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Poetry.

KITTY'S CHOICE

A wealthy old farmer was Abalom Lee. He had but one daughter, the mischievous Kitty. So fair, and so good, and so gentle was she. That lovers came wooing from country and city. The first and the boldest to ask for her hand. Was a trimly dressed dandy who worshipped her "in."

Selected Stories.

Milly of the Manse.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL

'Milly was a winsome bonny lass, when I first knew her,' said Mr. Campbell, 'blithe—and before all women I ever met for singing Allan Ramsay's ballads, or the songs of Robbie Burns; she was her father's darling, her mother's pride, and indeed, I may say, the pride of all the congregation; for her father was the pastor of Kirk-Haverling, and lived at Haverling Manse. She certainly,' continued Mr. Campbell, after pausing a moment, 'was the bonniest and blithest lass I had ever met.'

FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ORDER OF FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE.

RALEIGH, N. C., MARCH 26, 1869.

NO. 47.

'I said the minister; but the handkerchief'—('It was a trunk, I know,' murmured Mrs. Campbell, but in so low a tone as to be heard only by me, who sat next to her)—'did not prevent my being treated by all the house, Milly included, as well as if I had been a laird in prospective; they were happy days, both for me and Ronald, but especially for Ronald, who secured the love of a heart that was above all price. Millicent and the young laird grew together, and studied together, and in all the studies where patience and application was necessary, Milly outdid us all; she was the personification of contented industry and innocent enjoyment; the admired of the rich, the beloved of the poor. It was seen by all at the Manse, except Milly's father and mother, that Ronald M'Lean loved her with a strong and fervid affection, such as men, however they may change in other matters, can feel but once—and Milly was not slow in loving in return. I very much doubt if Millicent would have given up her heart so entirely to this affection, had not the lady of M'Lean, much struck with her beauty and acquirements, invited her to spend a few months at M'Lean castle, an invitation she was proud to accept; and while there the lady treated her with so much kindness, and, as Milly afterwards said, 'so like a mother,' that she felt assured, poor thing! that the proud lady knew and encouraged her attachment towards her son: it was natural enough for her to think so—and indeed Ronald believed the same—natural enough, too, in him—though bitter was the struggle, and hard the trial which taught them the contrary.'

'Milly was at her tryst at the time appointed; the evening was closing in—the stars, one by one, were stealing up the blue arch of heaven—the dewy softness of night was over the landscape; still he came not; there was a perfect stillness in the air and on the earth, and no sound disturbed the serenity of nature, save the occasional bark of the shepherd's dog coming over the mountain, or the splash of the water fowl in the deep blue lake at her feet. It was a delicious hour, yet she heeded it not; her heart was sad—and at last the unbidden tears rolled down her cheeks as if that heart would break. Suddenly came the sound of a footstep; she dashed the memorials of sorrow away, and in another moment—not Ronald—but the M'Lean himself stood at her side.—Now she was indeed alarmed; and grasping the arm of the tall chieftain, demanded, with an earnestness which told her feelings, where Ronald was. 'He seated the trembling girl on the bank, and took his place beside her.—M'Lean was a stern, but not a cold hearted man, and he felt, more than he cared to express at home, for the innocent and artless creature who loved his son with such devotion; he thought highly of her, for thinking highly of that which belonged to him; and it was some time before he was able to make the communication he knew must be made. Ronald M'Lean had fallen from his horse that morning, and had been much injured. He had confided to a favorite servant his desire that Milly should be made acquainted with his misfortune, as an excuse for breaking his appointment. The servant, with the dread of his mistress before his eyes, told her of it; and thus it was that the father and not the son kept the expected tryst. 'And now, Millicent, I am come to commune with you, not to reproach or chide you for a circumstance which we ought all to have foreseen, and over which, poor girl, as yet, you have no control. It will not be always thus; for you have reason, and I am about to call upon you to exercise it, not for your own, but for Ronald's benefit. 'Anything for his benefit,' she replied, 'I will gladly do.'

'What comes,' I answered. 'No doubt they will prove agreeable enough.' We were on the porch next day, waiting for the new arrival, when the omnibus from the depot drove up. Mr. Clare was a man of about thirty-five. He had one of those fine, but marked faces, which once seen you never forget. It was frank, but strong in feature—with a grave, sweet mouth—firmly set for all its sweetness. His eyes were large and gentle, and just a little sad, I thought, as I looked into them for the first time. As he lifted his wife from the omnibus—she was small and light—with almost lover-like gentleness, I felt my heart going out towards the man, and drew a deep breath of relief. 'The right kind of people,' said I, as they passed into the cottage, and left me alone with my wife on the porch.—'Did you get a good look at Mrs. Clare? I did not.' 'Yes.' 'Well, what did the look tell you?' 'She's lovely.' 'And Mr. Clare—what do you think of him?' 'He's a splendid looking man,' answered my wife, with an emphasis on one word in the sentence that left the impression of a doubt in her mind. 'Did you notice his mouth?' 'Yes.' 'It was strong, yet sweet, like a woman's.' A slight veil of thought dropped down over my wife's face. She did not answer for some moments; then said, in a kind of absent way, as if she were turning over some doubt in her mind—'Yes; the mouth was gentle and firm—but has lines of suffering.' 'You think so?' 'They were very plain to my eyes.' And now, looking through my wife's eyes, they were plain to me. We met Mr. and Mrs. Clare at the dinner-table, and found them all we could desire—quiet, refined, and just social enough to make intercourse pleasant. The lady was charming, though you could not call her beautiful. She was petite in figure, with a soft oval face, and brown eyes that were lustrous, yet tender. I noticed, as she sat beside her husband at the table, that she leaned a little towards him.—Afterwards, I observed the same attitude, always when they were together, sitting or standing. And she had a way of looking into his face that was peculiar—a sober, loving kind of way—questioning, and I sometimes thought touched with a doubt, or shadowed by some ever-present memory. Mr. Clare was very gentle towards his wife, and it was plain to see, very fond of her. Nay, 'fond' is too weak a word. He loved her with a pure and deep affection. I had claret on the table, and offered my bottle to our new guests. But they declined, with what seemed to me almost cold politeness. 'It is cooling to the blood,' I remarked, as I lifted a glass of the richly-colored wine to my lips. 'It may cool the blood in some veins, but it burns like fire in others,' replied Mr. Clare, after a moment or two of silence. I said nothing in answer to this, and the subject was dropped. I found Mr. Clare a man of large culture, simple habits, and fine conversational powers. We were much together, and mutually enjoyed each other's society. A week went by pleasantly enough. Bathing, walking, and driving on the beach, sitting in the fresh sea-breeze, and watching the surf as it came seething in upon the shore, or gazing out upon the great, immeasurable ocean—so the time passed almost like a dream. Every day I took my claret, but Mr. Clare drank only water. 'I wish you would try a glass of this wine,' said I, as we sat at the dinner-table one day, about a week after the arrival of our new friends, and I pushed my bottle towards him. 'Thank you,' Mr. Clare answered gravely and decidedly. 'But I am better without wine.' 'Are you quite sure of that?' I queried. 'Pure wine gives life to the blood. It is the spurious stuff that sets the veins on fire.' I noticed that Mrs. Clare leaned just a little closer to her husband, and looked sideways up into his face, in that peculiar way I have mentioned. A faint but quickly fading smile rested on Mrs. Clare's lips as he replied—'There may be idiosyncrasies of blood that will not bear even pure wine. I have heard of such.' 'Have you?' I said, a little curiously. 'Yes,' he answered, after a moment's thought; then added—'About a year

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ago, I saw a curious statement that impressed me strongly. It was made by a physician of some note, and recorded in a medical journal. It was to the effect, ascertained by dissections, that a too free use of stimulating drinks tended to enlarge the blood globules, as well as those of the brain and other organs, so that they stood open-mouthed, as it were, inflamed, athirst always, and eager to drink. The physician to whom I have referred, after clearly ascertaining the existence of this morbid change, had an opportunity to dissect the brain of a man who, after being a drunkard for many years, reformed, and lived soberly until he died. To his astonishment, he found that the unnaturally enlarged globules of the blood and brain had not shrunk to their proper size.—Though they did not exhibit the inflammation of the drunkard's brain, they were enlarged, and ready, it seemed, on the instant, to absorb the fumes of alcohol, and resume their old diseased condition. A low, half stifled sigh touched my ears. I glanced into the face of Mrs. Clare, and saw that her eyes had the set look of one who is gazing intently on some mental picture. It was not a cheerful picture on which her soft eyes were fixed; I needed no words to tell me that. 'Curious,' I remarked, as Mr. Clare ceased speaking. 'I was struck,' he resumed, after a pause, 'with the impression made by this discovery on the physician's mind. He thought he saw in this morbid state of the brain the physical part of the reason why a man who has once been a drunkard can never again, as long as he lives, safely take one drop of alcoholic liquor. He thought he saw why a glass of wine put the man back instantly to where he was when he drank all the time. He saw the citadel free from the enemy, but undefended, incapable of defence, and its doors wide open; so that there was no safety, except in keeping the foe at a distance, away beyond the outermost wall. I thought I detected a slight shiver in Clare's voice, as with some warmth of manner he closed the last sentence. 'I never understood the pathology of this thing before,' said I—'the physical reason why there was safety for the drunkard only in total abstinence. We may have the secret here. But I cannot understand why pure wine should inflame the blood, when every globule is in its normal state. 'There are such things as hereditary conditions,' remarked Mr. Clare. 'Is not a drunkard as likely to transmit the enlarged and thirsty blood and brain globules to his children, as a consumptive his tubercular diathesis?' I was half startled by the conclusive directness of his query. 'The law of transmission,' he went on, 'acts in no partial way. Whatever we do of habit, whether physical or mental, goes down potentially to our children. It is an estate of which no one can rob them. We bless or curse them in our daily lives.' There was a shiver in his voice now. My ear felt it almost painfully. 'Were you always so abstemious?' I asked, two or three days afterwards, as my glass of claret brought back the wine question. 'No,' he answered, somewhat gravely. 'In my younger days I drank occasionally. But wine was always too heating for my blood.' 'Perhaps,' said I, 'the article was not always pure. It has long been difficult to get the genuine stuff.' 'It was always pure in my father's house,' he replied. 'Then you are familiar with the best brands,' I remarked. 'Entirely.' 'And know the flavor of good wine?' 'Few know it better,' he answered quietly. I lifted the half-emptied glass of claret that stood near my plate, held it to the light, and then sipped a few drops, saying as I did so, 'I think this is all right. It should be, for it came directly from the importer's, and I paid him his own price under the guarantee of genuineness. I am afraid of all doctored stuff. Do me the favor, and I poured a claret glass half-full, just to let a few drops fall over your tongue, and give me your opinion of its quality.' How could he refuse so slight a request? For an instant there was hesitation. I looked at him, and saw a quick change in his face. His wife leaned closer, and laid her hand very softly on his arm. Then he took the glass I held towards him, raised it to his mouth, and sipped a few drops of the fruity wine. My eyes were on his face, watching for the connoisseur's look of pleasure. The expression I saw was more than that. It had in it a quick

A Temperance Story.

One Fearful Night.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

We came down earlier than usual to the 'shore' that season, said my friend, and took rooms at a cottage, not liking the bustle of a large hotel. We were to occupy the cottage jointly with another family, consisting of a gentleman, his wife, and little daughter about six years old. Our landlady was a pleasant Quaker, of middle age, and all the appointments of her house were neat and comfortable. We were first on the ground, and would have the nice little home all to ourselves for two weeks, when our fellow-boarders were to arrive. 'I hope they are pleasant people,' said my wife, as we sat at the tea-table on the evening before the day on which Mrs. Rawlings expected them. 'You said their name was Clare?' turning to our landlady. 'Yes.' 'Who are they?' 'People of standing, I believe,' was the quiet answer. 'Were they ever here before?' Mrs. Rawlings said—'No.' 'I feel a little nervous about our fellow-boarders,' said my wife, when we were alone. 'If they should prove agreeable, we shall have a very cosy time; but if disagreeable, only annoyance. Two families thrown together as closely as ours will be, need, for comfort to themselves, affinity of taste and temperament.' 'We shall have to make the best of

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