

DRINK AND DIE.

[The following beautiful but melancholy lines were written by a citizen of Danville, who possessed one of the brightest intellects of any man which this country has produced, but notwithstanding his talent, he "drank and died"]

"I have been to the funeral of all my hopes, And outbathed them one by one— Not a word was said, not a tear was shed, When the mournful task was done. Slowly and sadly I turned me round, And sought my silent room, And I tere alone, by the cold hearthstone, I woud the midnight's gloom. And as the nightwind's deepening shade Lowered about my brow, I wept o'er days, when manhood's rays, Were brighter far than now. The dying embers on the hearth, Gave out their flickering light, As if to say, this is the way, Thy life shall close in night. I wept aloud in anguish sore, O'er the bright of prospects fair, While demons laughed and eager quaffed My tears like nectar ran. Through hell's red halls an echo rang, An echo loud and long, As in the bowl, I plunged my soul, In the night of madness strong. And there within that sparkling glass I knew the cause to lie, That all men own from zone to zone, Yet millions drink and die."

TRAP TO CATCH A HUSBAND.

Sunset in the tropics. Sunset on the outskirts of a Louisiana forest—stately, solemn. What a chaos of noble color, what an Eden of blossom and of odor, what royal prodigality of untrammelled life. The spot where a party of tourists had encamped themselves for the night was at the height of some three or four hundred feet above the level of the sea; and a glowing sweep of lowland country—yellow maize fields, orchards, villages, and gardens—stretched away league beyond league before them. The party which made up this encampment consisted of four men—Northerners on a tour of pleasure and observation. Three were gentlemen of wealth; but the fourth—Jerrold Gray—was a dependent nephew of one of the rich trio. His uncle had educated him, and now, at the end of his collegiate course, had taken him on this tour. At its conclusion Jerrold was to choose a profession, and commence single-handed the battle of life. His uncle had a number of children, so that Jerrold could not reasonably expect to inherit anything, and his independence prompted him to decline further pecuniary aid. Leaving his companions cooking the supper, in true camp fashion, Jerrold strolled off to view the panorama that stretched beneath the surrounding hill. As he stood listlessly leaning against a tree, he broke out into a chance song. He was really a fine singer, possessed of a highly-cultivated voice, and sang with all the abandon of presumed solitude. He did not see the bright, black eyes that were watching him, nor the faint smile that was listening, both of which belonged to one of the wealthiest and prettiest heiresses in Louisiana. She sat on a splendid horse, and made a picture that had Jerrold seen it, would have eclipsed the opposite landscape upon which he was gazing. She waited there, fascinated and trusting to the shelter of the trees until he turned and retraced his steps. "But suddenly, in the very height of his song, his glance fell on her, leaning gracefully forward upon the saddle, and regarding him with a face of mingled wonder and admiration that was so intense as to be comical, the tall bushes and branches half veiling her. Never could he forget the picture. His voice abruptly ceased; and the next instant he burst into a ringing laugh, that was so joyous, hearty, and irrepressible that it proved infectious, and catching by instinct the humor of the moment, she laughed very heartily. Then, as if frightened by such familiarity with a stranger, she suddenly became serious. "I beg your pardon, sir, for listening," she said; "but it is so seldom we meet a human being up here on the hills, that you tempted me to listen."

Never had Jerrold looked upon a countenance that so fascinated him. The girl's dark hair, and a face on which there always lived a bloom, but to which there never mounted a decided color, appeared the very embodiment of health and vitality. But it was the wonderful mobility of the features that constituted their greatest charm; their expressions were as shifting and various as the atmosphere upon an April morning. Every mood and passion they reflected changed them into another face; now they were those of a laughing Hebe, now those of a simple child. Before Jerrold could reply to the young lady, a gentleman on horseback rode up. "So, Bertha," he said to her, "you ran away from me." And then, seeing Jerrold Gray, he bowed politely, and added, "It isn't often these wild hills are visited by strangers."

"A brief conversation ensued, ending in a visit to the temporary camp. The gentleman introduced himself as Mr. Fenshaw, a planter of the neighborhood, and the girl as Bertha Fenshaw, his niece. "Do you intend to remain here to-night," he asked, as he prepared to go. "Yes," was the reply; "we are very lazily seeking pleasure, and we encamp wherever fancy dictates."

"Then I shall insist upon receiving you at my house. You see it yonder," he said, pointing to a plantation residence dimly visible in the distant plain; "and until then, good day."

Bertha added her invitation, and uncle and niece were soon riding out of sight. Knowing by experience the hospitality of Louisiana planters of the highest class, and certain that the invitation was intended for actual acceptance, the tourists decided upon the morrow. On that same morrow, towards afternoon, Bertha Fenshaw sat in her room, thinking of Jerrold Gray. She had dreamed of him during the night, and she was wondering why. It was not because of a dearth of young men among the circle of her acquaintances. And all the region knew the pretty heiress. She was acquainted with all the old men and women in the country, and their numerous complaints. She was god-mother to half the babies. The young planters of all the adjoining counties were in love with her, and proposed to her at regular intervals. But Bertha was romantic. She was very happy as she was, and if she did marry, he must be more of a hero to win her, than any she had seen. Had Jerrold Gray seen the pretty heiress, and known that he was the subject of her thoughts, he might have been more flattered, but scarcely more in love than he really was. Her room was arranged with all the simple taste of a well-bred girl. Her hanging book-shelves were well-filled with their row of poets, their row of useful works. The neat little writing table, with its gilt inkstand, and its pretty, costly nick-nacks, stood in the window; and above it hung the cage of her pet canary. There was a piano too, and a well-filled music-stand. Upon all the room was the impress and evidence of womanly taste and neatness; nothing was prim, but everything was properly arranged. Above all, neither in books, pictures, music, nor on the dressing-table in the adjoining room, was there the smallest sign of "fastness," that almost omnipotent drawback to the charms of the young ladies of the present day.

But none of these things interested our heroine just now, and in the middle of her reverie she heard the arrival of the tourists, and the voice of her uncle welcoming them. Hastily finishing her toilets, she went down to the sitting room, where she found the gentlemen in conversation. Perhaps it was natural enough that the two younger members of the quintet gravitated towards each other, and were soon in an easy converse. Later, Bertha showed him the gardens, etc. The call proved so pleasant, and all were so pleased with the congenial intercourse, that the tourists complied with the planter's urgent invitation to spend a week at his house. The week was spent agreeably to all—it was a week of elysium to Jerrold and Bertha. "Jerrold," said George Burton, one of the party, "you are getting desperately in love with this Southern beauty."

"Yes," was the frank reply; "I love her as I had never dreamed I could love a woman." "And does she return your sudden passion?" "Yes, I am certain of that." "Then you have spoken to her about it?" "No, and shall not do so. She is rich—I am poor. I will never marry under such conditions."

The week ended, and the guests were about to bid adieu to their generous host. Bertha showed no special signs of emotion, but as Jerrold was about leaving her she said to him, "Sing to me something that will recall you to me." He went to the piano, and without thought, the strains of Schubert's "Adieu" came into his mind. The passion of a lifetime was concentrated in its melody, and Bertha, hiding her eyes in her hand, listened, understanding his love and farewell. They went, and time passed. The civil war broke out. Mr. Fenshaw, being a Federalist, was malignantly persecuted. His property, or such of it as was not invested in the North, was confiscated. Three years after his first visit, Jerrold Gray was in New Orleans, a lieutenant in the Federal army. George Merton, too, was in the same regiment. When the army advanced to the neighborhood of the Fenshaw plantation, Merton proposed a visit to their former hosts; but Jerrold, for reasons, declined, and Merton decided to go alone. He found the plantation in a sad state, but its master as hospitable as ever. "This house is like a tomb," said Mr. Fenshaw; "no more music, no more sounds of joy. That piano has not been touched for three years; the last thing played on it was the 'Adieu' of that young friend of yours. By-the-way, is he living?—have you heard of him?" "Yes. Have you never had any suspicions about him?" "Suspicions?" "Yes; concerning your niece." "Concerning Bertha—let me see. A light dawns in on me, do you know. Have I been deceived? We fear she is losing her health and spirits."

"She is in love with Jerrold Gray." Then Merton told him all that had passed; all his scruples; all his love; his resolve never to marry a woman so far above him in fortune. "Come," said Mr. Fenshaw, "and repeat this to Bertha."

The three were in a close consultation for an hour; and when Merton set out on his return, something of the old vivacity had returned to Bertha. "Well," said Jerrold, when his friend returned, "have you seen them?" "Yes." "And is Bertha well?" Merton looked grave. "Yes," he said, "as well as could be expected under the circumstances. The fortunes of war have dealt hardly with her. She has lost every penny of her fortune." Jerrold Gray's eyes sparkled. "You do not seem saddened by the ill-luck of the girl you said you loved," said Merton. "No," replied the young man; "because now she is on a level with me, and I can offer her my hand without loss of self-respect." Obtaining leave of absence, Lieutenant Gray started for the Fenshaws on the following day. The uncle received him graciously—the niece with a joy that found expression in her lustrous eyes, in the warm clasp of her hand, and in the very eloquence of her silence. Before his departure he had told her his love, and her trembling lips had clung to his in a betrothal kiss. They are married now, and happy, in spite of a piece of anti-marriage deceit on the part of the bride. "Could you forgive me a great—a very great deception, provided it was intended to make us both happy for life?" asked Bertha, soon after the quiet wedding. "Yes." "Then listen to my confession. Mr. Merton deceived you when he told you that my fortune had been lost. He told me of your resolution never to marry a woman richer than yourself, and suggested the plan of inducing you to propose by representing me as penniless. I loved you so well that I couldn't refuse; and do forgive me, Jerrold."

A kiss settled it, and Jerrold laughingly acknowledged himself caught in "A Trap to Catch a Husband."

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KLUTTZ'S COLUMN.



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KLUTTZ'S DRUG STORE, is the largest, and oldest established in Salisbury. KLUTTZ'S DRUG STORE, is prepared to duplicate any Merchant's or Physician's Bill, bought anywhere in Christendom.

KLUTTZ'S DRUG STORE, has done, is doing, and intends to do, the largest Drug trade in this section of the State.

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Wash and be Clean! Cashmere Bouquet, Brown Windsor, STERLING, POSCINE, CARBOLIC, and fifty other kinds of Toilet Soaps, at from 5 to 75 cents a cake.

A ROYAL SMOKE. Salisbury Favorite Cigar. Only 5 Cents.

IT DRIVES AWAY CARE, AND PUTS You in a Good Humor.

For Your Sweetheart. AN ELEGANT LINE OF MAGNIFICENT TOILET SETTS,

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Warranted or money Refunded, at KLUTTZ'S DRUG STORE.

LAMPS from 25 cts. to \$5.00. PURE GRAPE WINE, for Churches 60 cts. per quart.

WHITE LEAD, Warranted equal to in the world, 11 cents per pound.

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Table with 4 columns: STATIONS, MAIL, MAIL, MAIL. Rows include Charlotte, Salisbury, Danville, etc.

Piedmont Air Line Railway

Richmond & Danville, Richmond & Danville R. W. N. C. Division, and North Western N. C. R. W.

CONDENSED TIME-TABLE

In Effect on and after Sunday Dec. 17th, 1875.

GOING NORTH.

Table with 2 columns: STATIONS, MAIL. Rows include Leave Charlotte, Salisbury, Danville, etc.

GOING SOUTH.

Table with 2 columns: STATIONS, MAIL. Rows include Leave Richmond, Danville, Salisbury, etc.

GOING EAST.

Table with 2 columns: STATIONS, MAIL. Rows include Leave Greensboro, Raleigh, etc.

GOING WEST.

Table with 2 columns: STATIONS, MAIL. Rows include Leave Greensboro, Raleigh, etc.

NORTH WESTERN N. C. R. W. (SALISBURY BRANCH.)

Table with 2 columns: STATIONS, MAIL. Rows include Leave Greensboro, Salisbury, etc.

Passenger trains leaving Raleigh at 11:45 a.m. connects at Greensboro with the Southern bound train; making the quickest time to all Southern cities.

Accommodation Train leaving Raleigh at 7:30 p.m. connects with Northern bound Train at Greensboro for Richmond and all points East. Price of Tickets same as via other routes.

Accommodation Train leaving Greensboro at 7:00 p.m. connects at Salisbury with Northern and Southern bound Trains on the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad.

Lynchburg Accommodation leave Richmond daily at 9:00 a.m. arrive at Burkeville 12:30 p.m. leave Burkeville 1:20 p.m. arrive at Richmond 4:34 p.m.

No Change of Cars Between Charlotte and Richmond, 282 Miles.

Papers that have arrangements to advertise the schedule of this company will please print as above and forward copies to Gen'l. Passenger Agent.

For further information address JOHN H. MUMFORD, Gen'l. Passenger Agent, Richmond, Va. Dec. 19, '75. 11: tr.

Carolina Central Railway Co.

OFFICE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT, Wilmington, N. C. April 14, 1875.



Change of Schedule.

On and after Friday, April 16th, 1875, the trains will run over this Railway as follows:

PASSENGER TRAINS.

Table with 2 columns: STATIONS, MAIL. Rows include Leave Wilmington, Charlotte, etc.

FREIGHT TRAINS.

Table with 2 columns: STATIONS, MAIL. Rows include Leave Wilmington, Charlotte, etc.

MIXED TRAINS.

Table with 2 columns: STATIONS, MAIL. Rows include Leave Charlotte, Buffalo, etc.

No Trains on Sunday except one freight train that leaves Wilmington at 6 p.m., instead of on Saturday night.

Connections. Connects at Wilmington with Wilmington & Weldon, and Wilmington, Columbia & Augusta Railroads; semi-weekly New York and Tri-weekly Baltimore and weekly Philadelphia Steamers, and the River Boats to Fayetteville.

Connects at Charlotte with its Western Division, North Carolina Railroad, Charlotte & Statesville Railroad, Charlotte & Atlanta Air Line, and Charlotte, Columbia & Augusta Railroad.

Thus supplying the whole West, Northwest and South with a short and cheap line to the Seaboard and Europe.

S. L. FREMONT, Chief Engineer and Superintendent, May 6, 1875.—11.

COME AND SEE!

Buggies for sale, ALL GRADES & CLASSES. I have, on hand, Buggies which I will sell at the lowest cash prices, and as low, or lower than any other establishment in North Carolina, at short notice. All kinds of repairing.

Those wishing any thing in my line, would do well to call and see me, before purchasing elsewhere as I am determined not to be outdone either in price or quality of work in the State. Call on me at Franklin Academy, 4 miles N. W. of Salisbury, N. C.

C. L. KEEVES, 12: