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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

Table with 5 columns: SPACE, 1 Mo, 2 Mo, 3 Mo, 6 Mo, 1 Yr. and 5 rows of rates.

John. I stand behind his elbow-chair. My soft hand rests upon his hair.

The freckled lips, and laughs and warm Wraps us both in his ruddy arms.

His form has lost its early grace, Wrinkles rest on his kindly face.

"My love," he says, and lifts his hands, Browed by the sun of other lands.

We say no more, the freckled glows, Both of us muse, on what—whom knows?

Story Corner.

HOW HE WAS REFORMED.

BY MRS. CAROLINE M. SMITH.

Oh! Merciful Father help me to bear this crushing weight of sorrow. Give me grace to do the right.

What was she to do? She could not trust herself with a man who had no control over his appetite.

Thus they parted. After the first storm of grief was over, Elma lived a quiet, useful life, in her home growing more gentle as time past.

good (?) brandy. Thus equipped, he started. He journeyed slowly westward, and by the varied and beautiful scenery, was, through the day, diverted partially from thought of what had once formed his happiness but which was now gone forever.

Then he would take his brandy flask, and from its Lethian depths seek oblivion; soon he would be wrapped in a dreamless slumber. When he had been traveling in this way for ten days, he was obliged to take the shelter of a large tree that grew on the margin of a beautiful stream, and make it his home for the night.

Accordingly he drank a little deeper of the contents of the flask, and lay down to sleep, wrapped in his blanket.—How long he slept he never knew, but when he awoke it was amid darkness and confusion; such horrid yells and shrieks as he never dreamed could be uttered by human beings.

He found employment, applied himself industriously, and in six months was out of all debt and had earned enough besides, to clothe himself nicely, and take him back to his native place.

first he did not think the liquor made them worse; but as time wore on, he became convinced of the evil effects of the demon drink.

Now he would think of Elma and her gentle pleadings for his reformation, and of her decision not to marry him unless he would abstain from drink. How he wished that he had not been so stubborn.

Such was the conversation that passed between a young husband and a wife of eighteen months standing. Frank Burton was what the world calls a real driver. He made any thing that went through his hands sure to his own benefit.

So he applied to Lizzie Forsyth to be his wife; and he was soon in possession of her.

party, but tell you that there was a new member added to the temperance lodge, who had risen to its highest offices since, and that soon after there was a wedding at which Charles and Elma played a prominent part.

FIVE MINUTES WORK.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

Here, Lizzie, I wish you would put a few stitches into my coat; it's getting so shabby."

"It's so Frank; but really I think you had best take it to the tailor."

"I suppose he would, but I don't see how I can do it to-day. Walter is very fretful, and you know he keeps me awake nearly all night."

"I will try and find time." "Try! just let him squall! 'twill do him good—strengthen his lungs."

"Oh, no Frank, I did not mean to make a fuss; but it's a long job, and one I am not used to; and with my dinner to get, and baby, and ironing I do not see yet, how I can get it done. But I'll do my best."

Such was the conversation that passed between a young husband and a wife of eighteen months standing. Frank Burton was what the world calls a real driver.

He was well educated for a business man; lived in society; had made up his mind that he could support a wife, and according to his reckoning, save something to boot.

So he applied to Lizzie Forsyth to be his wife; and he was soon in possession of her.

A snug house was rented, and the work of supporting a wife began in earnest. The five rooms cost two hundred dollars a year, and were prettily furnished.

So the matter stood when he asked his wife to mend his coat. Lizzie drew a deep sigh after he was gone, and hurried her dishes away as fast as possible.

to the coat with hearty good will, determined to do her best. Her needle flew fast, but every moment it had to be laid down to see to dinner or hush the baby.

Walter cried incessantly. He looked pale, and his eyes were dim. She then remembered Frank's words, "let him squall," and let him cry half an hour or more.

Lizzie was taking her biscuit out of the oven, and the young men did not see the deep flush of pain that flashed over her weary features.

"There it is again; when I was a bach I had nothing to do but hand my coat over to the tailor, pay him a dollar, and 'twas done in a jiffy, and not any grumbling. No water to fetch when a fellow's tired, either."

Lizzie was nervous, was tired with household work and care. She could not endure his badinage, although half playful.

Frank sat watching her flying fingers for an hour or two, as he laughed and talked with his friend, thinking to himself that every turn would be the last.

"There, Frank, I have mended your coat thoroughly. I guess it will last another year now."

"How much clear cash have you made to-day, Frank?" asked Lizzie, in a very earnest tone.

"What do you want to know that for?" was his answer.

"For my own satisfaction; certainly I should feel an interest in all of your affairs."

"How much do you count your own services worth?"

"Not less than five dollars a day."

"How many hours do you labor?"

"Ten is the legal time now-a-days. I don't generally work that many. But what are all these questions for?"

"Because, Frank, we are husband and wife. We expect to live the rest of our lives together, and if there is harmony in our marriage relation, there must be justice and right. You may call me daily to appreciate anything you can do. You have earned five dollars to-day: and the shop has cleared twenty. Yet to save you one dollar, I worked ten hours on your coat, and six on your breakfast, dinner and supper, and making your home pleasant and comfortable. To save you that dollar, I have had to hurry all day, to put all my work out of my line, and to really neglect our darling boy, who should be our first care, and the last thing under any circumstances, to be set aside."

"I had not thought of that."

"I know you had not, Frank, so I shall freely forgive you, but I must insist that hereafter I may be allowed to be my own judge of what work I had best do, and shall not expect to be threatened, nor hear myself accused of not being willing to do my duty."

how pride has cut disdain into the features and the face a chronic sneer; how selfishness has shriveled, and wrinkled, and withered up the personality; how hatred has deformed and demonized those who yielded to its power; how every bad passion has tarred tall-tale and published its disgraceful story in the lines of the face and the look of the eye; how the old man who has given himself up to every sort of wickedness is branded all over with deformity and repulsiveness and he will get a new idea of what retribution is. This may not be all, but it is terrible—this transforming of a free ones full of hope and loveliness into deformity and repulsiveness; then the rose blushing on its stalk, now ashes and brand.—Annual of Phrenology and Physiognomy.

Frank felt the force of her words and sat silent.

"One thing more, Frank. I want to say while I am about it, that I don't want to hear you talking about supporting your wife. I will not be supported while I am able to support myself. I find on looking over my books, that the profits of my labor amount to five dollars a week, and the board of yourself, myself, and the baby beside. Then I do all your extra work and my own. All this saving has gone into your capital to be invested, and to help you make your twenty dollars a day. Out of this comes the five dollars you call the worth of your day's work, while I must labor with weary limbs and aching head and eyes to save you one dollar, in mending an old coat, which when done, would not sell for the amount of your ten hour's work."

"You are making out a pretty strong case against me, Lizzie."

"No, Frank, not a case against you; I could not do that; but I am stating facts. One thing more. I have been at work three hours since supper, and you have been entirely idle, not even rocking the cradle, which I have been obliged to do half a dozen times."

"Lizzie, don't say another word, and I'll never do so again," said Frank, springing from his chair, to jog the cradle, where the boy was nesting. "You shall never mend another coat."

"Yes, but I will," answered Lizzie, advancing to the cradle, "only don't tell me ten hours' work can be done in five minutes, nor ask me to let the baby squall again."

She lifted Walter from the cradle. They stooped to kiss his fair, rosy cheek but made a mistake, and kissed each other, while Frank whispered:

"God bless you, Lizzie, I never thought of all this before. I won't do it again."

Six years have passed by and Frank has kept his word.

Selected.

How Not to Be Beautiful.

A vacant mind takes all the meaning out of the fairest face. A sensual disposition deforms the handsomest features. A cold, selfish heart shrivels and distorts the best looks. A mean, groveling spirit takes all the dignity out of the figure and all the character out of the countenance. A cherished hatred transforms the most beautiful lineaments into an image of ugliness.

It is as impossible to preserve good looks with a brood of bad passions feeding on the blood, a set of low loves tramping through the heart, and a selfish disdainful spirit enthroned in the will, as to preserve the beauty of an elegant mansion with a litter of swine in the basement, a tribe of gypsies in the parlor, and owls and vultures in the upper part. Badness and beauty will no more keep company a great while than poison will consort with health, or an elegant carving survive the furnace fire. The experiment of putting them together has been tried for thousands of years, but with one unvarying result.

Stand on one of the crowded streets and note the passerby, and any one can see how a vacant mind has made a vacant eye, how a thoughtless, aimless mind has robbed the features of expression; how vanity has made everything about its victim petty; how frivolity has faded the lustre of the countenance; how baby thoughts have made baby faces;

From the Boston Traveler, June 9. A Shaker Elopement. Pittsfield was thrown into an abnormal state of excitement on Thursday morning by a report that Ira Lawson, the leading business man and financier of the church family of the Hancock Shakers, had eloped on the previous evening with Sister Eliza Van Valen, a matronly and prepossessing lady of about his own age, and some loose change for their use and convenience. The following particulars of the great sensation have been published: The first known of his intended departure was yesterday noon. The preparations of the couple excited some little surprise in the minds of the Shaker sisters just after the dinner hour, and led to inquiries as to such unusual measures. Ira was interrogated by some of the leading Shakers, and admitted frankly his intention of taking leave that evening, and gave his reason therefor. He expressed his intention of returning in "a week or ten days," for the purpose of adjusting all matters of business, and of giving his successor an insight into his way of doing things, and his reappearance is confidently expected. The young couple are about 38 or 35 years of age, and in their relations at the Shaker Society have enjoyed those privileges of social intercourse that tire individuals of the opposite sex, possessing like inclinations, are too apt to conduce to relations of a more intimate character, and which go to prove the satisfaction of nearly every one that "man was not made to live alone"—nor woman either. The grist mill of the Shakers has been controlled almost exclusively by Mr. Lawson. Day before yesterday he was at the mill, and requested a squaring up of the books and cash by the miller, Mr. Power, which was shortly accomplished. A carriage and driver, in the best style of the Pittsfield livery, appeared before the large brick residence of the Church Society last evening, at 8 o'clock, and Lawson, with his companion, took their departure from the Hancock Shakers, where both have lived from childhood, both grown into the confidence and esteem of the Shaker Society, and both attained to a position of influence among the brethren and sisters.

SPEAK KINDLY TO HIM.—A farmer once saved a very poor boy from drowning. After his restoration he said to him: "What can I do for you, my boy?" "Speak a kind word to me sometimes," replied the boy as the tears gushed from his eyes. "I ain't got a mother like some of them."

A kind word? Think of it. That farmer had it in his power to give that boy money, clothes, playthings, but the poor boy craved nothing so much as a kind word now and then. If the farmer had ever so little heart the boy must certainly have had the wish gratified.

A kind word? You have many of them spoken to you daily, and you don't think much of their value; but that poor boy in your village at whom everybody laughs, would think that he had found a treasure if some one would speak a kind word to him. Suppose you speak it the next time you meet him, instead of laughing at him. Then watch him and see how he looks.