NO. 5.

# Friend of Temperance.

PUBLISHED

RALEIGH, N. C.

TERMS

CLUBS:

## Selceted Story. mero Masking Remedy.

WORK VERSUS HERB-TEA.

been in a pale, languid, half-alive condition, with no strength, no appetite, no interest in anything.

Mrs. Whitaker, having a never-su ficiently gratified passion for doctor ing, had at first rather enjoyed this opportunity of trying the virtues the various roots and herbs that hung in dry dusty bundles from the garret rafters. Susan's life had been made a burden to her with doses of thoroughwort, pennyroyal, tansy, dandelion and burdock. There was always a big bowl of black, bitter herb-tea standing in the pantry, which it was equally the object of Mrs. Whitaker's life to induce Susan to take, and the object of

Susan's to escape. And still Susan lay around house in an exceedingly limp state reading povels with a languid interest studying her symptoms in the 'Family Adviser,' and cutting out such scraps of poetry from the newspapers world, unappreciated loveliness, and

early death. Ned Whitaker, Susan's younger brother, was decidedly skeptical on the subject of the illness. 'It's enough to make any one sick, to do as Suc does,' said he, energetically. 'If she'd get up earlier in the morning and a little housework she'd get well twice as quick as she will now, dosing and

coddling. 'A great desi you know about retorted Susan, with considerable vi or for an invalid; 'I like to hear boys talk. They know so much-in their

own estimation. 'See here, Sue! What if that interesting young school-master should hear you speak so to your dear brother! It don't sound very angelic.'

She said nothing, only blushed little, and assumed that plaintive, in the woods to be scared at an owl. meekly injured look, which says plainly, 'You'll be sorry for this when I'm take into his ancient head to be frigh-

impressed. 'Don't look so spooney,' jogging along, head down, apparently and off he went, whistling and bang- lost in memories of his far-away youth

good-looking young school-master, the chine. - Up went his head, one snort previous winter, a school-master who one jump sideways, and away he had not loved, but flirted and 'rode plunged down the hill, twitching the away.' Perhaps Susan, having noth- reins from Mrs. Whitaker's hand by ing else to do, had pleased herself by the suddenness of this unexpected deceiver. A girl must do something. Mrs. Whitaker was one of those indefatigable, irrepressible women, a scrupulously neat and exact housekeeper, to find Mrs. Whitaker with one leg who loved hard work for its own sake, and 'didn't want any one bothering

for cooking, but Mrs. Whitaker, after domestic wheel was useless? They witnessing her awkward struggles hire a girl, of course, suggests the inwith the bread dough, said ;

for me to do it myself than to see small factory in the village absorbed you. If you'll keep the sitting-room all the American girls of the in order, and take care of your own who would otherwise have worked room, it's all I'll ask.'

Susan so delicate she relieved her of who could be induced to live on a even these light duties, and left her farm was a rara avis, indeed. with nothing to do but realize, in her own experience, the truth of the say-

If they have nothing else to grind, they must themselves be ground,

to know all the weariness of an empty, aimless life.

mained in a state of discouraging, aker had reached Benham, the nice about the sameness. Mrs. Whitaker girl had engaged to teach a district thought she would drive over and con-school. Arrived at home he found sult Aunt Debbie Dunbar.

Aunt Debbie was a woman of vast experience in sickness. She had on Stony Hill. Mr. Whitaker hies brought a large family of her own successfully through all the mumps, measles, and other ills infant flesh is heir to, and was now experimenting on a yearly increasing circle of grandchildispirited, from his long drive, 'I bedren, besides acting as adviser gener- lieve if I wanted a wife I could get six al for the whole neighborhood. What Aunt Debbie didn't know about doc-

toring was generally considered not | Susan. 'We can get along somehow. worth knowing at all.

As Mrs. Whitaker drove up she descried Aunt Debbie's ample form out a bully team." in the garden, bending over the sage R. H. WHITAKER, bed, At the sound of wheels, she straightened up, pushed her sun-bon-

> Well, I never? she exclaimed, as Mrs. Whitaker drove into the vard. 'If it ain't you. Miss Whitaker! was jest thinkin' about you. How dew ye do? Seems as if I hadn't seen you for an age. Cum right along in, and Kiah'll put your horse out.'

> 'Thank you, but I've only come asked Aunt Debbie, after she had ushered her visitor into the sitting-room. rolled up one green paper curtain, and settled down to her knitting. Aunt Debbie could always talk easier with her knitting work in hand.

> 'Pretty well, thank you, except Susan. I came over partly to see you about her. She don't seem to get along as I should like to have her. 'Miss Haskeel was tellin' me, last Sunday, how ailin' Susan's ben, summer. From what Miss Haskell said I should think she's a good deal as my Melissa was, five years ago.

'Does she cough any?

cured Mellissa with boneset.

Because if she did, colt-foot tea grand thing. Ain't she billious?'

'I shouldn't wonder if she was.' as dwelt on the hollowness of the weakly folks. Is she narvous about san, who saw the most of Luna's cook- sitting-room, now kneading dough, sleepin'?'

'Yes, she is, rather.'

vousness às hop tea. Give her some every night, the last things before she goes to bed, and make her a hop pilow. I guess if you follow her up thoroughly, you'll bring her out right. There's nothin' like bein' thorough,' said Aunt Debbie, with the emphatic air of long experience.

After much further advice, Mrs. Whitaker set out for home, burning with zeal to 'follow up' Susan with all Aunt Debbie's prescriptions. What the consequence would have been to poor Susan, one shudders to think .-Fortunately fate kindly interposed in

her behalf. "It seems a clear case of one 'born that the old Whitaker horse should tened at a mowing machine. But 'Fudge, Sue?' said Ned, quite un- such was actually the fact. As he was he came suddenly upon Deacon Fos-It was a fact that there had been a kett's rattling, clattering mowing mafancying she was in love with this gay start. A big rut at the foot of the hill-over goes the wagon on top Mrs. Whitaker-and Deacon Foskett and his hired man run down the hill

What was to become of the Whita-At one time, Sue had quite a mania ker's, now that the main spoke of the telligent reader. But hiring a girl in Come, let me take it. It's easier Tully was no such trifling matter. A families, and there being no Catholic And now Mrs. Whitaker thought church within 10 miles, the Irish girl

broken, a sprained shoulder, and any

amount of bruises and wrenchings.

Mr. Whitaker devoted a week to driving over the hills in 'different directions in pursuit of various myths of possible girls that vanished into thin air on closer inspection. New Mrs. Haskell had heard of a very nice girl over in Benham. Franklin Lester's wife's sister, who was anxious to September came, and yet Susan re- secure a place. By the time Mr. Whitpraises of a certain 'widow-woman' gone to keep house for her brother.

'I declare,' said Mr. Whitaker to Susan, as he returned, girlless and

easier than I can one girl!' 'Don't try any more, father,'

RALEIGH, N. C., WELNESDAY, JUNE 11, 1873. Ned and I can do the work.\* 'That's so,' said Ned. 'We'll make

'Don't be so low, Ned,' said Susan, who had undertaken the somewhat discouraging task of 'elevating' Ned. net back and peered sharply through Boys resent 'elevating,' especially by her spectacles to see who was going their own sisters, and accordingly Ned Susan's presence.

from the bed-room where poor Mrs. Whitaker lay, fevered and helpless, on But Susan's experiences were not manly and handsome, in spite of his woman as Mrs. Pendleton. He was boy a three cent piece, whereupon the hands and almost useless feet, if your her restless couch.

'You must get a girl, father,'

umph, seated on a small, hair trunk, old dreamy days, been an 'authoress,' hand, sitting in state on the seat' be- than when her father said :

hind him. Luna, Ned called her. She was tall look out, you'll beat her yet. Just deal better. and bony, wore her hair cut short in give me another piece.' I the neck, and rejoiced in a bass voice One day Ned astonished Suc with a that was a perpetual surprise to the bona fide compliment. 'Susan's been taking that, more or family. Luna soon developed ways, 'You're growing handsome, Sue,' that, if not 'dark,' were decidedly un- said he. Ned always declined pie, after he once saw Luna, as she s cut each piece, drawing the knifeblade through her mouth, to 'cleanse' it. No matter what she had previous- when not carried to excess. No and 'they lived happy forever after- for the benefit of his health. Very Well, now if she was my girl, I ly been doing, she stirred Mrs. Whitashould give her a good dose of blue ker's beef-tea with her finger without pill to begin with, and follow it out going through the ceremony of wash- the energy, the brisk circulation. the with a smart course of castoroile or ing her hands, and tasted it freely salts. I should keep right on with with the same spoon soon offered the the boneset three times a day-'tis invalid. She told Susan she 'liked to cise of house-work. Sue flew briskly san, I shall reply by quoting Miss Al- than to be cooped up in a boarding- made up her fire. Need I wash my very strengthenin'-and I'd have her make bread, it takes the grind off take a raw egg in half a glass of cider your hands so nice.' Under her adevery mornin' before breakfast. That's ministration, the appetites of the morning air sweeping breezily through the first pair in Eden. one of the best things I know of for Whitaker's dwindled alarmingly. Su- the open windows, now sweeping the

ery, lived entirely on crackers. 'There is nothin' so good for nar- na prepared the potatoes for dinner in the wash-hand basin, and put the best tea-knives soaking in the Bottom of the ran while she did the other dishes, tea-knives whose glossy handles were Mrs. Whitaker's pride, her indig-

nation knew no bounds. 'I won't have her in the house another minute! I can't sleep till she is out of it! The idea! My best teaknives! I've been so particular never even to damp the handles, and always kept them put away in tissue paper, and now they're ruined! Do get her out of the house before she spoils everything in it, and poisons us all!'

Luna went. Susan cleaned up the house, and prayed, whatever other calamity might be in store for them, they might at least be spared another girl. Susan was much better now .-Her mother's illness had taken her out of herself, and obliged her to make ome exertion. She went into housework with a will, equally pleased and surprised to find herself really good for something. Ned helped her all he could, and novel were some of the experiments of what Ned called the

One day, Susan decided to have aked beans for dinner. She put omething like two quarts boiling .-By and by, looking in the pot, she was dismayed to find it full of beaus to the very brim. She took out nearly half, but still the bears continued to swell beyond her wildest fore bodings. Ned came in to dinner to find an immense

ousiness. I feel about beans as old lady's hired man did about liver. He liked it well enough for 50 or days, but didn't care about it for steady diet.'

looking anxious and exhausted. 'I've had a really dreadful time with the beans would have been enough.'

Susan usually had very good success with her bread. But one day there arose an unforeseen complication. The sponge had soured in the

'Ned,' she said, 'did you ever notice how much soda mother uses when the sponge is sour? I'm sure I don't 'Nor I. I guess she just stirs it

till it tastes all right.' She put in a large tea-spoonful soda. Then she and Ned both tasted "Taint right vet.' said Ned,

an air of wisdom and experience .-'Dab in some more.' In went another spoonful. er testing by the cooks.

lieve I shall put in another spoonful.' with Suc. After getting in four spoonfuls, they Rogers might often have found a very day, so that he would return to concluded it would 'do.'

deep yellow-brown in hue, and exha- Whitaker kitchen, consisting of Sne, clergyman, by whom the ceremony of spirits are so irrepressible. Yes, chilling an overpowering odor of soda. in a big bib-apron, that only served to changing Mrs. Gray's name was spee- dren, I am sure your new papa who Sue made biscuit for tea, and the pigs set off her plump, rounded form, with dily effected. reveled in new bread for supper that sleeves rolled up, a pie-plate gracefulrather exerted himself to be slangy in night, Ned, being implicated, swore ly poised on one little hand, with the triumph in the new Mrs. Pendleton's solemn secrecy, and, as he used after- other deftly cutting the edges of the eyes, but if so Job did'nt see it. But now a feeble wail was heard ward triumphantly to observe, 'it crust, listening with rosy cheeks and was only too happy in the thought of forth a handful of copers. He had but didn't kill the pigs, either.'

remonstrated, 'Susan can't p) the went on. She really began to think ar thank now how. Oh, dear, if I could only Mrs. Whitaker are apt to be 'natural's. I interest Charlie took in Mrs. She wished him to go to Boston by get up and take hold myself! I can't cooks.' Order and method is the rule Whitaker's health was truly touching. himself, and she would follow in three be reconciled to lying here when of the house and they adopt, instinct- He called so often to inquire for her, days. When he remonstrated she Pendleton philosophically. 'It's rath- the sod. The Lord, he touched my ively, 'mother's way' of doing things, and listened so politely to all her urged that the change was so new and er a pity, Job, we hadn't got a larger feet and he laid his hand on mine, he To sooth his wife, Mr. Whitaker A certain deftness and skill is heredi-symptoms, that Mrs. Whitaker took a sudden that she had not had an op-house." promised to try once more, and finally tary with them. Perhaps, if Susan great fancy to him, and was always portunity to settle her arrangements. one night drove into the yard in tri- had, as she sometimes wished in the telling every one what a remarkably This was plausible enough and after children around him. He are little, He hasn't stopped it from thinking the owner of the trunk, an actual her proudest triumphs would have was: on which occasions Sue general- morning she would start for the city, venous appetites. Job reflected mood- they fit in and out and try to build in girl' in propria persona, band-box in given her no deeper thrill of pleasure ly discovered she had an errand in (it now being Wednesday) Job reluctive that his salary would never be suf-

Sue thought Ned was making fun of time, she consented, in the spring, cheerful tone to body and mind that comes from the vigorous, varied exermade beds up-stairs, with the fresh now out in the garden for vegetables, When Mrs. Whitaker heard that Lu- all this varied work bringing every muscle into play the more healthy, because not done deliberately and with 'malice aforethought

> 'How do you feel, to-day, Susan' queried Mrs. Whitaker, anxiously. 'I really don't know, mother,' re plied Susan, laughingly. 'I haven't

had time to think.' And so Sue had grown plump and sparkle in her eyes, the radiance in sound mind in a sound body.

One Monday, Sue was in the clothes vard, trying to hang out the clothes. tainly was a provoking wind. It blew Sae's sun-bonnet off, and her curly ready to accompany him. brown hair into all sorts of wild tan-

pleasant, manly voice:

the Whitakers' garden, and seeing his were the case it was not the fault of the door no one was visible but Mrs. us lay the sumach, the poor man's tems of the white man and the negro. neighbor's distress, had come to the Mrs. Grav. rescue, like the kind-hearted fellow he

ner-table, while several pans of the looking so! And Sue hastened to thought she sighed. same agreeable edibles, in various roll down her sleeves, and conceal her I do not dare to think you will miss 'Mary,' said he, playfully, 'how long chair. The bent, weired figure, the negro's blood is chemically a very stages of doneness, were standing blushes under her sun-bonnet, while me, he said. Charlie hung up the table-cloth, and 'Whe-ew!' exclaimed Ned. 'You're let the line down within her reach.

good provider, Sue, but seems to It is as pleasant for a woman to be emotion, faltered out : me you are rather overdoing this bean helped, as for a man to help. Sue felt Indeed I shall, Mr. Pendleton. Con- prise in store for you.' quite a glow of gratitude to Charlie. 'How nice it is to be tall!' she said.

I'm ever so much obliged to vou.' 'Not at all. I'm glad to do it. things. I positively believe three flushed face and tangled brown curls pany.

under the sun-bonnet. 'Nonsense, Charlie!' laughed Sue slyly, stooping to pick up a clothe s-

Charlie went back to his work, wondering he had never noticed before what a pretty girl Sue Whitaker was Gray. Somehow Charlie found a great deal to do in the south lot that fall. Any to whom I felt I could safely confide ed for now. He always had an eye you become my wife? out in the direction of the Whitaker mansion. The number of errands he discovered that necessitated his 'just and without other reponses he knew running over there, was really surpri- his suit had been favorably received. sing. Of course, he was often thirsty, Whether it was at the widow's sugand obliged to step into the kitchen gestion or his own, Mr. Pendleton for a drink of water. Then, nothing could not, for the life of him tell, could be more natural than that he u t somehow before the interview was asked the second boy, edging up to et. The Lord, he never made his

with his lips, of the weath- sion.

nice young man Charlie Goodman positive assurances that on Saturday but the children seemed blest with ra-evil. You see the little birds how the kitchen, or anywhere out of the tantly bade farewell to his wife, and ficient for such a brood of cormorants. day I've swept 'em out, and their 'Susan, this is really a capital room. In short, Charlie not only lov- as in the solitude of his old bachelor However it could not be helped. His trash nest after em and just so with The new girl's name was Luna, 'pale squash pie. If your mother don't ed his neighbor as himself, but a great days, wended his way to the count-employers, in consideration of his pe-me now. All day long I sit here think-

As for Sue, the memory of the young dergast, his employers. her, thereby, for once doing him an move permanently over to the Good-'constitutional' walks and drives gives possible in a world which sometimes ate possession will be given.' ing and united hearts.

around the house now, singing as she cott: 'Love and labor, two beautiful house. And I don't think it will be old fashions, that began long ago, with any more expensive, which is certain-

## Job's Comforter.

Up to the age forty, Job Pendleton was a batchelor. There were some who thought he would always, remain so, but in so thinking they did not allow for the fascination of widowhood.

Mr. Pendleton met Mrs. Gray dur- enough. ing a brief sojourn at Conway, a delightful village among the White Hills: season and the surounding scenery looks and spirit that comes from a that made him more than usually im-

At all events, certain it was, that he She was short, and the line high up, walk, every morning, but not alone.

Before going any further, let me degles and tousles, and the table-cloth scribe Mrs. Gray. She had been pretshe was trying to hang up kept flap- ty as a girl, and at thirty seven she noon, Job left his counting-room, with ping back all over her. Sue stood on was still a good-looking woman, I a light heart. He knew that his wife out to redeem Willie's promise. Our tiptoe, straining her arms up, and have incautiously named her age. None must be already in the city. He ran way lay through the pine woods and struggling in vain with the refractory to judge of her fresh complexion up the steps of his modest dwelling, old fields' which cover so much of old 'Let me help you, Susan,' said a thirty. She seldom, or never, spoke entered. He turned the knob of the the narrow footpath before us, and of Mr. Gray. Mr. Pendleton some- right hand door which led to the sit- wild grapes hung in clusters from the Sue extricated herself from the ma- how conceived the idea that she had ting room. Before he could open it, festoons overhead. The chinquapin ture on the distinction of the different zes of the table-cloth, to find Charlie not been happy in her first marriage, there seemed a scampering and rush bushes, with their myriads of shining races of man, said that he had pointed Goodman beside her. Charlie was but felt too delicate to question her of many feet. Could his wife have brown nuts, eyed us through the out over a hundred specific differences working in his south lot, which joined on the subject. He felt sure if such company so soon? But on opening slightly parted burrs, and all around between the bonal and nervous sys-

'Oh, thank you, Charlie,' said Sue, employer—he was bookkeeper of a did not notice it. He advanced has- 'gathering where they have not strewn.' articulation, or chemically of the same with perhaps more color in her cheeks city firm—summoning him to the city. tily, and bade her a cordial welcome A little brook led us to 'Aunt Dinah's composition as that of the white man. than the wind was solely responsible He communicated this intelligence to to her new home. When he had time spring at the foot of a hill, and high- The negro's bones contain a far dish of baked beans crowning the din- for. It was so vexacious to be caught Mrs. Gray on his next walk. He to look around him, he noticed a er up stood Aunt Dinah's cabin, with greater proportion of calcareous salts

She put her delicate handkerchief to boys' caps?' ther eyes, and, with a voice broken by

ter you are gone.'

Mr. Pendleton brightened up. 'Perhaps I have' said more than little body like you ought always to should, said the widow, bashfully look-'Don't laugh, Ned,' said poor Sue, have a tall man round somewhere ing down. But it's so seldom that I meet handy, to help her,' said Charlie, look- with a congenial soul that I forget ing not unadmiringly down on the myself in the pleasure of their com-

'Dear Mrs. Gray,' said Pendleton in a little trepidation, 'although our acquaintance has been brief, to me has been so pleasant that I wish it would always last,' 'You are very kind,' murmured Mrs.

deficiency on his part, hitherto, in my happiness. Our acquaintance has 'noticing' Susan, was more than aton- been most happy. Mrs. Gray, will Pendleton, with a look of affright.

Mr. Pendleton felt an answering pressure from the hand which he held

'It tastes smarty,' said Sue. 'I-be- should stop and chat a few minutes over it was mutually agreed that the Mr. Pendleton. marriage should be celebrated that

There might have been a look downcast eyes to Charlie, who looks presenting to his friends so charming a five. Accordingly he gave the eldest

ing room of Messrs. Jones and Pen- culiar circumstances, and the rapid in- ing, and the evil thoughts they come

school-master had faded like a morn- Arrived in the city, Mr. Pendleton. ing dream. She came to feel such an studied assiduously the advertiseinterest in Charlie's prosperity, that, ments under the head 'To Let.' At both ends meet in these times. rather than have him waste so much last he came upon the following no- Moral.—Don't marry a widow till 'Aunt Dinah's spring'

To Let Furnished. A small house injustice. For there is no surer cos- man house. Sue made as brisk and containing five rooms. The owner metic and beautifier than house-work, blooming a matron as one often sees, is obliged to move to a southern clime amount of dumb-bells, flesh-brushes, ward; as happy, at all events, as is desirable for a small family. Immedi-

has sharp trials for even the most lov- That will be the very thing' thought Mr. Pendleton. It will be much bet-If any one still asks what cured Su- ter to live snugly in a small house nah some water from the spring and ly a consideration, for my income is not very large.'

prising ; but perhaps future events like the prophet Elijah.' will show what she meant.

gramme, his wife, on reaching the under Aunt Dinah's bed, and she gave soon got into the habit of taking a Boston depot, was to hire a hack to me an egg, but I ran home so fast carry her immediately to the house the marbles in my pocket broke it. The and the wind blowing a gale. It cer- Mrs. Grav. with her mountain hat provided for her. This was because hen's name is Sarah, and her cat is the author's previous work. "Three half covering her face, was always he would be so occupied by business Old Tom. Aunt Dinah says they are Years in a Man-Trap," contains a spare the time.

About six o'clock, Saturday after- von there to-morrow.' would have taken her for more than and, without the ceremony of ringing, Virginia. Hares ran almost tame in small cap lying upon a chair.

I am all curiosity.'

'Excuse me a moment. Mrs. Pendleton hurried out of the

finger in her mouth. ton, 'what do you say?'

venile tribe in chorus.

'No, Job,' said his wife impressively, they were my children, they are better, I thought Divers went to tor- universe has created different soccies yours. They have already learned to ment because he was rich, and the ane of men, just as He has different spelove you from my description. Don't gels carried Lazarus to heaven because

you love paps, children ?'

'Me, too?' 'And me, too?' oucluded it would 'do.'

pleasing model for a statute group ilhis business a married man. AccordLively little darlings,' murmured
ingly they proceeded to a neighboring the mother, in fond accents. 'Their loves you dearly, will give you a cent, He his hand into his pocket and drew

all so disastrous. Mrs. Whitaker was shirt-sleeves and overalls, as he leans, very complacent, in the thought of the quite astonished to see how well things start hat in hand, against the pump, surprise and envy, he would occafrom his brother. Thereupot, sued couldn't sin much now if you were to pugilistic cont ish iss, acted try.

'Boys will be boys,' remarked Mrs. and repenting until her head is under

Job sat down to his dinner with his he hasn't stilled my heart yet honey. crease of his family, have raised his and go; they are like the birds; I can't salary two hundred dollars, but even hinder 'em from flitting in and out with this he finds it hard to make but I musn't let 'em build their nests.'

you have ascertained whether she has

### "Aunt Dinah."

curly head in my lap, and held up pair of small grimy hands, 'sister, this now 'sees the King in his beauty 'is good dirt. I brought old Aunt Di-

hands for supper?' 'Willie is only half a Pharisee,' said his brother Julian, who is fond of texts reflecting on the other people. He is Mr. Pendleton accordingly sought willing enough to eat with unwashed out the landlord, and soon concluded hands, if he does blow his own truman arrangement for the house. He pet.' What do you think he asked dispatched a letter to Mrs. Pendleton, Aunt Dinah this evening? If she had at Conway, which he judged would be any other property besides her cat sure to reach her before she left. When and hen, and her peach tree. And the lady received the letter, she said she said, 'Yes, master, the blessed Lord in heaven is my portion, and he I only hope the house will be large knows just what old Dinah wants, and the lowest depths of degradation, where when to send it to her.' And then the vilest and most abandoned of so-Why there should be any doubts in Willie went diving into his pockets and ciety herd together in our city slums her mind considering that there were fished up a biscut and three lumps of more like beasts than men and women. rosy, had a buoyant step, a light and It might have been the beauty of the only two of them is certainly, sur-sugar, and told Aunt Dinah she was

'Her hen's nest,' continued According to Mr. Pendleton's pro- pursuing the subject, is in a basket in him lies, yet with a guardedness of cares that he would not be able to the best company she has except you

So when fto-morrow came, we set

We exchanged salutions with all ceremony and fullness of defail which room but quickly returned-too quick- Aunt Dinah loved, and the miscellaly, alas! for her husband's peace of neous contents of Willie's basket havmind. Behind came, ranging down- ing been examined and, admired, we wards like a row of stairs, six children sat down, and, like Bunyan's Pilgrims, tween the negro and the chimpanzee, three boys and three girls—the two we fell a-talking—until Willie, who or between the horse and the ass. or oldest boys with their hands in their knew all Aunt Dinah's ways brought the eagle and the owl. Each is a dispockets, the youngest girl with her her Testament and laid on her lap. Its owner had never learned a letter, but as specifically different as the owl and Mr. Pendleton rose in consterna- the book opened at her favorite chap- the eagle. They were designed to fill tion, and glared wildly at the children. ter, and the leaves were yellowed by different places in the system of nature. 'Now children,' said Mrs. Pendle- time, and black with smoke and much 'Welcome, papa!' screamed the ju- asked for the parable of 'Divers and fortune. The negro is no more the 'Is this a dream?' ejaculated Mr. ended, she said in her broken Eng- the sister of the eagle, or the ass the Before the dear Lord taught me

he had such a hard time here; but no, 'Yes,' repeated the children in cho- honey, not so. The blessed Saviour promised the kingdom of heaven to

heaven and earth for a sinner's see. saw down low here and high up yonder, I have heard the Scripture ram-- Lively little darlings, murmured bled from generation to generation (Genesis to Revelation), but I could never find that doctrine. No. honey, Lazarus had more than he deserved when he was laid at the gate of all round. Won't you Job, darling?' and so has every sinner when the Lord Mechanically the unhappy Job put gives him breathing and praying

long and pitying survey of her palsied

and the cabin still stands on the hill but weeds grow upon the hearth, and the armchair is gone, for Aunt Dinal has forever put off poverty, old age and

They were laid aside with the wornout garment of flesh, and 'Aunt Dinah'

#### "Cast Adrift."

This is the title of a new book by the author of "THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP," just issued by J. M. Stoddart & Co., of Philadelphia. "Cast Adrift." like the "Man-Trap," is another sorrowful revelation; a lesson and a warning for the people. Dealing with intemperance only as an incident of his theme, the author, in his romance of real life; draws aside the veil that hides the victims of this and other terrible vices, after they have fallen to and tells the story of sorrow, suffering, crime and human debasement as it really exists in Christian America. with all the earnestness and power that detail and description that must leave the book without objection, even from the most scrupulous.

It is the same in size and price as number of spirited illustrations, and is elegantly bound. Agents are wantand me, sister, and I promised to bring ed to canvass for this work. We recommend all seeking remunerative employment and those who feel desirous of circulating good literature to

## Anatomy of the Negro.

Pendleton late Mrs. Gray. There harvest, which springs up on every He says their frames are alike in no In the midst of Mr. Pendleton's en- seemed to be a little more than ordi- swamp and hillside, and offers to the particular; that no bone in the negro's joyment, he received a letter from his nary flush upon her brow. But Job landless and the lazy the delight of body is relatively the same shape, size.

> Aunt Dinah herself-dozing in her arm- than those of the whiteman. Even the is it since you have taken to wearing gray head, and the wrinkled, black different fluid from that which courses face, with its almost grotesque con- in the veins of the white man. The 'By the way,' returned his wife, tour, were familiar enough to Willie whole physical organization of the nethat reminds me, I have a little sur- and me, but the sightless eyes and the gro differs quite as much from the withered hands crossed on her lap had white man's as it does from that of muscles, nerves and fibres, the chimpanzee has not much farther to progress to become a white man. fact science inexorably demonstrates. Climate has no more to do with the the negro than it has with that betinct and separate creation. The negro and the white man were created The negro is no more a negro by accihandling. This evening Aunt Dinah dent or misfortune than the owl is the kind of bird he is by accident or mis-Lazarus,' and when the reading was white man's brother than the owl is brother of the horse. How stupendons and yet how simple is the doctrine that the Almighty Maker of the cies of the lower animals, to fill different places and offices in the grand machinery of nature.

Whether Provessor Agassiz has carried his reasoning on this subject a lit-'Papa, won't you give me a cent?' the poor spirit, not the poor in pock the too far, we leave for the reader to