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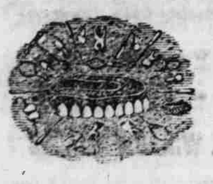

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Guess.

GEORGE COOPER.

I see two lilies, white as snow,
That mother loves and kisses so;
Dearer they are than gold or lands:
Guess me the lilies—baby's hands!

I know a rosebud fairer far
Than any buds of summer are;
Sweeter than sweet winds of the south:
Guess me the rosebud,—baby's mouth

I've found a place where shines the sun:
Yes, long, long, after day is done,
Oh! how it loves to linger there:
Guess me the sunshine,—baby's hair!

There are two windows where I see
My own glad face peep out at me;
These windows beam like June's own skies:
Guess me the riddle, baby's eyes

ORIGINAL STORY.

Seeking A Home.

BY VIVIAN.

CHAPTER I.

"No one to care for me, no one to love me. It is three weeks now since I have been an orphan and alone, a motherless child up here in this dreary alley. I must try and find a place, and if I do not succeed I will go, and lie down on my mothers grave and die. How my aching heart longs for the rest of that other Home! I look along the path that leads up the long dark years of life, and shrink back afraid, for my feet are weary and my frail arms are weak. How can I carry the service and burden of life? I had a mother, a dear, blessed mother, but God has taken her home. How I wanted that he should take me too, I begged that I might go, but my mother said that I must wait in patience, He might have something here for me to do, and then the angel would come for me. Forgive me O, Father, and help me to say, 'Thy Will be done.'"

What a strange charm there was in those earnest breathings. divine and spiritual they seemed in their sincerity and simplicity, as they came from the lips of Claudia Grant who at the age of fourteen years is praying with the earnestness of maturer years, for submission to His will. She has found that her one idol on earth was clay, and her treasure another's.

"To-morrow I will try again, and if I do find a place, *I* hope it will be where they will care for me, and where it will seem like home."

And then the forsaken child crept to her bed on the floor, and the wearied form and the tired head were laid to rest. But no good-night kiss met her lips, no loving hand was pressed upon her aching forehead and with thoughtful tenderness folding the scanty covering about her, and no anxious watcher waited to see if she slept.—And the mother of this child was one whose home had been one of magnificence, but a financial crash and the next moment her father's immense wealth was swept away, and she was poor—her father survived the shock a short time, then he was laid beside her mother in the old burial ground. Having had the advantages of wealth, her education was such as to enable her to secure a position to keep her above want. But her greatest trial was the loss of *her* lover who in the darkest days of her adversity, had sought a releasement from an engagement in which he could no longer feel a pride. Sad indeed was she now when she knew he would forsake her, for when a woman like Augusta Nelson loves, it is with an intensity to which life itself must yield. At first she was bouyed up with the hope that he would at some time seek a reconciliation, and that her love would ultimately be rewarded; but his very early marriage to another proved the vanity of her hopes. Her heart was dead within her. She knew that she had given him her first affection, and that heart could never beat in unison with another's, a sorrow such as she had never known before, had entered her heart, and stolen its happiness. No woman had ever loved man with more devotion than she had loved him. And this love she felt had made her more worthy her womanhood.

Though the last tie which bound them was broken, she knew that Paul Ashley still loved her, and it was only a fancy of love for the vain butterfly of fashion that had lured him on—and would be repented of when too late. She could never think evil of Paul.

She reflected upon it for hours, knowing that she had lost a heart that her gentle influence could have made worthy, knowing that now she must work on in the dark aided by no loving hand; but her heart should be strong, the bright vision of the future and what might have been, should make her happy no longer. She would be contented, and in doing right she would never falter. But in two years after this Augusta began to grow weak and felt the need of some one to protect her—and in four years after her father's death she gave her hand in marriage to Mr. Grant, a man several years her senior, but with whom she lived peacefully. She was to him, if not a loving, a kind wife.

Two years before the commencement of our story he had parted with his wife and child, for a voyage on the deep sea, hoping to bring home with him something which might give them the comforts of life.

But alas! A storm, the lightning strikes, the last, the sternest terror of the deep has come. The last hope is gone—all is lost.

When Mrs. Grant received news of her husband's death, she lamented him as one who was ever kind to her, as the father of the child, but not as a husband whom she had loved, did she feel his loss.

Work is her lot again, and with the paltry sum she had earned with her needle she had managed to live. A woman of cultivation herself—she had not neglected her child, whose mind was active and already stored with gems of truth and learning.

Sickness, then death. The mother is gone. And the child—her future we must learn.

CHAPTER II.

Against a cold marble stair a faint head leaned, the tired wanderer was silently crying.

"What is the matter dear child?"

It was but a few words kindly spoken but they went down into the poor child's lonely aching heart, and stifled for a moment the chill and pain in its depths. It was but a little thing to give, a trifling offering that kind word spoken, a cup of cold water for the forsaken and heavy-laden, but it made glad the heart, the weary weeping heart of a lone forgotten child of earth.

She looked up and pushed back the tangled tresses from the wet face.—What a wistful, mourning, loving look! And what is there to attract in that face? Her eyes are not brown and bright, there is no clear warm brunette complexion. These attractions were not marked in that face, but there was something which challenged the second and more prolonged gaze most observers were constrained to bestow upon her. There was no exquisite beauty in those pinched features, but there were no unfinished curves, no lax lines, in contour or in feature, but the expression of the whole bespoke decision and spirit. Even in the child this was noted, this it was which caused the lady in passing to give her a second look.

"What is your name child, have you lost your way?"

"My name is Claudia Grant; I am only tired, so tired. I have not lost my way."

The lady sat down on the step. This kindness and the gentle look gave the poor thing courage to speak. She named the alley in which she lived, and how like a broken music strain, seemed the troubled voice.

"I have nothing to do, and I must get me a place to work, and I've tried, but—and—and I don't know what I shall do."

The listener was gazing down on the little slight form. Suddenly the deep eyes were lighted startlingly, pleasingly.

"Don't you want me? I can do a great many things"

"Have you no friends, haven't you a mother child?"

There was a sob then she spoke reverently.

"I have a mother, but—"

"Well then where is she?"

The faint voice came up through tears.

"She has gone home where the angels stay. I can do so many things, I took care of my mother all the time that she was sick; and that was O! so long. Can't you take me?"

She shrank from this begging with a proud delicacy that was a part and portion of her being.

An angel came close and whispered to the heart of that honored woman—

"Take her with you, there is room in your home, there is room in your heart. What if it was thine own child left and alone? Be a mother to the motherless one."

"Come with me," said the lady, and up into that stately home of elegant workmanship, with its marble, its rosewood and velvet; with its pictures, paintings and statures, its flowers and its fragrance, with all costly and luxurious surroundings. There this child was to find a home.

Mrs. Vane was a benevolent woman; she scattered the seeds of truth and grace, in wild wilderness places, she watered it with tears and watched it with prayers, with ministeries of mercy she went down into the veiled depths of the hidden human heart, with soothing sympathies to still the ache and the pain and the weary want, lifting to the faded fainting lips the cool life's draught. This is the woman who would take Claudia to her heart, and care for her. In her she has found a mother, who will discharge her duties to her adopted one as only one can who has the precious trust committed to them by God's own hand.

Though Mrs. Vane has never had children of her own, though for years nothing has been left her to love; yet this little girl stole into her heart, and filled it with the love that had never been there, since her husband had been taken to his last rest five years before. Her heart was ever filled with charity and good will to the suffering poor.—She was always ready to help and cheer the faint. But never had she felt willing to take to her home and heart, one whom she feared would come between her and the memory of him, who had gone before her, but when out in the cold those wistful eyes with their sad longing look, were raised to hers, she forgot everything, she only thought of this lonely child. Who would care for her? and without a moments hesitation, she said—

"Child come to me, my home shall be your home, in my heart you shall awaken that love which shall never grow cold again; come with me."—And followed by Claudia, she went into a room of exquisite finish.

"Have this chair, draw near the fire my dear, warm yourself, I must go out for a little, but will return shortly. Be at home; and with this she left the little girl alone with her thoughts."

"A home at last, exclaimed Claudia, and a perfect Eden I call it." Don't I wish Mother was here to enjoy it all. We would be so happy. Is there really another sort of life than that of daily toil for daily bread? Oh! It is wonderful, it is delightful, and I have been so long shut out from this enchanted region of bliss, but it is home now the lady said."

Not long and the kind Mrs. Vane returned and carried her into a little bedroom. The lights had come in there too; it looked very pleasant, there were pictures and books and a little white bed as if a winter snow drift had hidden away there, and there too were some garments that would just fit her.

Mrs. Vane told her she must put them on, asked her if she needed any assistance. "No thank you," was all she could say; then she left her alone saying tea would soon be ready. Claudia looked around bewildered.—Was it all a mocking dream, or was it Heaven? And then she sank down on the floor and prayed; it was a prayer of real thanksgiving. Then she washed her face and brushed out the long bright curls, and arrayed them one by one as no one else could do, and laid aside her faded things for neat tasteful clothing; then she looked in the mirror.

What a graceful figure met her view, the damp tresses of hair were pushed back from a brow soft, and snowy white the dark lashes and a strange charm in the large eyes, when the light and the tears came together and a faint flush had gathered over the white face,—the domestic that opened the door started back. The vision that met her view was lovely. Mrs. Vane had sent for her. She was reclining on a sofa, when Claudia went in. She looked at the timid child; so changed, So bright even in one hour. See what good she had done.

For a moment she leaned back upon the pillows, and closed her eyes.

The little stranger, sank down on the soft carpet at her feet, then Mrs. Vane raised her, and drew her arm around her.

"We will love each other, God help us" and the stranger child was loved.

She was very winning all that evening. She became free and easy in her manner. She told her all she knew of her Mother's life; how her Father had sailed, how at first they had been above want, and by degrees reduced to poverty, how her mother had suffered, and died with no friend, but her child.—To this Mrs. Vane listened with interest, loving the child, more and more and when she had finished, her head rested on Mrs. Vane's breast. Mrs. Vane's loving arms were around her; there was silence a little while, a prayer ascended to His Throne, a prayer recorded by the Angels around.

"Mother" was all the child could say as she gave the goodnight kiss, and retired to her little bed to sleep sweetly, and awake on the morrow to a life in a new home.

(*To Be Continued.*)

What to do in Case of Accidents.

Professor Wilder, of Cornell University, gives these short rules for action in case of accident.

For dust in the eyes, avoid rubbing, dash water into them; remove cinders, etc, with the round point of a lead pencil.

Remove insects from the ear by tepid water; never put a hard instrument into the ear.

If an artery is cut, compress above the wound; if a vein is cut, compress below.

If choked, get upon the hands and kness and cough.

For light burns, dip the part in cold water; if the skin is destroyed, cover with varnish,

Smother a fire with carpets, etc.; water will often spread burning oil, and increase danger. Before passing through the smoke take a full breath and stoop low, but if carbon is suspected, walk erect.

Suck poison wounds unless your mouth is sore. Enlarge the wound, or cut the part without delay. Hold the wounded part as long as can be born to a hot coal or end of a cigar.

In case of poisoning, excite vomiting by tickling in the throat, or by warm water and mustard. For acid poisons give acids; white of egg is good in most cases; in cases of opium poisoning, give strong coffee and keep moving. If on water float on the back, with nose and mouth projecting.

For apoplexy, raise the head and body; for fainting, lay the person flat.

—A young Lady of Lyons, Iowa, recently said: "Some men are always talking about patronizing their own town- always harping on that duty—and yet they go abroad to get married, while here we all stand wating! I do hope that some of these men who marry Eastern women will get chated!"

Miss Mary Dollar, of Illinois, has made a Mr. Roush give her name four hundred times repeated because he refused to give her his name, according to sundry vows and oaths.

A ladies' club in London is about breaking up, the members being hopelessly divided on the great question as to the propriety of using sealing-wax for ordinary business letters.

The editor of the London "Hour," who died the other day, willed that the paper should always be held by his kin never change its name, and that the price should always remain the same.

The Common Council of St. Paul, Minn., are going to impress upon the people of that city the propriety of paying their taxes by publishing a 'black list of delinquent tax-payers.

A man was turned out of the gallery of a Memphis theatre the other night for calling out to Miss Lydia Thompson, 'Bully for you, old tow-top!—Good lordy, look at her kick!'

A bright little five year old was looking through a picture book the other night, when she suddenly paused, gazed eagerly into her mother's face, and while there shone in her eyes the light of wisdom beyond her years, said—blished if we have'nt forgotten what she did say.

In one of the Western counties of this State, a green chap went to the house of the girl that he had fallen in love with and staid over night. In the morning, as all genteel young ladies would, she gave him a wash-bowl and towel to wash his face. He took great offence at this: said that his face was not dirty, and did not need washing; went off in high dudgeon and did not return. So the girl made a most happy escape from marrying a brute.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,

FRANKLIN COUNTY: In Superior Court,

PETITION to SELL LAND TO PAY DEBTS.

Frances Mitchell Administratix with the wild annexed of William Mitchell, deceased, Plaintiff,

Against

W A Mitchell, Polly Beddingfield, Gilly Winston, Perry Wiggins, Hinton Wiggins, Gaston Wiggins, John A Powell and Seraphnia his wife, Joe, Fuller and Sally his wife, Kack Powell and Fetna his wife, George Wiggins, Green Wiggins, Fanny A Sugg, Sally watson, Elizabeth Watson, Sanders Watson, Tabitha Watson, Jinny Watson, Mckee Watson, the last named an infant under 21 years of age, without Guardian, S R Trawick, Calvin Baugh and Angeline his wife, James Carr and Fetna his wife, Lem Bryant and Martha his wife, Rene Allen and Tilatha his wife, M Jewell and Sally his wife, Judson Arnold and Lucy his wife, Judson Buffaloe, Sidney Buffaloe, Benjamin Mitcsell and Tilatha his wife, Adolphus Buffaloe, Alonzo Buffaloe, Madison Buffaloe, Virgil Buffaloe, the three last named infants under 21 years of age, without Guardian, Julius Alford and Elizabeth his wife, Jackson Frazier and Gilly Ann his wife, Sidney Wright and Amy his wife, Hilliard Mitchell and Jane his wife, and Charles Wiggins an infant under 21 years of age without guardian,

Devisees of William Mitchell dec'd., Defendants.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court by the affidavit of the Plaintiff, that Wm. A, Mitchell, James Car and Fetna Carr his wife, Fanny A Sugg, Sally Watson, Elizabeth Watson, Sanders Watson, Tabitha Watson, Jenny Watson and Mckee Watson, and Charles wiggins Defendants in the above stated action are not residents of this State. It is therefore, ordered, that publication be made in the Franklin 'Courier,' a newspaper published in the town of Louisburg, N. C., once a week for six weeks successively, notifiying the said defendants of the filing of this complaint in this cause commanding them to appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court for the County of Franklin at the Court House in Louisburg, within 20 days after the expiration of the time of the publication of this notice, and answer the said complaint, and let the said defendants take notice that if they fail to answer the said complaint within that time the Plaintif wil apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaints.

* * * Given under my hand and
SEAL the seal of the said Court the
* * * 5th day of January, 1874.

R. H. TIMBERLAKE,
Clerk Superior Court.

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