VOL

I write to tell you to some to mine, and

cheer the leneliness of the Anchorage

Plantation by your bright life. Fortu

nately, my home has not been moles

ed during the war; and, returning to

vants -now, free, you know-glad to

welcome me back. Come to me, Dai-

it from Europe a few weeks since,

found that all was mife, and the

with you Janet, if the is still with

In two days I leave for New York, or

case of need, I enclose a check for

will some up from there after you. In

hundred dollars, which please make

use of. Now, at once make up your

mind to come to the annny South, and

be ever assured of the love of your

friend and cousin, CLAUDE REBELLO.

Janet as Daisy Snished the letter .-

And then she continued: 'The young

master was always considered a wild

boy, and folks said he had no heart;

'Yes, Janet, my cousins in Boston

did not like him, and spoke of him a

a cold proud man; but, though moth-

er seldom spoke of him, I knew she

And old Janet, evidently delighted

at her prospects of ouce more going

FIRM ISSINGUES S

The month of September was draw-

ing towards its close when Daisy, on

leasant evening, put on her hat, and

taking the path across the meadow,

went with rapid steps towards the

Crossing the style she entered th

cometery and approaching her mother

grave, was startled to see the figure of

man standing beside it. Upon hear-

ing her step he turned, and, raising his

"Pardon me, but am I mistaken in

believing you to be Miss Daisy Vic

the one extended to receive it, while

It was a strange face, browned by

exposure, and with dark, bold eyes

lighting it up, and redeeming from

gloom the shadow upon the mouth

which was partially hid by a heavy

black mustache. The hair was dark

and worn rather long, and the face a

together was one of great beauty, bu

A certain feeling of awe crept over

the young girl as she looked into her

cousin's face; but the kind smile and

pleasant voice reassured her, and, af

ter a short conversation, she felt at her

For a short time the two, so widely

different—the innocent village gir

with her sunny face and wealth of

the world, with his dark, stern face,

but polished manner-remained beside

the grave, and then in and silence

started across the fields towards the

The Spring of 1867 found Dajsy

horoughly domiciled in her Southern

She has met the families upon the

for though polite to all, Claude Rebel-

le never encouraged an intimacy with

any ones and to make up for Daisy's lack of activity with those of her own

age, he had bought her a riding horse and a fancy photon, and in many oth-

assatly. A governess had been se-

oured for her : and there was no wish

that she had that Claude would not

gratify, and it was generally theliaved

He was a man of thirty,five, more

W-R COR STAN

er ways endeavored to make time par

golden hair, and the travelled man

of violent passions

ease with him.

her eyes sought his face.

bat, asked, in a pleasant voice :

South, hurried off to prepare tea.

must I do?

but I knew better!"

leved him. But what

Do? Why, just

ready, for A

to do. So we'll of

hurch-yard.

"God bless that man!" ejaculated

and be assured of a hearty welco

Laughing winds in dancing glee,
ever the waters, wild and free,
Up the incumtain's eraggy steep,
Over the prairies' grassy sweep—
Bearing the taill of a thousand wings,
Circling round in a thousand rings;
Glancing light from a myriad stars;
Glinting light through the prison's bars.

Shimmering sunshine in palace falls.

Dancing in magic over the walls, singing over the funeral pilo

Mocking at andness in frantic style,

Loughing through formiten halle; haking the creepers on the walls, Chasing round the hallowed shrin Careless quite of space or time; Ringing like notes from a thousand strings Re-time, changing, musical winds.

Baley Victor's Guardian.

Daisy Victor sat in the front window her pleasant cottage home in a little New England village, and as her eyes wandered across the meadow laud in front of her, and rested upon the spire of a country church, they filled with tears, and, drooping her head uponher arm, she sobbed sloud.

Shaded by that church was the village graveyard, and, only a short week before, a new-made grave had become the last earthly resting-place of Daisy's

In early life, Mrs. Victor had been used to every luxury that wealth could buy, but shortly after her marriage with Adam Victor, a large Boston merchant, and the birth of her only child. Daisy, troubles had come upon her thick and fast in the loss of her husband and property. With a scanty income left her, she had removed from Boston to a small village in Vermont, and had devoted her days to the education of her daughter.

Mrs. Victor was connected will some of the wealthiest families of the South : but of none had she ever sought aid, being content to eke out of he small income sufficient to defray her own and Daisy a expenses. In the devotion of her daughter she was more than repaid; for of a bright and cheerful nature, and possessing a beautiful face and exquisite figure, Daisy ce tainly was a daughter to be proud of and her every action almost was one of devotion to her mother.

But sorrow came upon the cottage home. Mrs. Victor was summoned to her narrow bed in the churchyard; and poor Daisy was left, at fourteen years of age. an orphan almost friendless in the world. Her mother's old servan Janet, had remained with her in the cottage after Mrs. Victor's death ; but no arrangement for the future had been agreed upon between them.

Thus poor Daisy ant in her lone! ness, and gazing out upon the distant churchyard, wept bitter tears of an guish at the sad less that had fallen upon her.

A coming step startiel her; and raising her tear-stained face, she ca the village postman entering the little rustic gate leading to the cottage. Handing in a letter, the kind of

man said 'Poor little girl! you mus not gry so much! Here is a letter for you, and I hope it has good news !

Taking the letter Daisy thanked the pastman, and after his departured, turned it ever and over, wondering wi could have written to her, for there was her name, in a bold, man's handwriting upon the envelope.

Calling to Janet, Daisy showed her

ANCHORAGE PLANTATION Sept. 10, 1866.

My Draw Levens Course: In the sorrow which has fallen upon you in the death of your mother, I deeply feel for you and would wish that my perand cheer your loneliness; but no

words of consolation can compensate for the loss of those we have dearly loved; that he would make her his heiress. so I will not pet you by sympathetic phrases that may but increase your than double the age of Daisy; but he grief, Your mother and myself were appeared younger, and there were first souning, as you are no doubt aware, many whispers that he was training and in our childhood we were more like the young girl up to marry her himsister and brother; but as my life has self; and many were there who depre-华 切然经济资本整治等

Took Billings.

frolice and phisics on the run.

he breakfast bell puts and and to.

law but its own appetight.

Ambien is like hunger it obeys no

There is no medicine like a good

Beauty is a morning dream which

The man who never makes enny

sinnders will never raiss in the es com

of the world sooy the reputashun ov a

I don'twest-ency better proof of a

good had carrier than to bear an other

hod-carryer say, 'He is a phool and

Fortune is like a mirror, it don't

after mer, it only shows them just as

Dandys are hybred, a cross between

tashion plate and an unpaid tailor's

Debt is a strop which a man sets and

Disease and pills, when they enter

when they undertake tew settle bis af-

fairs, they compromise the matter by

One good way I kne ov to find hap.

A lie iz like pitro glycerine, the best

As the fint kontains the spark, un-

knows tew itself, which the steel alone

kan make into life, so adversity often

reveals to us hidden gems which pros-

perity on negligence would never have

Most people when they cum tew you

Men seem tew me, nowadays, tew be

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hem theroughly renovated and reddled, a

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LOOK! LOOK!

All Gentlemes visting Frank'iston

should call on W. H. HANSON, who

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Ha can be tound at Smiley's old stand.

siwe ye keeps on hand a supply of

Baltimore, Md,

formerly of the

divided into slow Christians and wid-

for advis, cum tew hav their own opin-

oun strenghthend not correckted

eawake sinners.

of judges kan't tell when it is going to

bust and skatter confushan.

piness is not by boring a hole to fit she

laying out the patient.

bates himself and then deliberately

don't understand bie bizziness.

gets into.

nation barracety three-depline boos

oke it is a silver-ceated pill that

N. C. DECEMBER 13.

ed such a fate for the young girl, e of Chade Rebello, and he was lieved to be a cold, evalual man the world, whose unitending will as atern nature would crush out t brightness of Daisy's life.

Daisy knew that a mystery shrouded her guardian, and had heard him unkindly spoken of ; but to he was ever gentle and kind; and felt assured that he had abver been sy, and be a little sister to me; bring | guilty of any act unworthy of his name and position. In her new home she was happy, and her every endeavo was to make it pleasant for the m who had done to much for her.

> Anchorage, the plantation of Claude. was a noble place, situated on a river in one of the most beautiful portions of the State of South Carolina. For years the place had been the homestead of the Rebellos; and upon the death of Claude's father, it had been left to him; and he had improved it. and added to its beauties and com forts until it was considered the fines plantation in the State.

The year of 1869 was drawing to its close; and Daisy Victor, now ma tured into a lovely woman of eighteen was standing upon the wood verandah that encircled the large house, and gazing upon the setting sun as it sank beyond the distant trees. Ever and anon, her eyes would be turned with aus through which the road approach ed the mansion, and her face flushed with pleasure as she caught sight of

carriage approaching.

Her guardian had been for six months absent in Europe; and upon that morning she had received a letter from him telling her to expect him soon; and she had sent the carriage to meet the train at the nearest station, which was ten miles from Anchorage. The carriage approached, dashed up to the door, and in another moment Daisy found herself in her guardian's arms, while she said, with feeling, "Oh, I am so glad to see you home again, Cou-

sin Claude !" "And I to get home again. Daisy but I hope that, under your charge, all has gone well at Anchorage."

"Indeed, it has; but I have missed you so much, Cousin Claude!"

And the truthful face spoke vol "Oh, Cousin Claude! I did not know you had arrived in the village. umes as she glanced into his face. And Daisy placed her little hand in

Only a few hours had passed since the return of the master of the Anchor age, and he and his ward were seated together upon the verandah, looking out upon the moonlit lawn. Claude had been telling of his travels, and at last ceased speaking, and for a while the silence was unbroken. Then he continued: "Daisy, I wish to tell you of my past life, and of the sorrows that have been mine. I owe it to you, and feared you, like others, might think me cruel and hard."

Oh Cousin Claude !" t him wille her hand stole gently in

"No. Daisy; I do not believe that of you, now; and you have redeemed somen in my sight. Years ago, when fifteen I became a midshipman in the navy; and when at home on leave, five years later, learned to love a woman whom I believed true, and noble. brought home with me a friend, a shi mate and my superior officer, the whole neighborhood united in showing us eve-ry kindness. My sister Irene, her likeness hangs in my private sitting room, was living then; and I was glad to see that she liked my friend, and hoped they would make a match. Well, I orders to join a vessel in the European squadron, and left home ex-pecking to be gone two years, and upon my return to marry Miss Raymond; you know her, she lives upon the neighried. A year after my departure, and Irene had listened to the false promises of my professed friend; and because my mother would not allow her to marry him until my return, he had influpaced her to run off to New York with him. Here a mack marriage was performed, and a few mouths after Irene was tald of her shame, and described by the man the believed hir husband. It was more than the could bear, and she died by her own hand. The sad blow broke my poor mother down, and he fore my return house she was placed in the family burging ground.

"I returned to America, sought out the betrage of my mixty, challeged him, and drove my sword the tagh himman, and drove my sword the tagh himman.

sears in a duel. The man Harr, who has desegrated the hily rite of the church, and had proceed to perform the marriage ceremony, was formerly a

friend of mire, and bearing from the ying lipe of the man I had ship thom he was, I sought him out, and, to my borrer, tound he was remaind to the woman I myself expected to marry His er om was mountainers and the her wessiness having cut me off on ac count of the inquestored frame, had angaged berseltte this ble man ! I be came cruel then, Daisy; for I had out knowl-and I demanded that he hould neet me, He sceepted my challenges and he now lies buried down there on the river bank, La a salamité hon !

"Bick of lite, discusted with the world, and believing in nothing good I reemed about from place to place uptil the breaking out of the civil war, when I raised and equipped a regiment and offered my services to the South. Twice, when severely wounded I was every I was not killed; but no, I lived shrough all, and again determined to some to the Anchorage to settle, though I new the neighborhood disliked me, particularly for my killing Hart, for they do not now know his guilt in personating a clergyman Seeing the death of your mother, the idea seized me to send for you; and heaven be thanked that I did so, for you have saved a wrecked life and turned me from my aimless . Xistence

" My darling, I love you, and have done so ever since I met you in that old churchyard in vermont, beside your mother's grave. You know my pas life, for I have told you the w role truth. Will you consent to be my wife, and cheer my lonely existence b'

Clau le Rebello stood before Dalsy his naughty face wearing a look of ear pest entreaty.

Slowly raising her drooping head, Claude saw teardrops in the moonlight and felt that his couse was wor land with i vie lier ped to the low soice resly, I have loved you .ll my life, Cl wie f r before we mer y u were with m in imagination as my beau ideal of a man. Gladly, gladly will I be your wife, and try and drive the gloom from your

Bless you, my own durling!" was the fervent reply.

And on math a ter, Dasy Victor ce me hirs. C'aude Rebeilo; sad the love of each other and be luxuries of their b me, they care little for the ge-sip regarding their strange marriage

Too Many Beaux.

I by the term 'pr -picts.' as applied o aroung lady, you mean the probabil ties of ter getting a husband, then she wtose admirers may be called legion has infinitely poorer prospects than one whose triends of the opposite sex may be counted on the fingers of a sinle hand.

Now, it is true that everybody patnizes the mode and fashion that everybody else suppor o for it is the east ot and most natural thing in the world to tollow the crowd. But this is not to say that a young man wan's for a wife the girl who counts her besux of the score and her cor-quests by the

It is true that every chicken in stood will leave a good dinner, and all off in pursuit of the same object, it they see one of their number running sway with a large seiz d crumb, or af et an imaginary worm. But it is not rue that a young man will formake the med-st, gentle girl, whose society he can erjoy without rivalry, to compete with a score of others for the com

pany of a young lady whose smiles ore ree to all. The: a is indeed, a class of men who pay assidu-us court to the latter. She g. n. 16 ly possesses many attractions this pet of society. She has a fine instrument, and plays tolerably. Possibly she sings. Inversably she denoted -She is always surrounded by the gayest of the gay and in consequence of all these advantages. Whether she be prety or plain, her drawing room is a very agreeable place in which to spend an evening; or, as young gentleman an wont to say, "It is extremely pleas aut to su' mit one's self occasionall to be bandromely entertained: but would not, upon my account, have i supposed that I am looking in that di rection for a wife-by no mean'el"

Thus these gallants are wont to speak And as tuled her are not marrying me But when one of them would take to himself a wife, he go s cust, or west, or north, or son h-anywhere to find a girl map all d by society-one who has not in his presence placed the agreeable to scores of others, and woom he strongly suspects any one of them coulhave nad for the asking.

The worst thing for a girl-unless side wants to live and die an old maid-is to have too many beaux. She may be

" for tors. Lot tot bout stots and [1] take

pretty, stillsh, norumplish d gracefulanything you please, it matters little. The very fact that she has been the re e pint of attention from more men then she would need to know in the ourse of a lifetime places her on the level with a worn out boot-desirably only to those, who cannot get better. If girls would but take the advice of their own sex as gracia usly as they take the attentions of the other, some, at least, would cut loose a few of their worthless acquaintaners and, in future guard themselves against the addresses of too many beaux.

Mr. Sm Il Robbes A Tiger Munt Mr. John Small and Mr. Mike Marks being arrainged for baying cogneed in bloody Sunday morning fight, the counsel for the defense desired that the court would a low a statement of facts by himself, to which he thought both

gentle men would give their indorse ment as being cornect. The court consenting, the counse for the defense stated that Mr. Small a man's body, are like two lawyers and Mr. Marke had always been on the

best of terms, and yet were. Nothing had ever interrupted their long term of friendship more than a very foolish circumstance that occurred at a beer saloon on Sunday morning

The two gent'emen, he remarked were taking their beverage, when Mr Marks spoke about the tiger, and seked Mr Small if he had ever seen the creature. Mr. Small replied that he had, and a most remarkable one, too whereupon he related that, some years ago, his grapptather had gone hunting; and while taking lunch behind an emp ty barrel, was attacted by the ravenous besst. Keeping the barrel between bimselt and the tiger, Mr. Small's grandfather finally succeeded in foring it down over the lero ious animal and drawing the latter's tail through the bung-bele, tied it in a knot, and mmediately left the field.

. Visiting the grounds mys If, some years later," coucluded Mr. Small. found that a new race of tigers had sprung up, all of them being born with barrels attached to their tails."

Mr. Marks coolly remarked that he believed the story to be the biggest lie be ever beard, whereupon Mr. Small delended his dignisty by knecking Mr. Marks over the counter. It was a case the counsel remarked, which would justify punishment to both, bet be trusted to the clemency of the court. His Honor, to , thought the case was not a severe one, and after giving his admonition to the young men to let all kinds of tigers alone, on Sunday especially, he dismissed the case - Louisville Courier.

Parming Don't Pay.

If farming didn't pay it wouldn't be

followed; necessity compels it to pay-

not only on farms, or rather with al

farmers, but with the bulk of them, and particularly the best. So it is with and more complete than we have ever purchased before. In this line me claim any busines; it must pay or it will be discentinued. Sometimes, bowever, it pays less, particularly terming in which nature has so much to do and the exer ion of the man the less. All busipeaces are subject to these changes, Bu the greatest diversity is in another diection -in the especity or activity of three engaged. There are many poor stroke of Ready Marie Clothing, Boots and shoes, Hate & gentlemens furnishing farmers, some quite poor-wretched These do not find it to pay, and, or change to something else, or to some other and "better" form. But it is the same; they are not apt to do we'l any where If larming were depending upon these men the world would stary But it is bound not to stary, and so it employs, among others, its best men, who are rure to do well, as they would do well acywhere. It require, mind, esterprise and care to second in any business or calling. While some men are compelled to vacate their land, others will grow rich and occure themselves the fine homesteads we see in older settled parts of the country. It was not idioness and shiftlesaness that did the Farming, then, will pay, but only with those who exert themselves and make it pay. There is money in it because there must be. There is money in it, says enterprise, and I will have it. People must have bread and to furnish this to the best way is to real zo the profit. But this must keep up with the progress around him. or he will surely be left behind. He quat avail bimeelf of - all the advactages, and there are many ; he cannot do Without them; they make it a condition But how many are struggling in the old way, floundering to keep up; and with heads just shove water crying that farming gon't pay? In pays even in the hard times, and that handsomily, to the right man was prosecy as faithfully his business -Quantry Gentleman of Streets State

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us her studed to be become