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# Friend of Temperance.

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## Friends af Temperauce Directory.

The Order of the Friends of Temperance was instituted in the city of Petersburg, Va., on the 29th and 30th of November, 1865. The State Council of Virginia was organized

at Waynesboro', on the 24th of April, 1866. The State Council of North Carolina was or ganized at Henderson, April the 8th, 1867. Subordinate Councils were organized in the

States of Georgia, Louisiana, West Virginia, Tennessee and South Carolina, in 1866 7. The Supreme Council of the Order was insti tuted in Petersburg, Va., June the 25th, 1867.

This Order, rapidly spreading over the South ern States, bids fair to be the means of accomplishing great good.

OFFICERS OF THE SUPREME COUNCIL President-Maj. D. S. Hill, Louisburg, N ( Associate - Rev. G. W. Dame, Danville, Va. Chaplain-Rev. J. N. Andrews, Wilmgi'n, N. C. Secretary-Rev. W. B. Wellons, Suffolk, Va. Treasurer-Rev. J. A. Cuninggim, Louisburg Conductor-G. A. Bruce, Waynesboro', Va. Sentinel-Rev. A. R. Raven, Smithfield, N. C.

The Supreme Council will hold its next Bi ennial Session in Richmond, Va., commencing on the 4th Tuesday in July, 1871.

Danie, Danville, Abeil Charlottesville. Leitch, Collierstown J. W. Newton, Staunton.

Rev. Jame Young, Charlottesville, The fourth Annual Session of this body wil be he'd in Petersiang, commencing on the 4th Tuesday in October, Tours

ASSOCIATE, W. M. Poisson, Wilmington. CHAPLAIN, Rev. A. R. Raven, Smithfield. SECRETARY, R. H. Whitaker, Raleigh. TREASURER, Rev. J. W. Wellons, Franklinton CONDUCTOR, J. M. Shelly. Thomasville. SENTINEL, L. D. Heartt, Raleigh,

STATE LECTURER. Rev. J. R. Brooks, Smithfield, The next Annual Session will be held i Goldsboro', commencing on the first Wednes day in October, 1869,

## Selected Story.

No one who saw Miss Jessica Rosi. pozie could doubt that she was the most beautiful damsel in all Landersburg .-It is said that lightning never strikes twice in one spot, and I am inclined to believe that really handsome young ladies are very much like lightning in this respect. But the town of Landersburg was particularly happy in the fact that it contained two beauties, and they both bore the name of Resipozic -mother and daughter-the former thirty-five and the latter seventeen.

Mrs. Rosipozie was a widow, and had been in that very nucertain condition for nearly five years. It wasn't done with sentiment." for want of lovers, though, for every single man in town, who wasn't in love with her daughter, was in love with her; and as they both did a very flourishing business in the issuing of rejections to would-be-husbands, it wasn't long before they gained the name of "heartless coquettes;" and if young Tom Wigwag had not appeared on the stage at just this time, in the role lover to the young lady, it is terrible to thing myself if I was twenty years think what the fate of the two beauties younger; but now suppose your daughof Landersburg might have been.

ated in the suburbs of the town, and It would break Tom's heart. Now furthermore, the widow was possessed believe in hearts-" of some good bank stock, several rail road shares that paid good dividends, casting the most tender glance of her and a very pretty little sum in government bonds, all of which the defunct had a visible effect upon him, for a blush Rosip zie had left her when he took his wedged its way up under his shirt coldeparture fr m this "vale of tears," and lar and tingled in his nose. it was doubtless the possession of this Mrs. Rosipozie a widow so long, for account. Any great disappointment

she was certainly a "marrying woman," now, might ruin him for life. Now time you and I will have slipped away and if she could have been sure that Jessica is called a coquette-" Mr. Smith, or Mr. Brown, or Mr. Jones didn't care more for her money sipozie. than they did for herself, one of them would have received an agreeable answer to his proposal; but as she wasn't sure, she made a vow, a solemn vow, that until such time as she was, she

minutes past seven o'clock, upon one of was.' the brightest evenings in the month of June, 18-; but the words were hard-Bridget ushered into Mrs. Rosipozie's up her mind to accept him." back parlor the village apothecary, Mr. Thomas Wigwag the elder.

would remain single.

" Why, Mr. Wigwag, good evening," said the widow, with her sweetest emile.

"Good evening, ma'am," returned Mr. Wigwag.

Mrs. Resipozie was sented in a cosy little rocking chair beside her work-ta- our family better-" ble, and so Mr. Wigwag took another cosy little rocking chair-it was just like the widow's-and drawing it up beside her, very close, he sat down.

a human being to be. He was just the since the death of her own James. roundest, resiest faced anothecary that ever lived; and he had the merriest pair of blue eyes, and the jolliest nose; and then his form was the exact model of a happy, good-natured gentleman, and of all men in the world, there wasn't one who could have made such an impression upon the heart of the brautiful widow Rosipozie; for in the first place he was quite wealthy, and therefore could have no designs on her property, and secondly, he had been a widower twenty years, which spoke well for his affections, and thirdly, he was such a very agreeable gentleman nau it was just as finien as the could do to keep from loving him.

Mrs. Rosipozie thought of all this, and a great deal more, in less than sixty seconds -in fact, while Mr. Wigwag was occupied in getting his chair just right, which was no sooner done than he spoke:

"Mrs. Rosipozie," said he, "you have a daughter."

You should have seen the expression hat passed over the lady's face. It was such an expression as must have been caused by several conflicting emotions, and some very unpleasant ones. too, for after the blood had rushed into her face, it as quickly rushed out of it. and all the jaundice in her system setded around her nose, and her blue eyes became a sea-green, and she looked older by ten years.

"Bless my stars!" cried Mr. Wig-

"Go on," said Mrs. Rosipozie, in a

"Do you feel well, Mrs. Rosipozie?"

"Perfectly well, Mr. Wigwag." "Then I'll proceed. As I remarked before, I have a son and you have

daughter." "O, O!" It was a sigh of relief from Mrs. Rosipozie. Once more a smile il lumined her countenance as she turned

towards Mr. Wigwag. "Now, Mrs. Rosipozie, you may think that a person of my age should have

" Not at all," cried the widow; "I'm

sure you're not old." "Think you so? Well, be that as it may, I've a son that is five and twenty, and he's an only child, and he's the light of his father's eyes and the young rogue knows it, and what should the scamp do but go and fall in love with your daughter Jessica, and I'll be cut up inof to shoestrings if I wouldn't do the same ter shouldn't love Tom? Just imagine They owned a handsome house, situ- the consequences, if you please, ma'am.

> "O, I knew you did," cried the lady, soft blue eyes upon Mr. Wigwag. It

"Knew I did? Then you can unsnug little property which had kept derstand why I am troubled on Tom's

"But you are not," said Mr. Wigwag. train for New York." ca a coquette, though she has refused "But won't it seem almost too romanseveral offers of marriage, which she the for such an old couple?" (each, \$1 75) ..... \$17 500 This vow was made at just sixteen answer would be different from what it the widow a kiss.

> "Very good, Mrs. Rosipozie, very good indeed; and, by the way, I hope ly ont of her mouth when the door-bell she will never lead any man into a pro- tiful!" rang, and it hadn't ceased tinkling when posal of marriage, until she has made

> > "Mr. Wigwag!" Now I've been the lovers out of their seats. trying for the last five minutes to make out how Mrs. Rosipozie's hand got in turning pale. side of the apothecary's, but I can't imagine for the life of me. I don't be- uing out into the ball. lieve Mr. Wigwag knew, and I'm sure Mrs. Rosipozie didn't. "Mr. Wig- breath. wag," said the widow, "if you knew

wag, and he squeezed her hand, just a little-just the slightest contraction of the muscles, you know-but it sent a Now Mr. Wigwag was as unlike Ro- thrill to the widow's heart, and such a And so he took her little hands in his, meo's apothecary as it was possible for thrill! She had felt nothing like it and he drew her head down on hi

loves Tom."

"Bless her!" cried Mr. Wigwag. "And I like Tom very much."

said Mr. Wigwag. "And Jessica will make a good wife;

but 'twill be hard for me to lose her. shall be quite alone then," said the widow, in a pensive tone. . "And it isn't good to be alone," mut-

tered Mr. Wigwag. "I've thought sometimes that I should marry again." "Indeed!" said the widow.

"I don't know of but one wag squeezed that little hand.

"I wonder who that can be?" And Mrs. Rosipozie looked very innocent. Her countenance looked decidedly still, and not the faintest murmur of opaque, though her little heart beat at breeze to kiss the dew upon the flowa terrible rate.

"If I thought she'd marry me-" the widow.

"Will you, Mrs. Rosipozie?"

"Mr. Wigwag!" cried the widow, rying to restrain her feelings.

Rosipozie. "Was this in your mind when you

came here to-night?" she asked.

thinking of it for two years." about young Tom as-'

"O you rogue!" cried the widow. "O, you jewel! will you be mine?"

"To be sure I will, Tom, my love;" and before you could say Jack Robinson, she was in his arms, and old Tom form as round, a foot as neat, and Wigwing was kissing Mrs. Rosipozie, other with all the ardor of young lov- skin, the most bewitching little nose ers, and said a thousand foolish things, as all lovers, either old or young, will say upon such occasions.

"Won't Jessica be delighted!" cried

"And Tom-no, Tom must not know of it. He'd plague the life out of me. Upon my word, love, I don't think it will do to let the young folks know anything about it. We must get married before they even suspect that we are ever going to," said old Tom

Wigwag. "But how can we do that?" asked the widow.

"By George! I've got it," cried Mr. Wigwag, "We will get everything ready-and, by the way, how long will it take vou?"

"Very good-a month it is. We'll say four weeks from to-night. I'll bave a carriage ready at twelve o'clock.

You must write a note for Jessica, and

I'll write another for Tom, which they

"O, a month, perhaps," said the wid-

in the darkness, and before sunrise we "And so am I," said the widow Ro- will be in W-, where the knot shall be tied, when we will take the next

"Of course not; and neither is Jessi- Good!" cried the widow Rosipozie.

had a perfect right to do; but she nev- Egad! I never felt younger in my perhaps they were putting their heads ' er led any man to suppose that his final life," cried old Tom Wigwag, giving together to devise some plan to keep

> Mrs. Rosipozie. " And you never looked more beau-

"O you flatterer !" Whang went the front door, starting

"What's that?" asked the widew, "I'll see," cried Tom Wigwag, run-

Mrs. Rosipozie listened with hushed

"There's no one here, my darling. The wind blew the door together, that's "I wish I did," muttered Mr. Wig. all;" and so he came back and sat down | quette-"

beside her. "You're nervous to-night," said he. "I believe I am," she returned .shoulder, and essayed to quiet her "I-I'm almost sure that Jessica nerves; but whether he succeeded or not I can't stop to tell you, for I must follow as fast as I can the young lady who had been standing for the last "And he ought to have a good wife," half hour, at the back parlor door, in the attitude of a Grecian bender, listen-

> ing to every word that was said, with both hands over her mouth to keep from laughing out loud. "I must see Tom to-night," she whispered, as she put on her hat in the hall. and threw a light shawl over her shoul

> ders. "The secret is altogether too much for a little woman like me to keep;" and so she hurried out into the and it mas tached startled the

It was a beautiful evening, calm and ers that glittered like ten thousand ser pents' eyes in the radiant moonlight .-"Why dont't you ask her?" inquired It was a night for lovers or poets; but this young lady had such a very important secret upon her mind, that she couldn't stop to admire the scenery, however beautiful. She walked very "Will you, Mrs. Rosipozie?" he re- fast, neither turning to the right no left, straight into the village, till she Mrs. Rosipozie looked at Mr. Wig- came to a window from which various wag, and Mr. Wigwag looked at Mrs. colored lights shone out into the street

It was the village drug store.

"I wonder if Tom is alone?" She peeped in. Yes, there he was "Yes, Mrs. Rosipozie, I've been seated in an arm-chair, with his patent leathers upon the counter, a cigar in his "And you were not quite so anxious mouth and the evening papers before him; and so the young lady walked in, "As I was about old Tom," laughed and as the light fell upon her you could see at a glance that she was very beautiful, and therefore could be no other than Miss Jessica Rosipozie, the handsomest girl in all Landersburg.

She was of medium height, with a hand as small and white as one could and Mrs. Rosipozie was kissing old wish to see. Then she had the most Tom Wigwag, and they embraced each golden hair, and the softest, whitest

And beautiful, like skies seen through The sleeping wave,"

and the rosiest little mouth, and a tiny little chin, and the very whitest teeth, and-and, I beg the reader will excuse me from going further-pray imagine

"O Tom!" said the young lady. "Why, bless me!" cried Tom, look-

ing up from his paper. "And me, too," said she. "To be sure," replied the young

Wigwag; "but where did you come from at this time of night?" "O Tom, I've got such a secret !"

"But you can't keep it," said he. "I don't want to, Tom. It's too good to keep, and I came down here on

purpose to tell it to you." "Well, what is it, Jessica?" "You just sit down again, and I'll whisper it in your ear," said the young

"Be careful of my side whiskers, will both find in the morning. Mean- cautioned Tom, taking his seat.

"Now I suppose I didn't do just right to listen to what was intended to arm around the lady's waist, drew her be private conversation," said Jessica, close to his breast and kissed her. "but I was passing the back parlor door, you see, and I was tempted to him put my ear to the keyhole, because I knew your father was in there, all alone pered Tom. with my mother; and I thought that you and I away from each other; and And I never felt more happy," said if they were, I thought it was only fair for me to find out the plot, so that I could foil them-and O, Tom, I found out such a plot!" And Miss Jessica burst out laughing as she thought of it. back, for he's waiting for me." 1 2/6 "A plot!" cried Tom. "What.

against us?" "You'd never guess what it was,"

answered J-ssica.

" Well ?" "Well, I'm going to tell you all about it, just as I heard it through the thing behind," gasped the widow. keyhole, for after I heard your father "Just as you say, marm," returned speak of you, Tom-and he spoke of the driver, and accordingly the carriage me, too, and said I was called a co- was turned about.

"The deuce he did," said Tom.

say, my dear, let's have the story." And so Jessica laid her hand on you?" and had received the Fom's shoulder, and told him, word for "Yes, dear Town word, what the reader already knows. the carriage had given the word to the

concluded, "we'll be even with 'em all possible speed for W-, and so, to there. Going to New York, eh? Go- be comfortable, he had placed his arm ing to surprise young Tom! Egad. I around the dear form, and placed a kiss guess we'll surprise old Tom."

"Do? Why, we'll go to New York. They start for W --- at midnight, and we'll start for P-- at the same hour, shaved it off?" We'll be married there, take the train which connects with that from W--

and go into New York with 'em."

Aller this backey 2" away Largie er and son, watched each other with the of he knew not what. "Are you the most jealous eyes. And old Tom tried | widow Roispozie?" to look very innocent, and young Tom wore an expression upon his countenance decidedly lamb-like for the entire er?" month. And the same thing was going on up at Mrs. Resipozie's; but nothing horrible suspicion crossing her mind. came of all the watching, and so the 'Where's your son?" four weeks passed away.

The night, ever to be remembered by the Wigwag family, came on, dark and with my mother!' screamed Jessica. stormy. It had been raining all day, a slow drizzle, and so it continued through the night.

to get out of town quietly," remarked back to be laughed at by all Landers-Tom Wigwag the elder, as he stepped burg. We can't keep it to ourselves. close carriage, with the driver all in back as fast as you can. I've left a awaiting him, but before he reached the in it; and he fell back into his seat, stable, another close carriage, driven perfectly overcome. furiously, passed him, splashing his new Not another word was spoken until suit plentifully with mud, and if he the carriage arrived at the widow Rocould have looked in he would have sipozie's. Then the apothecary got seen his promising son Tom lolling com- down, helped Jessica out, and dismissed fortably on the back seat, chuckling all the driver by placing a 'greenback' in to himself to think how he should sur his hand, and whispering the simple prise the old gentleman when they met "Won't it be rich," he snickered .-

"Won't they feel small to be caught in their own nest?" And young Tom say about it? growled the spothecary. langhed there to himself as he rattled on through the streets of Landersburg; till at last the carriage stopped and the ashamed of yourself todriver appeared at the door.

"Here we are, sir." n a hurry, I think."

" Orders, I believe, sir.' "Yes, to be sure. I find no fault;" and he jumped out and ran up to Mrs.

Rosipozie's back-yard gate. " Is that you, Tom ?" He thought he could make out a woman's form in the darkness, wrapped in a water-proof cloak; but he could be positive of nothing save the voice, and

that was Jessica's "Of course it's Tom, love," he whis-pered back. "How came you out Just as you s here? I was to find you at-"O, I heard the carriage, and thought I'd save you the trouble

coming any further," she replied. "That was kind," he said, leading her towards the carriage. He helped thousand dollars!' cried Mr. Tom Wigher in, and following, took a seat he wag senior. side her, while the coachman closed the door, and then, mounting the box, drove off, just as the rattling of carriage wheels met his ears.

As they rolled away, Tom slipped his "O!" cried the lady, recoiling from

"What's the matter, love?" whis-

"That moustache!" she faltered .-His face is smooth!"

"The deuce it is," said Tom.

"That voice!" screamed the lady.

"That voice !" shouted Tom. "It's young Tom," said she.

" It's the widow," yelled Tom. "O heavens! we must drive right

"Of course we must, for she's waiting for me," greaned Tom. "Stop the carriage."

"Hallo," cried the driver. "What "Drive right back; we've left some-

Now while young Tom had been finding out his mistake, old Tom had "But he didn't believe it," said Jes- reached the widow Rosipozie's, had found a woman bundled in a water-"How could be?" cried Tom. "But proof standing just outside of the back door, had whispered the words, "Is it "By George!" eried Tom, as she coachman, and now they were making

upon those sweet lips. "Why, what will you do?" asked "Why, where's your moustache?"

she whispered. "Mustache!" laughed old Tom.

"Twas such a beauty! You haven't

"Shaved it off!" cried be, "I never had a mustache." "O, that voice—it isn't Tom's."

"No no, I'm her daughter."

'I don't know-O, I don't know,' a

"O the deuce! Where's your moth-

'What, Tom? At home and abed," 'No, Mr. Wigwag, he's run away

'The rascal,' groaned Mr. Wigwag.

'It's all a mistake-a horrid mistake,' said Jessica, bursting into tears. "Couldn't have had a better night if 'I see,' murmnred Wigwag, gasping ve'd ordered it made expressly for us, for breath. 'We must go back to-go out into the rain, and began carefully Murder will out. Stop the carriage, to make his way to the stable, where a he shouted to the driver. 'Take us readiness to mount the box, stood bundle of dry goods with-a woman

word, 'mum.'

Well?' said young Tom. Well, young man, what have you to

'Wasn't in jolly, father?' 'Tom Wigwag, you ought to be

'Run away with a young and innocent girl, when you had promised to "Bless me!" cried Tom, ' we came marry her mother, put in Tom. 'Come, father, as we've begun, let's all make a night of it. Send for a minist r and we'll all be married on the spot. That will be quite as romantic as the original

> 'More, a thousand times more,' cried. 'I've had romance enough for one

night, said the widow. 'And so have I,' cried old Tom Wigwag. 'We'll be married like Chris-

'Just as you say, mther,' returned voting Tom. Good night, Jessica. Come, father, let's go home, and if possible we will keep this little affair to.

'I wouldn't have it get out for a

'Nor L' cried the widow; 'but I'm afraid it will leak out.' I'm afraid it did .- Ballou's Monthly Magazine.