. Fangle, sir."

Mr. Fangle, upon entering, looked fussily around. He was a short, spare man, not too well dressed, whose joints seemed to be set upon wires.

"Ah, Fangle," said Frederick, "we were just advising Mr. Armstrong to take out a patent." And then the young gentleman glanced again at the clock and rose nervously. His great anxiety now was to get rid of his visitors.

"Patent!" cried Mr. Fangle, who [illegible] of the rich, into whose society he had by some means wormed himself. "Patent for what?"

Mr. Armstrong answered him. "For always coming in at the nick of time—for causing the fruits to grow in the jam-pots ready for the market—for drawing people together at the exact moment they want to see one another—for bringing future generations into the world upon a new principle—"

"Goodness gracious!" cried Mr. Fangle, beating his hands together.

"—And for refining everything and everybody to such a state of perfection, that the only trouble in life a person will have in the world is the trouble of being born."

"Bless my soul! you are joking, surely! Why, that beats my invention. I have it in my pocket— No, no; what did I say?" And Mr. Fangle looked rather wildly around and clapped his hand to his waistcoat.

"In your pocket!" they all exclaimed. "Show it, show it!"

"I daren't, I daren't; I'm under a bond. Besides, it isn't quite complete yet—wants one little screw."

"A screw loose, eh?" said Frederick, with a sneer.

"I—I shall astonish the world, gentlemen," proceeded Mr. Fangle, flushed and flurried. "And you will all be here to see it, I hope. Then—then I can show my friends that I know how to appreciate past kindnesses. Fangle has a heart. Steam is nothing to it."

"Then" [illegible] Frederick had used.

"No, Mr. Armstrong, no—to my invention. Steam is nothing to it; electricity is nothing to it. When it is completed I shall be a millionaire, gentlemen—a millionaire! Mr. Armstrong," he whispered, "will you give me half a minute of your time? Our friends will excuse us; a matter of importance—of confidence."

"Oh, certainly," said Frederick Chappell; and he and Richard turned aside.

Then, with a look of deep anxiety, Mr. Fangle said to Mr. Armstrong:

"I went to your office, and I heard you were here. I took the liberty of following you. You will pardon me." Mr. Armstrong's hand stole into his pocket, and Mr. Fangle observed the action with a sigh of satisfaction. "May I trespass once more upon your kindness? I am in great distress—will you lend me half a sovereign?"

A slight smile played about Mr. Armstrong's lips as he said:

"Half a sovereign! And you a millionaire!"

"Some day, some day, perhaps—but till then—misfortunes of struggling genius—"

"Sao no more, Mr. Fangle. Here is a sovereign. Owe me the change."

As Mr. Fangle received the money, upon which his fingers closed greedily, Trail once more made his appearance at the door. Frederick Chappell went hastily to his side.

"The young lady, sir," said Trail—"Miss Laura."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Pen Picture of the Editor.

He is perfectly harmless. You may go into his den without fear. But he has his peculiarities. The sight of a poet makes him wild. He is then very dangerous, and is apt to do bodily harm to all within reach. He is also much wrought up when a man comes in with a little trifle he has just dashed off. There is one thing that must be said in the editor's dispraise. His mind is so biased by long thinking in a certain direction that he dislikes very much to look upon both sides of a question. Therefore, if you value your safety, never approach him with manuscript written on both sides of your paper. The business of the editor is to entertain itinerant lecturers, book canvassers, exchange fiends, and other philanthropists. He gives his whole day to these. He writes his editorials at night after he has gone to bed.—*Norristown Herald.*

Vennor has backed water on his first prediction and now warns us to look out for a hard winter.

For style and comfort, go to Levy's, Main street, Durham, N. C.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

The First Day of the Session--A View from the Reporters' Gallery.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 5.

Here we are again, looking down from the unclouded heights of the Reporters' Gallery upon the Congress of the United States. Below are the chosen representatives of fifty millions of the most progressive people in the world. The House has not been called to order, and, for this reason, perhaps, is in great disorder. Maine is shaking hands with Texas; Western heartiness and Southern warmth are actually [illegible] Oregon to Florida; while Massachusetts and South Carolina have half lost their identity in this common Hall of States. We see no political sections or bi-sections yet; and the only shades of blue and grey are blue noses and grey heads. All are moving, writhing, talking, laughing and greeting each other with the abandon of boys returned to the campus of their Alma Mater after a long separation. And what an eventful separation it has been! A few sit alone and take but little part in the genial hubbub. These are the recently elected Freshmen, who are on the eve of their first session. They will soon feel at home in the House and in Washington, however, for, outside the army, the navy, and the holy village of Georgetown, there is not much caste in the Capital of the United States. If a member of Congress has wealth, or influence, or a fore-father, he may even be able to penetrate the above-named "quite too utterly utter" high-toned circles. But see, the hand on the dial points to twelve. The sharp rat-ta-tat of the gavel is heard. To your seats, legislators! Divide yourselves, antagonistically, irreconcilably, politically; North, South, East, West; tariff and anti-tariff; Republican and Democrat; while the pale chaplain intones a blessing on your *common* country and the *United* States, amen! And, now the formality of electing the elect of the caucus is finished, Speaker Reifer is [illegible] ducted to the chair by ex-Speaker [illegible] have complete legislative control of the country. Now, gentlemen, perform your promises made on the hustings, and proclaimed in platforms, to say nothing of your unpublished promises of place and preferment, that you should never have made, to influential constituents, and, above all, be virtuous and the country will be happy.

No committees are yet formed, and it is too early to foretell the course of legislation. Besides, it is so much safer to reflect than to predict. What momentous changes have taken place since Congress adjourned at 12 M. on the 4th of March! And what momentous changes must yet take place, will take place, during the next month in the executive offices and throughout the immense civil service of the United States, all on account of the loathsome reptile, whose worse than worthless life is now being weighed in the balance of law, under the shadow of the Capitol.

The Senate met, duly organized, and with only about two-thirds the Senators in their seats. At half-past one o'clock both houses of Congress were ready for business, and sent a joint committee, of two senators and two members, to advise the President of the fact.

An Anson Boy Governor of Mississippi.

Wherever North Carolina boys go, they seem to make their mark. When they go to another State, they adorn its annals, and add lustre to its record. They have been found in the Presidential chair, the halls of Congress, the State Legislatures, the Governors' mansions, upon the bench, and many other posts of honor, in which they have reflected credit upon their native as well as their adopted State. We are led to these reflections by the fact that the Governor of the State of Mississippi, Robert Lowery, is an Anson county boy, having been born near White Store. He was the son of Robert Lowery, who lived for a long time in Chesterfield, just over the line. His father moved to Mississippi when young Robert was quite a boy, and has made that his home ever since. The younger Robert, as we said before, now writes "Governor" after his name, and his many relatives in this county feel a just pride in the high honors heaped upon him.—*Anson Times.*

A Chicago woman who bet that she could drive six nails and not hit her thumb won as easy as grease. That is, she skipped her thumb and mashed two fingers.

Don't buy your boots and shoes till you examine the stock of Grissom & Holloway. They will save you money.

Business Cards.

NOTICE!

Notice is hereby given that all persons who have lots in the Durham Cemetery remaining unpaid for on the 1st day of January, 1882, will forfeit all claims to the same, and any burials that may have been made upon such lots will be removed to the section known as "Stranger's Section."
By order of Board of Commissioners.
D. C. GUNTER,
no15-4t Town Constable.

THE
DURHAM BAKERY
JOHN BURGESS, Proprietor.

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