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Poetry.

THE CARELESS WORD.

'Twas but a word, a careless word,
As thistle down it seemed as light;
It passed a moment in the air,
Then onward winged its flight.

Another lip caught up the word,
And breathed it with a hearty cheer,
It gathered weight as on it sped,
That careless word, in its career.

Then rumor caught the flying word,
And busy gossip gave it weight,
Until that little word became
A vehicle of angry hate.

And then another page of life
With burning scolding tears was blurred,
A load of care was heavier made,
Its added weight, that careless word.

That careless word, how it scorched,
On fair lips, bleeding, quivering heart!
'Twas like a hungry fire, that scorched
Through every tender, vital part.

How wildly throbbed that aching heart!
Deep agony its fountains stirred,
It calmed, but bitter ashes mark
The pathway of that careless word.

Selected Story.

Mr. Mopsleigh's Mistake.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

Mr. Mopsleigh was an aspiring man. His motto was "Upward and onward." And, to a certain extent, he had lived up to it; for, beginning life with no greater capital than a ragged coat, a shabby block, and box of blacking, he had succeeded in amassing a fortune of something over a hundred thousand dollars. He had never married, because he had been too busy in his younger days, and now that his means would admit of such a luxury, his hopes and aspirations were all centered in his only nephew, a fine young fellow, just one-and-twenty years of age.

"You're all I have in the world," Dick, said he. "And you shall be my heir, if only you marry to please me."

But Mammon and Cupid are almost invariably ranged in opposition to one another in this world—and in full view of the unparalleled idiosyncrasy of such a proceeding, Dick Avenel fell in love with a pretty girl who hadn't a penny to bless herself with; and one day he sought his Uncle Mopsleigh.

"Uncle," said Dick, "I'm in love."

"The deuce you are," said the old gentleman.

"With the sweetest girl in the world!" averred Dick.

"And who, pray, may she be?" demanded Mr. Mopsleigh.

"Her name is Clara Cleveland. She's a nice young governess in Mrs. Van Vorst's family."

"Then," said Uncle Mopsleigh, "you'd better get out of love with her as quick as you can. I want no beggarly governess in my family! Besides, I've already picked out a wife for you!"

"Eh!" said Dick.

"Miss Clementina Etherege, the heiress! Just come to visit her aunt, Mrs. Major Doddington. Worth a quarter of a million in her own right! And they tell me she is as pretty as a pink! That's the sort of wife for you, my boy."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Avenel, with dignity. "Were she rich as Croesus, and beautiful as Venus, she would be perfectly indifferent to me!"

"Don't be an ass," said Mr. Mopsleigh.

"Sir!" said Dick.

"Come with me at once, and call on Mrs. Major Doddington. See for yourself."

"Of course, I will do as you please about this," said Dick, mentally steeling himself for a stiff combat. And, inwardly more determined than ever, he got his hat and accompanied the old gentleman.

pretty Mansard-roofed villa just out of town. There was a fountain in front of the veranda, and a perspective view of blue-silk furnished drawing-rooms through the open French casements.

"Mrs. Major Doddington is not at home," said the little maid in a white apron and pink ribboned cap, who came to the door. "Would the gentlemen walk in and see Miss Etherege?"

But Mr. Mopsleigh declined this offer without the advantage of Mrs. Doddington's presence. He handed out his card, on which he hurriedly pencilled beneath his own name, that of his nephew, and said that he would call again.

But as they passed the corner of the house, themselves hidden by a miniature thicket of rhododendrons, they had an excellent view of one of the blue silk rooms, where a slender, pretty young lady, also in blue, sat writing at a desk—a young lady with long eye-lashes, an oval face, and a rose twisted in the coils of her blue-black hair.

"That's she, sir!" said Mr. Mopsleigh, grasping his nephew's arm, and gesticulating towards the unconscious note writer with the fore-finger of his disengaged hand. "That's the heiress! Look at her! Isn't she a beauty?"

"She is, indeed, sir," said Dick, who stood transfixed in the middle of the rhododendrons. "But are you sure—?"

"Of course I'm sure," brusquely interrupted Mr. Mopsleigh. "Who else can it be? Dick, look here! You shall marry that girl!"

"I will, sir," averred Dick, with equal sincerity. Mr. Mopsleigh's face brightened up.

"You're a trump, Dick!" said he. "I knew you'd come back to your senses after a little! Marry her, Dick, and I'll settle my whole fortune on you!"

"All right, sir," said Dick.

Hardly had the footsteps of the departing guests died away on the lawn than a young man came to the door of an adjoining room, and bent her pretty head over the fair letter-writer.

"Are you almost through, Clara?"

"Quite through now, dear."

"Well, then, Clara, look here?"

And Miss Etherege—the real Miss Etherege—sat herself down with a resolute air.

"I've made up my mind to one thing, Clara," said she. "You shan't be a governess any longer. You shall be my companion, and I'll pay you twice as much—"

"But Clementina—"

"Say, yes! Darling, do say, yes!"

And when Richard Avenel called that evening, in obedience to a little pencil note from Clara, he found that she had decided to change her situation.

"So you are the heiress?" said Dick, bluntly, when Clara introduced him to "Miss Etherege."

"Exactly," said Clementina. "And you are the nephew of the rich Mr. Mopsleigh, I suppose?"

Dick nodded. "Yes," said he. "And my uncle wants me to marry you."

"Much obliged to him, I'm sure," said Miss Etherege, laughing.

"And I am determined to marry Clara Cleveland, and no one else," added Dick.

"I admire your taste," said Miss Etherege.

And Dick went on and told the whole story of how they had called there that morning, and how his uncle had mistaken Miss Etherege's visitor for Miss Etherege herself.

"He told me to marry you," said Dick, taking both Clara's fluttering little hands in his; "and I mean to!"

Now it so chanced that Mr. Mopsleigh was telegraphed to come to Chicago the next morning, to be occupied there for an indefinite length of time, but he left a message that Dick must not neglect to prosecute his suit.

"No, I won't," said Dick, smiling to himself.

Mr. Mopsleigh had not been gone two weeks when Dick wrote to him: "You will be glad to learn, uncle," said he, "that I am engaged to the lady you pointed out as my future bride. We are to be married at once."

In answer to which, Mr. Mopsleigh sent on his blessing by telegraph. And in less than a month he found himself enabled to hurry back to New York. And with him he brought a superb set of diamonds for his new niece.

The first place to which he hastened was the residence of Mrs. Major

Doddington, where, he had understood the young couple were making a temporary sojourn after their trip. Mrs. Doddington received him beamingly.

"So kind of you," said she. "Walk this way. The turtle-doves are in the morning-room."

Mr. Mopsleigh wrung his nephew's hand, and kissed the blushing bride affectionately.

"Here's my wedding gift," said he, Clara's neck, and laying the rings and brooch on the table. "Welcome, my love, into the Mopsleigh family!"

Just then a tall, blue-eyed girl entered, and Mrs. Doddington made haste to introduce her to the elderly visitor.

"Mr. Mopsleigh, my niece, Miss Etherege."

"Miss—Etherege!" bawled the old gentleman, wheeling around toward the bride. "Then who is this?"

"Formerly Clara Cleveland, at your service," said Dick, bowing low.

"Not the governess!" yelled Mr. Mopsleigh.

"Yes, the governess," said Dick. "She was here on a visit to Miss Etherege that day you saw her. You told me to marry her, and I said I would. And I have obeyed you!"

"Don't be angry, sir!" cooed Miss Etherege. "Clara is the sweetest girl in all the world!"

"Forgive us, sir," pleaded Clara, in the prettiest of supplicating attitudes, with her soft eyes brimming over with tears.

"Well," said Mr. Mopsleigh, after a momentary pause, "I suppose I shall have to kiss me again, my dear. You are pretty! And Dick—"

"Yes, sir."

"I'll have the blue and silver rooms fitted up for you at once. For, of course, you'll come and live with me?"

And so the old gentleman acquiesced, as philosophically as he might, in the irrevocable fate of Clara and Dick.

"And, after all," says Dick, "I did obey my uncle."

some time," she said to herself, softly. "I hope Kate Burton is worthy of him."

And with that prayer on her lips she moved around to make things bright for her rival's coming.

On the morrow, Mrs. Legrange drove over after Miss Burton.

She was a very handsome, showy girl, every day as old as Lawrence himself.

"A bird of golden plumage!" he mentally ejaculated; "but I wish our Lawrence had been content with something less showy. If I mistake not, she'll keep his pockets well drained."

They welcomed her warmly at the Legrange house, and she acknowledged to herself that she was satisfied with "Lawrence's people"; for Mr. Legrange was part owner in one of the large manufacturing establishments, and lived in a manner becoming his position.

"I thought Lawrence was your only child," she said to Mrs. Legrange, after Lina left the room.

"He is," was the response. "Lina is our ward—our adopted child. She has filled the place of a daughter in my heart for many years."

"Thank God that she is dumb!" was Miss Burton's inward comment; "or else I much doubt if I should ever be Lawrence Legrange's wife. Men are always caught by just such innocent, pretty girls."

Hardly had Miss Burton got established in her home before a telegram reached them.

"I'm sick. Will be home on the eleven o'clock train. Meet me."

LAWRENCE.

Lawrence sick! Their Lawrence, who had never known a day's illness since he was a babe! It seemed to make the great pulse of the Legrange household stand still.

"And we not married!" was Miss Burton's first thought.

Mr. Legrange went away with an easy carriage.

The conductor helped him up.

"He's been very ill all the way up, sir," he said. "He had a complaint to himself, and I've attended him as best I could."

"God bless you!" was all the old man could say; for he saw by his boy's vacant look that he was not in a state to realize even that he was at home.

There is no need of telling how they got him home—to bed—and sent for a physician. It was the commencement of a long fever.

Miss Burton hung over his pillow in the most devoted manner, thinking, "If he should die, they will not forget this!"

While he was unconscious, Lina took her turn at his bedside; but as soon as he became convalescent, Miss Burton called her out.

"Of course you cannot wish beside him any more," she said, in soft, insinuating tones. "It would not be becoming. Anything I want you bring to the door."

And so she entered his room no more, and he wondered how it was that his adopted sister was so neglectful of him.

"When will you go for her?"

"To-morrow," was the verbal response. "We will get the house in order to-day."

For a few moments the man's mind wandered like one in a dream, and then turning left the room.

Mrs. Legrange looked after her tenderly.

"I hope Lawrence's wife will love her," she thought. "But, then, who could help loving the child?"

Lina Terry had been dumb from her birth. No one knew the cause of the affliction, for all her other faculties were perfect. When three years of age, her parents had died and left her under the guardianship of the Legranges. Their only child, Lawrence, was nine years her senior, and they grew up together as brother and sister, until he was sent to college, and from college he entered a law office, and had been admitted to the bar.

His visits home had been brief and far between; and though he noted how very beautiful his afflicted adopted sister had become, he also noted how far they had grown apart. He never dreamed that in her heart she cherished his picture as the dearest portion of her life, and now his intended wife was coming to visit them.

"Of course Lawrence would marry

alarmed by a piercing cry. The walls of the reservoir had broken away, and the flood was upon them!

Miss Burton took it in with one glance. She opened the door, flung down the book that she had been reading at Lawrence Legrange's feet, and fled down the stairs.

Lina was hastening up.

"Bring Lawrence!" she shrieked, speech coming to her in her great fear.

But Lawrence's betrothed paid no attention to her—she was fleeing for her life!

Lina passed her by. She grasped Lawrence's arm.

"Come! The water has burst!"

With a strength which had never been exerted before, she pulled him from the room, down the stairs and out of the house.

In the distance she could see Miss Burton flying as if on the wings of the wind; and as he lifted them they could hear the angry roar of the water, sweeping everything in its way to destruction.

"The stone church!" Lina cried, still dragging the aimless man.

It was the only place that could offer them the least appearance of refuge, for it was impossible to make further flight.

"Leave me and save yourself," he murmured, faintly.

"Never!"

They gained the church and clambered up into the gallery.

The angry flood swept onward; but part of the stone church escaped its fury, for it being an old, firm building, situated on a hill, was much in its favor.

At a distance Miss Burton beheld the complete demolition of the Legrange residence.

"And Lina and Lawrence have both met with certain death!" she said.

A few hours later, she fell in with a number of people going toward the part of the country that Mr. and Mrs. Legrange had started to visit, and a little farther on met the crazed father and mother returning.

"Lawrence—where is Lawrence?" they shrieked, frantically, when they saw Kate.

She bowed her head.

"The waters swept him away!" she sobbed. "I heard the flood; I dragged him out, but the water overtook us, and swept me away from him—He's dead—I saw him drown!"

"And Lina?"

"She was so stupefied with fear I could not get her out," was the response.

Such a cry of grief that broke from the lips of the fond mother would have melted a heart of stone.

"God help us!" was all the father could say—"our hearts are broken!"

A few hours later, folks were out in boats from the neighboring villages to rescue the dead.

"Part of the stone church is standing yet!" some one cried. "Perhaps some unfortunates may have taken refuge there."

They rowed up to the place.

"Here! here!" a voice shouted.

And they desisted Lina Terry and Lawrence Legrange holding on in a perilous position.

They were speedily rescued, and taken to the father, mother and Miss Burton.

The old lady clasped her son to her heart, but he drew himself away and thrust the fainting Lina into her arms.

"Hold her. She saved my life!" he said, huskily.

As soon as he could control his emotion, he told them of their miraculous escape.

"And she," said the old man, pointing his finger toward Kate, "did she not drag you from your room, and strive to save you, until the flood swept her away?"

"She left me to die," he answered, solemnly. "She fled from the room, and would not assist Lina to save me. Thank God, He has mercifully unloosened the poor child's tongue!"

"Oh, yes; and you'll marry her now!" exclaimed Miss Burton, realizing that she had lost Lawrence Legrange by her heartlessness.

"Hush!" said his father. "Where death and sorrow are reigning around, it is no place to speak of marrying and giving in marriage."

"Well," she rejoined, "I shall return to Barrytown the first chance; but I wish you would remember that I am better able to stand the loss of a husband than I am of my wardrobe."

"Your wardrobe shall be replaced," Mr. Legrange returned. "I am thankful my son has escaped you, even though it was by such fearful means."

The family went on to their relatives. Mrs. Burton returned to her aunt, and on the next day, drawn by the elder Legrange, was placed in her hand, to indemnify her for the loss of her much-loved finery.

Next week Lawrence Legrange and his true and faithful wife, Lina, started on a foreign tour.

"I have loved you always," he says, "but I knew not my own heart. My eyes were captivated, that was all!"

"And Lina is happy." A mute no more, but the wife of Lawrence Legrange, her long-loved idol, what more can she ask?

Temperance Column.

DON'T LAUGH AT BREAKING HEARTS.

Do not laugh at the drunken man reeling through the street, however ludicrous the sight may be; just stop to think. He is going to a most intense agony; some doting mother, perhaps, who will grieve over the downfall of her once sinless boy; or it may be a fond wife, whose heart will almost burst with grief as she views the destruction of her idol; or it may be a loving sister who will shed tears over the degradation of her brother, shorn of his manliness and self-respect. Rather drop a tear in silent sympathy with those hearts so keenly sensitive and tender, and yet so proud and loyal that they cannot accept sympathy tendered them either in word, look or act, although it might fall upon crushed and wounded hearts as refreshing as the summer dew upon the withering plant.—Selected.

WHO ARE THE POOR MEN?

If you would find out who are the poor men of the country, start a temperance newspaper or undertake to run a temperance reform. The experiment will surprise any person.

Our experience is that the poorest people are not those who have the least money and least amount of worldly goods. It is true that these appear to be poor; but their liberal acts contradict the appearance, oftentimes. To illustrate:

We have on our books the names of persons who labor for their daily bread—who own neither houses, lands, stores nor railroad stocks, yet they manage to have little over to contribute at the end of each year to pay for the FRIEND, and seem to pay for it as cheerfully as if they were buying a Sunday dinner. They tell us they cannot do without their temperance paper, and what is more, they will not do without it. On the other hand, there are well-to-do gentlemen belonging to our Order—men who handle their thousands of dollars annually, who spend enough money foolishly each year, to run the FRIEND a whole month, who pretend to love the temperance cause and are very ready to express the desire that the cause, the paper and all the interests connected with the reform movement, shall prosper; yet, when called upon to subscribe for the FRIEND or help pay the expenses of a temperance lecturer, they are too poor to do either.

The poor men and women of the world support the Gospel. It is true that, now and then, liberality may be found among the rich—but, as a class, they won't do to depend upon. The poor not only have the Gospel preached unto them, but, with their scanty means they are preaching the Gospel to others.

The poor men of this world are those who have no souls—or whose souls are so small that a spark of benevolence can't enter them. They are rich, indeed, who thankfully receive and freely give.

NEW CURE FOR PALPITATION.

A cure for palpitation of the heart has been given to the world by a medical correspondent, an account of which we take from the Medical Times of London. As a great many people are subject to the disease, it would be well for them to take a note of what the correspondent advises. "Palpitation, when not depending upon organic diseases, may be almost immediately arrested by bending the head downwards, and allowing the arms to hang pendent." The correspondent further adds that "the effect is more rapidly produced by holding the breath for a few seconds, while the body is in this bent position." The above has been tried by a medical friend of ours, who is subject to the disease, and he says the effect is wonderful. As soon as he placed himself in the position described, the palpitation was immediately stopped.

"What is your business, sir?" asked the court, in a sharp voice. "A conchologist." "What's that?" said the judge. "I opens clams."

Communications.

FOR THE FRIEND.

THE SMALL LOSS.

It is undoubtedly thought by a good many people, especially those of whom all indulge in the intoxicating beverages to an excess, that the small amount of money they so frequently spend for their "gram," as they call it, is but a small loss, and if they were to give it to aid any benevolent society (which they have not the remotest idea of doing), it would be but a small aid. It would indubitably be a generous aid, providing it would be given as punctilious and as frequent as it was for other frivolous purposes. How many dollars are annually spent for injurious and worthless things that profit not the buyer one cent, but brings want into his family? We can plainly say that there is enough spent to make many a home happy, and to give them. On the other hand, the intemperate would pause and reflect over his career one moment, and imagine the condition of the poor and helpless little orphans, and how he could have aided them in some way, but did not heed their anxious cries, it would fill his bosom with sore remorse, and cause his very soul to tremble with agonizing pain. There are still several other ways in which money is spent that I could mention, but will content myself by mentioning only a few of them.

How often do we see in those little country villages, the young men, and perhaps (the young ladies very often), carrying around a paper or a subscription list for the purpose of getting all those who wish to partake in the affair, or enjoy the benefits of the ball, to assist them in buying things that would be requisite in ball-rooms and dancing halls, such as candles, silvers, &c. The admission fee being perhaps \$2.50, with the privilege of carrying in a partner. The question may be asked, how many of these young men make that in a day? Perhaps they are a widowed mother, and are the only source upon which she can rely for her daily support.

Young men, spend your money for something that will profit you something and other people also. Spend it for something that will either profit you corporally or spiritually. There are a good many of our best young men now a days that entertain the erroneous notions that they are not a gentleman, or not an accomplished one unless they smoke cigars, chew twisted tobacco, and drink the various preparations of alcohol, knowing at the same time that it is injurious to them both mentally and physically.

Remember the good says,
"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Makes the mighty ocean."
Little dimes makes dollars, and dollars are of great value towards helping churches, orphans and other purposes of charity.

Have for your motto Faith, Temperance and Charity. Do your duty, both to God and man, and when you bid your final adieu to this sin-cursed earth, you will reap your deserved reward in heaven, as it is promised by our omnipotent Creator who gently watches us while we are upon youth's slippery parts.

Yours in F. T. and C.,
E. H. SHIBES.
Aaron's Ford, June 4th, 1876.

How that can be called a church of Christ which requires things, in order to ecclesiastical communion, which Christ does not require, in order to eternal life—which is established upon laws that are not His, and which excludes from its communion such persons as He will one day receive into the kingdom of heaven, I do not understand.—John Lecker.