

Published Weekly—J. J. BRUNER, Ed. and Prop.

Subscription Rates: For Year, payable in advance, \$2.00; For Six Months, \$1.25; For Three Months, \$0.75.

Advertising Rates: For each insertion, 10 cents; For a month, \$3.00; For three months, \$8.00; For six months, \$15.00; For a year, \$28.00.

U. S. INTERNAL REVENUE SPECIAL TAXES, May 1, 1876, to April 30, 1877.

Table listing various goods and their special tax rates, including tobacco, liquor, and other manufactured goods.

Persons or firms liable to pay any of the Special Taxes named above must apply to J. J. BRUNER, Collector of Internal Revenue...

To AMOS HOWES, Non-resident: Take notice that the following Summons and Warrant of Attachment have been issued against you:

SUPERIOR COURT.

Rowan County. Thomas J. Meroney and Phillip P. Meroney, trading under the firm name of Meroney & Brother, Plaintiffs.

Amos Howes, Defendant.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA. To the Sheriff of Rowan County, Greeting:

YOU ARE HEREBY COMMANDED in the name of the State to summon Amos Howes, defendant in the above action, to appear at the next Term of the Superior Court of the County of Rowan, at the Court-House in Salisbury, on the 6th Monday after the 3d Monday in March, 1876, and there to answer the complaint of Thomas J. Meroney and Phillip P. Meroney, trading as Meroney & Brother, plaintiffs in this case, and you are further commanded to notify the said defendant that if he fails to answer the complaint within the time specified by law, the said plaintiffs will take judgment against him for \$464 50, with interest on \$450 24 since 1st September, 1874, and for all costs and charges in this suit incurred.

Witness, J. M. HORAII, clerk of our said Court, at office in Salisbury, this 23d day of February, A. D. 1876.

J. M. HORAII, Clerk-Sup. Court Rowan County.

(WARRANT OF ATTACHMENT.)

Rowan County—In the Superior Court. Thomas J. Meroney and Phillip P. Meroney, trading under firm name of Meroney & Brother, Plaintiffs.

Amos Howes, Defendant.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA. To the Sheriff of Rowan County—Greeting:

IT appearing by the affidavit to the officer granting this Warrant, that the plaintiffs are entitled to recover from the defendant \$464 50 with interest since 1st Sept., 1874, on \$450 24, and that the above named Amos Howes, defendant in this State with intent to defraud his creditors, and is about removing his property from this State: You are forthwith commanded to attach and safely keep all the property of the said Amos Howes in your County, or so much thereof as may be sufficient to satisfy said demand, with costs and expenses.

24-61-1816 J. M. HORAII, Clerk.

LAND AGENCY.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, have this day formed a co-partnership for the purpose of purchasing and selling real estate in the States of Virginia and North Carolina, and respectfully ask all persons who have Real Estate for sale, including water powers, &c., to place it in our hands.

We advertise generally throughout the North and Northwestern States.

J. W. MCKINSEY, D. P. MCELLEN.

By permission we respectfully refer to Messrs. W. S. Patton, Sons & Co., Bankers; Maj. W. T. Sutherland and W. T. Clark & Co., Danville, Va.; Hon. G. C. Cabell, member of Congress, Danville, Va.; T. W. Keen, Salisbury, Sutherland & Johnson, Charlotte, Dr. John Robeson, Statesville, N. C.; and A. Dowden, President of National Bank and Samuel Buck, President of Millersburg Bank, Millersburg, Pennsylvania.

Address, Danville, Va.; Chatham, Pittsylvania County, Va.; or Millersburg, Dauphin County, Penn.

Danville, Va., December 31st, 1875. 10-3m-cpd

Cheap Chattel Mortgages, and various other blanks for sale here.

ANOTHER ROTTEN BOROUGH STATE.

A bill for the admission of New Mexico as a State of the Union was juggled through the Senate a few days ago, and is likely to be reported favorably by a mixed majority from the Committee on Territories in the House. This scheme has been on foot for several years, and is chiefly urged by the corrupt Ring who have absolute control of the Territory, and who have run it by the rules of Grantism since 1870.

S. B. Elkins, the present delegate in Congress, is a Grant Republican and the head of this notorious Ring. By assuring Republican Senators that two votes—one of them his own—would be gained by the admission of the State, he will be able to attract support for the bill which otherwise could not have been obtained, and to induce several Senators to withhold opposition on this partisan ground.

This Elkins is the son-in-law of Henry G. Davis, Democratic Senator from West Virginia, who urged his side of the chamber to aid the bill on the ground that two Democrats would come to the Senate. By this arrangement the family would achieve the object of their ambition, though one of the parties to it must be inevitably cheated.

No good or even plausible reason can be assigned for making New Mexico a State. It is a barefaced job in the interest of an organized gang of thieves. According to the exaggerated census of 1870, made to order by officials wholly unworthy of trust, the population was returned at 94,574, composed of Mexicans, Spaniards, Indians, "greasers," and adventurers of all kinds, who follow the army and float along the frontier.

Of this population about one-tenth only speak the English language and have the habits of our civilization, so that in fact, about nine or ten thousand people who have drifted down into New Mexico during the last quarter of a century, are now coolly asking for two Senators and a Representative in Congress!

Until the admission of Nebraska and Nevada, the law was stringent and carefully drawn for adding new States to the Union. The departure in these cases was prompted by a partisan object only, and to give the Republicans an ascendancy in the Senate, whereby all their violent measures could be passed over the opposition of the minority. They succeeded for a time, and the country to-day is prostrate under the baleful effects of some of that extreme legislation.

It is now proposed to apply a similar process to New Mexico, and to put in the hands of three men, holding their places at the discretion of Grant, which practically means at the will of Elkins and his Territorial Ring, the absolute control of the political machinery for organizing the proposed State Government. The following extracts from the bill tell the whole story so plainly that he who runs may read the design:

"Sec. 3. All persons qualified by law to vote for representatives to the General Assembly of said Territory at the date of the passage of this act, shall be qualified to be elected, and they are hereby authorized to vote for and choose representatives to form a convention, under such rules and regulations as the Governor of said Territory, the Chief Justice, and the United States Attorney thereof may prescribe."

What constitutes a qualified voter in New Mexico remains to be determined by the Supreme Court, before which this very question is now pending. In the mean time the Governor, the Chief Justice, and the District Attorney are empowered to make the "rules and regulations" for electing a convention without any check or supervision by a revising power. Again:

"Said apportionment shall be made for said Territory by the Governor, the United States District Attorney, and the Chief Justice, or any two of them; and the Governor of said Territory shall, by proclamation, order an election of the representatives aforesaid, to be held throughout the Territory at such time as shall be fixed by the Governor, Chief Justice, and United States Attorney, or any two of them, which proclamation shall be issued within ninety days from the passage of this act, and at least sixty days prior to the time of said election."

When it is known that the area of New Mexico is 121,201 square miles, equal to 77,000,000 acres; that there are no railroads in the Territory, and that the means of communication are limited through a sparsely settled country, the deceptions of this scheme stand revealed. No fair election could be held, because no proper notice could be given to be followed by preparation within the prescribed time. The bill is therefore a fraud, which was concocted to give Elkins and his Ring associates complete direction of the whole organizing power, just as Kellogg has directed the fraudulent registration in Louisiana through his purchased tools.

These rotten boroughs are the bane of national legislation. They are the dregs that rise to the surface in the violent fermentation of civil war, yet their votes have determined many of the most important questions. The population of Nebraska, Nevada, and New Mexico is as follows:

Table showing population statistics for Nebraska, Nevada, and New Mexico.

Under the ratio of representation in the House of Representatives—131,000—these three existing and proposed States have not an aggregate population for more than two members. Yet with New Mexico they would have six Senators, and offset the votes of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, with twelve millions of people and eighty representatives in the House! This question rises, or ought to rise, above party. It concerns the stability and purity of free government, and should be regarded in that light alone.—N. Y. Sun.

B. B. Halleck Sentenced to Four Years in the Albany Penitentiary.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—B. B. Halleck, convicted yesterday of the larceny of \$47,000 from the Treasury in June last, was sentenced to-day by Judge Olin as follows:

I have no doubt but that each of the jurors by whom you were tried would have been gratified to have returned a verdict of not guilty, but they have done their duty, and I believe that they could not, under their oaths, have found any other verdict than they did. There is no doubt but that you stole the money or embezzled it. By this crime an innocent wife and young child must suffer, and perhaps a gray-haired father will be carried by his grave. The law is to be enforced, as by its enforcement others are deterred from the commission of crime. In your case there is no excuse. You are no ordinary thief. You enjoy the confidence of the Government, and you betray it on account of this betrayal more sections. I am sure after your confession that you took the money. The sentence of the Court is that you suffer imprisonment at hard labor in the Albany county penitentiary for the period of four years.

The prisoner bowed and was about to take his seat. The Court added:

I might also impose a fine of some thousands of dollars on you, but you have lost most of the money you stole, so I will not impose the fine.

The prisoner then walked to his seat, and Mr. Henkle, his counsel, asked to file a motion to suspend the execution of the sentence. The Court answered that he might file such a motion with the motion for a new trial; that there would be no unusual haste in hurrying the prisoner off.

W. H. Otman, charged with the larceny of \$47,000 from the Treasury, and receiving stolen and embezzled money, was next put on his trial, after an effort to have the proceedings postponed until Monday in consequence of the absence of ex-Senator Carpenter, who is of counsel for Otman.

THE FREEDMEN'S SAVING BANK.

It appears, says the New York Sun, that in the course of the investigation into the affairs of the Freedmen's Saving Bank, now in progress, one of the former officers of the swindling concern acknowledged that \$300,000 of the deluded depositors' money was taken for political use in 1872, when Grant was running for his second term. If the whole history of the canvass of that year could be written, it would be the most shocking story of wholesale fraud and corruption the country has ever known. The wily ring exposures have afforded some light upon the means used by the Grant party to swell their corruption fund, though but a small part of the truth has been made known. Many of the worst facts never will be proved, if the policy adopted by Grant and Pierpont to intimidate witnesses is allowed to prevail. But about the meanest part of the whole business was that stealing of the poor freedmen's saving to use for the purpose of keeping the venal administration crowd in power, with continued opportunities for plundering and oppressing the people.

COUNTY TAXES AND THE RECENT DECISION.

The recent decision of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, in the matter of taxation, is of great importance to county officers. We have not seen the opinion of the Court, but are indebted to the Wilmington Evening Review for the following synopsis, which, our contemporary says, is the meaning of the decision:

- 1. Taxation for State and county expenses combined cannot exceed 66 2/3 cents on the \$100 valuation.
2. The current expenses must be kept within the limits of the levy as above.
3. That any new debt created since the adoption of the present State Constitution by any county, must be paid out of the amount levied for county expenses.
4. That any old debt must be paid, as well as the interest on old debts, and the power of the County Commissioners to levy sufficient tax to meet such principal money and interest, is affirmed.
5. That every dollar levied and collected for the payment of old debts, must be appropriated to the legitimate purpose of payment of interest of the old debt, and for no other debt, claim or demand.

If this decision is correct then our people have been paying exorbitant and illegal taxes for the past eight years, and even the county tax assessed in Wayne county the present year (38 cents on the \$100 worth valuation) is in excess of the limit allowed by the Supreme Court, in the case of Griffin and others, by the Commissioners of Pasquotank, holding that the Board of County Commissioners have no power to exceed the Constitutional limitation of 66 2/3 cents on the \$100 valuation for State and county expenses. In this case it appeared that the taxes levied for the expenses of the county government, if restricted to the Constitutional limitation would be entirely inadequate to defray the necessary expenses of the county.

The average Milwaukee reporter having found the skull of an Aztec with a glass eye, now finds in Lake Michigan a sea serpent with fins striped like the American flag. Two drinks more would have put spectacles on that skull and made the reporter see stars as well as stripes.—N. Y. Herald.

THE STORM KING'S VICTIMS.

THE CREWS OF TWO VESSELS LOST ON NEW JERSEY'S COAST. A Solitary Sailor in the Rigging of a Wreck—Scuttled up by the Waves in Sight of the Life-Saving Men—The Destruction of Property all over the County.

LONG BRANCH, March 21.—A day heavy with waves has thudded on the Jersey coast, and pieces of the wrecked vessels that went down in the storm of Monday night have been thrown upon the beach. The waves, ropes, planks, and cabin appointments dot the edge of the coast from Sandy Hook to far below Long Branch. The most complete wreck is that of the Maggie M. Weaver of Glen Creek, N. J. She was driven upon the beach early on Monday evening about two miles and a half south of Sandy Hook point. Her entire crew were lost. At about 8 o'clock on Monday evening a smack man, Benjamin Beebe, who lives in New London, Conn., and who has been stopping on the coast, started down the shore to hunt for rabbits in the snow. The gale had increased to a tempest, the snow was falling in blinding showers, and the waves were running high. He was out in the waves an incoming vessel. She seemed to be unmanageable, and drove right toward the beach. The storm was so thick that the smack man could not see the land, and he was out on the water. The vessel struck the sand bank at about a quarter past five o'clock. The place at which she struck is not far from 100 yards from the beach. The vessel struck the sand bank at about a quarter past five o'clock. The place at which she struck is not far from 100 yards from the beach. The vessel struck the sand bank at about a quarter past five o'clock. The place at which she struck is not far from 100 yards from the beach.

Then the schooner drifted off the beach and went to the north a short distance and again she struck upon the beach. Beebe saw the schooner on the strand and sprang on the main rigging. He climbed for the mast and his voice could be heard distinctly as he shouted for help. Beebe made signs to him to go toward the bow, and the sailor obeying his directions ran down to the deck, and climbed into the foretop mast and shrieked: "Save me; for God's sake save me!" Beebe then ran north along the beach to Life Saving Station No. 1, and the men of that station hurried down and rescued him. Beebe said that he had arrived in the meantime. Both life-saving crews went to work at once, and the schooner was hauled up the beach and the bomb fell over the bow of the schooner. The man in the rigging seemed to pay no attention to the line that had fallen below him, but still stood at the masthead and shrieked: "God save me!" His cries gradually grew fainter and fainter, and as the storm of snow shut in closer he could not be seen.

At length there came a tremendous storm-burst from the south. A black, overwhelming sea caught the vessel and lifted her fairly out of the water. She was carried on and smashed into pieces. No other efforts were made for the rescue of the crew.

Gas Lighting in New York City.

Fifty-one years ago the gas was first lighted in house of Samuel Leggett, the then president of the New York Gas Light Company, at No. 7 Cherry street, now Franklin square. In honor of that event the company, on February 28, 1876, reduced the price of gas from \$2 75 to \$2 50 per 1,000 feet, which is the lowest price at which gas has ever been sold on this island. During all these years the fire that has lighted when the company started has never been allowed to expire; and when in 1874 the works were removed from Canal and Center streets, the burning coals were transported to the present location at 21st street, East river.

Killed by Meteor.

An intelligent black boy was trudging along a highway at night in the vicinity of Palestine, Texas. There was a negro woman riding a horse in the direction in which the boy was going. The intelligent black boy was trudging in Palestine that night out of breath and as pale as he could get. He said he saw a ball of fire come out of the sky and strike the woman and set her ablaze. The horse ran one way with the woman fire on his back, and he ran back to town to tell the people what had happened. The people went to look after further particulars of this curious incident. They found the woman lying on the ground with all of her clothing burnt off, but with life enough in her to tell that she had been struck in the breast by a ball of fire. The horse was found with his mane singed, and the woman died the next day. The people think she was hit by a meteor.—St. Louis Republican.

MIND IN PLANTS.

"Is my faith that ever flower Enjoys the air it breathes?" So wrote Wordsworth long ago, and very often the poet's prophetic spirit anticipates results which slowly demonstrating Science arrives at only after many years of patient observation and logical deduction. It is possible that Wordsworth's faith in the capacity of vegetation to enjoy was really such an anticipation, that the consciousness which enjoyment presupposes is in any degree a function of plants?

These are certainly a growing disposition on the part of scientific men to accept such a position, and the evidence in support of it has already become too abundant to be overlooked or despised. As Dr. Forbes Winslow has remarked, vegetable life is so universally assumed to be, as a matter of course, unconscious that it appears to many a mere folly to express a doubt of the correctness of the assumption. But he continues, let a close observer and admirer of flowers watch carefully their proceedings on the assumption that they not only feel but enjoy life, and he will be struck with the "unnecessary" array of facts which may be adduced in support of it. Endow them hypothetically with consciousness, and they appear in a new and altogether different aspect. His conclusion is that they are undoubtedly in the same category

in this respect with the lower forms of animal life, respecting which it is impossible to determine whether they have consciousness or not.

Dr. Asa Gray goes further, and regards mind and all its essential or concomitant phenomena as common in various senses to plants, the lower animals, and man; and he backs his belief with a cogent array of evidence, which, while it fails to demonstrate absolutely his position, shows very clearly the drift of scientific opinion. Dr. Asa Gray, after speaking of the transmission of the excitability of sensitive plants from one part of the plant to another, the renewal of excitability by repose, and the power which the organs of plants have surmount obstacles to position favorable to the proper exercise of their functions, goes on to say that, when we consider in this connection the still more striking cases of spontaneous motion which the lower algae exhibit, and that all these motions are arrested by narcotic or other poisons—the narcotic and acid poisons producing effects upon vegetables respectively analogous to their effects upon the animal economy—we cannot avoid attributing to plants a vitality; and a power of making movements towards a determinate end, not differing in nature, perhaps, from those of the lower animals. Probably, he adds with characteristic cautiousness, life is essentially the same in the two kingdoms; and to vegetable life faculties are superadded in the lower animals, some of which are here and there indistinctly foreshadowed in plants.

Darwin has observed in the drosera rotundifolia a faculty for selecting its food, which in animals would certainly be attributed to volition. Mrs. Treat has described the same trait in the plant. On being deceived by the means of a piece of chalk, the drosera curved its stalk glands towards it, but, immediately discovering its mistake, withdrew them. The plant would bend toward a fly held within reach, and suck its juices; but would disregard the bait if out of reach, showing not only purposive movement (or a refusal to move, as the case might warrant), but also a certain power of estimating distance.

Again, Darwin has shown that the more perfect tendrils bearers among climbing plants bend toward or from the light, or disregard it, as may be most advantageously. Also, that the tendrils of various climbers frequently attached themselves to objects presented to them experimentally, but soon withdrew on finding the support unsuitable. He says of the bigonia capreolata that its tendrils "soon recoiled, with what I can only call disgust," from a glass tube or a zinc plate, and straightened themselves. Of another bigonia, he says that the terminal part of the tendrils exhibits an odd habit, which in an animal would be called an instinct, for it continually searches for any little dark hole in which to insert itself. The same tendril would frequently withdraw from one hole and insert its point in another. In like manner, spirally twining plants seem to search for proper supports, rejecting those not suitable.

Speaking of phenomena of this sort, Dr. Lindsay makes this strong remark: "In carnivorous and climbing plants, there is a choice or alternative between action or inaction, acceptance or refusal; and the choice made is not always judicious. There may be an error, and the error may be corrected; but in order to such correction, there must surely be some kind of consciousness or perception that a mistake has been committed: an exercise of will in making further efforts at success, and a knowledge of means to an end, with their proper adaptation or application."

According to Professor Laycock, organic memory is common to both animals and plants, and certain lianas seem to exhibit it in a marked degree in their antipathy to certain trees. The botanist Brown has remarked that the trees which the lianas refuse to coil round are physically incapable of supporting the climbers. And not only do many plants act, as one might say, reasonably, but some exhibit the opposite quality. In his "Vegetable Physiology," Professor Lawson speaks of the eccentric movements of the side leaflets of Medicago sativa, which make it appear as though the whole plant were actuated by a feeling of caprice.

In many cases observers are, no doubt, self-deceived, and mistake a mechanical and wholly unconscious mimicry of intelligent action for an actual exhibition of intelligence: still such men as Dr. Gray and Darwin are not apt to be deluded by mimicry or figures of speech; and however much it may run counter to popular notions of what is proper to plant life, the hypothesis that intelligence does not end with animal life seems by no means inconsistent with a multitude of trustworthy observations.

"GEORGE" AND "DOLLY."

Two nice old people, man and wife, sat in the Detroit and Milwaukee depot yesterday, having come from Canada, and waiting to go further west. She called him "George" as she ordered him to look and see if that one-handed satchel was safe, and he called her "Dolly" as he reported it has already become too abundant to be overlooked or despised. As Dr. Forbes Winslow has remarked, vegetable life is so universally assumed to be, as a matter of course, unconscious that it appears to many a mere folly to express a doubt of the correctness of the assumption. But he continues, let a close observer and admirer of flowers watch carefully their proceedings on the assumption that they not only feel but enjoy life, and he will be struck with the "unnecessary" array of facts which may be adduced in support of it. Endow them hypothetically with consciousness, and they appear in a new and altogether different aspect. His conclusion is that they are undoubtedly in the same category

him swear, 'cept the time when I forgot and left his boots in the oven.' 'Are your conjugal ties still tender and sentimental?' he asked.

'I'm his lawful wife,' she replied, looking rather indignant.

'Yes, yes, I know; but perhaps your husband has cogent reasons for desiring to sever his conjugal ties.'

'Jugal what!' she asked. 'Hasn't it occurred to you, madam, that your husband may have run away?' 'Good gracious, no!' 'It has to me. I was studying both of you before he went out. I saw that he was of phlegmatic temperament, while you are vivacious.'

'Good land!' 'Yes, ma'am. I saw him looking at you as you were looking at the lady who tends the eating stand. I could almost read his thoughts. I saw him sigh. A look of deepest sorrow crossed his face. I saw him draw away from you, as if your presence was disagreeable.'

'You did?' 'And I saw him elevate his nose.' 'Did he stick up his nose at me?' she demanded. 'Yes, and as he passed me going out I heard him whispering to himself: 'I'll leave the old jade and hunt me up a blooming wife. I am sorry for you ma'am.'

'You needn't be,' she slowly said, drawing off her yarn mittens and buttoning up her water proof. 'So he stuck up his nose, eh? And he kinder drew off, eh? Called me an old jade, did he?' 'It is a sad case, ma'am,' continued the stranger as he saw her eyes snapping, 'but of course you can't do anything about it.'

'I can't eh?' she replied as she began stacking up the baggage. 'No, ma'am. All you can do is to pawn your jewelry, sell your baggage and return home.' 'Stranger, will you keep an eye on them things?' she asked, pointing to the baggage. 'I will ma'am, but I hope you will take my advice. You don't want to make a public scandal, do you?'

'Watch them things,' she said, waving her hand, and she went out upon the street. 'Nothing was to be seen of "George." She started up the street looking very pale around the mouth. He sat in the window of the barber shop, smoking away and reading a negro minstrel programme. She saw him as she was walking past, and she softly slid in and had him by the hair before he looked up.

'What on earth—Dolly—why Dolly?' he yelled, in his sudden surprise. 'Yes, it's your old jade!' she hissed trying to get hold with the other hand, too. 'What's this—who—hold on!' he exclaimed. 'For de Lawd's sake! What's all dis yere man?' called the barber. 'Found that young and blooming wife yet?' she sneered, holding his head against the wall. 'What, wife—what ails ye—are ye crazy?' he yelled.

'Now, dew stop dis yere blushed or I'll call out de police!' added the barber, waving the latter-brush around. 'Sneaked in here in hopes I'd go, did you?' remarked the wife. 'Woman, are you mad?' asked the man. 'If she haint done gone crazy as a fox, den I never seed a possum!' put in the barber. 'George' returned to the depot with her. The baggage was there, but the strange man with a novel wasn't. She sat 'George' down, sat down beside him, and in reply to his explanation she pressed her lips and said: 'You set right where you are or there'll be broken bones!' 'But, Dolly—'

'You let Dolly alone! We'll be alone bime by, and you'd better git ready to shiver!'

Elise, and wished Gretchen had less vanity with her face, and a rather large heart in her slim body.

One day—it was in the time of the vintage—Elise went down to the Rhine to bring in water, and as she dipped her pails in the clear ripples, she saw her own face reflected, and turned away, wretched and disconcerted. She sat down on a rocky stone, and watched the sunlight playing on the castle-crowned hills, and listened to the far-off song of the workers in the vineyards, and the thought of Carl, who was there, and of Gretchen, who was there also.

'Ah me!' she sighed, 'what a gift is beauty!' 'Elise,' said a voice, and looking up she saw an old woman—a very old deformed woman—standing near to her. 'Elise,' she said, 'I will tell you the secret of beauty, and you shall obtain all that you long for much. Go home, and never look in a glass, never see the reflection of your own face in the water, never once again gaze on your own features, and you will grow pretty—so pretty that all will wonder at the change; and Carl—Carl will learn to love you.'

'Oh, I will never see my face again as long as I live—never, never!' said Elise. 'But are you sure—quite sure?' 'Quite sure,' replied the dame; 'But remember, if you once see your own face your ugliness will return, go home and be of light heart, and every day your lack of beauty will grow, and every day more love will hover round you.'

'But how shall I know that it is true if I may not see my face?' asked Elise. 'Can you not tell by the altered manner of those around you?' said the dame. 'Oh, yes,' said Elise. How I will watch them!

Elise went home with a new and strange happiness at her heart—a happiness that changed her nature and influenced every day of her life and made her amiable, and soft, and loving, and kind, and considerate, and anxious to please, and ready to serve and help others.

Presently, people began to remark the alteration in the miller's daughter, and to tell her how different she was from formerly, and the maidens sought her out and talked to her about their lovers, and the youth declared that Elise, the miller's daughter, was the nicest girl that side of the Rhine, and Carl learnt to think how different she was from Gretchen, and learnt to love her, and all through the Fatherland there was not so happy a girl as Elise. And all this time she never once saw her own face, but turned away her head when she dipped her pails in the stream, and through all the miller's house was not to be found a looking glass. She longed, (ah! how much!) to see herself in her new garb of beauty; but she remembered the old woman's warning and therefore conquered her desire.

In the spring time came her wedding day, and early in the sweet morning she was married to Carl, and the young flowers peeped out to see her face as she passed by, and the tender grass kissed her sweet feet as she went along, and the birds sang out a greeting, and even the light feathery clouds seemed to stoop over her head, as if with their shadowy hands they blessed her on her bridal day. Ah, happy Elise!

'Thou art so changed,' said Carl. 'Thy face is so different from what it formerly was. It does not seem to me that it is possible that art the same Elise. I used to pass without even looking back to gaze on thee; but to-day in thy bridal veil thou art a sweet picture, which memory will paint on my heart forever.'

Elise felt herself thrilled with happiness, but never once told the secret of that change, though she herself did not know that the real secret lay in her own changed nature.

How pleasantly they were all feasting; and Elise, longed to be alone for a few minutes with her wonderful happiness, crept down to the side of the Rhine, and thought over the past.

'Ah, she said I am so altered too. Happy Elise, thou art indeed altered. And he said how pretty I looked in my bridal veil. Do I, I wonder? What would I not give to see myself.'

Elise was forgetting, as she longed to see herself, how strict had been the old woman's warning. She stood on the edge of the water with her face turned away, but her vanity kept saying to her, 'Look once, for a single moment, Elise, and see thyself on thy bridal day,' but she hesitated and longed, and wondered if punishment would really follow if she looked. 'It cannot make any difference, she thought, and she moved her head a little way—a very little way round—till she could see the shape of her head reflected in the water, and it seemed quite strange to her, for she had not seen it for long.

'I must, oh I must see the face my Carl loves,' she said, and forgetting the happiness she might lose in this offering to her vanity, she turned and looked at her reflection in the water, and she saw—what?—the same plain face she remembered long ago; the same the very same, without any feature altered.

With a stream of despair, she tottered forward a step too far, and before she could recover herself, fell into the water which had shown her the dreadful truth. 'The tide bore her away, and never again was seen the miller's daughter—Carl's young bride. Alas for Vanity.

Sally Jones, an Almatene negress, one day last week left her baby locked up in the house while she sallied forth on a gadding tour. When she came back, a tiny pile of bone-ashes on the hearth and a half-interest in a dusky cherub among the little angel bands, was all she had left. When will people learn that it's just as safe to leave their kerocane-cans, as their urchins, in reach of fire? —Rat. Sentinel.