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## Mouvellette.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

I say, Ruth! want had been had

ad Well You hashand haveled day

The first tone was sharp, eager, significant and masculine.

The response was mild, languid, indifferent and feminine.

'Whose wagon tracks are these?' A farmer past middle age, sunbrowned and muscular, pointed to fresh tracks that described a circle on the moist earth and stretched away in

long parallel lines. The feminine face, pretty and girlish, grew crimson as the answer was hesitatingly given:

'Mr. Olcott's carriage was here this cation of her purchase. afternoon.' London and Marie Marie

'It is only fair to suppose the carriage had a horse before it, and a driver in it, remarked the farmer dryly. -'Who drove?'

girl, with deepening blushes.

come here so often for?' inquired the farmer, testily.

'Jacob,' called a shrill female voice from the window, have you taken the conscious of her failing in that diwheat to the mill!

a very poor market,' answered the far-t counter of the little village store, trymer shortly.'

'Don't tease the child " said the woman rebukingly. 'And you'd better had not been an easy task. The noharry up, or Mr. Jones will be gone from the mill before you get the grist ability so very small. Then the abili-

ping to the girl's side and speaking in | pand themselves to meet her tastes, Jacob, in a kindly tone. a low tone, 'if I see Jerome Anderson and there had been no alternate but coming here I shall put him on ano for the tastes to succumb entirely to ly an Anderson, and his father in debt ther track. He's too good a fellow to the shillings. be trifled with, and Olcott isn't a circunistance-

ruption to the man's remark.

'It's a dreadful thing.'

your death cold sitting out there in lace is an all absorbing one. the dew; and last night you was traip- Ruth Beebe had other thoughts, cott's.'

mation would have provoked a score of until Mrs. Beebe's ambition had chan- Jacob Beebe could interpose. tion.

to ride than to walk, and it's better then. to wear silk gowns than calico, and you'd be standing in your own light window, looked into the orchard with tering, and the attentions of Humagement when a man like Mr. Olcott kles, worships the very ground you walk on. Ho west live batter

Ruth made no reply. The question was debatable, judging from the indecision in her face.

She sat down at the window and 'Jacob!' exclaimed Mrs. Beebe, this looked out until her mother called time touching the man on the shoul-

'Whatever upon earth ails the child! Why, Ruth, you're sitting in the with a stert. 'What's the matter, Radraught, and there'll be a sore throat chel?' he asked. 'Are the cows in the or something worse to pay!'

Ruth arose with a smothered sigh and looked at the clock. 'Half-past ently, 'it's about Ruth.' eight!' she said to herself. 'Father has put Jerome Anderson on another man, subsiding into a seat." track. He won't come to-

night.' She took her work basket from the

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closet and drew up to the table where son's arm,' said Jacob Beebe, with a and she had something to say to Ruth to draw him out of the silence where her mother sewed by the light of a tallow candle, and took from her work basket some muslin and a bit of

Her mother watched her closely .-'Is that all the lace you bought?' she asked in a tone that was full of calcu-

But it didn't take all the money?' asked Mrs. Beebe, in the same calculating tone.

'Yes, ma'am. It takes a great deal of money to buy a very little real lace. Aunt Catharine used to say a person was better dressed with a very little real lace than a great many yards of imitation,' answered Ruth, in justifi- She is a woman and is thinking of

'Humph!' ejaculated Mrs. Beebe, getting married.' somewhat disdainfully. 'Your aunt Catharine has some very high notions. She ain't a bit like your father. She can afford to buy real lace, if she 'Mr. Olcott,' answered the young wants it. If I'd been in your place, I'd rather had more lace for the same 'What does this old covey want to money. You've got some very extravagant notions for a poor girl, Ruth try.

Ruth blushed guiltily. She was the calm reply of her husband. rection. She remembered how that 'No; but Ruth is taking her eggs to very morning she had stood at the ing to reconcile these very condemned notions with her limited ability. It tions were so extravagart, and the ty was so uncompromising. The shil- be, indignantly. 'Ruth,' exclaimed the man, step- lings could not by any possibility ex-

A very trifling thing this balancing ing on to Jerome, remonstrated Mrs. of lace and fithy lucre in a young Beebe. 'If you haven't ambition 'Jacob, are you ever going to get off girl's mind, say you? Perhaps so to enough in your nature to want to with that grist?" was the shrill inter- men who never look at lace with ref- settle your daughter better in life erence to their own toilettes, and to than that, I have, and I've been think-'Yes, I'm going in two jerks,' was women who have lost their love of ing it would be a good thing to send the prompt reply. His voice sunk to dress with their youth; but to a young Ruth to her aunt Catharine's in the a whisper: 'Ruth, don't make work girl who knows that the frill around city, and let her see a little of the for repentance,' he said, impressively her throat has much to do with the world.' tint of her complexion, and that a web Ruth, called the shrill voiced wo- of delicate threads softens the beauty man, 'come in the house. You'll catch of plump, round arms, this question of her husband from his nap or dream

sing over the wet grass as if you standing at the little counter, comparwasn't subject to the quinsy and rheu- ing the lace she wanted with the lace matiz in your shoulder. It must be a she didn't want, trying to reconcile thousand times nicer to ride in a quantity and quality, and price.handsome carriage like Mr. Ol- From tangled thoughts of lace it was a step to tangled thoughts of life, for | ing away as her mother did not. But Ruth's life was somewhat tangled Mrs Beebe carried her point. It was Ruth said it humbly; but the affir- now. It had been a very smooth life her way to overcome all obstacles that queries had she been testifying on the ged it. Ruth Beebe, only a year witness stand, for there was that in it younger than she was now, standing that suggested mental reserva- under the apple trees, with pink and white blossoms falling on her chest- like hers a taste for the luxuries that Mrs. Beebe, the practical, sharp nut hair, looked up behind the brown sighted, clear headed woman, as she hands that sifted the apple blossoms was called, noted the manner with through his fingers, into Jerome Andispleasure. "Of course," she said, derson's honest, love-lit eyes, and "it stands to reason that it's better there was no entanglement in her life

Mrs. Beebe, from the farm house to give Jerome Anderson any encour- a brow piled full of frowning wrin-

> 'Jacob!' she called, in a loud decided tone.

> Jacob did not hear. He was either asleep or dreaming just in sight of the pretty picture in the orchard.

Jacob Beebe came to consciousness corn, or-?'

'No, no!' answered his wife, impati-

'What about Ruth? inquired the

O, I thought it was young Ander-

low, chucking laugh. Mrs. Beebe rose up in her wrath.

Jacob,' she said 'you're a--' mind, and modified her remark.-

a saint,' she said. Jacob Beebe laughed. The laugh, 'Yes, ma'am; it is real,' explained interpreted, said, 'That is not for

> 'Ruth is a woman,' continued Mrs. Beebe, emphatically.

> meditatively. 'It's only a few years since she was a baby.'

Eighteen-just eighteen, the tenth of last month,' corrected Mrs. Beebe. But that's neither here nor there .-

'Married!' echoed Jacob Beebe,

'Now the question is, who shall she marry?' continued Mrs. Beebe, as if she were stating a problem in algebra or a proposition in geome-

'It ain't for you or me to say,' was

'She's pretty enough and good bird might be content in it.' enough for the Governor,' exclaimed Mrs. Beebe.

'Or the President,' added Jacob Beebe, with a proud smile.

'She ain't likely to marry anybody that will be a credit to her family, staying around here and going on with that young Anderson,' said Mrs. Bee-

'He isn't the man for our Ruth; onwhen he died, and all the family hang-

she intended to say when she aroused with that shrill cry of 'Jacob.'

There had been remonstrance on Farmer Beebe's part. It was hard to give up his daughter for a few months even. He did not see her danger in staying home as her mother did, and he did see her danger in go-

From this visit had come the entanglement of Ruth Beebe's life. It was easy to engraft on a young mind surrounded her in her aunt's home, and Mrs. Beebe's ambition and scheming, was gratified on Ruth's return to see that she did not settle down quite content with the old simple ways of living. The discontent might have worn away but for Mrs. Beebe's fosphrey Olcott, the rich man on the hill. These attentions in their ultimate meaning settled so satisfactorily the troublesome questions of taste and ability that Ruth was tempted to make the most of them. But there was Jerome Anderson, the honest young farmer, who looked tenderly on Ruth and askance at the rich man on the hill; and with thoughts of him all of Ruth's life with its opposing claims and counter forces, twisted itself into a tangle as perplexing as the Gordian

She was working away mentally at the tangled web that night, as she sat at the little work table, with the poor candle light falling on the white mus-'What I've got to say,' answered lin and bit of lace.

in her husband's absence. 'I don't know what you're thinking of to encourage a poor man like Je The angry woman changed her rome Anderson, she said, at length, biting off her thread with a jerk. 'If fourth generation the iniquities of the Yon're enough to try the patience of I was you, I'd give him his walking

papers. Ruth recognized that as a bold ad vance movement to draw her into a wordy combat. She had been there before, and knew the ground well .-She snuffed the candle without a word 'Hardly,' answered her husband, of comment. Silence was the only intrenchment into which she could retire. and area amon with the

Mrs. Beebe changed her tactics .-These candles are miserable,' she remarked, in infinite disgust. 'The last tallow wasn't tried right; and if there beaux, and the next thing she will be wasn't water in these dips they wouldn't the pearls; then her eyes sought the st atter like all possessed. I expect it sadly. 'Yes, of course; but it's a feeble lights after enjoying your aunt's a young man with a look of intense

> 'The gas light was very pleasant, answered Ruth, meditatively.

'Humphry Olcott's new house is go ing to have gas in it,' remarked Mrs. the corner was Walter's; and Nellie Beebe, glancing at her daughter to note the effect of her words. 'He building a fine cage. Almost any came to her mind: 'The love of a mar-

gas in it,' commenced Jacob Beebe, who had returned from the mill in and if I was a bird, I'd rather have the poorest, homeliest nest an honest 'Jerome is a likely lad,' answered with its golden bars. That's my opin-

'O, Jacob you are so set in your notions!' exclaimed Mrs. Beebe. 'And to buy her. Just look Jacob at that little piece of lace! Ruth would buy face in the supper and dancing and the real stuff. She don't approve of imitations. There's a pretty girl for the bride and guests and caterers and a poor man's wife! I tell you, Jaco b, musicians were gone, and all the men don't understand these things.'

the worst want in the world,' he said dress laid off, the bride's pale face At last Mrs. Beebe had said what in an under tone. 'And I hope Ruth haunted her still. She closed her eyes will remember that the love of a married woman ought to be the real stuff, and no imitation. Wives can get She had hardly thought so far. A along better without lace than love. girl's thoughts go so little beyond the Are you going to your cousin's wed- wedding day, the bridal trousseau, ding?' he asked turning to Ruth.

ming my dress.'

the farmer, gravely, as the colored blows from the east, when the nerves servant called Mrs. Beebe into the kitchen.

much, answered Ruth, looking up with a feeble smile.

'I wish I could afford-' began the

Ruth stopped him. 'I don't mind a bit,' she said, and her smile was brave now, as she put her arms around her father's neck. 'Don't think of it again. I don't care.'

hair tenderly. 'You're a good girl, Ruth,' he said, with trembling voice. 'Don't let them spoil you.'

Mrs. Beebe came in, and Ruth took that. her candle and went up stairs.

'Jacob,' said Mrs. Beebe, sharply, when they were alone, 'you're enough to try the patience of a saint, as I've told you before. Here I am trying to do all I can for Ruth Ann, and you just upset all I do by your unreasondoing justice by your child nor me.-If Ruth Ann ever makes anybody she won't have her father to thank.'

Jacob snuffed the candle and pick- tle voiced woman. ed up the Bible. The act was strange-

Mrs. Beebe looked at the clock. It kitchen to look after things for the fresh upon them had interested her would soon be time for Jacob's return, night. She knew better than to hope

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in he had intrenched himself. And Jacob read his Bible, his eyes fixed on one verse on the open page. When his wife was gone he read aloud: 'Visiting unto the' third and fathers upon the children. He stop-

ped there with a groan. Yes, he continued: 'I suffer for my father's wrongs, and my child suffers for mine. God help us!' Ruth Beebe stood in a crowded city

parlor watching the throng around her. There was much to please Ruth's fancy. The shimmer of the sitks, the glitter of the jewels, the fragrance of the flowers, the music, and the brilliant lights were very beautiful in her estimate. There was a stir at the door, and ushers cleared the way for the bridal party. For a moment Ruth saw nothing but the trailing satin and flowing lace, the orange blossoms and bridegroom, a little hard faced and wrinkled man. She started visibly, comes tough for for you to see by these and glanced to the corner where stood scorn upon his handsome features.-Ruth remembered her cousin Nellie's words in a confidential mood: 'I shall never love a man as I love Walter Dwight.' The young, scornful face in was vowing love, honor and obedience to this dark faced and wrinkled man. Ruth shuddered as her father's words ried woman ought to be the real stuff 'Olcott's house is pretty sure to have and no imitation.' She looked around and listened. Congratulations had commenced in the center of the room and rippled into the gossipy waves in time to hear his wife's remark concern- the corners. Ruth gathered that the ing Mr. Olcott. 'It's pretty sure to groom was rich as a Jew; that the have gas in it when its master is home; bride's silks would stand alone; that her laces were fine as cobwebs and rare as genuine gold; that the groom's past life would not bear close scrutibird could build me than Olcott's cage ny; that the bride was listless and in-

different; that -She heard no more, watching her cousin's white face as Waller Dwight approached. 'How could she do it?' was her involuntary thought-and here is Ruth sighing and longing for then she checked herself in self-conthings every day that you can't afford demnation. Suppose she married Humphrey Olcott what better was she?

Ruth never lost sight of that white merriment that followed. Even when house was still, as she sat upon the floor with her chestnut hair falling in Jacob Beebe sighed. 'Lace is not unbound beauty, and the simple white to shut out the sight, and stopped her ears to drown the words of Service: 'Until death do us part.' A lifetime! the gifts and first establishment as mistress of a home. She ignores so 'Yes sir,' answered Ruth. 'Mother totally the plain common days that thinks I had better, and I am trim- follow-days, like those in the past, full of vexations and trials-days, 'And you want more lace?' asked when the sun is hidden and the wind are all unstrung and trides become tests of temper, when men and women lay off their social armor, and 'It's a little scant, but I don't mind stand revealed to each other with all their weakness and littleness and blemishes uncovered. Ruth's thoughts grew personal. Humphrey Olcott and a lifetime! Years of fading and of growing old! Years of pain and grief, perhaps! She began to have faith in her father's words: 'Wives can get along better without lace than love. --She almost resolved to make sure of the love if she missed the lace; and, Farmer Beebe smoothed his child's tion was quite settled.

There was a golden wedding in the neighborhood of farmer Beebe's. It was not much of an affair; the couple were too simple and unpretending for

'There will be very little gold and a great deal of wedding, remarked farmer Beebe on their way.

Ruth, just returned from the city wedding, looked up with a smile. She understood her father's meaning. She had gathered some facts from her aunt Catharine concerning her father's marriage. It had been the result able talk against Mr. Olcott. It isn't of his father's ambitious scheming that he had wedded Rachel Crane; and he had not married her without a haunting memory of a mild eyed, gen-

That golden wedding settled Ruth ly like his daughter's an hour ago .- Beebe's fate. Her eyes scarcely left. Experience had taught them both to the old couple. She had always known avoid unequal warfare with this wo- them and pronounced their devotion beautiful, years before. No bride and Mrs. Beebe, frowning, went into the groom with the vows of marriage

Concluded on 4th page.)