

The Carolina Watchman.

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Carolina Fertilizer.
CASH PRICES
\$50.00 PER TON OF
2,000 POUNDS.
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\$68. PER 2,000 lb. pay-
able Nov. 1.
THE HIGH STANDARD OF QUALITY HAS BEEN FULLY MAINTAINED, AND IT IS CONSIDERED BY THOSE WHO HAVE GIVEN IT A FAIR TRIAL THE

BEST AND CHEAPEST
FERTILIZER MANUFACTURED.
Liberal and advantageous Terms for Large Lots Given on Application.

Local Agents at all the Principal Depots.
DeROSSET & CO.,
General Agents for North Carolina and Virginia,
AT
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Jas. A. McCONAUGHEY,
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MORE STOVES.
and better ones than ever.
Come now and get the BEST. Get the stove called the

ACORN COOK
You want one that will outlast any other, and that is made of all NEW IRON, and warranted a life satisfaction &c. Various styles of cooking stoves at a small profit.

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SHEET IRON & COPPER WARE made of the BEST MATERIAL, on hand or made to order. Merchants supplied at LOW PRICES. CASH PAID for all kinds of Copper, Brass &c. Ask for Brown's Tin shop Main Street, Salisbury, N. C. H. V. Brown.

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One mark with stencil may get a customer, for you, that will put HUNDREDS of DOLLARS in your hands. Try it and you will get a customer you never thought of.
MY PRICES ARE LOW, AS FOLLOWS,
One-fourth inch letters 5 cents per letter
One-half and five-eighths " " " 6 " " "
Three-fourth and One inch letters " " " 7 " " "
They may be sent to any part of the U. S. by mail at a small cost.
Send in your orders stating size of letters you prefer, and the Stencil will be made neatly and promptly forwarded.
Flaher street Salisbury, N. C.
L. V. BROWN.
April 23, 1874—tf.

The North Carolina HOME Insurance Co.,
OF RALEIGH, N. C.
INSURES DWELLINGS, STORES, MERCHANTS, AND
All Classes of Insurable Property,
Against Loss or Damage by Fire, on the Most Favorable Terms.
Its Stockholders are gentlemen interested in building up North Carolina Institutions, and among them are many of the prominent business and financial men of the State.
All Losses Promptly Adjusted and Paid.
It appeals with confidence to the Insurers of Property in North Carolina.
Encourage Home Institutions.
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Agent at Salisbury.
March, 4th—3mos.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS | NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

GUANAHANI!
AN IMPORTED NATURAL GUANO.
A GENUINE ANIMAL DEPOSIT.

A MONOPOLY OF THIS VALUABLE DEPOSIT HAS BEEN CREATED in favor of this Company by the Crown officers. The name "GUANAHANI" is a Registered TRADE MARK at the United States Patent Office, and all persons are warned from making use of the same in connection with fertilizers of any kind.

THE COMPANY GUARANTEE THAT
EVERY CARGO will be ANALYZED BEFORE IT IS OFFERED FOR SALE.

IMPORTED ONLY BY THE
GUANAHANI GUANO COMPANY,
PETERSBURG, VA.

In offering this FERTILIZER to the Agricultural Community a Second Season we do so with the utmost confidence, feeling satisfied that the high opinion, we formed, and expressed last season based on its Chemical Constituents have been most satisfactorily borne out by the test, by which all Fertilizers must be judged, that of the Plantation.

Last season, owing to the lateness at which we commenced importing we were forced to put our Guano on the market at once, but now having continued our importations during the summer and fall, and having large and well ventilated Warehouses in this City and City Point, we are enabled to put our Guano on the market, in a condition as to dryness, and freedom from lumps, equal to any Manufactured Fertilizer.

We solicit a careful perusal of our Circular containing the certificates sent us, and which can be had on application at this OFFICE, or from any of our AGENTS. Having nothing to conceal, we made an innovation on established usage, by publishing those letters received unfavorable to our Guano, but careful inquiry in many cases proves that the cause of its failure was not owing to any fault in the Guano, but to those far beyond our control. We have frequently heard the same complaints of its kindred Fertilizer, Egyptian Guano, but the concurrent testimony of well known Farmers and Planters from Maryland to the extreme Western counties of North Carolina, justify us in claiming a place for our Fertilizer Superior to many, and Second to None.

We confidently expect the continued patronage of the Agricultural Community and no exertion shall be spared on our part to make

GUANAHANI
THE STANDARD FERTILIZER
FOR THE
COTTON, TOBACCO & GRAIN CROPS
OF THE SOUTH.

DIRECTORS.
President, N. M. TANNOR, of Rowlett, Tannor & Co.
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JOHN MANN, DAVID CALLENDER, W. A. K. FALKENER.
FRANK POTTS, General Agent.

FOR SALE BY
MERONEY & BRO.,
SALISBURY, N. C.
BURROUGHS & SPRINGS.
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

In offering this Fertilizer to the people of Rowan, and surrounding counties we are satisfied that we offer them the best Guano for the least money now on the market. It has been thoroughly tried during the past season and the results have been even better than we hoped for. Below we append two of the numerous certificates we have received.

AN IMPORTANT TEST, PAID OVER 600 PER CENT.
SALISBURY, N. C., October 10th, 1874.

Messrs Meroney & Bro.
Gentlemen: In reply to your inquiry as to the merits of the Guanahani Guano, I will state that I have given it a fair, and, as I think, a thorough test, and believe it to be one of the best fertilizers now in use in our country. In the month of February I bought two tons and applied it over my farm at the rate of 200 pounds to the acre under Cotton, and 100 pounds to the acre on Corn. On the 8th of October I picked one row of Cotton 14 rods long, which had been fertilized at the above rate, 8 pounds of seed cotton; from another immediately by the side of this one, of the same length, to which I had applied no fertilizer, I picked 14 ounces the same day—showing a difference of over 8500 per cent. between land fertilized and not. I counted the number of unopened bolls in each, and making calculation on this basis, I find that the land without the Guanahani would yield 39 ounces to the row, 80 rows or 150 pounds to the acre; with Guanahani it will yield 12 pounds to the row, 80 rows or 960 pounds to the acre—showing a difference of over 600 per cent.

I have not had an opportunity to test the Corn yet, but from general observation, I feel warranted in making the statement that Guanahani has benefited my Corn at least 100 per cent. On one acre of ground, as a test, I sowed 400 pounds of Guanahani broadcast, subsiding at the same time 15 inches deep. This acre, under ordinary circumstances, has average 700 pounds of seed cotton; this year the yield will be at least 1800 pounds.

E. A. PROPERT.

Messrs Meroney & Bro.
Gentlemen:—In reply to your inquiry as to the merits of Guanahani Guano, I would say that I used it last Summer on an old field which would have produced very poorly under ordinary circumstances but which under the application of Guanahani yielded me a very good crop. I had one test row and this showed a difference of over three hundred per cent. in favor of the Guano.

I am satisfied that it is a good Fertilizer and take pleasure in recommending it to every farmer who wishes to increase his crops as being fully equal if not superior to any Guano on the market.

MATTHIAS MILLER.

WE SELL GUANAHANI AT \$38 PER TON.
Freight added.
CALL AND SEE US.
MERONEY & BRO.

(WRITTEN FOR THE WATCHMAN.) FOLKS AT THE FAIR.

CANTO IV.
With ringing, rambling, reckless rhymes
Lamponing brassy times, air—
All true hearts echoing its chimes,
Like bells from fairy climes, air—
"Twill spread the praise of fairer days
For Dixie folks, from Dan to
Dirteasterville, Slabtown and Clay-
Ville—this my fourth great Cantor!

It must be great—I've slept of late
With Shakespeare 'neath my pillow;
Bob Burns, each night, when whiskey fight,
Calls me a clever fellow;
My Peg got trot with W. Scott.
A-hunting o'er the heather—
Scotch wolves and boars we shoot by scores,
And birds of every feather.

With his old text Will Shakespeare yet,
Me dives to its revision—
As thusly, here:—"The worlds a' Fair,
Where man's on exhibition;
The devil gets the hindmost man,
(Whose e'er an office-bunter),
And keeps up the show on the premium plan,
And according to Gabriel Gunter.

Where there's no turn, 'tis a mighty long line—
Big storm that never ends, air—
Dark ways that never are made plain—
Bad sinner that never mends, air—
The devil himself may make a slip,
While gaily a-walking his wires, air,
And back into brimstone take a trip,
And, (while the world is resting and rejoicing
at his absences,) simmer and roast awhile
in his old fires, sir!

The stoutest dog must find his match,
And licensed thieves their limbo—
Grant's Solomon's their heads must scratch
In '76, by jimbo!
No God have they but the bayonet—
No prophet but Phil Sherry—
But see if their God don't fail them yet,
And Philip be swopped, (no odds how much
old smokers may puff and blow about it,) for
a bona-fide and thoroughly authenticated, Demo-
cratic, Radical—hailing and fire-eating Con-
servative Jerry.

Crazy, crazy, crazy as loons—
Crazy as snuff-sick bed-bugs,
Are the man of Cigars and the man of Spoons—
And government sits on its bed-mugs;
It's got the cholera, sarin sure,
It will stop up the nigger, and work its own
cure

In another twelve months, (or do the next
best thing, which will be to go plumb to the
Old Harry,) by Jerry!

Excuse, ye double-damned orthodox,
My Hell-deserving verses—
I'm glad I'm not in old Thers's box,
(The stinkin old heretic who didn't believe
in the same sort of a God as you did; whom
even the big niggers in the House of Commons
couldn't stand the smell of, and on whose de-
voted head you poured out the red hot vials
of the Voodoo religion's wrath, the loyal ana-
thema, and the Canby constitutional curses!)

'Tis the day of brimstone, buzzards and brass,
When the devil must be fought with fire, sir,
When the mealy-mouthed, cowardly writers
of an age,
And the honey-dewed Beechers are liars sir!

Get out of the way—a funeral's a-comin—
Ten millions of rogues in the hearse, sir;
I hear the bumble-bee Grangers a-hummin
This whoangdoole chant and ad verse, sir,
"Boo-hoo-ki-yi, the Rads did die,
And the "man and brother" a stranger—
Come woe, come woe, it's my turn to steal,
Says the honest, immaculated Granger!"
E. P. H.

THE SILENT HEART.

Mrs. Hartley was seated in a small, rather cheerless sitting-room, engaged in the homely occupation of stocking darning, while opposite to her Sadie, her only child, with folded hands, looked out of the window. There had been a tall figure passing down the path that led to the little gate, but long before that, was out of sight. Still Sadie sat there, her dark, mournful eyes looking out upon the dusty road, her beautiful mouth folded in lines of pathos, touching in so young a face.

Busily the shining needle went in and out of the stockings, and sometimes the mother cast a wistful glance at the lovely face opposite to her, as if longing to comfort or advise. It was strangely pathetic to her to see the little white hands, that were always so busy, lying idle in the forenoon, the cheerful face so absorbed and sad.

At last Sadie broke the long, painful silence.

"Mother," she said, "is it my duty to marry Colton Everhard?"

"Your duty, Sadie! Have you no warmer word to use when you talk of marrying a man to whom we owe so great a debt of gratitude?"

"No, mother. I am grateful to him, but I do not love him."

"Yet he loves you devotedly."

"If I could only believe! Sadie sighed.

"If I were only sure he loved me!"

"You doubt that?"

Mrs. Hartley spoke in a tone of the utmost amazement, while her busy hands fell idly before her.

"You doubt Colton Everhard's love?"

"Mother, if he really loved me, surely my heart would answer something to his words. But when he is most eloquent I shrink from him the most. I ask myself why he should give a love for me, who can give him nothing, not even love, in return, and find no answer. And yet I know, by every throbbing of my own heart, Colton Everhard does not love me."

"You are too romantic, Sadie. Think for a moment. We were miserably poor, living in an attic, sewing upon shop-work for the barest necessities of life, when

accident threw you in Colton Everhard's way."

"Was it accident? I have often thought it was strange that he should have stood so very near when I was insulted for the only time in the street. It has often troubled me that I detected a glance between the man who was rude to me and my gallant deliver. It was rather dramatic, mother, that sudden rush to protect me."

"But think, Sadie, of the great delicacy exhibited in his kindness since that time. His introduction to me was certainly a gentlemanly method of obtaining permission to call. Then his procuring this cottage for us upon such easy terms, and the work we are doing, so well paid. And surely, Sadie, if we were still as rich as we were when your dear father died, you could not have been wooed with more respect than Colton Everhard constantly shows you."

"I know all you would urge, mother, and yet the fact remains; he does not love me."

"He is a man who might marry well in his own circle, Sadie. His father is one of our leading lawyers, and poor uncle had a great respect for him."

"Uncle Herbert, mother?"

"Yes, dear, who died in California last year. Poor fellow, after slaving there for nearly twenty years, he must have died poor."

"Why?"

"I am his only living relative, dear, excepting yourself, and if he has left any property, we should have heard of it."

"Yes, I have heard you say so. I wish he had left you a little money. Ever so little would enable us to throw off this bitter load of obligation. It crushes me! I had rather be back in our attic, and know we were independent. Mother! mother! I cannot marry Colton Everhard!"

It was a despairing cry, coming from a tortured heart. The young girl had not so gradually hedged in by the kindness of her suitor, that she had scarcely measured her load of obligation until she was asked to give her life in payment.

The keenest pain was in her own apparent ingratitude and hardness of heart—She asked herself again and again, what she could desire in a lover and husband that Colton Everhard did not offer her. He was young, not twenty-six; fine-looking, intelligent, well educated. His family occupied a good social position, and he was in a lucrative business. Yet he wooed her, a penniless girl, giving her no love.

Could she marry him, and live year after year, with no love for her husband, no love for him? Could she stand before the altar, and pledge herself to honor and obey a man for whom she felt only a gratitude which tantalized her by puzzling suspicion?

As if in answer to her thought, her mother said:

"Yet you have all to gain by such a marriage, Sadie, nothing to lose!"

"I should lose my self-respect, my happiness for life. No, mother, though I may seem ungrateful, I'll not marry where there is no love."

Mrs. Hartley did not urge the suitor's cause, although deeply disappointed at her daughter's decision. She had married for love herself, though her husband had been a rich man, and she knew only too well how much warm, true love is needed to make married life happy. To marry Colton Everhard after her reasons for refusing were so clearly stated, would have been to do violence to all her own convictions.

But Colton Everhard did not patiently bear the rejection of the beautiful girl he had persistently wooed for many long months. He had, as Sadie suspected, planned the apparently chance encounter which first brought him to the notice and grateful acknowledgments of the widow and her daughter. He had spent valuable time and no small amount of money in following up this introduction, and having, as he believed, won Sadie's affection, had asked her to be his wife.

And Sadie, with only the pure instincts of her own maiden heart to guide her, had refused his offer.

With his heart full of bitter revenge, he tried to win by cruelty what he had failed to gain by kindness. Before a week passed he urged his suit with Mrs. Hartley. With affectionate words she told him of her own regret at Sadie's decision, but absolutely refused to use her own influence to alter it. Then, when vague hints were thrown out to waken her fears, a stately dignity replaced the motherly warmth of her manner, and Colton Everhard was courteously but distinctly informed that Sadie could never be won by bribe or threat.

But a few days were allowed for reflection before the landlord of the little cottage raised the rent to such an exorbitant price that only immediate removal remained for the Hartleys. The easy, lucrative work was taken away at an hour's notice, and when Sadie went to the store for which she had formerly worked, employment was denied her there. Winter was coming on, and the narrow attic room seemed even more dreary than before, in contrast to their cosy cottage.

Still mother and daughter spoke no word of regret for the refusal that was costing them so dear. Sadie in her heart was thankful that some of the load of gratitude was cancelled by this sudden, rude persecution, and Mrs. Hartley spoke once in terms that quieted any pain her daughter might have felt on her account.

"Sadie," she said, "I shudder to think of your life in the power of a man who could so wreak his revenge upon two helpless women. Thank God, my child, your heart guided you truly. No man who

ever loved you could so suddenly become your enemy."

It was in January, a night when rain was falling fast upon half-melted snow, that Sadie came home after a day of fruitless search for work.

"Where is your shawl?" Mrs. Hartley said, as the girl drew, shivering, to the tiny handful of fire.

"I sold it. We must eat or die, was the quiet reply. 'I bought bread, milk and potatoes, and there will be enough to buy these for a few days more. Then work may come.'

As she spoke there was a knock at the door, and Colton Everhard came in. His handsome attire, his courteous address, were in strong contrast to the wretched room and the shilling reception that met him. Still, with quiet tact, he refused to recognize the coldness, and gradually led the conversation from commonplace to personal topics.

Not abruptly, but by graceful transitions he led the way to his own hope that Sadie might think more kindly of the offer refused before. He spoke eloquently of his love for her, delicately urged his respect and affection for her mother, and expressed the most profound regret that he had ever allowed his anger at his first refusal to influence him, as it had done, to acts of enmity. There was no lack of words to prove his sincere affection, as he poured them into the ear of the shabby, almost despairing girl, and Sadie, listening for some answer from her own heart, found none. Not one throbbing bore witness to the truth of the vehement assertions. Sadly, but resolutely, she said, as she had said before:

"I cannot marry you, Mr. Everhard. I do not love you, and you do not love me."

"Do not love?" cried her suitor. "Sadie, can you be so blind, so deaf to love, as to doubt mine? Be my wife, and every hour of my life shall prove my love for you."

"I cannot be your wife!"

"Do you love another, Sadie?"

"I do not admit your right to ask that question, but I will answer you. I do not love another."

"Then love will come. I can wait, years if it must be."

But he pleaded in vain. Sadie firmly refused to become an unloved, unloving wife.

It was late when the disappointed suitor took his leave, and Sadie crept into her mother's arms.

"Forgive me, that I deny you too the comforts of a home," she sobbed.

"Child, child," her mother said, "I want no home built upon the ruins of your happiness. Have you forgotten to-morrow is your birth-day, Sadie? You are twenty-one."

"And when she arrived at woman's estate, it was all the estate she had."

quoted Sadie, bitterly.

There was little sleep in the cheerless attic; but the morning found the Hartleys up early, and Sadie preparing to go out in search of work. A bright sunlight made the prospect somewhat more cheerful than it had been the previous day, and Sadie was speaking cheerily, when the postman's voice ran along the narrow hallway.

"Hartley!"

An answer to our advertisement! cried Sadie, flying down for the letter and up again.

A great legal envelope, marked Everhard and Hill, she said. "Can Colton sue me for breach of promise, mother?"

There was a pause while Sadie opened the letter.

Then Mrs. Hartley gave a startled cry at the deathly pallor of the face lifted to meet her eyes.

"Mother," Sadie said, in a husky voice "can you bear a great shock?"

"Yes, dear. All we loved are dead, and we have each other."

"A shock of joy, mother! Rather a novel sensation for you and me. This letter tells me my Uncle Herbert left a will!"

"Yes, Sadie! speak quickly, child."

"In care of Everhard & Hill, to be opened upon my twenty-first birthday. Colton Everhard's father, mother, has had this will since Uncle Herbert died."

"I begin to understand, dear. You are an heiress—"

"To half a million dollars!"

There was a long, long silence, and Mrs. Hartley gently untied Sadie's shabby bonnet. After a moment of struggle for composure, Sadie cried hysterically:

"Make a fire of the chairs and tables, mother, while I spend the contents of my purse in a beefsteak. I have just discovered that I am awfully hungry."

But there was no more hunger or cold for the heiress or her mother. It was three years later when Sadie was sought again for a wife by one who loved her and won the treasure of her love; and the warm true heart, under the appeal of sincere devotion, no longer held the silence that had once saved the lovely girl from becoming the unloved, unloving wife of an unscrupulous fortune-hunter."

Folly Never Dies.
The Second Adventists, the rival of the Millerites of 1842, have been watching for that great event, which "Cometh like a thief in the night," and of which no man can know. Men are little wiser or less credulous in this age, than in any other, and it is quite as easy now as ever for the fanatic or the charlatan to find his crowd of deluded fools. There is no permanent harm done, for the exposure of the imposition or the failure of the prophecy disperses the band, to be gathered again at a future day, to go through the same routine of delusion.—N. Y.

From the St. Louis Globe. STORY OF THE SONGS.

Sweet Evelina—"I Have Heard Sweet Music Stealing."
Yesterday "I was just as happy as a big snowflake," but to-day "My heart is full, I can hear it beat." I feel just like saying "I am a broken hearted milk-man."

"Listen to my story."

"I knew a little widow." Her name was "Sweet Evelina," and she was the daughter of "Old Grimes, that good old man."

"We met by chance." "I was in the early spring time," less than "A hundred years ago." "In the cottage by the sea" (Long Branch). "Twas a calm, still night," when the stars, "Beautiful stars," shone in the "Happy home above," that I met "Sweet Evelina," "This dark, girl dressed in blue."

"Sweet Evelina" was "Sitting on the stile" watching "A bold sailor boy" as he sang "A wet sheet and a flowing sea" in his "Home on the rolling deep." "She was a handsome creature and she wore a waterfall." If "Champagne Charley" had seen her "Walking down Broadway," she would have said, "Oh, she is such a charmer."

"As I met this little widow" "She cast a side glance and looked down." "Art thou 'Dreaming, still dreaming,' 'Sweet Evelina'?" Asked her father "A fine old English gentleman."

"My heart is over the sea" father replied the unhappy daughter. My lover is a sailor boy—"I would not like always" single, and "I should like to marry."

"Sweet one," "what are the wild waves saying?" asked "Old Grimes."

"When I listen to the 'shells of the ocean,' father, I fancy I hear them say 'Paddle your own canoe,' but father, I prefer to have somebody paddle it for me."

"If I were only married," continued Evelina, "I'd be gay and happy" "In a cot in the valley I love."

"Sweet Evelina," I said, "I'm young man from the country, and I have no one to love, none to caress me." "Wilt thou come by my mountain home"—"Come and be my bride."

"Yes I should like to marry," replied "The beautiful dreamer," "but my first love," "Captain Jinks" I can never forget."

"Won't you tell me why, Robin? I interrupted as I took from her hand "The last rose of summer." "Tis but a little faded flower, Give O give it me."

"Ask me not why, Eli," she replied, then saying, "Tis all for thee, as she handed me the rose, and asked, "Will you love me then as now?"

"With all my heart I love thee," I replied, "I would call the mine own, I am fancy free." "The girl I left behind me," "She has learned to love another," now, "Sweet Evelina," "You can live in my heart and pay no rent."

"I cannot think you're fooling me," she replied, and the smiling (that bright smile haunts me still), said "You'd better be off with the old love before you're on with the new." Yes Eli, she continued, "can you say 'Good-bye, Sweetheart,' to 'Kitty Clyde,' 'Nellie Bly,' 'Annie Laura,' 'Blue-eyed Mary' and 'Widow Macree' and let them all go 'Up in a Balloon' for me?"

"Yes dearest, Loving I trust in' thee," I replied; "I will be true to thee." "Old Dog Tray." "O 'twere Sadie, I never could prove false to thee," I sobbed, and then said, "Come, O, come with me, and leave 'The old folks at home.' "When the swallows homeward fly," I continued, "wilt thou 'come to the little brown church?"

"Breathe softly, Eli," said Evelina, "can't you 'Wait for the wagon'?"

"No, 'My dark girl dressed in blue,' 'Come haste to the wedding,' you shall be 'The merriest girl that's out; 'Thou art so near and yet so far.'"

Evelina fell into a trance. "Sleeping I dream love, dream love of 'Auld Lang Syne," she murmured in her sleep. Then taking out her handkerchief, she exclaimed, "O, ye tears." Then she continued, "I'd offer thee this hand of mine, if 'Thou wilt love me then as now.'"

"And send off 'Dandy Jim,' 'Champagne Charley,' 'Pat Malloy,' 'Ben Bolt,' 'Old Dan Tucker' and all 'The Boys in Blue'?"

"No, no," exclaimed sweet Evelina, "Not for Joseph; you ask too much.—'How I love the military; you may have 'John Anderson,' but I cannot give up 'Captain Jinks.' 'O the Captain with his whiskers,' for 'He was a handsome man.'"

"False one!" I shrieked, looking out on the "Murmuring sea." "How can I leave thee?" "When thou'st gone from my game like a beautiful star, and I am wondering 'Where are now the hopes I cherished; 'You will think of me?' I asked.

"Yes, I'm leaving thee in sorrow," and "I'll think of thee," she replied, as she tripped "Lovely as a Rose," "Along the Beach at Long Branch," humming "Then you'll remember me."

"Then 'Sweet Evelina,'" I said, "I must say 'Sweet love, good night to thee.' 'Ye soft, blue eyes, good night.' "I cannot sing the old songs, for 'My heart is lonely now,' 'With my heart bowed down,' I thought 'It is better to laugh than be sighing; for 'We may be happy yet.' Then dropping in at the West End, I said, "Landlord, 'Fill the flowing bowl,' and 'We'll drink, boys, drink' till five o'clock in the morning."