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Poetry.

LITTLE THINGS.

BY ALICE CARY.

Shall we strike a bargain, Fate?
 And wilt thou to this agree?
 Take whatever things are great,
 Leave the little things to me!

Take the eagle, proud and dark,
 Broad of shoulders, strong of wing;
 Leave the robin, leave the lark,
 'Tis the little birds that sing!

Take the oak wood, towering up,
 With its top against the skies;
 Leave one little acorn cup—
 Therein all the forest lies.

Take the murmuring fountain heads,
 Take the river, winding slow;
 But about my garden beds,
 Leave the dew drops, small and low.

Winding waves are fine to view,
 Sweet the fountain's silver call;
 But the little drop of dew
 Holds the sunshine, after all.

Take the sea, the great wide sea,
 White with many a swelling sail,
 Leave the little stream to me,
 Gilding silent through the vale.

Take the palace all abine,
 With its lofty halls and towers;
 Let the little house be mine,
 With its door yard grass and flowers.

Take the lands, the royal lands,
 All with parks and orchards bright;
 Leave to me the little hands
 Clinging closely morn and night.

Ah, for once, be kindly, Fate,
 To my harmless plan agree;
 Take whatever things are great,
 Leave the little things to me!

Original Nouvelle.

EUGENE FENTON'S MISTAKE.

BY J. W. THOMPSON.

CHAPTER I.

Our scene is laid in a beautiful valley in the 'sunny South.' It was a lovely evening in May, and nature seemed to have mustered all her musicians, and arrayed herself in her most gorgeous livery to captivate and delight the senses of man. The trees were clothed in the garb of Spring, and from a thousand sources the air was loaded with delicious odors.—Birds of every hue and voice were flitting through the branches and warbling forth their joyous songs of praise. On the gently sloping side of the valley, a noble mansion stood. The grounds about it were laid off with neatness, and the rows of tall cedars in the lawn, gave the place an aspect of stately beauty.

The front door of the mansion opened, and down the grassy lawn, through the gate and down the flower-carpeted pathway, strolled two persons—a gentleman and a lady. While they are sauntering leisurely forward, let us see who they are. As we are courteous, of course, the lady claims our attention first. She was beautiful. A forehead white and fair, eyes of the deepest blue, small mouth, with its rows of pearly teeth, long, flowing ringlets of a golden hue, and a figure lithe and graceful as a fawn—Julia Walton was a beautiful girl; at any rate, so thought Eugene Fenton, whom we will now introduce to the reader.

He was tall and commanding in person, with eyes of a brilliant brown and hair as black as night. But there were marks of dissipation upon his fine features—marks whose existence he, himself, was unwilling to admit, but which anxious eyes had seen, and over which anxious hearts had grieved. In fine, Eugene Fenton was a MODERATE DRINKER—one of that innumerable multitude, who yearly merge into hopeless drunkards. But, like all of his class, he was confident in his own ability to evade, what others regarded as inevitable. Blinded to the danger before him, by the false belief, that he could control his own passions and appetites, he was treading that fatal path which thousands like him had trod before, only to find certain destruction in the end. But to return.

FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE.

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ORDER OF THE FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE.

VOL. II. RALEIGH, N. C., FRIDAY, NOV. 6, 1893. NO. 28.

'It may seem strange to you, Miss Walton, that I have requested this interview, but I hope the importance of what I have to communicate, will be a sufficient excuse for my seeming presumption upon so short an acquaintance. Through my acquaintance with you I as been short, I have learned to regard you with feelings which I have never felt before. When I came here by the invitation of your father, I little dreamed that my short stay was destined to exert so important an influence over my life. But I feel that this spot is more dear to me than any spot on earth. It has been rendered sacred by love. Ah! Miss Walton—Julia—pardon me, when I tell you that you are the one I love. Oh!—speak, and say that I am not unloved. Can you—do you not love me; and will you not be my wife? Oh! Julia, darling, said he, taking her unresisting hand, 'I love you so fervently, so passionately. Speak, and give me hope.'

While he had been speaking a variety of contending emotions had appeared upon her countenance. First, a sudden gleam of joy told that he had touched a hidden chord in her heart, that vibrated in unison with his ardent love. Next, a look of pain and anguish; then an expression of melancholy, but firm determination.

'Mr. Fenton, it grieves me to cause you one pang of sorrow; but I cannot be your wife.'

It was spoken in a calm voice, though her countenance was deadly pale.

'Oh! Julia, my darling, unsay those words. Your countenance says that you love me—tell me, is it not so?' 'Whatever may be my feelings toward you, Mr. Fenton, you have my answer. And now, I hope this painful interview will end. Believe me, I would not willingly cause you sorrow; but it cannot be—I cannot marry you.'

He listened in silence; and when she finished speaking, he drew up his haughty person, and said,

'At least, Miss Walton, you will give me your reasons for thus rejecting my offer.'

A flush of painful embarrassment overspread her features.

'My reasons are of an extremely delicate nature; and I ask you, as a man of honor, not to seek to know them,' she replied at last.

'But, I insist upon knowing them.—I have a right to demand it.'

Her embarrassment increased.

'I will tell you then, as you insist. But I warn you before hand, that I would much rather leave it unsaid.—If I wound your feelings, your urgings must excuse me. My objection to marrying you, Mr. Fenton, is this:—Sad experience has taught me the evil of using intoxicating drinks. You are aware, that my only brother was a victim to it, and that he now sleeps in a drunkard's grave. The sorrow which his melancholy and untimely fate caused, both myself and my aged parents, was such, that I have resolved never to marry a man that tampers with the wine-cup. This is why I reject you. I confess that I do not feel entirely indifferent to you; but I am aware that you are at least, a moderate drinker, and this is a gulf over which I can never step. I again express the hope, sir, that I have not wounded your feelings.'

He stooped and plucked a wild-flower that grew at his feet, and crushed it to atoms in his convulsive grasp. A storm of passion at one time seemed to be gathering upon his brow; but he banished it with an effort, and said:

'I am inexpressibly pained, Miss Walton, that such a charge should be made against me. I am not, it is true, a teetotaler; but my habits are far from those of a drunkard, and a look of offended pride passed over his face.'

'Pardon me, if I have offended you,' said she, 'you have my final answer. Now let us end this scene.'

With countenances that partook but little of the joyousness of the scene around them, they walked slowly back up the avenue to the house.

CHAPTER II.

In following the dictates of her judgment, Julia Walton had experienced a severe struggle. Eugene Fenton had found his way to the affections of this lovely girl; and though she was perfectly aware that her heart was wholly his, she could not, in the light of her sad experience, consent to a union with him. The conflict between judgment and affection was long and sore; but at last judgment triumphed, and she came forth from the conflict, mistress of herself. But still another trial awaited her.

The reader has not yet been made aware of the relation of Eugene Fenton to the family of her whom he loved. Roderick Walton, Julia's father, was a planter of wealth and influence. For thirty years—ever since he came home from college with his young bride—he had lived upon the old ancestral plantation, in the beautiful valley. His union had been blessed with two children—a son and a daughter. The son was early sent away to a boarding school, then to college, where he formed the acquaintance of Eugene Fenton. Their acquaintance ripened into intimacy; and when the period of vacation drew near, an earnest invitation was extended to Fenton to accompany him to his far-off Southern home. The trip had been arranged and the friends were about to start, when a telegram brought to Fenton the sad news of his father's illness, and a summons to hasten to his bedside, ere he should sleep in death.—Of course, he went. But when he returned the next session, he was hardly to be recognized, as the sprightly young man of other days. A cloud of gloom rested upon his countenance, and he gave unmistakable signs of dissipation. It soon became evident, that he had resorted to intoxicating liquors, to drown the sorrow, occasioned by the death of his father—his only living relative. As a natural consequence, George Walton became the companion of his potations. He learned to drink. At first, it was hardly apparent; but at length his never-vigorous constitution smelt beneath the double weight of dissipation and study, and he went home a confirmed invalid. His distressed parents and sister used every entreaty, and even stronger means to induce him to quit his drinking habits—and with some success. He gave a solemn promise that he would never more tamper with the fiery fluid.—But, alas! he reckoned too heavily upon the strength of his own will.—One night, when the family were wrapped in sleep, a piercing shriek rang through the house, startling the whole household to their feet. The cause was soon apparent. Appetite had overcome, and George Walton had drunk deep of the contents of a secreted flask, and was now in the agonies of *delirium tremens*. He died that night in awful agonies, and that week there was a mournful funeral at the old house, while loving hearts were bowed down beneath a weight of sorrow.

Months passed away, and Eugene Fenton was invited to visit the home of his dead friend. Whether or not the stricken parents knew that he was the cause of their son's death and their own sorrow, is not for us to say. We suppose not. He was invited and he came. Dissipated man, as he was, the gentle beauty of Julia Walton attracted his attention and at last gained his affections. The result, we have already seen.

CHAPTER III.

In the most depraved natures, there are often temporary gleams of good. Eugene Fenton was truly in love; and the manner in which his advances were received caused him to reflect seriously upon his course of life. He saw much there to regret. The cool, clear scrutiny to which he subjected his own character revealed most glaring deficiencies. He saw how dangerous was the path which he was treading—how it was gradually debasing his nature and leading him far away from virtue and happiness, and especially from her whom he had learned to regard as the dearest object on earth. He resolved to quit his habits of dissipation and become a man once more, that he might offer her the hand of an honest, honorable man. With these feelings, we will leave him waiting an opportunity to renew his offer with a confidence that it would be accepted, while we return to Julia.

It is natural to suppose that after the occurrences narrated in our opening chapter, Julia Walton would avoid as much as possible the man whom she loved, but could not trust with her happiness. It was with such a desire that she gladly accepted a pressing invitation from her aunt to spend a few months with her in the city. In due time, arrangements were made and she became an inmate of her aunt's family.

'Aunt Lydia' said she one evening 'did you know that this day two weeks hence is the anniversary of my birthday? I had almost forgotten it, since I have been here; but papa reminded me in his letter to-day. He desires me to come home to celebrate the occasion. Will you not accompany me?'

'No, my dear, but I will propose a better plan: celebrate your birth-day here. I will give you a party and you need not leave us yet. Write for your father and mother to pay me a visit on this occasion.'

So, it was arranged. A select party of friends were invited, among whom was a young man whom Julia's aunt assured her niece, would be 'a great catch.' Charley Graham was his name. Being a great favorite with the family, he was privileged to bring with him any of his friends. Thus Eugene Fenton was again thrown into Julia's company. It was late on the evening of the party. The saloons were almost deserted, when Julia passed out upon the balcony and seated herself in a shadowy corner to meditate upon the solemnity of the occasion. It is a solemn occasion—a birth-day. It is a day that should be spent, not in uproarious merriment, but in thanksgiving to the great Giver of all good. She had been sitting there but a few moments when hearing her name called she turned to find herself face to face with Fenton. She would have passed him, but he stopped her and said:

'Miss Walton, I have sought this opportunity of speaking with you that I might renew the offer which I once made to you. I find my happiness to be entirely bound up in you. I come to you now, not as before. I trust your objections can now be overcome. I have resolved to quit my dissipated habits; and I now feel that I can offer you the hand of an honest, upright man. Will you not now consent to be mine?'

She spoke not, but the blushes that overspread her face were answer enough. While he folded her to his bosom in a long, tender embrace, the tears of thankfulness and joy started from her eyes.

Six months from that day, there was a joyous wedding at the old valley homestead, and two loving hearts were united in those mystic, but inseparable, bonds that break not in the midst of fiercest trials.

We will pass over those months of happiness which ensued, and introduce the reader to a period just one year after that night when Eugene Fenton and Julia Walton plighted their troth. During all this time, Eugene had never broken the vow which he made to her that night. But he was trusting too much in his own unaided strength of will; and he was soon to learn the sad lesson that 'the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.'

The occasion which they now celebrated was the double anniversary of her birth and their mutual happiness. One year ago they had in that quiet balcony pledged to love, and live for each other. Again were friends gathered around the hospitable board.—Against Julia's wishes, wine had been introduced. The deceiver passed freely around, and the host, unwilling to offer to his guests, that of which he would not partake, drank wine for the first time since he had promised to reform his habits. One glass was followed by others, unmindful of the anxious countenance of his wife, until, when his guests departed, he was taken away intoxicated. Poor Julia! what a shock to her! All her hopes were blasted—all her confidence in him was gone!

From this time forth, Fenton continued to sink until he stood among those miserable beings whose happiness is all comprised in the bowl of intoxication, and whose only prospect is eternal misery.

At last, Julia could endure it no longer. Gathering up her little trinkets, the valued mementoes of other days, she took refuge in the house of her parents, and lived entirely secluded from society.

Years passed by, and nothing was heard from the degraded husband.—Degraded as he was, Julia still loved him. She loved, not the fallen drunkard, but the noble husband of her choice—the Eugene Fenton of former years.

One lovely evening in May, just fourteen years from that day on which our story commences, Julia was sitting under a rustic arbor in the garden, thinking of the erring one, asking her heart the question: Will those days of happiness ever return? when a footfall on the gravel walk caused her to look up to see a tall, sun-browned stranger before her. Thinking that he desired to see her father, she arose and said:

'You wish to see my father, sir, I presume. Walk into the house.'

The stranger spoke not; but at once he became deeply agitated.

'Julia!'

'No, my dear, but I will propose a better plan: celebrate your birth-day here. I will give you a party and you need not leave us yet. Write for your father and mother to pay me a visit on this occasion.'

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'You wish to see my father, sir, I presume. Walk into the house.'

The stranger spoke not; but at once he became deeply agitated.

'Julia!'

She started, and bent forward with an anxious face, saying:
 'I should know that voice. It cannot be—oh! sir, speak to me—is it—is it Eugene?'

He stretched forth his arms, and exclaimed in the old familiar tones:
 'My darling, wife!'

The poor, tired head was pillowed upon his manly bosom, while he told her his past history. He told her how he had sunk down so deeply in the mire of depravity, that it was almost a miracle that he escaped—how he strolled one evening into the vestibule of a church, and was there attracted by the words of the Gospel—in short, how he had at last been reclaimed, not by his own power, but by the grace of God. He had united with the people of God, and was pressing joyfully onward, in the strength of heavenly grace. It is needless to say that he was welcomed back, as one alive from the dead, and that happiness again returned to desolate hearts.

Reader, my simple story is ended. If it may induce but one moderate drinker to look for help, not to himself, but to Divine Grace, I am paid for my labor.

WHY HE WOULDN'T DRINK.

A clergyman recently related the following encouraging facts at the Fulton street, New York prayer meeting:

There were six sailors who drank liquor, and one who would not drink on board the same ship. On arrival in port the six determined that they would, at all hazards, induce or compel their companion to drink. They provided a supper on shore and invited him to attend. Here they resorted to every artifice to induce him to drink, but he steadily refused. They finally resorted to violence. He, still unyielding, requested them before they went any further in compulsion, to hear what he had to say. They consented. He said that when he was a boy he had a drunken father who dreadfully abused his mother.—One day his mother had sent him on an errand which caused him to be out late at night. As he was returning through the snow he thought he saw something lying ahead of him, which on approaching and touching, he discovered was a man, and upon closer inspection found it to be his own father, dead and frozen. He soon informed his mother, and with the assistance of neighbors, the dead body was taken home and prepared for burial.—While thus prepared his mother called him with the other children, to view for the last time their father's face, and made them solemnly promise that they would never drink intoxicating liquor.

'And now, boys,' said he, turning to his companions, 'do you want me to drink?'

'No! no! no!' came from every lip. They went on board the vessel. The captain was surprised to see them return on board so early and orderly, and asked the cause. He was told the story; the pledge was produced; they all signed it; and through the influence of the captain nearly all the ship's crew signed it. The people on board that ship were sober people.—Soon after the Holy Spirit came on board into the hearts of the people.—Many were converted. God was honored, and his name evermore praised by that ship's crew.

N. C. CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE.—This body will convene at Salem Chapel, Forsythe county, on Friday the 13th of November. We have been requested to say that conveyances will be at High Point on Thursday morning the 12th of November, to convey delegates to the church, a distance of 23 miles. All persons going by railroad, must be there at that time, as there will be no conveyances after that day.—*Christian Sun.*

Thad Stevens left \$100,000 to his nephew on condition that he abstain from the use of liquor until he was of age; otherwise it goes to soldiers' orphans. Young America says he will not be mean enough to cheat the orphans.

FLOWERS COLLECTION