

"GOD'S FINANCIAL SYSTEM."

One tenth of ripened grain,
One tenth of tree and vine;
One tenth of all the yield
From ten tenths' rain and shine.

One tenth of loving herbs
That brose on hill and plain;
One tenth of bleating flocks,
For ten tenths' shine and rain.

One tenth of all increase
From counting-room and mart;
One tenth that science yields,
One tenth of every art.

One tenth of loom and press,
One tenth of mill and mine;
One tenth of every craft
Wrought out by gifts of Thine.

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.

BY MINNIE JENKINS.

A wonderful deal of good often comes from what Solomon calls "a word fitly spoken." The Hebrew for "fitly spoken" here means "set on wheels." All our words are set on wheels. If they are good words they are wheeling on good. If they are evil words, they go wheeling on evil. Remember this.

One day a boy was tormenting a kitten. His little sister, with her eyes full of tears, said to him, "Oh, Philip, don't do that; it is God's kitten."

That word of the little girl was not lost. It was set on wheels. Philip left off tormenting the kitten, but he could not help thinking about what his sister said.

"God's kitten, God's creature—for He made it," he said to himself; "I never thought of that before."

The next day, on his way to school, he met one of his companions beating unmercifully a poor half-starved looking dog. Philip ran up to him, and before he knew it, was using his sister's words, saying, "Don't, don't do that, Ned; it's God's creature."

The boy looked ashamed and tried to excuse himself by saying the dog had stolen his dinner.

"Never mind," said Philip, "you shall have half of mine."

So they went on their way to school together, and soon forgot all about the dog.

But Phillips words had been set on wheels again, and much good was to follow them.

Two persons were passing just as Philip spoke, and they heard his words. One was a young man in prosperous business in a neighboring town; the other was a ragged, dirty, miserable looking creature. He had got into the habit of drinking, and, in consequence of this, had just been dismissed by his employer, and was going home feeling very unhappy and despairing.

"God's creatures," said the poor fellow, and it seemed a new idea to him too. "If that dog is God's creature, then I'm God's creature too, and He will help me if no one else will."

Just then he came to a tavern where he had been in the habit of wasting his money, and then going home to abuse his family. He stopped a moment—the temptation was very strong to go in, but the new thought was stronger. "No, I'm God's creature," he said to himself, "I'll go in there no more. And he went on toward home.

His wife was astonished to see him come home sober, and still more when he burst into tears, saying that he was a ruined man, and was determined to give up drinking, and try, by God's help, to be a better man.

Just then a knock was heard at the door. It was the gentleman of whom we have just spoken. He had heard Phillip's words, too. They were words on wheels to him. They were rolling after him. He could not get away from them.

"This is one of God's creatures, too," he said to himself, as he looked at the ragged man who was walking before. "He looks as if he needed help," he went on to say, "and perhaps I can give it him." This led him to follow the poor man to his home. He offered him work. This was thankfully received, and faithfully done. The poor fellow kept his good resolution. He was never found in the tavern again, but became a sober, industrious, useful, happy man. And the simple words which that little girl set on wheels when she spoke to her brother were the means of doing all this good.

THE CHILD'S LAUGH.

There is no day so sacred but that the laugh of a child will make it holier still. Strike with hand of fire, O weird musician, the lyre strung with Apollo's golden hair. Fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deaf toucher of the organ keys. Blow, blunger, blow, until your silver notes do touch and kiss the moon-lit vine-clad shores; but know, your sweetest strains are discord all, compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light. Oh rippling river of laughter, thou art the blessed boundary line between the beast and man, and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful field of care. Laughter should make dimples of joy enough in the cheeks of the world to catch and hold and glorify the tears of grief.

Squibbles, an old bachelor, shows his socks, which he has just darned, to a maiden lady, who contemptuously remarks, "Pretty good for a man darner." Whereupon Squibbles rejoined, "Yes, good enough for a woman, darn her!"

HISTORY OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

ORIGIN IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The origin of Odd-Fellowship as an institution, is involved in obscurity. When the small stream first issues into the light of history, it is very humble also.

The Nile, though known long before the days of Joseph, has only lately had its source discovered by Europeans. Mr. Spyri, in his "History of Odd-Fellowship," says, that "in the early part of the last century, the writer Daniel DeFoe, mentions the society of Odd-Fellows; and *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1745, speaks of the Odd-Fellows' Lodge as a place where very comfortable and recreative evenings may be spent." In 1788, as we learn from his Biography, James Montgomery, the poet, wrote the song beginning

"When Friendship, Love, and Truth abound,
Among a band of brothers."

for a society in London, bearing the motto of our Order, and presumed to be a Lodge of "Ancient and Honorable Loyal Odd-Fellows." All beyond these dates is mere conjecture. We only know that when Odd-Fellowship comes into the domain of certainty, the Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man are its foundations of precept and of practice. Nor can we trace the precise step by which our peculiar measures of mutual relief in sickness and distress, and provision for the burial of the dead, and care for the widow or the orphan, grew up among our predecessors. But knowing that it was an institution originated by common circumstances of want and providence, and cemented by social feelings frequently indulged until they warmed into a fraternal glow, we can readily imagine how great principles would be suggested, and measures for carrying them out be successively improved.

They were toiling laborers, in a land and under a government where hand-banded industry is less esteemed than here; where distinctions of rank and wealth are greater than we have ever known. Their daily labor barely sufficed to procure them daily bread. When sickness came, gaunt and terrible was not far off. When calculating wealth refused them the privilege to toll for bread, they lacked means to seek employment elsewhere, and support their families meanwhile. When on the bed of disease or death, none could spare time to smooth the creased pillow, or moisten the fevered lips, or speak calmness to the delirious mind. When they looked forward to the close of this "fitful, feverish" life, beyond it was only a pauper's coffin to be pressed into a pauper's grave into which to be huddled out of sight without a breathed prayer over the dead, or a whispered text of hope and consolation for the living. And for the surviving partner, and bereaved children no future was presented, but trundling them from parish to parish until they were thrust into the vice and infamy of the almshouse; or, perhaps thrusting them into the streets, to grow up beggars or criminals, if they did not earlier perish in the gutter. Such were most probably the circumstances and prospects of not a few who commenced our Order, devised its first crude measures of relief and burial of the dead, and based the whole structure on the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

Feeling that Rank and Wealth would degrade them if they could, they resolved to support and aid each other, and to contribute weekly a portion of their scanty earnings for that purpose. Feeling also how sectarian and party strife estrange each other, and render them powerless and abject by such divisions, they excluded all such topics and distinctions from their meetings, and resolved only to know, to labor for, and to love each other as men—as Brethren.—*Review of Books in Frankfort (Pa.) Gazette.*

A WIFE'S STRATAGEM.

[Portland (Me.) Argus.]

There is a certain well-known gentleman, a resident of Ward 1, who had long ago was the hero of a little episode which is altogether too good to be allowed to sink into newspaperless obscurity. He had been passing the evening at a friend's, making one of a merry bunch party, and when he reached his own residence it was quite late—in fact, past 12 o'clock. On entering his sleeping room he noiselessly undressed and crept into bed very quietly, in order not to awaken his wife, who was apparently calmly sleeping, wrapped in pleasant dreams. The gentleman was glad to think his better half, instead of sitting up for him, as was her custom though against his repeated requests, had retired, so took especial pains not to disturb her repose, and in a few minutes was asleep himself.

It was broad daylight when he awoke the next morning, and the motionless figure beside him showed that his wife, usually a quite early riser, had not yet got up. He thought it strange she should be so soundly sleeping; but feeling still too sleepy to say anything, he again consigned himself to slumber. The sunlight was streaming into the room when he again awoke, and still his wife was sleeping beside him. Putting his hand on her head and playfully catching hold of a lock of her hair, what was his surprise to find a whole head yield to his gentle pull, while a sudden burst of laughter from a lady looking into the room through the partly opened door, told the gentleman there was something wrong somewhere, and, rising on his elbows, he soon discovered that instead of sleeping with his wife the past night, he had been reposing by the side of a "dummy," which the partner of his bosom had skillfully decked out in all the paraphernalia of a sleeping Venus. How the story got abroad is a mystery, but one thing is certain, the gentleman who slept with the "dummy" never told it.

VEGETINE.
ALL HAVE OBTAINED RELIEF.

THOMAS BURWICK, ME., Jan. 17, 1872.
Dear Sir—About one year since I found myself in a feeble condition from general debility. VEGETINE was strongly recommended to me by a friend who had used it with great benefit. I procured the article, and, after using several bottles, I remained healthy and strong. Since then I have used it for those conditions for which it is more superior for it, and would cheerfully recommend it to those who feel that they need something to restore their health.

Food for Experiments—Miner's pie eaten late at night.

Alcohol will clean silver. Yes, alcohol will stain to will clean out all the silver you have got.

Beauty is a blessing being blended with benevolence, but better be bold, bleared, blotted, and blotted, than beautiful and bad.

A Frenchman has discovered a means of making real rubies, garnets, and many other precious stones of glass so very cheaply that these stones will doubtless lose much of their value.

The best quality of mucilage in the market is said to be made by dissolving clear glue in equal volumes of water and strong vinegar, and adding one-fourth of an equal volume of alcohol, and a small quantity of a solution of alum in water.

I will never purchase lottery tickets so long as I can hire a man to rob me at reasonable wages.—*Josh Billings.*

Somebody told Dan Voorhees that his speech read like a torchlight procession going through a tunnel, and Dan didn't know whether to smile or not.—*Boston Post.*

Henry Ward Beecher has exploded another torpedo under Satan's place of business. There won't be enough of the old shop left next year to broil a mackerel.—*Kansas City Times.*

An appalling famine is raging in northern China. Nine millions of people are destitute. Children are daily sold in the markets for food. Appeals for relief are made to America and England.

Before voting against Matthews' silver resolution Senator Blaine stated that on the question of the letter of the law he would be compelled to say that the bonds are payable either in gold or silver coin of the standard of July 14, 1870.

Senator Lamar saw fit to eulogize ex-President Davis and the Confederate chieftains in his monomaniac speech. He cannot thus hold the South and gain the East. The other horse, in the pair he is trying to straddle, is too far in the past.—*Nashville American, Dem.*

General Grant has sent home a package of the gifts he has received abroad. The gold boxes presented by Glasgow and Ayr, and the Edinburgh silver box, are among them. Then there are gold, silver, and bronze medals, illuminated addresses, badges, and decorations.

May be they did "have giants in those days," but they couldn't have looked any bigger than free-born American citizen feels when he is in a procession.—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table.*

In 1750 the population of London was 655,000; in 1850 it was 2,362,000. It is not far from three and a half millions, with a prospect of an early increase, as several persons are talking of moving in shortly.

There is a woman in Jersey so economical that the other night, while her husband was abed, she turned and made over his last pair of pantaloons for one of the children.

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Black Alpaca, 25 to 45 cents per yard; 4-4 Sheetings; 7 ct.; Flannels, 20 to 30 ct.; and bargains in part goods; bargains in every department.

ROOT AND HERB BUSINESS

AS heretofore. Call and see.

V. WALLACE.

(3:20m.)

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(29:3m.)

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