

LIVE IN LOVE—'TIS PLEASANT LIVING.

Be not harsh and unforgiving; Live in love—'tis pleasant living. If an angry man should meet thee, And assail thee indiscreetly, Turn not thou again and rend him, Lest thou needlessly offend him. Show him love hath been thy teacher; Kindness is a potent preacher, Gentleness is 'er forgiving; Live in love—'tis pleasant living.

Why be angry with each other? Man was made to love his brother; Kindness is a human duty, Mockness a celestial beauty. Words of kindness, spoke in season, Have a weight with men of reason; Don't be other's follies blaming, And their little failings naming; Charity's a cure for every railing, Sufferers much—is all-prevailing. Courage, then, and be forgiving; Live in love—'tis pleasant living.

A TERRIBLE LIAR.

"He was the orfulest liar I ever seen," said Cooley O'Leary as we returned from his friend's funeral. "Why, he told me once that he lived on a small island out in the Pacific ocean on which there was a volcano. And he said that there was an active demand out in that region for watermelons, so he went into the business of raising them. And he said one year his whole crop failed except one melon, and that kept on growing at such a rate that it crowded him off the low land up on the side of the volcano, which generated steam and caused an explosion which blew up the whole concern to atoms, and shot him four hundred miles out to sea, where he was picked up by a whaler. He used to tell me that one great mistake of his life was that he didn't drive a plug into the crater of the volcano so as to make it water tight, and then slice open the watermelon and come sailing home on the half shell.

"He would lie. He said that once he was cast away on an iceberg, with no baggage but a pair of skates and a fishing pole. But he skated about until he came across a dead whale, frozen into the ice. So he took off his shirt—it was night for six months in the year up there—into strips for a wick, ran the strips through the bamboo fishing-rod, stuck the rod into the fat of the whale, and lit the other end. He said it burned splendidly, and the iceberg reflected the light so strongly that it was bright as day for forty miles around, and one vessel ran into the berg, thinking it was a light-house. He said he sold the iceberg to the Captain for \$5,000, and the captain split it up and took it home, and made two hundred per cent. profit disposing of it to ice companies.

"Lie? Well, sir, he beat any man I ever came across. He told me once that out in Nevada a mountain lion attacked him, with its mouth wide open. He had presence of mind enough to grab it by the tongue and pull. The lion roared with pain, but he did his level best at pulling, and pretty soon the tongue began to give and the tail to shorten, and directly out they came, the tongue and the tail in one long continuous string. He said he had em at home, and he showed 'em to me, but my belief is they were only three or four cow-hides and a bull's tail dove-tailed together.

"He was astonishing as a truth-crusher. Said he served on a gun boat during the war which was very small and light, while the merrar on the deck was very large and heavy, and he said the first time they tried to fire a fifteen inch shell, the shell remained stationary, while the recoil was so great that it fired the gunboat four miles up the stream and landed it in a tree. He was a liar, but now he's dead I reckon he'll catch it."

There was no doubt about it. Mr. O'Leary's friend was very successful as a constructor of energetic works of fiction.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

The Journal of Progress (Mibile), in an article under the above heading, tells why the North is rich and the South is poor. Here it what it says about the farmers: Then for the secret of success among the farmers. Passing through the country with his eyes open, the close observer will, at the proper season, soon have his attention arrested by an improved mower sweeping over the meadow under the exclusive management of a youth of, say, sixteen, and accomplishing more in a day than could in that time be worried out of a dozen freedmen with their scythes. A little later and he will see the younger brother turning the hay with a horse machine, and then in due time will come a still smaller boy with a horse-rake, followed by a trio of little fellows having all sorts of fun, as they, with an improved hay-fork, store away the crop in the hay-loft.

In everything done on the farm in New England this same plan is resorted to. If the soil is to be prepared, instead of setting a dozen freedmen at it with their mules and ploughs to sweat through a week, as we would do, out come a machine managed by a boy or two, and in an incredible short space of time the job is done and well done. A lot of seed is to be sown that would give our hands a long, tedious task; but there a stripling with a seed sower puts it down exactly right and in very short order. And when the crop is ready to be hoed, instead of charging it with a black army to play for pay, a boy harnesses his nag to a horse-hoe, takes his seat in a sulky, and rides about over the fields, hoeing several rows at a time. In short, New England works by machinery, and therein lies the secret of her prosperity.

A colored man and woman were drowned in the Catawba river in Lincoln county, on Friday last, by the capsizing of a skiff in which they were crossing the river.

[From the New York Sun.] DETROIT'S PRETTY BARBER.

How the Hon. Eli Perkins Got Shaved, and then Missed a Train.

DETROIT, Nov. 5. This morning, on a street here, a gentleman handed me this card:

EMMA WILLARD, BARBERESS. Shaving, Shampooing, Hairdressing, 8 Woodbridge street.

"Do you mean to say you have a woman barber in Detroit?" I asked.

"Yes, sir—two of 'em—and two as pretty girls as there are in the city." In a few moments I walked up Woodbridge street, and sure enough, there was a sign and a pretty girl standing by the window holding a razor. I wanted to go in and get shaved, and still I could not make up my mind to do it. Three times I walked by, and finally I formed a courageous resolution, and, hanging my head as a member of the Young Men's Christian Association does when he goes into the Mabelle or Harry Hill's, I plunged in. I trembled from head to foot as soon as I entered the door. I couldn't look the pretty barberess in the face. I couldn't summon up courage enough to speak to her. In fact, I had nothing to say, so I stood and looked very sheepish.

"Have a shave, sir?" said the barberess, advancing with a razor in one hand and with the other pointing to the chair.

"Yes, shaved!" I gasped and flung myself into the chair.

"Why, you've just been shaved," she said, drawing her silky palm across my face.

"Have I?" I said, and then recollecting, "Ah, yes, shaved this morning early. I always shave twice a day."

"Shave close?" asked the pretty girl. "Yes, the closer the better."

"Hair cut too?" "Yes, everything."

And then she commenced. With a little camel's hair brush she painted my face with white soap suds. Then she put her fingers plump against my face and rubbed it all over. She stood behind me, and put her arms around my neck. I saw her in the glass in front. I never felt so in my life. "What would my wife say to this?" I thought. "Still, everybody in Detroit does it; and why not I?" So I shut my eyes and let her go on. After rubbing her velvet fingers over my cheeks and chin till the beard was softened, she took out a razor, honed it, and placing one arm around my head and her hand against my face to steady it, commenced the downward movement of the blade. Once or twice I tried to look the pretty barberess in the face, but I couldn't. So I sat and took it with my eyes shut. I don't think I enjoyed it. And still I let her go on. She shaved me, drew her silky hand all over my face to see if it was closely shaven, and then combed my hair.

"Shall I wax your moustache, sir?" she asked. "Yes, wax away?" Then she leaned over till I could hear her breathe and feel her heart beat, placed her little fingers under my moustache and waxed the ends. Now I never wear my moustache waxed, but I couldn't ask her to stop.

"There, does it suit?" she asked, as she dusted off my neck and removed the apron.

"Yes, it's just right—lovely!" I said, "too sweet for anything?" and then I strode back to the depot to find the train had just gone, and that this Detroit barberess had caused me to miss a lecture engagement and a hundred dollar fee. No more pretty girl barberesses for me.

ELI PERKINS.

Atlanta Constitution: Gen. Matthew C. Butler, South Carolina's new Senator, is the son of ex-Congressman William Butler, and a nephew of Gen. Pierce M. Butler, who fell at Cherubusco. He is also a nephew of ex-Senator A. P. Butler. On his mother's side he is a nephew of Commodore O. H. Perry. He was elected to the Legislature in 1860—the only civil office he had held up to his admission to a seat in the United States Senate. He rose during the war from the captaincy of a cavalry company to the rank of Major General. His ability as a lawyer and his eloquence as a speaker are sure to win for him a high rank in the national councils.

Wendell Phillips is of opinion that the Republican party is on its last legs. He says: "It was merely a form, by the skin of its teeth, it won the Presidency. The power and purpose and strength have gone out of it. Death and disagreement among its leaders have helped to kill it. The young generation of citizens know nothing of the great purposes of the party, the great battle it was organized to fight, the mighty leaders who won its victory, the fruits of which are being fritted away and sold out by their degenerate descendants. The Republican party is a thing of the past." Senator Lamar says the Republican party is doomed. So both sides are agreed on this.

Reduction in Wages. WILKESBARRE, Pa., Dec. 10.—A 10 per cent reduction in wages of miners goes into effect to-day, at the mines of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company, operated by Charles Parish & Co. The men have accepted the situation, and will remain at work upon the condition that the old wages will be restored when the price of coal will warrant it.

Messrs. E. C. Grier & Son, we learn from the Observer, have the machinery all ready for their new cotton factory in Mecklenburg county, and expect to be ready for spinning early in the approaching year.

[From the Chicago Times.] AN AWKWARD BRIDEGROOM.

How He Resented an Insult and Abandoned His Bride at the Altar.

The guests at a recent expected marriage in a certain church of the West Side were treated to a singular and rather startling sensation at the very moment when the nuptial knot was to be tied. The bride and groom were a young couple, and had made all necessary preparations for the anticipated happy event that was to unite them as one, and it was thought by the respective friends of the pair that the course of true love had run quite smoothly with them, and a genuine mutual affection existed between them. The invited company had entered the house of worship, and the attendants on the couple had taken their places at the altar, while the minister remained in waiting to perform the ceremony. The bride, attired in all the gorgeous finery customary on such occasions, alighted from the carriages, and the groom stepped blithely and lightly after her and upon her long trail. As he did so the fair lady uttered a low cry, and exclaimed sharply, "Oh, dear, how awkward you are!"

The young man's face colored as he stumbled off the rich garment, and he gave his arm to the lady while laboring under a confused mind. The pair walked into the church and down the aisle to the altar. All eyes rested upon their movements, and a murmur of voices arose as they came in and took their positions before the minister. The ceremony proceeded, the minister asked the bride if she would accept the groom for her wedded husband, and received the usual affirmative answer, and was about to interrogate the young man, when the latter impulsively and unexpectedly said to the bride: "O, dear, how awkward you are!" and quickly turning on his heel walked out of the edifice without another word of explanation, leaving the astonished bride standing at the altar in mute bewilderment. The young man went his way in a carriage, and the disappointed bride and maids who sought to comfort her left the church for their homes. The occurrence was an actual one, and has created no small amount of gossip in the vicinity where the church is situated.

The Turks are said to be hopeless of success. The London Times says that a person holding a position of trust connected with one of the highest personages of the Ottoman empire, declares that the Turks, as soon as Erzerum is taken and the Adrianople road threatened, will treat separately with Russia, and cede the full passage of the Bosphorus to the Russians rather than permit them to advance on Constantinople. The final issue of the war probably turns on Plevna. That place is the key to the Bulgarian country. Its loss will force the entire Turkish army, operating along the Danube, to fall back to the Balkans, and give the Russians such a decided advantage in the contest that Turkey's wisest course then would be to sue for peace.

A FAITHFUL DOG'S REWARD.

The Jefferson (Mo.) Tribune says: "A gentleman who lives in Vernon county tells a remarkable story of the sagacity of a dog which accompanied him on his travels. While in the Short Creek timber, on his way to Joplin, the dog jumped and caught the horse by the bridle rein. Mr. Ewing drove the animal off, but it persisted in catching the horse by the reins, until the gentleman concluded it must be mad. Under the impulse of the moment he pulled his revolver and shot the animal, which then ran back along the road over which he had come. In a few minutes Mr. Ewing missed his overcoat, which had been tied to his saddle. He turned back to find it, and after riding about a mile, not only found his coat, but his faithful dog, which was lying on the garment dead."

A beautiful young heiress in Moscow has married a beggar eighty-six years old. It was a queer look at first, but nothing could be more natural. The young girl—she is only twenty-two—could not enter into the possession of her fortunes until she was married, and the young man whom her guardian introduced her to were empty-headed creatures, to whom she was unwilling to bind herself for life; so she resolved to marry an old beggar, and get the money without sacrificing her independence. The old man was one of her pensioners, and readily consented to marry her and then keep out of her way, retiring on a comfortable allowance. All the beggars in town feasted and made merry on the wedding night.

Small, the convicted South Carolina colored Congressman, is said to be "in a state of deep humiliation." The kindness of Smalls to the family of his former owner, the McKee family, of Beaufort, seems to have made a profound impression in his favor.

The A. M. E. Zion connection, recently in session at Columbus, Ga., adopted the following upon the Liberator question: "Whereas, Our people are being persuaded to go to Liberia; Resolved, That we, as ministers of the A. M. E. Zion connection, do discourage their going, as we believe it best for them to stay in the United States and cultivate the land, and make for themselves homes, and school their children and cultivate the kindest of feelings toward their former owners."

Death of Prof. Bledsoe. ALEXANDRIA, V., Dec. 10.—Dr. Albert T. Bledsoe, editor of the Southern Review, and former Professor of the Virginia University, is dead. His death was caused by a severe attack of paralysis. At the time of his death he was 69 years of age.

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Table with columns: STATIONS, ARRIVE, LEAVE. Rows include Salisbury, Third Creek, Statesville, Plots, Catawba, Morganton, Hickory, Icard, Morganton, Bridgewater, Marion, Old Fort, Henry.

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