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A limited number of Advertisements will be inserted in this paper at the following rates:

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Kourting in the Seasons.

I love to court in winter, The many girls I no, When awl outside is drey, And kivered up with sno;

Story Corner.

THE MISTAKE OF A LIFETIME.

BY ESTHER L. BEACH.

A little child came shyly to my side and stood looking earnestly into my face.

at our home in honor of Harry and his friend. I dressed myself that evening to please Philip's critical eye, and I can say it now without vanity—I was lovely.

"Sweet simplicity," I answered laughingly. "When I looked in the glass I hardly knew whether I was Alice Wingate or some rustic Jimmie Green going to her first party."

"You are ill, Philip," I exclaimed. "No, Alice," answered he, "but your request has pained me much. I abstain from wine on principle—not because of a mere whim or from any desire to appear singular."

"Certainly not, Mr. Hanley," I answered, quickly. "I shall not ask you again. Once is sufficient. If this whim or promise, whichever you may please to call it, is dearer to you than I am, you may consider yourself bound by it."

"Do not be tragical!" interrupted, haughtily. "Our friends are already beginning to arrive, and I do not care to get up a dramatic entertainment for their benefit. I have said all I intend to say on the subject, but I shall take back—nothing."

The pallor of his face and the sweat that stood in drops upon his forehead, attested to the violence of his emotion; but he said nothing, and I went forward to welcome some guests who were just entering the reception room.

"Alice, my darling, tell me that what you said about wine was only in jest," he whispered, earnestly. "You did not mean it?" "Philip," I answered, "You know I meant it. If you choose to make yourself ridiculous by refusing wine you can do so; but I will never forget it and never forgive you."

That night I triumphed. He cast aside all honor and truth at my bidding, and drank all his face was flushed and his eyes sparkled with excitement. I was satisfied. I had proven my power and my heart thrilled with exultation.

been the staunchest temperance student there; was intoxicated daily. Of course, this came to the knowledge of the college faculty. His lessons were neglected, and he seemed to have no control over himself. They advised him and expostulated with him, but to no avail, and he was expelled, although he had previously stood well in his classes and high in the estimation of students and teachers.

"Where am I? Why am I here?" I cried. Then I seemed to hear a voice say: "Behold your work!" Turning, I saw Philip before me, with the same look he had when he left me, only that now that look was intensified and his hands were manacled. Pursuing him were strange specklers with looks of fiendish joy on their demon-like faces.

"Behold the end of your work!" With a wild scream I broke the unseen shackles that bound me and I awoke. I remember the sharp twinges of pain which ran through every part of my body and a dizziness as I attempted to rise. I remember seeing frightened faces about my bed, and the kind, good face of our family physician as he bent over me. Then came oblivion, and of three weeks that followed I have no recollection.

"What is it, Alice? Do you wish for anything?" "Philip, papa, where is he?" "Do not know, exactly, my darling. He is well, for aught I know. Do not feel so anxious." "No, no!" I cried, "he is not well. Tell me—I can bear it, papa. He is dead!—O, papa! is he dead?" "Hush, my child. Do not excite yourself, and I will tell you all I know about him. It is seven weeks, to-day, since he left us. The evening before, to my great surprise, he drank wine and drank to excess, as you know. Harry says that after he returned to college, Philip, who had

been the staunchest temperance student there; was intoxicated daily. Of course, this came to the knowledge of the college faculty. His lessons were neglected, and he seemed to have no control over himself. They advised him and expostulated with him, but to no avail, and he was expelled, although he had previously stood well in his classes and high in the estimation of students and teachers.

"My poor child, your mother has been ill. She cannot come to you just yet." I seemed to know then that mother was dead; but I was stunned with the shock just given me. I wept no more. I did not feel as if I should ever weep again. I felt as if I had lived a century already, and that there remained only a cold, calm looking forward to misery and death.

"I would see no friends; indeed, friends did not trouble me much after my poverty was known. Only my aunt cared for me and loved me. She, too, was poor, but she had a home, plain though it was, and to that home she welcomed me. By her advice I took the position of teacher in a school near her, and there I was that bright afternoon in May.

"Miss Wingate," said the child, "papa sent this letter over to you. He took it out of the Post-office and told me to carry it to you very carefully." "Yes he is; but papa is not I, you must know." Surprise gave away to pity in his eyes, to see one of her age and surroundings speak with such carelessness on such a subject.

"And may I ask, Miss Adair, why you do not attend church?" "Oh, I can easily explain that," she answered a little nettled by his inquisitiveness; "just because I never could sit still long enough to hear a sermon, for what stirring creature could sit a whole hour and listen to a preacher jumbling together words to tell the fate of mankind? and after he is through, poor old Webster feels a terrific loss; all his overgrown words are gone, and these have been tied together by Latin, Greek and Hebrew. And oh, such a conglomeration of wisdom! who could sit and drink it into his being! could you?" she asked, looking at him roguishly.

"Darwin Lester was sure then, that Elene Adair did not know that he was the new minister called to Stanton, and he answered firmly and emphatically— "Yes, I can listen to a sermon."

"Can you? Do you go for your own education and improvement, or because others go? or do you like to note the last fashion out?" "I go to preach the Gospel to men!" answered Darwin with emphatic pride. "For a moment only was Elene disconcerted; she gave him one hurried glance, and the solemn firmness of his face restored her to herself and she burst into a merry laugh. Darwin Lester did not expect such a turn, because he did not yet know her. After laughing awhile she nonchalantly said,

ELENE ADAIR.

BY ZILMA ZERLE.

Elene Adair was a wild, reckless girl of sixteen, caring for nothing and nobody. She had no mother to give her kind and loving advice, and though her father was a good man, he did not understand the ways of bringing into subjection the wild young lady hood; so Elene grew up an uncultivated, untrained flower. Her old aunt sometimes remonstrated, but the more she said the worse Elene seemed to be, so the old lady did as Elder Adair did, "kept her peace"; thinking surely there comes a time when the waves of youthful fancies of their own accord break on contending rocks, and expose the deep feeling soul within.

Elene had her sports; she hunted with her dogs and her gun, fished and raced her horse when the mood seized her, which was very often. She had no companion when in school, for her nature was not like other children's. She studied well, but tormented both teacher and scholars to her heart's content.

One day in June she had rambled and roamed about all day long, and coming gaily tripping to the house, passed on into the parlor, her dogs, Festus and Paul, closely following behind; her hat in hand, hair falling loosely back, held by a comb, and turning itself into curls at the end, a feverish glow on her cheeks, all combined to make her look like a gypsy sprite of the woods. On the threshold she suddenly halted, for a hand some young stranger conversed with her father, who arose and introduced him as Mr. Lester. Excusing himself to attend to his farm duties, he left Elene to entertain him, without one word as to who he was.

She was pleasant in conversation, and a good listener, which is better than a good talker; so they conversed agreeably for some time, when the church was spoken about, and Mr. Lester asked her something concerning their church in Stanton. "Indeed, sir, I know nothing at all about the church here; it is a place I never go to." And she raised her dark restless eyes to his, and her lips curved to show the dislike she felt.

He looked at her with surprise for a few moments, then said, "Excuse the question, but, your father is an 'elder,' is he not?" "Yes he is; but papa is not I, you must know."

"You are very inquisitive, but, as you are a preacher, I will overlook it and tell you; in reading, writing, and having a good time in general," said she, bowing to him and leaving him alone. As time passed on Darwin Lester could not help admiring the free grace of Elene, her honest frankness and eccentric originality. He offered to assist her in her studies. She at first declined, but when he considered it, accepted his offer. This brought them closer together; and when Mrs. Lester came and they took possession of their beautiful cottage, which Darwin had converted into a miniature paradise by his many improvements, he still instructed Elene, and before two years passed away he found he had been conjugating the verb "Amo."

In all this time there never was a moment when he felt he could tell her his thoughts or even did she love him, he knew she would say "No," and laugh at his folly for asking her love. He had sympathy for Miles Standish when he said: "A thundering No! point blank from the mouth of a woman. That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it." Up to this time Elene's life had been a merry play, joy, mischief and roguish wiles of the actors; but now

there came a change. Her father fell a victim to disease, and in a few short days passed away from earth. She wandered through her old haunts in a dreamy way, a more antonaton; nothing seemed to amuse her, or arouse her energies. Now Darwin Lester felt courage to tell her, and put his fate in her keeping. He told her of his youth's love dream, then of his manhood's more perfect love. His words stirred chords in her heart that never before had vibrated; a thrill of joy passed through her whole being; but she looked calmly into his face and said:

"You forget your position in life. Marry a minister! I thought you knew my feelings in that direction." The deep pallor that overspread his face made her regret her words, and she added with a smile— "Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so frankly, for saying— "What I ought not to have said, yet now I can never unsay it." "I forgive you, Elene, for I know your way. But consider it well before you answer so frankly my question."

"No, Mr. Lester; I am tired of myself, of everything; there is nothing new, and old haunts weary me. I shall go to New York, to my uncle; in the buzz of that great city life will seem to flow faster, and the goal to which all are coming will soon appear. I am wealthy, and have wealthy friends which are great passports through life. I shall keep my old home here to come back to when I have bathed in the Dead Sea of my hopes—which may never be. We are not suited to each other.—Think of wedding the dashing, catarract that flies from rock to rock, to the gentle, purling stream!" She looked up at him with one of her old roguish laughs and said, "Not a bad sermonizer, am I?"

Without answering her question he took both her hands in his saying— "Elene, you are young and building air-castles, and 'asking, blindly of the future' what it can not give you," but when you have read this inscription, *Omnia vanitas*, on every portal, come back; I'll wait for you—come!"

Thus they parted; and ere long Elene Adair was whirling in the maelstrom of New York. She dressed, danced, and coquetted to her heart's desire. Before long she began to weary of it; the guiding of her contentment was again wearing off. She knew then that she loved Darwin Lester, and loved him yet. Between her and all her admirers, his dark, pleading gray eyes would thrust themselves. His words, "I'll wait for you," were ever ringing in her ears; but "I'll never go back," she said. "I will attend church." "No, sir," was her candid reply. "How shall you spend the day, Miss Adair?"

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When Frank Houghton came again they parted betrothed. The news spread fast and far. Away in Stanton they heard the story of the wealthy and handsome man Elene Adair was to marry, and one in that town felt a heavier load in his heart than ever before.

Almost three years had gone, when one day in early spring Elene Adair came back to her old home. Her health could not endure the labors of fashion, and a canker was in her heart. Anger separated her and Frank Houghton, and as her love for him was very shallow a slight cause threw back the glittering solitaire to the donor, with the words, "Take back your bundle, and with it your unrequited love."

Her dark, luminous eyes seemed the only unchanged feature in Elene, so frail and delicate had she become. Darwin Lester wept over her as he folded her in his arms and kissed her pale lips. But love cures all diseases, and the rosy Elene of old wedded a minister! And her husband looking down into the depths of her dark, loving eyes, could not help saying— "Elene how much do you hate preachers? A tender hand covered his lips, and a pleading "Don't" was his answer.