

The Friend of Temperance.

Mr. Arnold. "I tell you what it is, this city life is what is going to kill us all yet. I cannot rest nights on account of the heat in that little bedroom, and I guess Jane don't get any more rest than I do."

"No, James, I do not rest. The heat is so oppressive—and my thoughts still more so," she added to herself.

"Well, I thought you were all contented," said Mrs. Brown, raising her brow. "Of course, that unfortunate affair about William might have happened in the country as well as here."

Mrs. Arnold gave her sister a warning look to keep silent, for as yet his father knew not the real cause of William's sudden departure.

One morning, Nina not coming down to breakfast as usual, Mrs. Arnold went to her room and called her to come down, as it was breakfast-time.

"O mother! I am so sick."

"What is the matter?" asked her mother in alarm. "Why, child, you have a burning fever!"

"I know it, mother. Oh! please let me stay in bed."

"You shall, my child."

"And, mother, need I go to school any more? It is so crowded there; and every time I go up those long stairs my heart beats, oh! so fast; and my head aches so that I can hardly see."

"No, my dear, you need not go to school; and I will send your father for the doctor, for you are very ill."

Mr. Arnold had not yet gone to the shop, so he was soon on his way for a doctor.

"Stop at Martha's, and she will tell you who to call in. O dear! what if I should call in a quack, and he should kill my girl! I do wish I could see old Dr. Green. He would know just what to do," and Mrs. Arnold wrung her hands in despair.

In a very short time Mr. Arnold returned, bringing with him Aunt Martha and the doctor. Nina by this time had become delirious, and was running over her lessons, mixing up algebra and philosophy in a strange medley.

"O doctor! do you think she will die?" said Mrs. Arnold in a voice of distress.

"She certainly is very sick," replied the doctor. "But with good nursing I think she will recover."

"What is her disease?" inquired Mrs. Brown.

"She is suffering from nervous fever, brought on, I think, by too close application to study and not enough physical exercise," replied the doctor, and, leaving some medicine and advice, he departed.

Mrs. Arnold was like some one almost bereft of reason itself. She had never had much sickness in the family that called for the services of a physician, and now her mind was so agitated that she could do nothing at all for the sick girl. Mrs. Brown kindly stayed to assist.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "all this comes from moving to this awful city. Why was I not content to remain where we were all so happy? I wish from my heart we were all there again."

"So do I, mother," said Mr. Arnold earnestly. "This year has been enough for me."

Nina, in a moment of semi-consciousness, had heard enough to know what was going on, and gave her parents such a look of satisfaction that they knew how to interpret it.

"O mother!" she exclaimed, "do go back to the old place."

Then her mind again wandered, and she was roaming through the old woods, listening to the wild bird's song, calling them by their own names, and begging each one not to let her go to school up those long stairs any more; then she would be dabbling her hands in the clear brook, and attempting to jump into its cool waters. "I am so warm and tired," she would say.

"My poor birdie," said her father, "you shall go back to the country as soon as you are able."

"Yes," said Mrs. Brown, "I think if she was out of the city during the summer months it would do her good. I would let her go as soon as she is well enough."

"Yes, we will all go," said Mr. Arnold firmly.

Nina grew worse day by day. One day the fever (which had gone to the brain) had reached its crisis. Nina slept the anxious sleep which so many have watched, and waited in an agonizing state of suspense. The house was as still as death. Mrs. Arnold sat on one side of the bed, while Mr. Arnold and the doctor, the latter with Nina's pulse, near his fingers and his watch in his hand, sat at the other side. Deep and regular came the breathings from the sufferer, until at last came one long, deep breath, as though the sick girl were taking a new hold on life, and then she slowly opened her eyes. A gentle moisture was perceptible about the lips and brow, and instead of the vacant stare that for days had dwelt in her eyes, there was the light of a clear intellect.

"She will live!" said the doctor in a subdued voice. "But she will need great care."

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Arnold could speak. Their hearts were too full of joy. Now that the suspense was over, their own nerves were unbenumbed, and both left the room in tears. Mrs. Brown and the doctor remained.

"Where am I?" said Nina, as she endeavored to turn her head to look about her.

"You are home, dear," said her aunt. "Your father and mother are in the next room, and I am with you. But you must not think nor talk, for you are still very weak."

The sick girl looked at her aunt as if she comprehended her meaning, then closed her eyes wearily again.

But we will not linger around the sick-room too long. Nina, with good care, was soon convalescent. Her father had promised that she should go to the old home as soon as she was able, which greatly helped to increase her strength.

"Well, Martha," said Mr. Arnold to his sister-in-law, one day after Nina had almost recovered, "I think we have had enough of city life. Jane and I have made up our minds to go back to the country again. After all, the work there is nothing to the trouble here."

"But, James," persisted Mrs. Brown, "all this might have happened there. One is not exempt from sickness, you know, whether in country or city."

"I know that," said he. "But I am satisfied with city life. Let those who like it enjoy it if they can. And, as for work, why, Jane never had the weary, troubled look she wears now during our whole life at the farm; and I know," he said tenderly, "that her heart never was so heavy as now."

"Ah!" sighed Mrs. Arnold, "I have suffered more mental anguish during the last six months than I ever thought it possible to endure. If I only could know where William is, I should be satisfied. Oh! I know that coming to the city was the ruination of that boy."

And Mrs. Arnold rocked herself to and fro with her grief.

"William never did like the farm," said Mrs. Brown; "and would have left it in a few years at the most."

"But not in disgrace, Martha."

"Disgrace!" exclaimed Mr. Arnold. "Yes, disgrace," said his wife. "You did not know all about William, James; nor can I ever tell you."

Nina, pale and ghost like, entered the room at this time, so the subject of William's conduct was dismissed.

"But, James," said Mrs. Brown, "can you get your farm back again so soon?"

"Yes, I only rented it for one year; and I have notified Mr. Rawlings that at the end of that time I am coming back, so there will be no trouble on that score. I can buy stock and fixtures, and go back again into the old tracks."

"We shall all be so happy," said Nina.

"Yes, dear, if we can only bring back the roses to your cheeks," said her father, tenderly drawing her to him.

"And then if William would only come back," said Nina softly—she always spoke William's name in a whisper—"because," she said, "it troubled mother to mention him."

And so the time passed on until the year had expired. Then came another moving-day. "But as Mrs. Arnold said, 'somehow it seemed different—James went about whistling in his old, cheerful way'—she had not heard him whistle since he moved to the city—"and everything went on all right."

If the little woman only knew it, she was happier herself. Not a cloud obscured her vision on this moving-day, and there had been numerous clouds before.

At the farm all was in uproar. "James acted like a crazy boy," Mr. Rawlings said. "But what cared James? Was not father and mother moving back? 'Got enough of city life and Aunt Martha's notions!' he exclaimed, clapping his hands for joy."

Home again! For the past year, all had seemed so new and strange, that our friends had seemed as though they were some other persons in somebody else's home; but now there was no question about it. They were actually in their own home. Mr. Arnold partook of James's joy, and laughed, and whistled, and looked into every well known place, and declared he felt ten years younger. Mrs. Arnold moved about in a silent, quiet manner, but the old light in her eye was gone, and in its place was a shade such as always follows days and months of mental anxiety. She was always looking with an anxious expression toward the road, as though she expected some one to come, and the table was never set without the plate for the absent one being placed upon it. "I feel sure he will come some day," she would say.

One evening, a few months after their return to the farm, they were all sitting beside the open fire, for the weather was yet cool, quietly talking about the affairs of the farm. Mrs. Arnold suddenly stooped forward in a listening attitude. The family were so accustomed to this that they hardly noticed it, until they heard a knock at the outer door.

"I will go," said Mr. Arnold.

He took up a lamp, and proceeded to open the door. A man in a sailor's costume stood before him.

"May I have lodging here, sir?" he inquired.

Before Mr. Arnold could reply, Mrs. Arnold, who had followed her husband, exclaimed—"I knew he would come! William, my son, my son!"

It was indeed the absent one returned after so many months of silence. "But we will draw a veil over that scene. Such happiness wants no spectators."

Our story is ended in a few words. The tenant, after that night of dissipation, had been ashamed to meet his parents, so had gone to sea. But sea-faring life he had found much more distasteful than city life, so had returned. He went immediately to his Aunt Martha's, and found that his parents had removed to the country, and as quick as he could travel he had come to them.

"I will never leave the farm again, mother. It is, after all, the happiest and best place."

"Yes, William; and I have proved that mental trouble tells more on the constitution than physical labor."

"Dear mother, how you have suffered," he replied, as he kissed away a tear that had fallen on her cheek.

The Friend of Temperance.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1870.

Letters containing money must always be registered.

The Red X informs you that this is the last number for which you have paid, and respectfully asks you to renew.

Another State Council.

By reference to brother Young's letter, it will be seen that the State Council of Texas was organized, as announced, on the 4th of July, and under the most cheering circumstances, having ninety-two Subordinate Councils to begin with. Texas is the banner temperance State of the South. She has more in eight months than North Carolina has done in four years. Hurra for Texas!

We are glad to learn that brother Young has arrived at his home, in Virginia, and is once more enjoying the sweets of the family circle.

When he has rested, we hope he may be induced to make a visit to North Carolina and stir our people up.

War.

Lest somebody may think we are about to say something of the war in North Carolina, we will set the matter at rest by announcing the melancholy fact, that on the 15th instant, the Corps Legislatif of France, ten minutes before 2 o'clock, P. M., formally declared war against Prussia, and since that time war preparations have been vigorously made by the two Governments which are soon to meet in sanguinary conflict.

A million of men on each side, it is said, will be thrown to the front, and Napoleon will lead in person the army of France. The difficulty arises out of the fact that a German prince had been nominated for the throne of Spain, whose claims, however, have been withdrawn since trouble is likely to come upon him.

We are opposed to war and the liquor traffic, for the reason that they destroy the good as well as the bad men and bring suffering upon the innocent as well as the guilty. If the vicious and the ambitious were the only sufferers, we might be justified in saying to the ambitious, fight on! and to the liquor-seller, sell on! But as this cannot be, we say: "let us have peace!"

Book Notices.

THE RECONSTRUCTED FARMER for July is upon our table, containing its usual amount and variety of reading matter valuable to the farmer. Published at Tarboro, N. C., by Jas. R. Thigpen and John S. Dancy, at \$2 per annum.

We have received from the Christian Board of Publication, Suffolk, Va., a neatly printed pamphlet of the proceedings of the General Convention of the Christian Church, including the sessions of 1866, 1867 and 1870, with an address by Rev. W. B. Wellons, President. Besides a very neat job, it is a very valuable pamphlet to the membership, as well as the friends of the Christian Church, as it contains a history of the rise and progress of that church, its present condition, &c.

AUTHOR'S HOME MAGAZINE for AUGUST.—Among the Ladies' Magazines, this is fast taking the lead, not only for the high character of its reading, but for the beauty of its illustrations, and the fulness and variety of its fashion and needlework departments. Miss Townsend's new story, "Jacqueline," increases in interest with every number; while the admirable series of articles on "Woman's Work and Woman's Wages," show a breadth and common sense in their treatment of a difficult subject, worthy of all praise. T. S. Arthur & Sons, Philadelphia, the publishers of this elegant periodical, are uniting in their efforts to make it the leading Lady's Magazine of the country. Price, \$2 a year.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR, published by T. S. Arthur & Sons of Philadelphia, comes to our table for August as pure, and fresh, and beautiful as ever. To our readers we would say, take as many magazines for your children as you can afford; but whether you take one or five, be sure that you let them have "The Children's Hour." The price is only \$1.25 a year, and your children should have it if it cost twice as much.

Two "Early Rose" potatoes, planted in Winston, produced 111 potatoes.—Exchange.

A pretty fair yield. But from two of the Landreth Early Rose, planted in our garden, about the 15th of March, and dug about the 15th of July, we dug nearly three pecks of the finest potatoes we have seen this season. Try again.

No room for editorial this week.

Our Order.

FAITH. TEMPERANCE. CHARITY.

The Temperance Work.

Rev. W. B. Wellons, Secretary of the Supreme Council, sums up as follows, the progress which the temperance cause is making in the Southern States:

How is the cause of Temperance progressing? is a question often propounded to us. The answer surprises many. We are prepared to assure all, that the friends of the cause have much to encourage them, and the cause is doing well.

The Friends of Temperance, the largest Temperance organization in the South, is spreading out over our whole Sunny Land. One hundred and twenty-seven Councils have been chartered in Virginia, and about one hundred of them are working well. In North Carolina about eighty-nine Councils have been organized, and most of them are doing well. Rev. R. H. Whitaker, the Secretary of the State Council, and editor of the *Friend of Temperance*, speaks most hopefully of the prospects of the Order in his State.

In Texas where Rev. Jas. Young has been spending several months as General Lecturer, the cause has taken deep root. Nearly, or quite one hundred subordinate Councils have been organized, and a State Council was to be organized on the 4th, from which we have yet learned nothing.

In Mississippi the Order is increasing, and a State Council is to be organized at an early day. A charter was issued this week for a new Council at Liberty, Amite Co., Number 12.

In West Virginia, the cause has taken a firm hold, and in South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee and Louisiana Councils have been organized. Maryland and Kentucky, with Missouri, are arranging to fall into line, and thus the good work of the Order progresses.

In Richmond, the old Order of Sons of Temperance have been doing good work in the temperance cause. A few Divisions also exist in Loudon county, and one in the city of Portsmouth.

In Raleigh, N. C., a new organization has commenced among the colored people, called "Sons of the Soil." This organization is destined to do much good among the colored people. And in Richmond some other organization has come into existence for the benefit of the colored people.

Bands of Hope, for boys, is a large organization in more Southern States. This work is progressing in every State.

There are some things which go to discourage the earnest workers in this cause, the chief of which is the disposition of a large number of ministers of the gospel to stand aloof from the Temperance work, and as a natural consequence, many old and influential church members, pursue the same unwise course. This, more than every other cause hinders our good work. But we are continually making conquests among the ministry, and in the States farther South, the ministry have been coming forward in large numbers, and enlisting under our banner, recently.

We are fairly out on the ocean in our work for the good of others, our colors are nailed fast to the mast-head of our barque, and we have determined never to surrender while intemperance has a votary, greed a god, and neutrals stand around us.

TEXAS.

Letter From the State Lecturer of Texas.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., July 14, 1870.

DEAR BRO. WHITAKER:—You see from caption, that I have reached Virginia again, all safe, and in fine health. Left Waco Tuesday, 5th inst.

The State Council for Texas was organized, by the adoption of the Constitution, and election of the following officers:

President, Rev. Dr. B. T. Kavanaugh, of Houston.

Associate, Rev. Dr. R. C. Burleson, of Waco.

Chaplain, Rev. Dr. Wm. Carey Crane, of Independence.

State Lecturer, Rev. James Young.

Secretary, Capt. J. E. Foster, of Houston.

Treasurer, A. J. Burke, of Houston.

Conductor, John H. Hockermith, of Tyler.

Sentinel, James Ramsey, of Gonzales.

Had a pleasant meeting, and did up the business with despatch. You will see a detailed account in some of the Texas papers.

Ninety-two Councils were organized, and three or four more were, doubtless formed, but not reported in time.—Sixty Bands of Hope, making, according to my estimate, 16,000 in that branch of the cold water army which I was forming in Texas.

The most cheering accounts were brought up from various parts of the State. Some few Councils have done badly. But many of them are, and doing great, great good. I am rejoiced to get home and find all well. I am now resting, and how sweet to rest after 8 months in the most laborious and fatiguing canvass I ever performed.

Will return in September or October to resume labor in that interesting field. Write me to Staunton, Virginia.

Left everything very promising and prosperous in Texas. The finest crops I ever saw grow out of ground. Corn, cotton and wheat all looked fine—plenty of rain, in some portions too much—and if it continues seasonable, a most abundant yield may be expected. The State is decidedly prosperous, and all that is needed is more people to cultivate those broad acres. Let the thousands needing homes, get to Texas and work, and they can but do well.

It is now the best temperance State in the South, and will soon be far in the lead; over 200 Councils will be in full operation in less than 12 months more.

Yours as ever,

JAMES YOUNG.

VIRGINIA.

SUFFOLK COUNCIL.—We clip the following very cheering item from the *Christian Sun*:

The interest in the Temperance work is steady and healthy in Suffolk. The meetings of Suffolk Council No. 8, are regularly held, and the number attending much the same from week to week. Every Monday night nearly the same familiar faces greet us in the Temperance Hall. Last Monday night, every officer was in his place, and the meeting was quite interesting. One Associate member, a promising lad, was received. Next Monday night the Lady Associate members will be out in large numbers.

The Council is arranging for new Regalia, and new interest will be excited. "Those gentlemen and ladies who have been saying to us all the time, go ahead, but have not joined our Order, waiting perhaps to see whether we could succeed or not, may now come along. Our Council is a permanent fixture. "Bettie has whipped the bear."

BERRYVILLE, July 13th, 1870.

DEAR BRO. WHITAKER:—I have been so occupied of late that I have had but little time for epistolary correspondence. But, as I see nothing in the *Friend* from Berryville, I will just drop you a few hasty lines, to let you know that we are still alive. We have lately passed through what is, to us, the most critical season of the year; I mean the time of harvest. Some persons labor under the strange idea, that they cannot get along in harvest without whisky; as if the hot sun, without, is not enough, but they must have liquid fire within. "We have met with some losses, but we have about held our ground, having made some inroads upon the enemy in the meantime. Our officers for the current term have all been installed, and we are now in good working order. They consist of the following brothers:

President, Rev. T. F. Martin; Associate, M. B. Feyer; Chaplain, J. F. Lancaster; Secretary, S. S. Moore; Financial Secretary, Jas. F. Milton; Treasurer, J. T. Crow; Conductor, Jno. Shackelford; Asst. Conductor, Jos. Kirby; In. Sentinel, J. T. Hamilton; Out. Sentinel, T. Nicewarner; Ex-President, George Glass.

Brother Martin hesitated a little at first, but when reminded of the crisis and how much depended upon him, he cheerfully consented to serve another term. This Council owes him a debt of gratitude for the zeal and self-sacrificing spirit he has manifested in behalf of our glorious cause; this being his third term as presiding officer. We hope, through the Board of Supervisors, soon to close the dirty doggeries that infest our town, and are so annoying to every friend of good order.

Our greatest difficulty now is the scarcity of money, and consequent delinquency on the part of many of our members. But we have men among us who are not terrified at small things, and who will, with the blessing of Providence, still press on to victory.— Hoping for better times, and for abundant success to our noble Order, I remain yours in

F. T. and C.

NORTH CAROLINA.

LAKE LANDING, Hyde county, N. C., July 9th, 1870.

BRO. WHITAKER:—You will see by our report that Mattamuskeet Council is probably behind no other Council in the State, of the same age. Having been in operation only about one and one half quarters; we now number fifty active and twenty associate members, making a total of seventy in all—with 4 applications for active and 3 for associate members. We would like to hear from the Council that can beat this in a country place like ours. Besides, Mattamuskeet Council is in a very healthy as well as progressive state; we have not had a single rejection, suspension, expulsion, or violation of that pledge, or any secrets of the Order, as will be seen by the returns herewith sent.

Bro. Raven has put the ball in motion in this section, and it is certainly moving on rapidly, and doing great good. We can not feel too grateful to our God and Bro. Raven for the privileges we enjoy in these Temperance organizations.

Yours in F. T. and C.,

B., President.

Communicated.

SUFFOLK, VA., July 18, 1870.

BRO. WHITAKER:—In your issue of last week, I find an article over the signature of D. V. P., containing strictures upon the action of the Supreme Council, in reference to the price of Charters for the organization of Subordinate Councils and Rituals, which is calculated to do mischief, by producing dissatisfaction and discontent, and making the impression upon uninformed minds that our good Order is simply a money-making scheme. And this communication receives, to my surprise, your editorial endorsement.

D. V. P. may have been three years a member of the Order, and for the same length of time "aware of the evils of intemperance," and he may have organized many Councils, but he has not been with the Order in its struggles to establish itself, and lay a foundation for its permanent continuance. He has never been a member of the Supreme Council, and of the State Council of Virginia. He does not understand the workings of the Order, and he does not know how difficult it has been to carry forward our work, and how we have been retarded in our work for the want of money. He is ignorant of what he writes, and is evidently a bad financier. This I say without the most remote idea of who he is.

Let me say that our Order commenced its work with only \$20.25 in the Treasury, and at a time when the whole Southern country, in which it was mainly to operate, was pecuniarily prostrate. Several hundred dollars was actually necessary to get out the first edition of the Ritual, Charters, Blanks, &c. The first Secretary of the State Council of Virginia had to shoulder the responsibility, and work—not on his own means, but on his credit and good name in the community, and the only way he could have been screened from loss was to put the privilege of organizing a Subordinate Council, at a price that would command funds to meet the expenses of our work. And this necessity has continued, and every year the Secretary of the Supreme Council has had to pursue the same course, or else our good work would have stood still and ceased its operations long ago.

The price of Rituals and Charters is not too high—is not higher than they ought to be and must be to go on with our work. D. V. P. says the Supreme Council at its last session was in a good financial condition, having money in the Treasury. But it would have had none, if just such persons as D. V. P. had been listened to and their advice heeded.

Soon after the meeting of the Supreme Council at Louisburg adjourned, an edition of 1000 of the Ritual was printed and bound, and nearly the whole edition has been exhausted in the supply of the Lecturer, who has accomplished so much good for the Order. But for the profits above the actual cost of printing the Ritual and Charters, our Bro. Young could not have been started on his work in Virginia, and he could not have prosecuted his work with such success in Mississippi, Alabama and Texas. The profits on the Ritual and Charters have kept him in the field, and given him the success which he has attained.

And let me say, that a community that cannot raise \$10 to commence a Council, will not maintain a Council after it is organized, and it is an injury to the cause to organize Councils made up of men, eight of whom cannot raise \$10 to commence with. Such men will never be able to keep up a Council, if the Rituals and Charters should be given them.

No, sir, follow the advice of D. V. P., and our good work will die for the want of funds to do its work. We have not money enough in our Treasury to do half what ought to be done now, and we are kept behind in our work, for want of funds; and if such complaints are encouraged, and receive the editorial endorsement of the editor of the organ of our Order, then adieu to our hopes of permanently establishing our Order in the country.

I write thus earnestly, because I have been with the Order from the commencement of its existence—have been "behind the curtain," and have been intimately acquainted with its workings all the time. We cannot go forward without money, and the Order cannot maintain itself if forced to sell its most valuable literature at less profit than is usually received by private Publishers, which would be the case if put at the price suggested.

Yours in F. T. and C.,

W. B. WELLS.

SUICIDE.—We learn from a correspondent that a man by the name of Wm. Carter, residing at Teaguetown, Davidson Co., was found hanging, on the 11th inst., about two miles from that place.

He had not been missed, but had evidently been hanging about eight days; was only identified by his clothing. We did not learn the cause of the rash act.—*Greensboro Patriot*.

IMPORTANT ORDER FROM THE P. O. DEPARTMENT.—The Postmaster General has issued strict orders to the various Postmasters not to deliver any paper, pamphlet, or other printed matter on which the postage has not been pre-paid at least three months in advance. All such matter will be thrown in the waste bag, if not attended to promptly by those interested.