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Poetry.

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently! 'tis better far, To rule by love than harsh words mar... Speak gently! Love doth whisper low... Speak gently to the aged one...

Selected Story.

Driven to the Wall.

BY MISS M. A. DENISON. "Father, if ever you do that to my mother again, I'll kill you." The speaker was a slight girl, not more than fifteen years old...

The Friend of Temperance.

A Family Newspaper:--Devoted to Temperance, Literature and the News.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

FOLLOWING RATES:

Table with columns: SPACE, 1 Mo, 2 Mo, 3 Mo, 6 Mo, 1 Yr. Rows: 1 Square, 2 Squares, 3, 4, 1 Column, 1 Column.

"No!" exclaimed the girl, indignantly, "you are not fit to die." "S'here!" cried the man, turning round savagely, "I'll—I'll have respect—I d'mand'n' p'ology. I'll not be browbeaten by my own child—d'ye hear?" and he came, haltingly, up to where she stood...

that was more dreadful than anger. I don't want to sniffer, I can't suffer this way any longer; I'm tired of it; I'm dying! I'm dying!" She walked hurriedly back and forth, sobbing, yet tearless, wringing her hands with convulsive emotions. "Florence, my darling; Florence! you frighten me," exclaimed her mother rising all in a tremor...

"It is not my Florence who says that, not my gentle, tractable little girl." "But, mamma, I am neither tractable nor gentle—at least, since—" she paused a moment, caught her breath—"since last Saturday." "And why since then?" "I will tell you, mamma; let me lay my head upon your shoulder; I don't want to look in your eyes while I am telling it. You know I went out last Saturday for a walk. In reality I intended to find papa. I felt so strong and brave! It seemed to me, then, that in some way I could save him, and make him noble, honored and prosperous again...

in Italy, and papa looked young and handsome again; but now—there's his step! oh, mamma, don't let him see you; don't let him be cruel to you again—or I can't answer for the consequences." She sprang from the bed, and hurrying down stairs, let her father in. He staggered, as usual, to a seat, and in the dim light, Florence thought he looked unearthly pale. "I'll get you something to eat, father, of what there is in the house," she said, apathetically. "No, you needn't trouble yourself, Florry, I shall never eat anything, again." "Why?" the eup she had lifted fell from her hand. "I shan't need it, child, any longer. You'll be rid of the poor old drunkard before this night's gone." "What—is—it—father?" "A cold tremor seized her heart; she began to tremble from head to foot. What unearthly presence haunted that humble room? "Your dreadful words broke my heart, Florry; they were sounding in my brain all day." The thought that I had made my child not only despise, but hate me, maddened me. I couldn't stand it; drink wouldn't drown it; so as I was coming home I said to myself, I've disgraced them too long; something dreadful will come of it; I might as well put an end to it, first as last. "Oh, father!" Her face was as pallid as his. She half-crouched as she drew nearer, frightened, yet eager, every nerve creeping, her whole being under the influence of some deadly, horrible charm...

es for ten long years. Mr. Belden, I know you when you were a man, and though I was only a stripling of fourteen, I thought you came nearer to the God-hood in man than any other person I had ever seen. I determined then to take you for my model." The sick man groaned. "Doctor," he gasped, "you torture me. Never did the abyss into which I had fallen look so terrible to me. Only save this shattered life, and I promise you, solemnly, that I will never again touch that liquid that has so transformed my nature. These words I call God and the angels to witness." For one dreary hour mother and daughter sat together, hand in hand, weeping silently, hoping against hope, every moment expecting to be called to witness the dying agony. At last there was a rap at the door; the doctor entered. "I think I have saved him," he said, quietly. "He may be very ill for days, and requires the utmost tenderness of treatment. Yes, I think he is saved," he added, as Florence caught his hand, and tears and kisses rained upon it—"soul and body." Never can I describe the rest that entered into those two lives as they hovered about the sick bed of the husband and father. Nor was their care in vain. Beauty, as of old, came back to the pallid face; gentleness, as of yore mingled with his accents. The good doctor made daily visits and his patient hailed him as an angel. Was it for the sake of dark-eyed Florence that luxuries found their way to the once miserable tenement? One day the doctor asked Florence to ride with him. His beautiful carriage stood at the door. "Doctor, I have nothing nice to wear," she said, frankly, her cheeks growing rosy-red. "It don't seem away, make me ashamed to say so to you, but I am not fit to go out riding in my old clothes." "Mrs. Belden, will you tell her she must go, please?" said the doctor, turning to her mother. Mrs. Belden smiled. "Put on my shawl, dear," she said, "and your veil—you had better go; the doctor is very kind." It was during that ride that Florence heard the whole story. It seems that when her father went into the apothecary's shop for poison, the doctor, himself, was behind the screen, mixing some powders that required more than ordinary care. He it was, who, making a secret sign to the pharmacist, put up a powerful drug that was yet not destructive to life, and then in that hour's conference with the sick man, he had deepened the lesson so harshly given. "And now, my dear little Florence, you know what you promised me if I saved his life. I don't want a slave, but I do want a wife. I think I must have fallen in love with you, that day in the drug-shop, when you so bravely bearded the lion in his den. At all events, I have thought of you ever since." Guess out the sequel, dear reader; you can do so better than I can tell you. This much I may say, that looking at Mr. Belden to-day, no one would imagine that he had been that helpless, hopeless thing, a drunkard. Would that every such an one could be saved by being "driven to the wall."

that the organization was started in the United States only fifty years ago by five men, without money, and now numbers nearly 400,000 with a charitable record of \$17,000,000, its success is something more than remarkable. One of the last acts of the late Chicago session was to appropriate \$3,000 to John G. Morse, as a testimony to his exertions in successfully establishing the Order in Germany.—Wash. Patriot. RETROSPECT OF LIFE.—When the summer of your youth is slowly wasting into the nightfall of age, and the shadows of the past grow deeper, as if life were on its close, it is pleasant to look back through the vista of time upon sorrows and felicities of years. If we have a home to shelter us, and friends have been gathered by our firesides, the rough places will have been worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, while the sunny spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy, indeed are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their holier feeling, or broken those musical chords of the heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so touching to the evening of age. JUST FOR FUN. THAT was a cool culprit, who, when asked why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, answered that he thought they had had enough of his 'hanging around' that locality already. An article entitled the 'Confessions of a murderer,' concludes as follows: 'Little confidence is placed in the statement of this prisoner, who writes poetry and shows other signs of weakness.' A RURALIST at Newport, seeing a lady driving, and her groom with folded arms behind, thought 'that nigger must pay that nice looking girl a little to drive his carriage for him.' An old gent put a quietus upon a young man who chafed him about his bald head in these words: 'Young man, when my head gets as soft as yours I can raise hair to sell.' An Irishman, fresh from Emerald Isle, upon seeing a horse running away, exclaimed, 'Oh, he isn't running very fast; I've seen a horse run so fast you couldn't see him.' 'How did you learn that graceful attitude?' said a gentleman to a fellow leaning in a maudlin fashion against a post. 'I have been practicing at a glass,' was the reply. LADY.—'Can you wash and iron?' Domestic.—'Oh yes, 'm; but your place wouldn't suit me unless you knocked off wearing them long Holland dresses of a morning.' A ST. LOUIS lawyer attempted to try a cause the other day while he was half drunk, but the Judge stopped him saying, 'No lawyer can serve two bars at the same time.' 'WHAT would make a good leading article for me to-morrow?' asked a wicked editor of a wit. 'A halter,' was the sententious reply. WHAT is the difference between a farmer and a bottle of whiskey? One husbands the corn, and the other corns the husbands. A SOLDIER who attempted to bayonet a ghost is considered an unprincipled fellow, because he sticks at nothing. A MR. TEASE recently married a Mr. CROSS. We suppose he teased her till she promised not to be cross any more. THE man who took a drink from a bottle of mutilage, says he has felt 'stuckup' ever since. THOSE who wish to keep time will succeed by seizing him by the forelock rather than about the waste. FORTUNE's hand says a poverty-stricken writing-master, is remarkable for its heavy down-strokes. THE saying that 'it is more pleasant to give than to receive,' applies only to medicine and advice. LADIES naturally prefer a marriage-ring, but gentlemen prefer a nice business ring. A CALCUTTA newspaper says that the principle of Darwinism was maintained five hundred years ago by a Mohamadan saint named Mahmud, who lived in a village named Gilan near the Caspian Sea.