

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

**T. W. MASON,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
GARYSBURG, N. C.  
Practices in the courts of Northampton and adjoining counties, also in the Federal and Supreme courts.  
June 8-11

**JOS. B. BATCHELOR,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HALEIGH, N. C.  
Practices in the courts of the 8th Judicial District and in the Federal and Supreme Courts.  
May 11-16

**WALTER CLARK,**  
HALEIGH, N. C.  
**CLARK & CLARK,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
HALEIGH, N. C.  
Will practice in the Courts of Halifax and adjoining counties.  
March 16-17

**W. H. KITCHEN,**  
HALEIGH, N. C.  
**KITCHEN & DUNN,**  
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,  
Scotland Neck, Halifax Co., N. C.  
Practices in the Courts of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts.  
Jan 18-19

**THOMAS N. HILL,**  
Attorney at Law,  
HALEIGH, N. C.  
Practices in Halifax and adjoining Counties and Federal and Supreme Courts. Will be at Scotland Neck, once every fortnight.  
Aug. 28-a

**W. H. DAY,**  
HALEIGH, N. C.  
**DAY & HALL,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
WELDON, N. C.  
Practices in the Courts of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts.  
Claims collected in any part of North Carolina.  
Jan 20-19

**SAMUEL J. WRIGHT,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
JACKSON, N. C.  
Practices in the Court of Northampton and adjoining counties.  
Sep 15-1 Y

**CAVIN L. HYMAN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HALEIGH, N. C.  
Practices in the Courts of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts.  
Claims collected in all parts of North Carolina.  
Office in the Court House.  
July 4-1 Q.

**R. O. BURTON, JR.,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HALEIGH, N. C.  
Practices in the Courts of Halifax County, and Counties adjoining. In the Supreme Court of the State, and in the Federal Courts.  
Will give special attention to the collection of claims, and to adjusting the accounts of Executors, Administrators and Guardians.  
Dec 15-17

**J. M. GRIZZARD,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HALEIGH, N. C.  
Office in the Court House. Strict attention given to all branches of the profession.  
Jan 12-13

**E. T. BRANCH,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HALEIGH, N. C.  
Office in the Court House. Strict attention given to all branches of the profession.  
Jan 12-13

**JAMES E. O'HARA,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HALEIGH, N. C.  
Office in the Court House. Strict attention given to all branches of the profession.  
Jan 12-13

**ANDREW J. BURTON,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
WELDON, N. C.  
Practices in the Courts of Halifax, Warren and Northampton counties and in the Supreme and Federal Courts.  
Claims collected in any part of North Carolina.  
June 17-18

**JAMES M. MULLIN,**  
JOHN A. MOORE,  
**MULLIN & MOORE,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
HALEIGH, N. C.  
Practices in the Counties of Halifax, Edgecombe and Nash. In the Supreme Court of the State and in the Federal Courts.  
Collections made in any part of the State. Will attend at the Court House in Raleigh on Monday and Friday of each week.  
Jan 12-13

**JAMES M. MULLIN,**  
JOHN A. MOORE,  
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## The Roanoke News.

VOL. VII.

WELDON, N. C., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1878.

NO. 34.

## TO MY WIFE.

BY W. H. GORDON.

I love thee, darling! Tell me never  
Of the hour when I will know  
That thy love has ceased forever  
From my heart for me to flow.  
Oh! would I could my heart to breaking  
If thy smiles for me should cease;  
And no harm could heal the aching  
Of the bitter, bitter pain.

Love thee, darling! Let the twilight  
Of all other loves grow dim;  
And as stars at deepest night  
Shine the brightest, look to him  
Who in youth to thee has pledged  
All his love his young heart knew.  
Though the storms of life have blighted  
Its fair beams, in part, from view.

Love thee, darling! 'Till I perish;  
'Till my hand in death grows cold;  
'Till all things of earth I cherish  
Sleep in death's embrace of mold—  
'Till—until I cannot tell thee  
If my love shall ever die;  
For some whisper seems to tell me  
"It will live beyond the sky."

## WASHING DAY.

"Oh, dear me! what shall we do?"  
said Mary Lennox. "It's just exactly  
like those working people, to go and fall  
ill just when we need them most. And  
every napkin in the wash, and not  
enough table linen to last two weeks.  
You must be a very poor manager,  
grandma, not to have more of such  
things!"

Old Mrs. Lennox sighed as she rubbed  
the glasses of her spectacles.  
"My dear," said she, "I should have  
had more if I could have afforded them.  
But times are hard and—"

"Yes, I've heard all that before,"  
said Mary, irreverently. "But the ques-  
tion is, grandma, what shall we do about  
the washing, now that Katrina cannot  
come?"

Mrs. Lennox heaved another sigh.  
She was old and rheumatic, and the  
great piled-up basket of clothes seemed  
a terrific bugbear before her eyes.  
"I'm sure I don't know," said she.  
"But if you girls will help a little about  
the dinner, I'll try and see what I  
can do. It must be got out, I suppose, and—"

But here a slight, dark-eyed girl, with  
a clear, olive complexion, and wavy  
black hair growing low on her forehead,  
turned from the table, where she was  
rising chin.

"You will do nothing of the kind,  
grandma," said she, as resolutely as if  
she had been seventy instead of seven-  
teen. "You attempt a days washing, at  
your age?"

"But my dear," said grandma Len-  
nox, feebly, "who will do it?"  
"I will," said the dark-eyed lassie.  
"George, I'm surprised at you!" said  
Mary. "Why you never did such a thing  
in your life!"

"That's no reason I never should,"  
said Mary. "George—if any one should see  
you!"

"We don't generally receive company  
in the kitchen," said George Lennox.  
"And if any one should come in—"  
"Well?"

"If they like my occupation, I shall  
be very much pleased; if they don't they  
are quite a liberty to look the other  
way!"

And Miss Lennox tied a prodigious  
crash apron around her, rolled up her  
sleeves, and resolutely took her stand  
in front of the wash-bench.

"It seems too bad, my dear, with  
those little white hands of yours," said  
old Mrs. Lennox, irresolutely.  
"Oh, my hands!" laughed George.  
"What are they good for, if not to make  
themselves useful?"

Mary drew herself disdainfully up.  
"Well," said she, "I never yet stooped  
to such a degradation as that!"  
"It would be a great deal worse deg-  
radation to stand by and let my rheu-  
matic old grandmother do the washing,"  
observed George, with philosophy, as  
she plunged her hands into the snowy  
mass of suds.

Old Mrs. Lennox had been left with a  
picturesque farm-house on the edge of  
Salem Lake, and nothing else. And so  
old Mrs. Lennox bethought herself to  
eke out her slender means by the reception  
of summer boarders. And in Sep-  
tember, when her two grand-daughters  
obtained their fortnight's leave of  
absence from the type-setting establish-  
ment in Troy, where they earned their  
daily bread, they came home for a  
breath of fresh mountain air, and helped  
grandma Lennox with her boarders.

For there was no girl kept at the farm  
house, and no outside assistance called  
in, except as German Katrina came  
once a week to wash and scrub.

"It's dreadful," sighed Mary, who  
was tall and slender, with a fair com-  
plexion, doll-like eyes, and a Byronic  
disaffection with her lot in life.

"It's fun!" said George, who had no  
such exalted aspirations, and like to  
make custards, wash china, and decorate  
the tea-table with flowers.

"You'll hang out these clothes for me,  
Mary, won't you?" said George, as she  
flung the last red-bordered towel on the  
top of the clothes-basket, while I wash  
the pillow cases?"

"Indeed I shall not," said her sister.  
"With the Miss Poteys playin' croquet  
in plain sight? Never!"

"Then I must do it myself," said  
George, with a little shrug of the  
shoulders. "And—"

But just as she spoke there came a tap  
at the kitchen door.

"Come in!" cried George, valiantly,  
while her sister, with burning cheeks,  
endeavored to hide herself and her occu-  
pation of peeling onions behind the big  
roller-towel.

And Mr. Raymond Abbott "walked  
in" accordingly.

"I beg your pardon, Miss George,"  
said he, rather blandly. "I didn't know  
I should disturb you."

"Oh, you're not disturbing me at all,"  
said George, serenely, resting one dim-  
pled cheek on the washboard, and  
looking at him like a practicalized  
copy of one of Guido's angels, out of a  
cloud of soapy steam.

"But," he went on, "I was going to  
ask one of the servants for a basket to  
bring fish home in."

"I will get it for you with pleasure,"  
said George.

And as she turned to the dresser, her  
sister answered the puzzled expression of  
Mr. Abbott's face.

"You are surprised to see George  
doing that?" said she, with a gesture  
toward the nebulous tub. "And I don't  
wonder. But it's only for a frolic—a  
wager. Girls will do such things, you  
know!"

But George had heard the last words,  
and turned around with crimsoned cheeks  
and sparkling eyes.

"It is not a frolic," said she. "And  
it's not a wager. It's serious, sober  
earnest. I am doing the washing be-  
cause Katrina has sprained her ankle,  
and there's no one else but grandma  
to do it."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Abbott. "And  
can't I help you?"

"Yes," George promptly made answer.  
"You can carry that basket of clothes  
out to the bleaching-ground for me."

"George!" exclaimed her sister, as  
Mr. Abbott cheerily shouldered the  
load and strode away in the direction  
of George's pointing finger.

"He asked me," said George. "I  
shouldn't have asked him!"

"Judge Abbott's son!" groaned Mary.  
"The richest man in Ballston! He'll  
never ask you to go out rowing on the  
lake with him again!"

But the reappearance of the gentle-  
man in question put a stop to the dis-  
cussion.

"Miss George," said he, "I would  
have hoisted them upon the riggings  
for you, but the wind takes 'em off  
so."

"That's because you needed the  
clothespins," said George, handing them  
to him with alacrity.

"Couldn't you come and help?" said  
Mr. Abbott, wistfully. "Two can man-  
age so much better than one."

"Oh, I'll come and help," said  
George; "and be glad to get my clothes  
out drying."

She tied on her small gingham sun-  
bonnet, and ran out into the yellow Sep-  
tember sunshine, while Mary burst  
out crying with mingled vexation and  
anger.

"I shall never get over the disgrace of  
it in the world," she said—"never,  
never! George has no dignity—no  
proper pride! No; don't speak to me,  
grandma, or I shall say something dread-  
ful! I declare I've a mind never to own  
her as a sister again!"

"Have you finished the washing?"  
said Mr. Raymond Abbott.

"Yes, I've finished it," said George  
Lennox. "But I shouldn't like to earn  
my living as a housemaid. It's a very  
tiresome business."

George was "cooling off" under the  
shadow of the frost grapevines in the  
woods, with a book in her hand, and  
the early locks blown back from her  
pretty Spanish forehead.

Mr. Abbott looked admiringly down  
on her. All his life long, his experience  
had lain among the smiling, artificial  
dolls of conventional society. He had  
admired George Lennox the first time  
he had ever seen her; but that day's ex-  
perience of her frank, true nature had  
given depth and earnestness to the feel-  
ing.

"Miss Lennox," said he, "do you  
know what I have been thinking of since  
we hung out those towels and table cloths  
together?"

"Haven't the least idea," said uncon-  
scious George, fanning herself with  
two grape-leaves, pinned together by a  
thorn.

"I have been thinking," said he, "that  
I should like my wife to be just such a  
woman as you are."

"A washerwoman?" said George, try-  
ing to laugh off her blushes.

"I am quite in earnest, George," he  
said, leaning over her. "Dear George,  
will you be my wife?"

"But I am only a working-girl," said  
ingenuous George, beginning to tremble  
all over, and half inclined to cry. "We  
are type-setters, Mary and I, and we are  
very poor."

"My own love, you are rich in all that  
heart could wish!" pleaded Abbott,  
taking both her hands in his; "and I  
want you for my own!"

## JAKIE ON WATERMELON PICKLE.

Old lady Jones borrowed Mrs. Brown's  
receipt for making watermelon pickle  
the other day, and being hard of hear-  
ing, and as she couldn't see to read well,  
she got her grand-boy, Jakie, to peruse  
it for her. Jakie took the paper like a  
dutiful child, and, holding it upside  
down commenced:

"Take a green watermelon—"  
"Why, Jakie, ain't you mistaken? I  
thought the melon must be ripe!"

"O, what's the matter with you? Jus-  
ever see a watermelon that wuzn't  
green?"

"Cut the watermelon into four  
halves—"  
"But there ain't only two halves to  
anything; I don't believe you are read-  
ing that right Jakie."

"Well, I don't have to. But any-  
how that's what the receipt says. Then  
sunk the watermelon in a pint cup—"  
"O, dear, mel! how in the world can  
you put a watermelon in a pint cup?"

"Well, I ain't here to tell the where-  
asses and the howfores, I'm just readin'  
the facts, and you kava put in the philo-  
sophy to suit yer taste. After sponk-  
ing the melon, put it in a skillet and fry it  
for four days!"

"I wonder if Mrs. Brown sent me  
such a receipt as that," said the old lady,  
but Jakie kept on:

"Then put the watermelon in a quart  
bowl and pour over it a gallon of vine-  
gar, taking care not to spill the vine-  
gar—"

"I'd just like to know how you can  
pour a gallon into a quart without spill-  
ing any of it," but Jakie continued:

"Then stir a pack of red peppers  
through a mill-stone over the melon;  
and to one cup of butter add the whites  
and the yolks and the shells of three  
eggs, and throw in the old hen that laid  
'em, and four sticks of cinnamon drops,  
and a bottle of Dr. Mary Walker's Vin-  
egar Bitters, and two tablespoonfuls of  
gingham, and it through a coffee mill,  
and let it stand till it ferments, and then  
put it in a tin can, and tie the can to a  
dog's tail—this will stir it up to the  
right consistency—and then you can  
turn it out into cracks and have it ready  
for use. Serve it up cold and spread it  
on mince pie, and it makes a capital  
dessert," and Jakie slid out of the door,  
and left the old lady looking like a  
winkle on a monument.

"I golly!" said Jakie, "bet yer sweet  
life she won't ask me to read any more  
receipts!"

## WHAT A FLY DID.

The Charlotte (N.C.) Gazette records  
the following interesting case: Mr. James  
Howard, of Walker, married an interest-  
ing young lady named Symonds, about  
a year ago, and they have lived easily  
and happily together ever since. But  
the other morning, at breakfast, an in-  
quisitive and hungry fly dropped down  
from his perch on the ceiling, and,  
stretching his legs, began skimming  
around her breakfast. He crawled  
slowly around Mr. Howard's coffee cup  
once or twice, sniffing the delicious  
aroma, and wondering how he could  
manage to get a drink, when his foot  
slipped, he lost his grip, and in a mo-  
ment he was floundering around in the  
liquid. His struggles attracted the at-  
tention of James, and he pulled him  
out and playfully tossed him across the  
table. The unfortunate fly alighted in a  
wet and bedraggled condition on Mrs.  
H's plate. She indignantly grabbed  
him and flung him back into her hus-  
band's plate. James gazed steadily at  
her a moment, and seeing blood in her  
eye, deliberately picked up the fly, and  
with a hand trembling with suppressed  
rage, threw it back on her plate. Then  
he began a regular game of shuttlecock  
between the two, and that fly flew back  
and forth until he was completely worn  
out. Then the young wife bursting into  
tears, seized her bonnet and rushed  
from the house to the residence of her  
parent, vowing she would never come  
back, and James went out to the barn,  
sweating to himself. In an hour or two  
the father of the much-abused wife came  
over with a team and removed all her  
baggage, and now they "meet as friends  
no more." They have separated for  
good and thus two lives are rendered  
miserable by the single misstep of a fly.  
O, such small things do our destinies  
depend!

## THE FASHIONABLE WIFE.

The fashionable wife looks on her hus-  
band's money as spoil—something which  
he wants to guard, and she seizes it.  
It is no joint property which it is as much  
her interest as it is his to save, and use  
wisely; but an enemy's possession which  
it will be her gain to lose. As for com-  
pensation—tenors perfix palls, and an  
evening spent with her husband along  
coasts as the ne plus ultra of deadly  
dullness. Personal love for him has  
died out, if even it once existed under  
the guise of passion because of novelty;  
and whatever she may be to others, her  
husband finds her uniformly cold and re-  
pellant. Motherhood is her bogchear;  
children unwelcome intruders; and there  
is no more miserable woman extant  
than the fashionable wife with a baby,  
that hinders her from joining in the  
season's vulgar pleasures. Essentially  
selfish and shallow, love has a little  
meaning for her as the decline of duty  
or the glory of sacrifice; and those who  
know her stand aside in a kind of won-  
der at the scheme of creation which in-  
cludes, among its offshoots, a being with-  
out uses and without virtues—a woman  
with presumably a soul like any other,  
absolutely destitute of the love which  
saves the world from worse than death—  
of the reality which seeks truth and  
lives in it—of all nobleness of aspiration  
and all righteousness of life—a woman  
whose god is pleasure, and her one sole  
religion—fashion.

## WHAT A SPORT IS.

We overheard the following in a beer  
saloon the other day:

"Who is dot, Hans?"  
"Oh, dot is a sport."

"Vat you call a sport, hey?"  
"You not know vat a sport is?"

"Nix. Vat ish he!"  
"Vell, he ish von dem fellers vot  
has fiddle knife mit two blades, and he  
opens him and shuts him again, and  
shuts him again, and den he blows his  
breath mit dot knife, and den he bet a  
green Dutchman five tollars he can nix  
open him."

## MARRIAGE.

Perhaps nothing shows the existence  
of the Divine idea in marriage so much  
as its incomprehensible mystery, which  
all those who enter it, save the most  
frivolous and thoughtless, are obliged to  
recognize, feeling themselves as much  
surrounded by it as if they lived among  
the great primordial agencies that first  
set the world going—for to all it seems  
strange as if they were the first and only  
ones, and they were at a loss to explain  
it or penetrate the meaning of the deep  
and sacred enigma. They understood  
a mother's love for the flesh of her flesh  
in her children, a child's love for the  
visible providence of its father, but who  
is to comprehend the love of the hus-  
band, who, arrived at maturity with all  
his prejudices formed, his course  
marked out, meets one who, in scarcely  
more than an instant, becomes more to  
him than father or mother, or sister or  
brother, or all the world—in short, on  
whose presence the happiness of the  
world hinges? And who shall compre-  
hend the devotion of the wife, who, if  
need be, would die for her husband?

## DAT BOOKKEEPER.

We asked Amos how his boy was  
getting along at school.

"Pieg take dat boy, I done tuk him  
away from de school!"

"Why so?"  
"O, he was gettin' mos' too smart  
down dar wid dat book larnin'. 'Tou'd  
do for some niggers to be too much  
educated."

"Why not, Amos?"  
"Well, sah, jess take dat boy for in-  
stance. I put dat boy fer to keep  
books fer me 'bout de sellin' ob de gar-  
den truck dis summer. Well, sah, he  
jess rit down charges dar in de book fer  
all de truck dat I took out ob de garden  
an' charges for all dat was eat in de  
house, an' credit hisself wid de little  
'mounts dat I let him hab 'long at odd  
'cassions, an' den he go an' add 'em all  
up, an' stuck a balance, he say."

"And how did you come out?"  
"Come out 'Fore de Good Master,  
I—I didn't come out at all! Dat boy  
done stuck me 'bout \$25, sides his  
wages as de bookkeeper. Now dat's  
shat de figgers said."

"Well, what did you do?"  
"I jess burn dat book right dar, an'  
den 'scharged de bookkeeper, an' hire  
him ober agin ter saw wood for his  
board an' close."

"You did?"  
"Yes, sah, I did dat. Why, boss ob  
dat boy hed dat book on me till now,  
hed done cwa dat house an' garden  
patch, an' den he chargin' me an' his ole  
mammy fer bed an' bread! I tell yer dis  
hyer book larnin' is ruinin' dis young  
breed ob niggers—dis sho!"

## GOD'S LOVE.

Suppose a meadow in which a million  
daisies open their bosoms all at one  
time to the sun. On one of them, while  
yet it is a bud, a little stone has fallen.  
At once crushed and overshadowed, it  
will struggle bravely against all odds to  
expand its petals like the rest. For  
many days this effort is continued with-  
out success. The tiny stone (a mighty  
rock to the flower) squats on its breast,  
and will not admit a single sunbeam.  
At length the flower stalk, having gath-  
ered strength by its constant exertion,  
acquires force enough to overbalance  
the weight and toss the intruder off. Up  
springs the daisy with a bound; and in  
an instant another flower is added to  
the vast multitude which in that  
meadow drink their fill of sunlight.  
The sun in the heaven is not com-  
moted by the additional demand. The  
one corner receives into its cups, as  
many sunbeams as it would have re-  
ceived, although no other flower had  
grown to all the earth.