riend Temperence VBLISHED

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CLUBS:

Ummunications

White-robed forms passed to fro on the long rostrum, holding whisand with their graceful and dignified teachers. The soft, artificial lights threw a charm on the scene, and as the fairy forms glided in that light, one cor most imagine the scene to

At last Con one was in her appropriate seat, and then there was a si lence. Attentive ears were waiting to catch the words of the beloved principal. It was the closing exercises of the school. Many had striven hard to give satisfaction to their teachers and parents, during their examination, and also had exerted themselves to tions and poems. So, no wonder that many a little heart trembled, and felt embarrassed, at even the thought of failure, as they sat there, expecting to hear their subject and name called out. A little sunny-haired girl sat there with an awful dread of a failure. The class to which she belonged was considered too young to prepare compositions, and the teachers thought to xhibit their skill, by having them repeat poems, which they memorized, taken from the works of gifted wri-

poems for each one, this little girl she showed by her assiduousness thought all the poems suited or adapt- her studies this idea, 'I will not be exemn piece; why did'nt they give her something about the birds and flowers, school-days, holidays and pic-nics, she reasoned; and perhaps she shed a few tears, when she began to commit it to memory, and found it two dif- given place to womanhood. Wealth ferent kinds of verse-blank verse and and with wealth friends fell away and to speak properly. She would forget only one in their times of troubles, and and strive to make that rhyme, as she mournfully asked, 'Hast thou a place, did the other verses. But after a great O Father! for my name—a name to deal of practice the teacher informed live forever? I have tried wealth and her that she spoke it correctly. Sit- fame and Father, lo, thy child ing there that night, and looking down onlithe number of faces that soon would be regarding her, and thinking of all endless fame? Let my cry come up, the steps she would have to take to the O Father unto thee. Give me a name. front of the rostrum, greatly embar- a name that cannot die. Wealth and and heard the shause of the audi- have I had, yearning and trying to most confident of failure, she walked rolls; but ah? each step taken in the out. As she passed the teacher, she way has failed to bring that perfect heard an encouraging word, and a re- happiness for which I yearn, and so I quest to speak distinctly. She reach- stop and look up at the dizzy height ed the front and bowed to the audi- for which some have even periled life turned toward her, she thought with- and ask thee Father to give in her trembling heart, "O can I stand mind and heart, content with my lot thought, I will make the effort, and most worthy ambition of all, a place gave the subject, 'Make to thyself a Soothingly, pityingly, even as a fath-

Have passed away from earth? Where shall I write A memory to exist, when as a sigh,

Of the swift wind, my spirit takes its Into the unseen land? Wealth! wilt

My name upon thy bosom? Wilt thou This treasured gift unsullied, cased

When low in death, and dust and clay I sleep ?"

then proceeding in lower, deeper Lamb's Book of Life.

Aye, wouldst theu yield thy name Twere frailer than a breath:

Twere fleeter than a Summer flower Or than the ocean spray; I cannot hold it in my heart,

Twould melt like dew, away. Then the embarrassment seemed t have worn away, and in a firmer, clearer voice, as if her heart were in her words, she spoke again, Fame! wilt thou keep my memory, when I go,

Away from earth up to the spirit When I have passed life's faintly When I have parted from the sea

Wilt thou not keep my name locked in thy breast; Of the deep sea, wilt thou not, of thy Forever murmur, in sweet, solemn

She paused as if listening for swer, then in a low, mournful, but dis-

"Yield not, yield not thy name to me I cannot keep it long, Twill vanish from me, like the low, When night comes quickly o Twill fade, until the last deep A very brief pause st and it seemed that here

ried out in the supplication asked in a tremulous, yet clear voice, "Hast thou a place, O Father! for my A name to live forever? I have tried

The pomp of wealth, the panoply of And Father! lo thy child has been de A place within them; hast thou a place

A place of endless fame? Let my cr Come up. O Father! unto thee; Give me a name—a name that cannot

nade now, then in a rich, deep and with a photograph, one gould clear tone her voice rang out night air these words-"Make to thyself a name my child

Make to thyself a name; But make it not in glittering gold Nor yet on earthly fame, These to the fleeting earth These bear the thorns of strife, Make to thyself a name to stand

In The Lamb's Book Of Life." She went back to her seat, and greeted her ears, and the smile of ap-

But did that teacher study the character of that child? Did she note the to quite another and altogether more fires of ambition in that young soul, romantic era. and did she think she would impress a lesson which could never be erased from her mind? Doubtless she did. she knew how the child craved wealth of the world, thinking as one does in the morning of life, that,

wealth brings happiness below. Years passed on, and still that poem rang in her ears, childhood had The blank verse was so hard then the stricken one 'turned to the been denied a place within them. Hast thou a place for me-a place of heard the teach- fame are alluring, deceiving. Many after another, battlings with adverse circumstances At last she was called, and al. place my name high up on its honored here and repeat it?' At last she and that Thou wouldst grant this

"Make to thyself a name my child Make to thyself a name; But make it not in glittering gold Nor yet in earthly fame.

These to the fleeting earth belong These bear the thorns of strife. Make to thyself a name to stand, In the Lamb's Book of Life.'

Then from the depths of the troubled heart assailed with the trials and temptations of life, the spirit cried out, Father give me strength to withstand all, help me to hold up the feeble She paused for a brief minute and hands, to write my name In the

The teacher who made the select tion for the little girl long years ago may have gone to the spirit-clime, but the lesson she gave of morality and religion, still lives in the mind and

CAKE Beat together -as for a pound cake—one pound of sugar, half a would lie in the bottom of the tumbler sound of butter and six eggs. Have ready two cocoa nuts, grated, and stir them into the batter after it is thoroughly mixed; then roll it out cut it into cakes and bake them in a mod-ments of labor of which the operator

Selected Story.

Barber's Cap

That the world is rapidly growing

prosaic, and practical, and commo sensical, I am more and more couvin ed every day. All these delightful the wonderful "tricks" which had such a mysterious power over the provoking Late Price, \$12 and \$2 bey now

young gentleman-or lady as the case might be-who was to be the future husband, etc., etc., the youth or damsel of to-day who would rashly tempt the future, prosaically encloses twentyfive cents to Box 999, and receives by return mail the exact image and superscription of the future, 'for better or for worse.' The latter has the advantage of tangibility. Dreams are such visionary things that he might not be quite positive when the origi A pause of very short duration she nal made his appearance; but armed cerning the possible presence of his 'fate' by quietly comparing it with the faces, taking them by lines or groups for convenience. But alas! this mode has also its disadvantages. When you find half a dozen of your particular female friends have each a pictureas like yours as one pea is like another, you cannot well help being a little exercis ed in your mind as to whether your ful, poem, well spoken, well spoken!' six friends are going to die young, or vice versa; or, if possibly you are no teacher caused her to decide that she fine day. But the story I started to knew best how to make selections for tell has nothing to do with such matter-of-fact revelations as card photo graphs profess to make. It belongs

> Possibly, in the more remote reions, these delightful old superstitions are still believed in and practical. -no matter how many years ago, the girls of a very respectable age, used to congregate at Annt Mollie Norton's upon every possible opportunity, to listen, open-eyed and eared, to wonderful instances which had come within the personal knowledge of this remarkable woman, where future wives or husbands, oftenest the latter, had appeared in answer to some mysterious performance or incantation, known under the general name of

Now Aunt Mollie was a perfect euevelopedia of tricks. She knew mor and better, and surer ones, than every From holding a mirror over an open well thirty minutes before midday on the twentieth of June, and beholding just as the clock struck twelve the face swallowing a spoonful of salt, without speaking. I know of a certain person who tried it once, and dindn't feel particularly like speaking for several never-to-be-forgotten hours-and dreaming of being overwhelmed with, thirst and served with water by the aforesaid To Be. We all believed the 'tricks most religiously, substantiated as the were by numberless instances which had 'come true,' and which she repeated frequently for the perfecting of our faith. I think she believed them

most concientiously herself, and I am sixteen, but there was a fascination, a strange weird sort of fascination.about those old charms and superstitions of twenty years ago, which can never be quite forgotten by one who had once entertained them. How they come back to me now, an endless procession through the silence and dust of the dead years! But I have time to note only one, now, and the others must

down' to their graves again. servedly-a universal favorite. The materials and modus operandi were as

First a tumbler of clear spring water was set in a sunny window at precisely half an hour before twelve o'clock Then the white of an egg was lightly beaten and poured in the glass. a while, and then slowly rise in pretty fantastic shapes, which were supposed to take the form of the special impleshould earn his bread. Of course the

Living in a seaport town, where bition of all the boys was to be tains, and of the girls to be ca the favorite form which, by p. The figures might just as have been anything else, I cand ts delicate lines, and spars, and filmy doubtless to the native perversity of

sails clearly outlined against the soft the sex, nearly all women like such a golden glow of midday, in Angie Bar- one, And so, though far from being ber, I believe speak, sat with darkening eyes and the strangers, at least, among the his left arm. dushed cheeks, gazing with a sort of younger girls. cestatic awe as the heautiful thing I do not think any one of us felt father's farm. She was scarcely eight unamiable sentiments.

storm, and our little Angie, whom vague feeling of resentment towards

friends to their home some six months hoped she would be in reality. children, only Angie, the eldest, was will perceive.

those of castle-building. No childish He put out his hand. plays or companionships were ever I cannot endure it any longer, Besry of getting away by myself in the his voice. garret, or the grove at the foot of the possible and impossible futures for 'your father and mother?' most enviable inture; and this seemed thought she cared for me l' quite like to see the fair structure I face away. Among Aunt Mollie's reportoire was moniously demolished. When after- ly, before her head was turned by their sight. It was, beside, getting a little sobbing sigh.

> He drew himself up with a slight shiv-'Don't you remember, Bess,' he said,

waves? No! I'll never go they ached for an hour. t of terra firma, if I can help

grew in grace and proportions. It was surprise when we discovered that Capa most admirable counterfeit, and to tain Gifford began to evince a decided our minds a 'confirmation strong as preference for Angie's society. It had proofs of holy writ,' that our pretty somehow seemed from the first that and possibly coming into my voice. Angie was to be a captain's bride. An- he would do so. We had the good think so, for he smiled, a faint, almost gie herself accepted it as a sure and sense to perceive that none of us were imperceptible smile. irrevocable fact, and grew cool and particularly pretty or fascinating, exreserved towards young Will Ashley, cept her; yet I do not believe one of Gifford?' he asked, with an abruptness who, all we girls knew, loved her with us ever felt envious or jealous towards that made me start. all his large honest heart, and had done her. We had always a sort of chival- 'I believe he is of your party, sir,' so ever since the Nereus went to pieces ric protecting love for this gentle beau- answered, quietly, though my heart very cordially reciprocated.

outside the bar, and Angie, a drench- tiful little creature, thrown by fate up- was beating fearfully. ed, pallid, miserable little thing, was on our generosity, which prevented 'I never saw him until the week be- tain Gifford gay, and brilliant, and washed ashore on the flats below his the growth or indulgence of any such fore we came here. But from the agreeable as usual, but Angie ailent, with a quick convulsive abition years old then, and very small and Of course it occurred to us at once party, I feel a little responsibility in any outward signs of excitement. He her what Mr. Chelmsford had said to

slight for that age, and the strong that this was 'Angie's captain.' The the matter. I know absolutely noth- soon excused himself on the plea of me. She was sobbing and trembling lithe-limbed lad of seventeen found no whole affair had that delightful aroma ing about the man, but I could not an engagement, and whispering a few convuleively when I finished, but she difficulty in carrying her in his arms of romance particularly pleasing to leave your pleasant little town with a words in Angie's ear, took his leave. across the spongy marsh, and up the very young girls, and was, therefore, clear conscience if I neglected to drop broad winding upland to his father's proportionally satisfactory to us all .- just the faintest hint of warning. Re-But we could not quite make out how member, I know nothing, but I advise up stairs, Bess, This had been the first we had any Angie herself felt about it. She grew the friends of Miss Barber to take of us known of Angie Barber, but I a trifle graver, and though they ate some measures to ascertain the charthink it seemed to us all as if we had and slept under the same roof, she acter and standing of the man before been acquainted with her always .- and Will Ashley grew to be almost the intimacy proceeds much further. She had crept into our hearts through like strangers. Will was fiercely jeal- I only know one thing: Captain Gif- triumphed this time, but now could I was fearing and dreading the evening, the sad sorrow that had so suddenly ous of this gallant young captain, we ford receives letters from a lady regu- possibly thwart his plans, if she perbereft her of father and mother, broth- all knew; but that seemed no reason larly every week, directed to Launceler and sister. Of all the Nereus why Angie should treat him with such of Gifford, with the title ommitted .brought across the seas, only three studied coolness. For the first time A small thing, perhaps, and the lady with him before Will Ashley's return, when Captain Gifford came to the sailors escaped the cruel fury of the in my life I found myself cherishing a may be his mother, or grand-mother,

From one of the sailors, and from devotion of eight years deserved some what Angie could herself tell, we lear- consideration. I didn't like to think thought, but he answered it promptour favorite, guilty of ingratitude, but ly. Mr. Barber was himself an Ameri- it certainly looked strangely like it. I previously, a charming little German disappointed Will's father and moth-

death of Mrs. Barber's parents made Lance Gifford to Marion, to mar our embarrassment. her willing to leave her native land for fair expectations?' I asked myself,

I never remember when she was not ley real shabby, Angie,' I said, one day ed look in his face, and the fierce fire the first violence of her emotions, lovely, with her soft creamy complex- when she had turned and walked ab- that surged suddenly through my whatever they might be, had exhaustion and wild-rose bloom. But as she ruptly away as he was just reaching veins as I realized the meaning of that ed themselves, and then continued: advanced to womanhood, every one out his hands to fold a shawl, which look. It said as plainly as so many exclaimed how, pretty she grew, as his mother had sent out about words: You are such a simple, un- Angie, and especially that you should

plexion of her mother, with the frank broke into such a fierce passion of out trying.' Which I have no doubt smile and changeful brown eyes which tears that I forgot my momentary anhad made her father's face winning ger, and was overwhelmed with reand attractive to a more than ordina- morse, thinking my words had cause-

ed her grief. I believe I was accused of romantic | A day or two after this I met Will proclivities very early in life. Indeed, Ashley one morning, dressed as if for cannot remember so far back that the a journey. I think he knew, intuitivehappiest moments of my life were not ly, that my sympathies were with him.

half so fascinating to me as the luxu- sie l' he said, a fierce pathos of pain in

You are not going to leave your meadow, and planning all manner of home, Will?' I cried, breathlessly;

those I knew; and sometimes, when No, Bessie; I am not going to be set out. tinct recollection of manufacturing not desert my parents in their old age; of eaves-dropping, but when coming a them for the occasion, and very real I am all they have, now, you know, to a little unexpectedly within the sound be much worse than the way you have by strength of body and mind returnthey were to me, too. Of course I lean on But I must know something of Captain Lance Gifford's deep musiwouldn't do such a thing now, so I of him! If he is worthy of her, and cal voice, modulated just now to low, any one else who will love you as and the light into her eyes. One day think there was a slight feeling of re- she chooses, I can have nothing to tender pleading tones, through which purely and unselfishly as Will Ashley. gret mingled with my pleasure at the say, though God knows how hard it is ran a rhythm of firery passion, I will But then, of course, you've a right to sight of Angie's 'ship.' I cordially to ever think of giving her up. I had deliberately admit that I did deliber-

wards I saw how reserved she grew that detestable ship' business! She quite darkish, and a sea fog had come towards Will, and the look half of believes she must marry a seaman, up on the south wind, and hung low pain and half of vexation which would and you will stay ashore,' I added, cloud his bright aval face when the half vexed at his obstinacy in persistgirls hinted of "Angie's captain,' I grew ing to be a landsman, when the whole quite disgusted with 'tricks' in gener- difficulty might be met, I believed, if al, and this one in particular. But he would only change his vocation.

still I had not lost my faith in it in He smiled faintly. I realize now the least, and the only satisfactory so- how puerile and childish my words shall quarrel with them, and there will lution of the difficulty to which I could must have sounded to him, but then be a state of ill feeling engendered come was for Will Ashley to go to sea. I thought them the quintessence of that can never be overcome. By this I hinted something of it to him once. wisdom.

both went down under its such a fierce grip of my fingers that they were your parents. But these ing to my hand with both her own

Somehow I seemed determined to real right to control or influence you 'O Bessie! do you think-do you meet with adventures this particular at all." dozen rods, when I encountered Mr. Angle said, in a faint voice. though Chelmsford, the artist of the party somost reserved of them all. I had al- fascinating tones. 'But now Love gle with common sense, 'there are es, and were ways felt a good deal afraid of him, rules. You belong to me; you admit, other captains in the world beside a bow, but he stopped me by asking you ought to be willing to be guided She sank back if I was in any particular haste, as if I wholly ty me, since you know that little dreary sob.

were not, he would like to speak with your happiness is my only wish or 'O Bess,' said a

ber's tumbler. We were half wild the most worthy, Captain Gifford was lessly off over the fields, and drawing and coming swiftly round the with delight, and Angie, not daring to the most popular by a great deal, of a line or two in a portfolio resting on

'O yes!' I said, quickly, She is a very lovely girl, very beau-

'We all think so, sir,' I replied, with a little feeling of pride in my heart,

'Do you know anything of Captain

fact that he did come here with our and evidently struggling to suppress

can, but had married some ten years knew, also, that it both pained and ticularly, he said, with a smile; this is solved to make the trial. why I spoke to you.'

girl whose parents were on a visit to er, though they said nothing. Angie 'I -I din't know you ever noticed this country. Having no near rela- had grown to be like a daughter to me at all!' I exclaimed, in astonishtions, he returned with his wife's them, and it was not strange they had ment. And then I blushed, a foolish trick I have never quite got rid of, to to you to-night, behind the alder later. There they had lived till the What perverse spirit sent Captain the roots of my hair with vexation and hedge.'

O, men of my craft are obliged to her husband's. But neither of them angrily. I was rapidly getting out of keep their eyes open, and so necesever reached it, and of their three conceit of the handsome captain, you sarily see things which others do I think you are treating Will Ash- to this moment I remember the amussophisticated, altogether transparent listen to a proposition like that from a brown curls and milk-and-rose com- To my perfect bewilderment she little thing, I saw through you with- stranger. Do you love him well

That night, remembering my promise to Will Ashley, I went over to Angie's. She was not in, and Mrs. Ash. you. ley informed me, with a troubled look Captain Gifford.

'I think they are down on the

all the Captain Gifiords in the universe,' I responded, rather admirably. 'Now I am going to find them.' And I

wished her to have the best place, the thought of her so long-and-and I ately stop, and as deliberately listen. A clump of alders skirted the reedy to me then to be. But still I did not He paused abruptly, and turned his sedge round which wound the path to the shore. These, and a somewhat that ship? It's fate, Bessie, I can't abrupt curve in the path, hid me from help it!' And her voice died away in amid smiles and blushes, that she

> There is no other way, darling, would not ask you,' he was saying. The Ashleys do not like me. There will be all the annoyance and trouble of opposition to you, and I-well, I other plan we can avoid it all, and 'You will stay with her all you can when their anger and disappointment while I am away, Bessie? the asked, have blown over we can return and all

and Harry' (these were his I promised, and he left me with Angie, I would not ask this of you if her shoulders like a cloud, and clingpeople have no real claim on you, no she cried in a startled, eager voice :

ing. I had not proceeded over a 'They have been so kind to me,' be any mistake about it? You saw

'One couldn't help being kind to should have passed him with only yourself, that fate has decreed it, and him, and there's no hurry.' speak with your happiness is my only wish or 'O Bess,' said she,' it might just as

full upon them. They were unmis-I. But I fancied, somehow, that An- and he himself owns one. gie felt a vague sense of relief as she

'I came over to stay with you to- sail for South America in Septen night, and have been looking for you and that is whyeverywhere, I said, carelessly. 'I was nigh giving you up. I am so glad I cool satisfaction, which, from the didn't want her to know enting the glimpse I caught through the dusk of Ashley had gone away, or that bear Captain Gifford's face, I fear was not chance to find out, I substituted.

'How chill and damp this fag is! she exclaimed, with a whiver; come I hoped Will would return in this

I followed her up the wide old-fashoned stairway with a feeling of inuneasy sense of apprehension, I had through the day finely. I knew she sisted in listening to them! The fear that he would persuade her to go off had just risen from the supper-table egy, there was only one thing I could the success of my experiment, but re-

'Angie,' I began, my heart beating heard something Captain Gifford said

'O Bessie!' she gasped, and then. as on a previous occasion, broke into a fierce, uncontrollable fit of weeping. through the kitchen while I have been But I had grown hard-hearted since, absent. He looked flushed and not!' he responded, carelessly. But and so, instead of petting her, and re- lute, but his lips were white, and proaching myself, I waited quietly till a pained expression about them. I

> 'I was astonished at what I heard, enough to deceive and desert those to you that she should expect you whom you knew, for this man whom home to-morrow. I told her I thought you do not know? If you do, then I you would not fail to come. A faith-

O Bessie, you'll not tell him! don't think I'd mind it if you didn't tell him : I-I-' And she broke out afresh, and for a moment I was compelled to keep silence again.

'I don't see why you should care soil your fingers with him,' he about his knowing it,' I responded, gravely. wicked as that. I shall Now I must disclaim any intention hastily, and I dare say with a little

She caught my hand with a little

'No I haven't; don't you remember

I rose up, and leaning on my elbow, looked through the dim light at my world!' companion; but it was too dark to see her face. A strange thought had captaincy Lines Guford ever held was come into my brain, and with it I felt growing up in my heart a feeling of repugnance, considerably tinged with he propelled logs down the stream in skepticism, in regard to the whole brood of 'tricks,' one of which had nade such a change in the hitherto happy life of my tavorite friend.

'There is no fate about it!' I cried.

it, and you know it was a ship. Well, said I, doubtfully, the old urning among us, and the oldest and you, sweet!' he replied, in his most superstition rallying for a final strug-

suppose—is it possible that there can

She sank back on the pillows with a

well be one as another ; they are all ht know, I was alike to me! And Captain Gifford loves me, and -and I think I'd better where can demanded, losing pate

'Only what he says, o caught my hand and drew it through having it overhauled and put ough repair just now. He

'See here, Angie,' I interno! came down this path! I added, with any decisive step till—' he iron slip

> ranged that she should go home with me in the morning and stay two days.

time, though of course I didn't tell her tense gratification, mingled with an was nervous and excited, we got

so, with the soft color all gone out of her cheeks, and so he had to come in. do. I thought it all over while we Two or three of the girls happened in were undressing, and as soon as the and presently, very much to my astonlight was out I began, trembling for ishment, Mr. Chelmsford called. As we were passing through the hall on our way to the parlor, he said, speak-

ing very low : You know what I mentioned to you yesterday? Have you been a

'And well for he that you have not I think, he responder gravely. What was my surprise when I reached the parlor to see Will Ahley stansaw a look pass between him and Mr. said, trying to speak carelessly, but betraying the strong feeling surging

Gifford, and had the pleasure of meeting your wife. She asked me to say ful husband makes it a point never to disappoint his wife, you know.'

said three words. When he had ished he said, sarcastically 'Thank you for your kindness. Mr. ashley, as well as for the amusement afforded me by another member of your family, to relieve the tedium of a

Will Ashley sprang after him with a suppressed imprecation, but the door had closed between them, and Mr. Chelmsford put out his hand. 'He isn't worth it, Ashley, don't

Poor Angie! For days and days she lay like a child, as weak, and hely -'I must go to him, Boss, he will not

come to me, she said, blushing. I do not pretend to know was managed, but I do know that it was managed very satisfactorily to all parties, and that at Christmas Will Ashley became, practically 'Angie Barber's captain, and Angle declared never did, nor never should have loved anybody but Will Ashley, if she uad married all the captains in the

I forgot to mention that the only that of a fire company in an obscure New Hampshire town, and all the ship nis father owned was a raft, whereny

the season for that sort of work. After this almost tragic result tricks' were at a discount in Mirion Aunt Mollie's star rapid y declined and young men and women learned to watcu and wait' with whatspever grace they could command. Very likely some of them might have been better off if they had continued to wait

be triends again. Of course, dear pretty flaxen-brown curis falling over patient waiter, it is said, are no losers