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NO. 20.

It was only a voice that swept through the hall, In accents responsive to somebody's call, From a form that I did not see; But the door stood ajar, and the sound made way As its musical rhythm asserted its sway, And fatefully floated to me.

At first it was only a thrilling surprise. Inviting the soul from its slumber to rise After toil of a tedious day; And the paper and pencil seemed tired too, And suggested the artist's labor was through;

Till lit by the morning's ray. But the spell of that voice was a potent spell, And its musical cadences rose and fell

In dreams and in day's cestasy; Till the brain gave heed to no other tone, And the soul was in bondage to this alone, Nor mourned for it's lost liberty.

We have never yet met—but that voice so clear With its marvellous melody smots my ear, As Love's own reveille :

And till heart-throbs are silenced by Death's tattoo

That voice I shall hear, and the long aloop

through. Be t' e call to eternity!

- The Galaxy.

# Caught In His Own Trap.

"Confound the boy! what does he mean? Does he think I am going to be a father to him, and not be obeyed as a father? Does he think I'm going to give him my money to spend in business, and take only ingratitude in return! What can the young dog be thinking of? Plague the youngster! What business has he to go and fall in love with a poor piece of trash? I'll fix love with a poor piece of trash? I'll fix him! I'll—but here comes the raseal the spurner of my counsels?"

And as Captain Jerry Pleman thus spoke, he sank into a great stuffed chair, and looked daggers; and twice he stamped his dumpy foot vehemently to keep up his stern purpose. He was a round-bellied, red-cheeked bachelor, just five-and-forty. Most of his life he had spent at sea, and had lately settled down ashore with an immense fortune, for the purpose of enjoying the rest of his days "after his own heart," as he expressed it. His pate was just large enough to carry his jolly face high up over his brow, but yet he had a good quantity of dark curls clustering about his short, fat neck. The only near relative he had in the lower world was Jack Kendall, an only child of his only sister. Jerry Pleman had loved his sister fondly, and when she died,-she was a widow then-she left a prayer upon record that her brother would care for her orphan boy. And Uncle Jerry had done it faithfully. For ten years he had provided for his nephew, keeping him at one of the best schools for a while, and then paying his way through college. But now that he had settled down in a home, he had Jack come and live with him.

"Ah, you are here, are you?" growled the uncle, looking up with a dagger-like expression.

Jack Kendall was twenty-three, some what taller than his uncle, but with the same family look. Howas a handsome, good-natured, generous, affectionate fellow, and loved his uncle Jerry with his whole soul.

"Yes, uncle, I am here," he replied, taking a seat, "and I know you are glad to see me."

"Aye, I am glad, for I have something to say to you," the bachelor resumed, looking more daggers. "Have you seen that baggage again ?"

"Baggage, uncle?" "Baggage, sir. I said baggage. Have you seen her?"

"Her, uncle? Baggage? Her? Why -what do you mean?"

"You know very well what I mean I mean that piece of poverty-that hanger-on-that-that baggage-thatthat girl!" "Oh, you mean Lizzie Brown. The

girl that-" "Thinks to catch you, and thus catch

my money!" interrupted Uncle Jerry, emphatically.

"It is hardly fair to say that, uncle, seeing that I made all the advances my-

"Nonsense, don't you suppose I know! I say she set the trap for ye! But I won't have it, If I'm to be a father to himself, "she's a splendid craft. What ye, you must obey me. Now I've got a clean build. If I had come across you a good chance. I want you to such a woman years ago, I believe I marry Susan Garland."

"But she's a widow, uncle." "So much the better. She'll know how to make a home ye."

"And she's older than I by a dozen

years." "Just five years. She's only twenty

eight. It's all the better for that." 'But I can't love her."

"Can't love her!" cried the uncle, looking an immense number of very sharp-pointed daggers. "Can't love Susan Garland! Can't love the woman who was the wife of the most faithful friend I ever had! Let me tell you, sir, that when the Gazelle was cast upon the rocks of Barnegat, Bill Garland saved my life and lost his own. He died in these arms, sir, and the last words he ever said to me were, 'Be kind to my poor Susan,' and I will be kind to her," the captain added, wiping a big tear from his cheek. "I'll give her a husband-a graceless husband, perhapsbut who shall have money enough to keep us above want. You shall marry

"But suppose I should refuse?" "Refuse! refuse your uncle! You dare not do it, sir! I'll turn you out of doors in an instant! I'll see you starve before I'll give you another penny. I'll

take away all I ever did give you."
Ah, you couldn't do that, uncle. The education I have gained under your noble, generous patronage, is a mine of to say, after a prodigious effort at clear-replied. wealth, of which you cannot rob me; ing his throat, "you must pardon me if "But and I would not to-day exchange it for I come right to the point."

all the wealth you ever possessed,

can live by my own wits." "Aha! you threaten me, do you? You

mean to rebel, do you? You mean to disobey me outright." "You do not understand me, uncle. You surely would not force me to be-

lle my own heart. If you could but know Lizzie Brown-" "Lizzle Fiddlestick! I don't want to

know her. I know Susan Garland, and that is enough. I've had this plan fixed ever since I came home. I promised Bill I'd take care of her, and I must do it; and how can I do It If you don't let me have her for a nlece?"

"Why not have her for a wife?" asked Jack, quietly.

"Wife-me! Why, you young rascal! what do you mean? Me-marry! Zounds! Do you think I am crazy? am old enough to be her father."

"Only seventeen years, uncle Just enough to give you character as a hus-band."

"Stience, villain. Would you have me make a fool of myself, just as I am ettling down for comfort and quiet? Don't you dare mention such a thing again. I shall go and see Susan to-morrow, and shall tell her you will have her. That's enough. I won't hear any more. By the big fish, I'll keep my promise :

Jack knew it would be useless to say any more at present, so he held his peace. William Garland has been his uncle's first mate during his last two voyages. and the Captain not only liked him much, but also thought much of Susan, having stopped at her home while her having stopped at her home while her husband was living. When Captain Jerry came home with the care of the widow upon his shoulders, he had hit upon the happy expedient of making her his nicce by marriage, and thus having the right to care for her without exciting against lead to the care to the right to care for her without exciting scandal. Jack knew how his uncle had cherished this plan, and he feared it would be hard to thwart him. The old fellow was as stubborn as he was kind-hearted, and where he felt he had anthority he would not yield.

Finally Jack retired to ponder upon the subject, and before dark he resolved to see the widow in advance of his uncle, and he went that very evening. Susan Garland was a very pretty perceptibly. woman, with a plump form, and a dimpled, cheerful face, over which the sweet, genial smiles were continually playing when she was happy. She had been alone two years. She welcomed Jack kindly, and after some commonplace remarks the young man came to the point. He related the conversation which passed between himself and his uncle that afternoon, and expressed the hope that she would help him.

"Surely you would not wish to take me from the being I love," he said.
"Of course not," the widow replied,

with an earnest smile. "I should be such thing. know Lizzie well, and I know, too, that she will make you a good wife, You may depend upon my assistance, for I can tell your uncle that I won't, and that will be the end of it."

They chatted a while longer, and then Jack took his leave.

"He will be here to-morrow forenoon" the young man said, as he reached the

"I shall be ready for him," was the reply, and a funny light twinkled in the widow's eyes as she said so.

About 11 o'clock on the following day Uncle Jerry called upon the widow. She had left off her weeds, and now appeared fresh and fair as a maid of sixteen. She welcomed the captain with one of her sweetest smiles, and finally took a seat close beside him. By a dexterous turn she got him engaged in re-lating wonderful stories of his adventures at sea, and thus an hour slipped away. Of course he must now stop to

dinner. "Oh, no, I must go home to dinuer," said he. "But before I go, I have a little business matter to touch upon.'

"Then you must wait, sir," nounced the widow decisively. "It is my dinner hour, and I must prepare it. Wait and eat with me, and then I'll listen.'

And with this Susan drew out the table, spread the snow-white table-cloth and soon had the dishes in their places. She finally went away to the kitchen, and soon the captain heard the pots and kettles rattling, the meat spluttering, and a brisk culinary racket going on

generally. "Egad," the old fellow muttered to should have made a fool of myself."

In due time the dinner made its appearance, and the captain was invited

"Now make yourself at home," the widow said, with a charming smile; for I look upon you as one of the dearest

friends I have." "Egad, if she ain't a beauty," Uncle Jerry said to himself, as he moved up to the table.

The lamb chops were done as the captain had never seen them done before. So juicy, so rich, so delicately spicedand so splendldly cooked. And then the little et ceteras, and the pies, and the cake, and the rich golden coffee. But above all he was entranced by the bright smiles and sparkling wit of his fair

hostess. "Zounds!" he muttered, while she was gone away with the dishes, "ain't she charming?

Finally the widow came and sat down by the side of the captain upon the sofa. Her dimpled cheeks were all aglow; her were some strange emotion in the bosom beneath it.

"Now, sir," she said, "I am ready to

listen." "Well-well," Uncle Jerry managed that ?"

"Of course"

"Then here It is-you know I promised Bill-that is - Bill Garland - my old mate-or I should say my young mate -that I would look after you-care for you; you know that."

"Yes, sir," continued Susan, with a grateful look; "I know that, and I have ask you now. Susan Garland, will you blessed you many times for your kind-ness to poor me. Alas! I don't know what I should have done but for your generous bounty."

"Tut, tut, don't talk so. How could I help being good to you?"

"Ah, but everybody don't have hearts like yours. The captain rather liked the compli-

ment; and then it came from an agreeable source, too. So he did not dispute But he made another prodigious effort to clear his throat, and then said:

"I have tried to be good to you, Susan, and I hope I have been; but I can't do to you, may—may—that sea-weed ghost all I want to do for you at present. I come back!" all I want to do for you at present. I am coming right to the point now." About ten minutes after this Uncle (Another clearing of the throat.) "You Jerry made the following very sensible know you are a widow."

She did know it. "And you know you are yet young

and very beautiful." "Oh, no! not beautiful; and surely

not very young." "But you are not old, and-you are beautiful. Now this won't do. Scandal will reach you. I-ahem-am not so

old myself but that the shaft of scandal might reach me, too." "You old?" uttered Susan, looking up reprovingly, and yet admiringly. "Why, you are right in the very prime of manhood. A man at your age, and

with your genial, happy disposition, has just reached the dawn of life at five and forty." Upcle Jerry rather liked this, so he did not contradict it, as he had at first a will to do.

"Then, of course," he returned, applying the compliment to his own pur-"it is still more necessary that there should be a new and nearer relation between us. I love you too well to have a single breath of suspicion rest upon you. Would you object to such a relation?"

The widow's long lashes drooped, and the dark tresses upon her bosom trembled

"If it is your wish, sir, I should have

no opposition to make," she said. "And you'll come and live with me?"

"And we'll be as happy as kings!"

"Oh, I should be very happy," she whispered; and as she did so, her head rested upon the captain's shoulder, and the bright tress fell upon his hand, with several tear-jewels glittering amid its

"What a time we'll have!" Uncle Jerry cried, winding his arm about her supposed, when—what do you think?" plump form, and drawing her more closely to him. "When you are Jack's wife, we'll-

from his embrace, and springing to her feet. "Jack's wife!" she uttered, dashing the tears from her eyes. "Why, bless me, yes."

"And you have meant for me to marry him?

"Lord bless me, who should I mean?" "And do you suppose I'd marry with mere boy? Are there not girls enough see and participate in your new and for the youngster? Sir, you mistake me -you mistake my heart, you mistake my love, if you think I could give my heart to your nephew."

"But bless me—ahem—a-h-hem--Jack

"I know, sir-I know him well. He is a fine youth, a worthy youth, and may be a noble man if he lives long enough. But I can say no more. I am sorry to disappoint you. I am-am-deeply gratified for all your kindness to me, and I will pray to God for his blessing upon you continually. But we had his rascally nephew. better part now. You have spoken my doom. Farewell!"

"But Susan, Here! Stop! Bless me!" Susan did not stop, and Uncle Jerry found himself alone. He said "Bless my soul!" forty-three times, and then left the house. All the way home he muttered to himself; and when he met Jack at the supper-table he was moody and silent. When he went up to his chamber he commenced to mutter again; and he kept on muttering and pondering till he fell asleep. Finally he began to dream. He dreamed that Susan Garland became his wife, and he held her to his bosom and wondered that he could ever have thought of such a foolish thing as allowing Jack to have her. But as he held her thus, who should appear in the nuptial chamber, but Bill Garland, pale and cold, with sea weed for hair, and dark green ocean moss for raiment! And the cadaverous presence said, "Give me my wife!" The dreamer awoke with a sharp cry of fear, and found the sunlight streaming into his room. He arose and sat down by the window, and finally he said, in a deep, fervent tone-

"Thank God; Bill Garland hasn't come back!"

For three whole days, Uncle Jerry was like a newly converted sinner. He could not eat, he could not read, he could not sleep, and the burden of his remarks to Jack was:

"Clear out, you rascal!" On the evening of the third day the captain made an extraordinary toilet, and then went up to see Susan Garland. She welcomed him with a warm greeting, and finally, at his particular request, sat down by his side upon the sofa just as she sat before.

"Susan," said he-he spoke bluntly, for his courage and determination had been duly brought up to the sticking bright eyes sparkling with a beaming point before he started—"you said the lustre; and over her white shoulder other day that you should be very happy cised, that he enjoys their effect as he flowed a wavy, curling tress, which to come and live with me. Did you enjoys the light and atmosphere. He trembled ever and anon, as though there mean that you would be willing to become my wife ?"

There were a dozen tresses upon that white shoulder now, and they shook like aspens.

"That's a curious question, sir," she But tell me plainly, did you mean

"If I mistook your meaning, sir, you have no right to question mine. "But, Lord bless me! suppose I should

ask you to become my wife? Answer me that." "You never did ask me, sir." "Then by the car of old Neptune, I

be my wife?" "Jerry Pleman-I Will!"

"What!" cried the captain, starting back, and gazing into her blushing, tearwet face, "do you mean that you can love an old man like me—that you can love me always?"

"You are not old, and as for loving you, I have loved you for a long while; and if you take me for a wife, I'll lov and bless you to my dying hour!"
"Then come here! Come here, Susan

Come right here; and if I ever cease to love you, to cherish you, and to be true

About ten minutes after this Unele remark: "Why, bless my soul! we are acting

like two fools!" The widow only smiled and said:

"Two very happy ones, ain't we?" And Jerry said

"Bless my soul--we are!". On the following day Jack happened to pass near the widow's house, and he

dropped in. In a few moments he was

the happiest fellow imaginable. "But," said Susan, earnestly, "don' misunderstand me. I have loved you uncle-loved him well and truly, and I believe he loved me, but dared not say Had it not been thus, I could not have done this. I would have helped you all the same, by simply and flatly refusing you, but I could not have toyed or trifled with him. He is a good man,

Jack-a good man. "So he is," said Jack. And then Jack

went home. The youth found his nucle in the library, reading a book—said book being bottom end up. He sat down and preped wickedly out of his eyes, while an illmannered smile kept playing around the corners of his mouth.

"What are you winking and blinking, and squinting and grinning at, you young dog?" asked the old captain, with tremendous ferocity.

"I was thinking of a story I once read,

replied Jack, quietly. "A story, ch? What is it, you scape grace?

"Pil tell you, ancle," said the nephew with the smile and the twinkle more ornamentalness and uselessness with vicked than ever. It was a very funny the fear and dislike virtue assumes thing-it is the funniest thing I ever heard of. A man once went to set a trap in which to catch a very respectable and honorable young friend of his.

"When, what, you graceless rascal?" "Why, uncle, when the thing was all fixed, there was the funniest thing hap-"Jack!" repeated Susan, breaking pened you ever heard of. Instead of catching his respectable, high-minded young friend, the old fellow got nabbed himself. In fact he got caught in his own trap. Wasn't it -"

"Get out of my house, you young scamp-out with you, you reprobate!" "But, uncle, when I come back, mayn't I bring Lizzie with me, and deep felicity?" "If you'll be decent, you daring young villain, you may bring the queen

of slatterns herself; but beware how you offend me! I can't bear everything and I won't! I won't put up with it! I'll-I'll-kick you out of doors, you ungrateful traitor!" After this effervescence, Uncle Jerry' soul settled down to a clear, placid calm, and when Lizzie Brown finally

appeared before him, he actually kissed her, and said she was just the girl for And, in a few weeks thereafter, Uncle Jerry had a wedding party. He was married first, and then sat down and

saw Jack married. "There," said the happy old fellow, after the thing was all over, as he ap proached his nephew and handed him a paper, "there is something to make up for the loss you have sustained in letting me rob you of the best woman in the world."

Jack opened the missive and read it with tears in his eyes, for it was a certified check for twenty-five thousand dollars, with a little note attached, saying that it he behaved himself he might at some future time have more.

### All for Fifteen Guineas.

A good deal was expected of a manservant in the olden time. The following is a copy of a hand-bill circulated in Peterborough, Eng., in 1784: "Wanted for a sober family, a man of light weight who fears the Lord and can drive a pair of horses. He must occasionally wait at table, join in household prayer, look after the horses, and read a chapter in the Bible. He must, God willing, rise at 7 in the morning, and obey his master and mistress in all lawful commands. If he can dress hair, sing psalms, and play at cribbage the more agreeable. N. B .- He must not be too familiar with the maid-servants of the house, lest the flesh should rebel against the spirit and be induced to walk in the thorny paths of the wicked. Wages, 15 guineas a year."

#### Men and Women. Man relies far more than he is aware

for comfort and happiness on woman's tact and management. He is so accustomed to these that he is unconscious of their worth. They are so delicately concealed, and yet so ceaselessly exercised, that he enjoys their effect as he him were they withdrawn. He fails to appreciate what is so freely given. He may be reminded of them now and then; may complain of intrusion and interference; but the frown is swept away by a gentle hand, the murmuring lips stopped with a caress, and the management goes on.

## About Seal Skins Some Practical

Seal skin is pretty stuff, I can't deny, and the man who had charge of the work told as anicestory about its preparation. The skins are sent to the manufacturer packed in salt, and are first of all washed, and then carefully freed from all the fat that remains on the flesh side. Then they are washed once more, and after the grease and water have been removed by a knife, they are tacked on frames to keep them smooth and carefully dried. After another washing the for is dried by stove heat, the pelt being kept moist, and then the picker puts the warm skin on a beam, and removes the main coat of hair with a dull shoe knife, being careful to pull the hair without breakiog it : after doing this thoroughly, he goes over the skin again with another knife and removes all the fine hairs, not touching the fur, dries the skin, then dampens it on the pelt side, and shaves it to an even surface. Then the skins are stretched and worked and dried, and are then softened in a fulling-mill or sometimes trodden out. The workman flings them into a hogshead from which one head has been removed, puts in a little fine saw-dust to absorb the grease, and dances on them to break them into leather. After this they are dyed, ten or twelve coats being the usual number, and they are washed once more and the fur is dried, the pelt being left moist. Still they are not ready to be made up, and so they are shaved again and dried and worked and softened in a hogshead, and then run in a revolving cylinder with fine saw-dust to clean them.

#### The German Woman's Pride of Birth.

It has somewhere been rashly asserted by some one that every woman not born an Englishwoman, could she hav had a choice in the matter, would hav chosen to be so born. No greater error could be made as regards the German woman. She, taking her all round, is absolutely contented with her lot, and supremely disregardful of the estate of other women. The day of small things not only suffices for her, but is to her as a crown of glory; she dispises the frivolity of the French, the freedom of the English, the fearless strides and absolute independence of the American woman. Do not believe that you will be able to sit long in the seat of the scornful; you will have to come down and go out, for towering high above you, on her pedestal of home-baked virtues, and looking down upon your in gazing upon vice, stands the traditional Hausfrau. That she should have anything to learn of her neighbors [outside the Fatherland] is impossible; there is only one country in the world. and that is Germany; there is only one woman, and that is the German woman. percentage of nutritive matter which In the face of such convictions as these, it would be daring to hint at the state of mind that has been characterized as a mean satisfaction with a mean posttion. The "coming" woman, as yet, casts no shadow across the dead level of German home life. The "platform woman" and the "medical woman" are still only known by evil report; beings that cause the virtuous matron to draw her imaginary skirts shudderingly around her ample form, and to pass by, with mentally averted eyes, on the

### other side. - Fraser's Magazine. The Study of English Composition

The Lord Chief Justice, in distributing prizes at the Birkbeck Institution the other day, made some seasonable remarks on the danger of neglecting our own tongue in our zeal for various kinds of culture. "May I be allowed to suggest," he said, "that in the examinations English composition has not quite so prominent a place as it ought to occupy? No one bows with a more profound and reverent worship at the shrine of science than I do; no one values more highly than I do classical attainments. Nevertheless, allow me to say that I know of no study more valuable to an Englishman than the study of English. Nothing is more valnable than the power of English composition, English oratory and English elocution; and greatly as I value classical knowledge and the knowledge of fereign languages, I still say that the English language and English composition are of the first importance to Englishmen." A warning voice such as this is needed. If the only effect of the present zeal for education is to extend bad precedents, it will bind the land in educational fetters from which there will be no after possibility of escape. Our educationists should give more thought to the subjects taught .-

#### London Examiner. Twins with Association of Ideas.

In illustration of the extremely close resemblance between certain twins is the association of their ideas. No less than eleven out of thirty-five cases testify to this. They make the same remarks on the same occasion, begin singing the same song at the same moment, and so on; or one would commence a sentence and the other) would finish it. An observant friend graphically described to me the effect produced upon her by two such twins whom she met casually. She said: "Their teeth grew alike, they spoke alike and together, and said the same things, and seemed just like one person." One of the most curious anecdotes that I have received concerning this similarity of ideas was that one twin A, who happened to be at a town in Scotland, bought a set of champagne glasses which caught his attention, as a surprise for his brother B; while, at the same time, B, being in England, bought a similar set of precisely the same pattern as a surprise for A. Other anecdotes of a like kind have reached me about these twins .- Fraser's Magazine.

-A young lion and lioness, in the Central Park (N. Y.) Garden, are nursed by a large terrier, who takes

### FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Taste is the next gift to genius. The gambler's 1-deal-Four aces.

Men tire themselves in pursuit of

If rocks eyer bled, they would bleed

A ray of light travels 192,000 miles per second.

Humanity is the equity of the heart.

Hypocrisy is the necessary burden of

illainv .- I. Johnson. When you are an anvil bear, when

ou are a bammer strike. Sooner or later we pardon our friends

the injuries we have done them.

Public spirit-readiness to do anything which is likely to prove lucrative. We find self-made men very often,

but self-immade ones a great deal oft-

Constant and persistent advertising s a sure prelude to wealth .- Stephen

How frequently it happens that the experience of others is useless to our-Unfriended, indeed, is he who has no

friend bold enough to point out his faults. "Grape color" is the name of a new tint in gloves. It is a bluish plum color

and pretty.

Think all you can of the good quali-ties of others; and keep silent about their bad qualities.

The man who holds the ladder at the bottom is frequently of more service than he at the top.

An indiscreet person is like an uncaled letter which every one may read but which is seldom worth reading. An old farmer's description of a

ointless preacher was, "A good man

ikely, but he rakes with the teeth up.' Man supposes that he directs his life and governs his actions, when his existence ic irretrievably under the control of destiny .- Goethe.

Never be sorry for any generous thing you ever did, even if it was betrayed. You cannot afford to keep on the safe side by being mean. Five great enemies to peace and habit

with us, viz. Avarice, ambition, envy.

anger and pride; and if these enemies were to be banished, we should infallibly enjoy perpetual life,-[Petrarch. It is stated that several species of canary seed are now used as a food for race horses, on account of the large

such seed contains, unmixed with any Slang is both strong and weak. Its strength consists in the ability to express in it, sharp and nervous and 1. 1 the idea intended to be conveyed. Its weakness is in the fact that it is the language of the unrefined, the unedu-

cated, the low. The immense number of pilchardsfish almost identical to the French sardine-which are to be found along the coast of Cornwall, England, are now being utilized for food. They are prepared in oil and put up in boxes to resemble Bordeaux sardines, with which they favorably compete in the

London market. A stone from the St. Geneva quarry, now lying on the Capitol grounds at Des Moines, has on its surface the perfeet imprint of a portion of a skeleton. The stone is about six feet long by four wide, and the ribs of the animal cover most of the surface. The stone with its fossil imprint will be used in the new Capitol building.

When the lofty palm tree of Zeiland puts forth its flower, the sheath bursts with a report that shakes the forest. but thousands of other flowers, of equal value, open in the morning, and the weary dewdrops hear no sound. Even so many souls do blossom in mercy, and the world hears neither whirlwind nor tempest.—Spurgeon

A philosopher in America can't get more than \$50 a week for his work, while a leading negro minstrel can make \$500 in that time. And yet when an Englishman happens to say that our tastes are low, and that ignorance is gnawing at the vitals of the republic, the American eagle looks around for some place where it can get up and scream.

Give us, oh give us the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the came time, he will do it better, he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible to fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation are its powers of endurance. Efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous, a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladuess, beautiful mecause bright -- Carlyle.

In some parts of England there grows n great abundance a weed which botanists call Drosera rotundifolia, but of which the proper name is sun-dew. This plant bears from two or three to four or six leaves, generally extended more or less horizontally, but sometimes standing vertically upward. The whole upper surface of each of the leaves is covered with filaments, each having at the end a gland. Ausingle leaf has on it from 150 to 250 of these gland-bearing filaments, which are of various lengths, the longest being nearly one-quarter of an inch in length. The glands are each surrounded by large drops of an extremely visuid secretion, which, glittering in the sun, have given rise to the plant's popular and poetical name of sun-dew,

to declare men firm