## Frend of Temperance. A Hamily Newspaper == The Official Organ of the Order of " The Friends of Temperance." NOL. VI. RALEIGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, MAY 8, 1872. NO. 2. Friend of Temperance. Will it Pay ? ing the friends who had promised to weep, while he talked to me of my "Don't interrupt me Estelle, I have as every thing does, and Estelle started for that one cup of wine, which I drank down his cheeks. The parson knew come by for me. I heard the echoes dying brother, of Heaven, of the an- but a short time to talk. I am going for her home. While she was in the so long ago, I would never have been that his conversation had had the deof swiftly gallopping hoofs upon the gels, and of God. I had hitherto been away. I have been thinking of it some- country she heard from Howard every the happy man I am now. I lost my sired effect and said no more to him ing wine-cup to your lips in the jointy PUBLISHED BY hard road, and I strained my eyes in a heedless girl, and scarcely thought time, but never concluded what to do week. Howard wrote to her cousin wealth by it, but it saved me from a about it. direction of the sound, expecting to of the truths of the Bible, and now as till yesterday. I had been drinking Lama Girard, but the greater part of drunkard's grave." And so it was there Soon after Charles called for his a gross insult to call a man a fool. R. H. WHITAKER see the flowing skirt and fluttering they fell from the lips of my young more than usual yesterday, and, was the letter was a message for Estelle. was a great deal lost, but a great d ribbons of one of my young friends.- teacher, they sank deep in my grieved coming home, when I stumbled, and A year past away, it was Estelle's more saved by that one glass of wine. knees before his wife he begged her the suffering of the next morning, with RALEIGH, N. C. Instead, a sable farm-hand came into heart. It has been many, many years fell in a mud-hole. I hav there for a twenty-first birthday. to forgive him for his past conduc , de- disturbed conscience, aching head FOR THE FRIEND. view, urging on his tired steed, and since that long, sad ride, but I can not little while, when I heard a sweet voice "As you do not want to have a parclared that he would reform in the fu- throbbing temples, racking brain, hot, TERMS s2 00 |ere I was well over the first start of forget the aching heart which then say : Conquered. ture. No pardon was ever more glad- fevered tongue, and all the horrible ty to-night I will buy you any thing surprise at recognizing one of my fath- first turned to our Great Redeemer "O Belle, here is a poor man, do you want ; what shall it be ?" said Mr. ily granted, and she called on her heav- reaction that might come, does not the er's negroes, he drew up before me, for comfort and peace-nor the hope, come look at him." and I felt a soft Carlyle as Estelle entered the diningenly father to sustain him in the step victua of aches clasp his burning BY HAWTHORN. C-LUBS: and placed a note in my hand. The born of those days of grief and woe, of hand on my forehead. room. Estelle thought a few minutes, he had taken. Ten or more names will he received words were brief, but enough to meeting our little darling "over the I heard a half-surpressed laugh as but before she had time to answer, her We were seated at the supper table, The next day Charlie came over to fool! in our quiet little farm-house, on a our house and requested a private in- If the first glass brought at once change the gladness of the morning river" where is joy and peace. father asked for another glass of wine. the voice hushed. beautiful April evening, just as the terview with my father. He told him the suffering of the reaction and exhour into bitterness and fear. "Come my mother stood at the back door, "I want no presents Papa, but I "How can you laugh Belle? I feel Doctry. have one favor to ask of you, please daylight began to give way to moth- that by not attending to his business citement of the next morning, who home," were the few words, in my when we rode into the yard. She more like crying, when I see any one don't take any wine to day!" and she er night, and the whippo will came out he was now so much in debt. that his would drink? My friends, it does not father's hand, "Henry is dying!" I met me at the steps and kissed me drunk !" home would have to be sold to satisfy pay to begin. Search the- United gave the note back into his hand, with fondry. Tears were in her eyes, and FOR THE FRIEND. This aroused me, and opening my put her arms around her tather's neck, to welcome her. As we were seated at the table my his creditors. He said that he had de- States, and you can not find one man the instruction to give it to sister An- her lips quivered when I asked her of eves I beheld a most beautiful crea-A Vision. and looked pleadingly up in his face. father opened the conversation by sta- termined to refor a and begged of my who will say "I regret that I did not na, and, without a moment's pause to Henry. She took Mr. May's proffered ture. How could he refuse her! but he did, BY MISOINE. think, I leaped into my saddle and hand in silence, and as silently led us he removed her arms from his neck, ting that a young man by the name of father to aid him. "Are you hurt?" she asked, as drank his wine, and left the room Miller had just married a very respec- "You say you have determined to but you can count victims by the thougave Zephyr her rein. She knew eve- into the room where lay our little tried to sit up. Twas night, I dreamed-methought I stoo without speaking a word. Scarcely table girl in our neighborhood. We reform?" said my father. ry gesture of my hand, and needed no darling, robed in the white garments "I am not hurt, but it would not be ih a a lone and darkling wood; urging on our way home. It was a of the grave. My father paced the a pity if I was." I had scarce finished had the door closed on Mr. Carlyle, were all surprised at this intelligence, "Yes sir." mucht Joye's fire flashed on high ed by drink." when Estelle sank on the floor and but he explained to us that the cere- "Well you know, that many a It does not pay to begin. First you long way, eighteen miles, but what floor back and forth, in a sad gravity, speaking, when she vanished, whereleave toned thunder rumbled by in great torrents poured the rain buried her face in the velvet cushion of mony had been performed privately drunkard has said that, but the Wash- tolerate it, then you touch and taste cared I to wait for company, when and the usual smile of his benignant I do not know. tlew the wind with mournful strain a chair-it was a position she always and that none but a few near relations ingtonians meet at the village to-night, it, then you jest and laugh at it, and seme! ten thousand furies had Henry was dving! I had gone the face was lost in lines of care which I got up and after walking about 2: " from the infernal regions mad: assumed when grief-stricken. For had been invited. The young lady and if you will go over with me and then revel in it. When it becomes distance on horseback frequently be- were drawn deeply upon his brow and while to dry my clothes, I concluded i what e'er spot they touched of earth awhile she wept bitterly, then spring- was a Miss Davis who had the repu- sign the pledge I will aid you in any your master, then what? What numfore, never alone. I slackened my about his lips. Mrs. Bell sat beside to go back to town and see if I could Is withered up as of a dearth. pace up the hills, only to go down the window, and after I had kissed the find employment. I failed, and now I ing up she clasped her hands passi- tation of being one of the best girls in way I can. You know the village is bers have been swept down by the I knew the shot where now I stool o' now a dark and lonely wood onately together, and paced the floor. our vicinity, and though we were not only half mile distant. Will you do hurricane of temptation! In the mad as fleetly almost, as a bird upon the voiceless lips of my little brother, and am going off, to Australia, California, e-was by me seen ok all fresh and green. wing. Zephyr's creamy coat was wet the first outburst of grief was speut, South America, I don't care where, "Drinking is killing my father, and very intimately acquainted with her it?" in ! what cried I, hath wrought this change with perspiration, but what cared I, she came to me and led me away to am going to reform if I possibly can. Charles thought a moment and then the bonds of a mother's love, tram-When lo!" a monster hideous, strange, I stand by and do not prevent it. Yes I we thought she richly deserved it. in the first moments of my anguish. remove my riding habit. She did not That young lady's words have put new do, I do all I can, but ah! it is so litlearing a fierce saturic form, se before me in the storm.

He sat in a great chariot And fast he flew from spot to spot, Where e'er he drove his chariot high That furious deathful storm was night I saw him touch with baneful hand

After awhile her steps began to flag, speak, but there was a world of com- life in me.

and her breath was labored. I must passion in her weary face, and her "Have you any money to lend me not kill my Zephyr. I paused to let her movement to assist me was kind and I will certainly pay it back." which pitving. crossed the road, and then on, on, for Mrs. Bell?" my heart was almost bursting with grief and fear. Very slowly Zephyr paused upon the top and looked far the first, and grew rapidly worse, and from her uncle, and she did not like to thing unusual had happened, sat up before me, where an extensive prairie died just at day." stretched itself away in the distance. part with it. "And I was so free and happy, Behind lay the wooded hills, before while he was dving!" The tears came the green, luxuriant fields of that broad prairie, interspersed here and afresh, and I sat down beside the open your jewels, I would feel like stealing window, and laid my head upon the, if I took them, there with farm-houses and its grove

"What was the matter with him, the other day, but that will not be Estelle had no notion of stopping and though as yet he drank mode- temptations, and is an affectionate, to utter ruin, when they might have enough; you can have my diamond now when she had tried so long; she rately we knew that such men gen-husband, father, and friend. He has reached the haven of peace and secu-"Congestion of the brain, the phy- ring and emerald set," she answered, knew the only thing to do now was to erally fill drunkard's graves. My fath- conquered his old love for liquor and rity, laden with honor and happiness. carried me up the last hill, and I sician said. He was sick a very short though her voice quivered, as she fin- wait. Mr. Carlyle did not come home er who looked upon drinking as a is now a happy man. The good par- Truly, it does not pay. while. He was taken severely from ished. Her emerald set was a present for dinner, and Estelle fearing some- great weekness in human nature said : son found in him a sincere disciple, It is a grand thing for a man so to "See what changes will come over and my father, a warm friend. live that he can look back with comfor him. It was almost midnight when poor, whiskey-loving, Miller in five placency, for we do live in the past .-Newspaper Grumblers. How often we say, "It is past ; think years." no more of it." Why, it is only when These words were spoken in a low, firm voice, and made an impression Grumbling about newspapers, says it is past that thought begins. The face, that something dreadful had on me. I thought of the beautiful, the Boston Traceler, is as ancient as present begun, the past only remains. happened. He did not speak to her "No, Howard I will give them to as he entered the room. Estelle crossed virtuous creature whom he now newspapers themselves. And, not- We are making our past as woll as claimed as his bride. I could not bear withstanding the multiplication of our fature. The present has moved the room to her father. "No Estelle don't touch me, I am the thought of her young life being these modern conveniences and the and excited, drawn tears or provoked left his father's magnificent mansion. unworthy of your touch," and Mr. made wretched and of her becoming sleepless efforts of publishers to adapt laughter; the mirth has fled, the sor-Estelle did not teel like going to the Carlyle buried his face in his hands a drunkard's wife, and before I knew their paper to every variety of taste, rows are comforted, the excitement breakfast room that morning, but and groaned. Estelle did not answer, it I felt tears starting in my eyes. I and every grade of sentiment, afford- has died; but the past lives and is

Young men, as you lift the glean. of the night's space, will it pay ? It is

hands and bitterly call himself, "fool!

learn to drink when I was young,"

sand who will each declare "I'm ruin-

power of this passion they have burst

tle. I thought he would not refuse me a happy match, as Charles Miller the pledge, my father helped him out mocked at reproofs and prayers; and this morning, but he did. I am dis- though young, handsome, and intelli- of his difficulties, and a happier couple now, with tattered sails, leaking hull couraged, I believe I will quit trying gent, was nevertheless in the habit of than he and his wife is no where to be and spliniered masts, are drifting on taking drams of spirituous liquors, found. He now walks above his old unid howling winds and wintry skies

not of the land Vs moths around a bright blaze fly As rush they into it and die: Thus fast, my fellow beings spel, Aml 'neath his chariot wheel fell dead. summed as the they loved the tiend. Which eave to them this trayic end Each household wept, the whole earth shool As o'er it his way the demon took: or by his power was caused to fal The high and lowly, great and small mound the earth was near bereft is all things good, had only left. farious demon soul I welt in all men, and held control holy ties gave way, Mothemphit all Amit satan for a t lime, on time, the demon stalked Nonever of his prey was balked; fill in the distance few, but strong I saw a brave, and g'orious throng I sow their banners floating high. Which somed the domon to def I saw them long with iron will, Resist the demon king until, O'er come in strife, he fell amain. And sank into the earth again. Then as they loved his death extul heard his name, rwas Alcohol Then looked I round with wondering eve way the earth late parched and dry for now as fir as eye could seen. Twas root in beauties robe again. Then to the victors cried I loud, What is thy name thou valiant crowd?" They said, proud, in their puissance." "We are the "Friends of Temperance.

Original Story. (W ritten expressly for the Friend.) Memory Bells. BY SILVIA. Author of "Mother's Wine," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VI.

As if fairy fingers had drawn the He got down, loosened my saddle neighborhood. The tears of after life rose-curtains of Memory's chamber, a girth, and walked along slowly at my often times out number the smiles of morning bright, gorgeous, beautiful, side. And I bowed my head low up- youth. Little Henry is gone in the opens upon my fancy. I stand upon on my knee and sobbed bitterly.

of trees. I touched my pony lightly sill. "But you did not know it, Kate .with my whip, and she bounded down the gentle slope into the level plain. He suffered only a short while. Think Here we entered the public highway, how kind of our heavenly Father to and I knew we had come eight miles. spare him pain. You will miss him Onward, I urged my flagging pony, here, but think not of the void in your heedless of a familiar voice calling to heart, but rather of falness of the joys me, and Mr. May galloped at my side which are his in that 'better land.' "Death is terrible, Mrs. Bell.

and seized my bridal reins. "Kate, what means this?" "Let me go, please sir, for Henry is

dying.' to the reality of endless joys." "It can not be. There is some mistake. I saw him day before yesterday and he was seemingly in his usual thus bereave you."

health." "It would be a selfish grief, for He I felt that he was cruel in thus dedoeth all things well,' and would not taining me, and I struggled to free my take one of my darlings except for reins from his grasp, but he would not let them go.

"You must tell me all about it .--You are deeply excited, and will hurt yourself and your poor pony too. I death would be a mercy. Life is not never knew you cruel before, Kate .all a sunny day-nor is it contained in See how Zephyr is panting!"

good. Ah, Kate, you are yet to learn that there is sorrow far more hopeless than that about the grave! May you never know a grief for which

the quiet contentment of this one

spring-time of life, ere his innocent

of joy or sorrow. .

WINE. A r mar

"I will give you that Papa gave me to reform him."

"O Estelle you are too, good, to he came home, and her fears were reyour poor drunkard brother ; - keep alized. She saw, by the look on his

you" was Estelle's positive answer. Half an hour after Howard Carlyle

knowing it would not do for her and and Mr. Carlyle continued: Howard both to be absent, she went.

which opens into eternity, and, to gone. It was later than usual when those who love and fear God, it leads Mr. Carlyle came home that evening, but, but, but-" he could say no more,

"You would grieve for one of your ment, he had been drinking. children, Mrs. Bell, if God should

he will stop drinking, perhaps." Estelle trembled, she knew her father did not like to have his plans frustrated, but she answered bravely-'Howard has gone, Papa."

"Gone! did you say ?"

Estelle by the arm. "I think he intends going to Australia ; he left early this morning." "Estelle, I forbid your writing to was shocked at so sudden a misforhim; he will spend'all his money and tune. write back for more, but don't you ever send him a cent. I disown him.'

" But Papa -----."

stay with me to-night" pleaded Estelle. The stern look on her father's face home till late don't sit up for me." Estelle did not sit up for her father,

Howard.

wonder the angels wish him to go to suddenly into a deep ravine, where (Written for the Friend of Temperance.) on Mr. Carlyle's face the next morning the vine-covered porch of their neat just started to go to the preacher's is thought, and reasonably, too, that them! It will be hard to give him the low thicket, interspersed with gi-LOST AND SAVED BY ONE GLASS OF as he seated himself at the breakfast little cottage, when a young gentleman house to obtain some matches, as from the abundant bill of fare every gantic forest trees, form a dark back- up, I know, but it is selfishness which table. "I must have some wine this walked up to the gate. One glance, a Charles Miller was beastly drunk there guest can select enough of what will would keep him longer in a world of ground to the picture. My eye trayels the road through a deep wood, pain, sorrow and suffering." there was no hope for him to live, to substantial and satisfactory meal. BY ORA ORMOND, down a gantle slope, and the low "The world has ever been beauti-Carlyle drank wine for breakfast, and clasped in her brother's arms! the economy of the mother than the grounds, cleared and under cultiva- ful and full of joy to me, till now Henwhen he did he was sure to drink more "It is needless to say that Mr. Carsee the blessed ravs of another sun. The great town clock told the hour tion, are spread out before me. Spring ry is dying.". lyle forgave Howard, for he had se-This intelligence touched the kind newspaper. No man is expected to than usual that day. of midnight, as Howard Carlyle ashas waved her magician's wand here "In this your first great grief, you cended the granite steps of his father's "Papa please don't, here is some cretly repented long ago. Howard gentleman's heart, for he remembered read everything in the paper, or to from their economy. was rich, he had bought the old Car- full well the happy couple he had mar- like everything if he reads, but every and young corn and cotton forms a have forgotten lesser trials. Even mausion. He was just going to ring splendid coffee, wont you have some ?" canopy of green over the fertile plain, you have had your cares and sorrows, the bell, when the door opened, and lyle Mansion and they were to live ried four years before, and he deter- man is expected to find enough that said Estelle making a picture of rare loveliness, Kate, and though you have had joy his sister stood before him." "I will have some wine, so get it with him. mined to take the unfortunate young is good, and useful, and acceptable, for me." Mr. Carlyle said sternly. "Wouldn't you like to see my wife man to his house. With the aid of and agreeable in the ample columns and gladness thrown about you like a " I am not drunk, Estelle" he said As Estelle placed the wine on the Estelle ?" said Howard, as Estelle was this man he succeeded in getting him spread out before him to be a full an made to dwell in so lovely a land garment, yet I have seen you shed answering his sisters inquiring giance. table, she trembled, as if it was an unshowing him her flowers. there where he had every thing pro--in fair and blooming Mississippi ! bitter tears ere now. This is a world "I have something to talk to you It was not often that I could leave of suffering and tears, and if little about, but not now, as it is too late, disguised serpent, instead of a disvided for his comfort. him, and if he happens to find on the "Your wife!" exclaimed Estelle. guised one. my books to visit my sister, and my Henry dies, it will be but to live an meet me in the library early to-mor-"Yes my wife, she was Vivia Stan-When he became sober, the parson rare visits were always keenly relished angel of light in that eternity which row morning ;" and without waiting "I am going to Chicago to-day Esinformed him of the whole affair, not on, perhaps you know her." failing to lecture him, kindly, on the to just let that alone, and leave it for by me. It was now the first day of hies beyond the dark river of Death .-- for an answer he went to his room, telle don't you want to go to your "Yes I did know her. I am so glad Muy-the section for budding leaf and Weep not for him, but rather be glad "Miss Estelle, Mr. Howard wants to you married her, she was the best girl way in which he was going on, reaunt Bertha's ?" said Mr. Carlyle, several months after Howard left. opening flower, and in the freedom that you will have an angel brother to see you," said a servant tapping at I ever knew." Estelle said joyfully. from restraint, and the light-hearted- guide you to that land of pure and Estelle's door the next morning. "I "Q ves I shall be delighted to go. row and disgrace he was bringing upon as he does in choosing his restaurant ; ness of happy girlhood, I felt as free fadeless joys. It is God's love and told him I did not think you were up When do you start?" answered Estelle lying in a mudhole so many years ago ; and joyous as the wild-wood birds, mercy, which we can not see now so yet ----." he should select one whose general joyfully. it was she who made me what I am." them. Charles Miller thought of all these style suits him; and when his taste and their sweet melodies from the well, but which will be made plain to "Never mind Fannie, say nothing cal, fixed expression. Estelle did not answer him, she was "At 3 o'clock, get your things ready, over-hanging trees, found answering us in the years to come; for "He of this to Father." changes, or the character of the paper thinking how many changes had taken things. He remembered the happy and meet me at the depot." deteriorates, he should change and coheres in my hourt. To please and doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve "I will commence at once," Howard The following morning Estelle ar- place since the time Howard men- woman he had four years before led to gentify me, my sister Ann, hal sever- the children of, men.' Ah, will not said, as Estelle entered the library, rived at Mrs. Girard's. They were tioned. in anti-the children of men.' Ah, will not said, as Estelle entered the library, rived at Mrs. Girard's. vex his neighbors by gen abling and ly found among old maids al days before invited a few of my gay heaven be sweeter to you, when you g and tell my story. You know what happy months to Estelle, which she A week after Mr. Carlyle was seated at present, and he knew that he himcompanions to join us in a May-day heaven be sweeter to you, when you is and ter my stury. To a many mappy months home, surrounded by his self was the cause of it all. As we have scolding about his newspaper, which, afpic-nic on the banks of ---- creek. ter all, is just about as necessary to his if I stay here. You know what a mis- she would say, " who could keep from three happy children. He broke the before said he was a man of noble imwhich ran near the lower edge of her greet you, when you come?" State \$7,000,000 last year. being good and happy in the country." silence, which had reigned for half an pulses, and as this thought flashed comfort as his dinner. He mounted his horse, and we men- erable fool-"" husband's plantation. that yay I a new ild firm at its I mad have

felt sure that she was not aware that ing, one might think, ample opportu- perpetual.

"O if I had but listened to you this his habits of life were such. But what nity to the readers to suit themselves There are times in every man's life Her father did not ask her about How- morning. By that one glass of wine I could I do? Nothing. The ceremony perfectly-yet there is still, perhaps, when duty is place, often hard to per "No, Kute, it is only a dark way ard, and she did not tell him he had have lost everything; it is a just pun- had been performed and they had as much grumbling about newspapers from. Ease, compart, luxury, inclinaishman's I know. I care not for myself, joyously entered upon their new life. as there ever was. Many, many, times during that five

> about drunk. I want to send him to that glass of wine, he started for his village, and not unfrequently entering fit of indigestion or spleen, may be Duty, duty; always first. Men gambling saloon. He went, and his staggering about the village "drunk." companions after having got him to Oh the agony that must have filled wine he never would have gone. when her father left the room, but she

The five years were rolling away and work. Charles Miller's circumstances grew

tion stand in the way. If duty is per-We suppose it does not often occur formed it must be at a sacrifice ; but

and Estelle knew by his excited move- he arose and left the room. Mr. Car- years did I recall the words of father to the grumblers that possibly they it always pays to take the hand of du lyle did not tell Estelle how he had lost and note every perceptible change that themselves may be at fault, may be ty and let her lead, whether through "Where is Howard ? I have not seen all his property, he did not tell her he came over poor Charles. After a while unreasonable, may expect impossibili- storm or sunshine, darkness or light, the fellow to-day. I expect he is lying had been gambling. After drinking he might be seen lounging about the ties, may be out of humor, may have a grief or joy, life or death.

about drunk. I want to send min to send mi entreated him to go with them to a before he could be frequently seen never occur to them that the men who when they have yielded to sloth or toil night and day to furnish them fear or inclination it has been at a with the latest news, and the greatest loss; and when, triumphing over evdrink glass after glass of wine very ea- that young wife's breast as she at last variety of information and entertain- ery obstacle and apparent impossibilisily persuaded him to gamble ; and be- found out that she was indeed "a drunk- ment, are mortal, and sometimes tire ty, they have obeyed the stern maning drunk he lost all his property. ard's wife!" She was now seldom seen themselves and get sleepy, and cross, dates of duty, it has paid them, glori-"Gone: did you say?" "Where?" and Mr. Carlyle shook Had it not been for that one glass of at church and when she did come she and stupid, and forgetful, and care- ously paid them. It pays for a man wore such a haggard, down-cast look less, and need and deserve, too, some to do his duty. Truly it pays; now Estelle neither fainted nor wept, that I knew she was an unhappy wo- consideration and even sympathy and for all time it pays, John B. from those for whom they unceasingly | Gough,

Fault-finding readers do not con- WOMANLY ECONOMY .- There is much worse every day. I believed that at sider that everything that is made by talk of the extravagance of a woman. Away down deep in her heart there lips had tasted sorrow. He will nevthe horse-block, my long riding-dress . "You think me cruel, but your poor heart he was a noble young man, but human brains and hands must, of ne- and there is no doubt that when a was gladness. She thought that her trailing around me and the plumes of pony could not stand your headlong er know sorrow now, nor pain, nor Had Mr. Carlyle been sober he would father might reform now, and she his love of liquor he could not rule. cessity, be imperfect, however strong woman puts her hand to the spending my riding cap, swayed by the morning speed much farther, and you will know grief." One cold December night, our good the desire, and however earnest the of money she can do it with a perfect would willingly give up every thing to never have said that. broeze, lightly kissing my cheek. My if you will think, that we go there Ab, Memory Bells! the low notes of parson heard that there were some effort may be to have it faultless .- looseness. Women are naturally exsave him. pony, my beautiful Zephyr, stands at more surely, and quite as soon as if thy sad strain fade away in the dis-"Hush," he said harshly, "what I A month from that day the grand drunken men on the roadside near his And above all, they forget that a news- tremists and do whatever they do, and my side, leaning her head lovingly you were to kill faithful, loving Zeph- tance of long gone years, and I bow old Carlyle Mansion, which had be- house. Fearing the morning sun paper can not be made for general and think whatever they think said I meant," and Mr. Carlyle left the longed to the Carlyle's for a century would find some of them lifeless bodies, circulation, and yet, in everything, ex- with all their might. But to against me, while I stroke her arched yr at the first heat, and then be on my head upon my hand and weepnack with my gauntletted hand. The foot the balance of the way. You not for little Henry, who has slept in past, was sold, and Estelle and her he determined to go and see if he could actly suit any one person. A thor- this question of spending mon-"O Papa please don't go, please slower-yard, teening with its wealth should not have started alone, Kate. his silent tomb so many years-but father moved to a shabby little cabin not do some of them some good. The oughly good enterprising newspaper by there are two sides, and the balof bloom, and the white cottage-my Bat I know how impulsive you are, in sympathy with the faint echoes of in the suburbs of the city. Estelle snow had commenced falling in all its is really like a well spread dinner ta- ance decidedly inclines toward saving sister's home-lies behind me. A lit- and your intelligence is sad, as unex- thy melancholy melodies. Come gave music lessons, and her father fury, and the ground was already cov- ble. It contains variety as well as rather than spending. Women are oftened, as he answered ! "No Esthe boy and his baby sister are flitting pected. Let us hope that we will find me again-but in music, telling found employment in a factory. In- ered with it, as the venerable old gen- quantity; something for every taste naturally economists. They have telle I cannot stav to-night. I have about among the flowers, pausing now your brother much better, when we gay, festive scenes, 'mids' joy and stead of taking to drinking as many tleman buttoned on his great coat, and enough of each kind to satisfy any Think of the "auld clothes made to business to attend to. I will not be and then to caress a tame deer, which arrive." gladness! Ah, thy answer tells me would have done, Mr. Carlyle went to took his lantern in hand, and with his reasonable appetits. It is not expec- look amaist as well as new;" think of is nibbling the young leaves. Upon that thou must be faithful to thy miswork determined, if possible to get faithful dog started in search of those ted that any guest of a table should the old bonnets re-trimmed and brought "If there had been any hope, papa the fence, near me, are perched a row sion, and speak of the past, whether souls, whom he feared would launch eat of every dish provided. It is not out in the latest style; think of the would never have written that he was back his old home. of little negroes, curious to see me dying." she was tired and sleepy, having sat Five years, happy years to Estelle, that night into an awful eternity. Be- supposed for a moment that every twisting and turning, the contriving up late the night before, waiting for ride away. The hill, upon which this passed away. At the close of a beau- fore he had proceeded far he met a dish will be palatable to every guest, (TO BE CONTINUED.) and saving to which many a woman "He is so good, so innocent, no fairy-like home sits so happily, sinks resorts to keep her family looking re-There was a care-worn expression tiful day in June, she was sitting on man with a torch, stating that he had or agree with one's digestion; but it spectable, while her husband never thinks of stinting himself in cigars or liquor. Many a man is kept from pauperism by the contrivings of his morning Estelle." It was seldom Mr. little cry of delight, and Estelle was on the road-side, and he feared that be digestible and agreeable to make a fortable house they inhabit more to Just so it is with every well edited savings of the father. Before men talk of the extravagence of a woman, they should strive to learn a lesson Beware of the man or woman with t fixed smile. Trust the most hideous scowler before the being who goes about with an angelie grin carefully equivalent for what the paper costs exhibited to all eyes, under any and every circulustance. It is not natural carte an article which offends his taste, to sinile continually, and no one ever or in opposition to his views, he has assumes a mask without being concious of a necessity for concealment. another, whom it will just sait, and There are young women, and a few minding him of the wife and two chil- for whose taste it was gotten up. In old men, who break into sariles when-"It was she. Estelle, who found me dren he had at home, and of the sor- choosing his paper one should do just ever they speak. They are not the people I mean. The smile of which I warn you, is a motionless, hypocriti-Old maids are said to be rare in the altar. He thought of her situation try another ; but never feet himself or China, but rare old China is frequent-The schools of Illinois cost that