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NDO

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O westward-going stars, I fain

Till over prairie, river, plain,

I saw the new day break.

Unfettered. Ye can see

The message that I give :

O tell her what I tell to you-

The dearest thing to me.

For her alone I live.

Again from her to me :

Of all the world can give below

O westward-hurrying stars, bear true

Yet westward-rolling stars, ye come

Tell her the thought of her is home ;

Margie's Promise.

The boat-house was completed. It

was roomy and substantial, though the

spiles on which it rested infringed upon

Neptunes watery domain. The young

gentlemen who composed the club had

issued invitations for a social entertain-

ment. and our story commences upon

It was a unique affair, the more en-

joyable for its accessories. The shells,

tapering to a long, very thin, delicate

point, from a centre large enough to

hold a full-grown man, were drawn up

in their polished completeness and fast-

ened to the ceiling. Here and there a

dainty silken banner cought the light,

a trophy of some member's victory in a

that evening.

Bring answer-What says she ?

Would follow in your wake;

O westward-dropping stars, ye go

A SONG.

MURFREESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1877.

NO. 28.

this gave the loving mother food for serious thought.

came in, and handed her a letter and a package. She was flushed and nervous, but her

manner was decided as she said : "Mother, here is a note I have written

to Mr. Livingstone, to tell him that I wish to be released from my engagement. This package contains his ring. I will never wear it again."

"Margie! You cannot mean it! An engagement is not to be put off as easily ble nurse procured. He lay for weeks as you would a glove. My little girl cannot find it in her heart to treat a loyal gentleman so capriciously." She laid her hand gently on Margie's head and smoothed its dark locks tenderly as she spoke.

"Mother," she answered sadly. "I have been coming to this resolution for months. I respect Mr. Livingstone, but I do not love him."

"Do you realize, child, that it is a sin to trifle with a human heart? You are betrothed to him and it is too late to say that you do not love him. You should a flood of eloquence. have decided earlier."

Margie broke in excitedly.

"It means life or death to me! The more I see him the less I like his society. I nave never allowed him the slightest caress, and the thought of a kiss from him-"

"Margie!"

"It is true! And if it had not been for you and papa we would never have friendly trial of skill. Flags draped the been engaged. I told him that I did wals, giving the needed touch of color not love him at the very first, and he let me hope." to the oaken beams. A gayly decorated said if I would promise to be his wife, friendship would change into a warmer | and his voice broke-the disappointment | livres. This sort was a great novelty feeling, and if it did not he would be satisfied, if-I did--not--love--another." She besitated, and her voice sank to a low, plaintive tone which went straight to her mother's heart. She drew the girl to her and kissed her soothingly. "Tell me the whole truth. Do you made a resolve. love some one else?" Margie hid heace on her mother's breast. It was enough. Mrs. Eustace asked to know no more.

Margie's reserve was forgotten in her anguish. She knelt besides him regard-The door opened suddenly. Margie less of the surrounding company, and called him endearing names in low passionate tones.

Murfreesboro

Her voice recalled him to life. He opened his dim eyes, and smiled faintly; then, with a long quivering sigh, sank back into unconsciousness.

As the yacht turned homeward, a mournful quiet replaced the merrymaking, for Bert was a great favorite. He was taken to his rooms and a capavibrating between life and death. At last the crisis came and he began to mend slowly.

Margie's passionate words, as she of Philip of Valois, in 1328, this wine thought him dying, had echoed through his mind during his illness, and had helped to lure him back from the world of shadows which had peopled his delirium.

He called one day and asked to see Margie. Tears filled her eyes as the poor, pale young fellow rose to meet her, and poured out his heart's desire in

She clasped her hand so tightly together as she listened, that she left the imprint of her nails in the tender palm.

"Mr. Evarts, you make me very unhappy. I hope nothing in my conduct has led you to make this proposal. If so, I am a cruel, wicked girl! For I cannot marry you."

"Do not give me an answer now. will wait-any time-if you will only

Bert was still weak from his illness, M. de Subecourt for from 150 to 300

Bert's deep voice, and Margie's sigh of content, as her lover drew her to his bosom, told of happiness too deep for words.

Champagne in Old Times.

by the feriilc imagination of dreamers almost from time immemorial, and yet

the real cities of the world have advanced toward tiese ideals with slow According to the oldest historians, and lagging steps. It is not a difficult the fame of champagne extends back thing to construct in fancy a well-arto the end of the eleventh century, ranged and well-governed city, and under the reign of Pope Urban II. The every ruler of a city, can paint the pic-Ay wine, which that Pontiff prized ture; but how is it then, that recogabove all others, was then a red sort, nized principles and admitted necessinot unlike Bouzy wine, which also has ties are of so little avail? The marts had its day of great renown. St. Remy and capitals of the world have for the left by will ten casks of this sort to his most part struggled into their greatness nephew and to some priests of the without much purpose, order or fore Church of Rhiems. At the coronation thought; they have been altered and tinkered a good deal as opportunity has cost six livres per cask; at that of occurred or circumstances made urgent; Charles IX., more than two centuries but, as a rule, they have not been conlater, it sold at the rate of 34 livres a structed in accordance with any given cask. For many years the wines of design, or any definite end. We have the Marquis de Puisieux, Lord of Silto take our cities as we find them, just lery and Verzenay, were the most esas if they were so many wildernessess, teemed at the Court of France, and which settlers hew into shape as best were reserved for the royal table. The they can, conscious that it is impossible vineyards that produce them are exto transform them at will into blooming posed to the rising sun; those of Hautplantations. villiers, Izy and Ay lie on hills having These struggles with adverse condia southern exposure, and produce better wine than those of Cramont that

Hygels, the hew City of Health.

Utopian cities have been constructed

Enquirer.

tions only serve to make more entertaining all the ideal projecte of reform-Rustique, printed in 1658, mentions the ers and idealists. We here, in New York, find it difficult to secure such elewine of Ay as a delicate claret reserved for Kings and Frinces; but it was only mentary felicities as honest rulers and about 1670 that Ay was turned into a perclean streets; but it is no reason why fectly white wine, as we learn from a we should not thoroughly enjoy reading and thinking of cities of the millennium. The latest ideal of this nature Bertin de Rocheret, possessor of Ay, is the city of Hygeia, drawn in charmsent two cases of rose colored wines to ing lines and fascinating colors by Dr. Richardson of London. Hygeia is, of portant works in a single year. Byron, course, a model city of health. A physician of long study and observation would be sure to let his imagination dwell on cities where perfect sanitary regulations, banish fever, wise forethought render epidemics impossible, and wholesome food and healthful habitations hold all disease in masterly check. The Utopian cities of poets, artists, merchants, or pleasure-seekers, would naturally be of different conditions; yet poets, artists, merchants, and pleasure-seekers, would all be glad to have the healthful charm of Hygeia incorporated in their own visions. Health, obviously must be the corner-stone of all tore are garner In studying Dr. Richardson's plan for a model city, readers here must be struck by the many suggestions which have been anticipated by American builders. "All the streets of Hygeia," says Dr. Richardson, "are wide enough to admit of cheerful sunlight and fresh air, and rows of trees are planted between the foot - ways and carriageways." This picture would naturally occur to one, familiar with the narrow and treeless streets that so abound in European cities. 'All the interspaces,' quoting again from the description of this ideal Hygeia, 'are laid out in gardens;' then all the larger houses are provided with lifts, up which provisions and stores are to be carried; hot water from the kitchen boiler, and cold water from tanks, are to be distributed by means of pipes into the sleeping rooms; every floor or story is to have a sink for waste-water, "whereby the carrying of the uncomfortable slop-pail up and down stairs is rendered unnecessary;" every floor has an opening into a dust or ash shaft, which descends to a dustbin under the basement of the house; on the landing of the middle or second story is a bathroom supplied with hot and cold water; all domestic offices of every kind are to be within the four walls of the building. These details of domestic comfort, generally found in recently built houses in leading American cities, prove how much in certain particulars European dwellings are behind our own-a fact which every tra-

peas or green cucumbers. By placing the kitchen and offices at the top of the house, the doctor is enabled to erect his dwellings on arches of brickwork, which form channels of ingress for fresh air, and of egress for all that is to be got rid of." In the way of travel and transportation, a railway beneath each main street is to be constructed for heavy commodities, but no tramways are to cut up or obstruct the roadways. Railways beneath, cabs and omnibuses above are to suffice.

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These are only a few of the reforms and changes Hygeia is to show the world. Naturally the dram shop is to be abolished, and even tobacco comes under ban. Hygeia is pre-eminently the city of health, of course, each one at his pleasure can to the doctor's ideal add art-galleries, concert-rooms, opera houses, lecture-rooms, libraries, public parks, handsome shops, gay equipages; and as health would obviously fill the streets with the blooming faces of happy men and women, the picture, it will be seen, is a fascinating one-and yet, fascinating as it is, there is nothing in it which is not entirely practicable.- Appleton's Journal.

Rapid Writers.

The biographies of authors furnish many interesting facts concerning the time occupied in the preparation of their works. From the number of works prepared by some of the ancients we judge that they wrote very rapidly. Livy wrote one hundred and forty-two books. Cicero wrote three or four imwe are told, wrote the "Corsair" in ten days; Fenelon "Telemaque" in three months. Walter Scott wrote a book for which he was paid one thousand pounds, in two days. "Rab and his Friends," by Dr. John Brown, was written, it is said, in a single sitting. Dean Shipley said to Heber, "Suppose you write a hymn for the service tomorrow morning." The hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains;" was written and printed, and used in the missionary service of the following day. Baxter, in fourteen years, wrote and published nearly sixty volumes. Chalmers being asked how long it took. in "That depends on how long you want it. If your sermon is to be half an hour long, it will take you three days; if it is to be three quarters of an hour, it will take two, or perhaps one, but if you are going to preach an hour, then there is not much occasion to think a great deal about it. It may be done in an hour." When Robert Hall was consulted on the same subject he gave substantially the same answer. Both these great men believed that the longer the time of composition the less of value the production possessed. But Dr. Johnson, who prepared forty-eight printed octavo pages at a single sitting, when he heard that it took Blair a week to compose a sermon, remarked, "Then, sir, it is for the want of the habit of composing quickly, which I am insisting one should acquire. I would say to a young divine: 'Here is your text; let us see how soon you can make a sermon.' Then I'd say, 'let us see how much better you can make it.' Thus I should see both his powers and judgment."

barge floated upon the surface of the broad river, at the option of any party who desired a moonlight sail.

Two young stranger guests were standing beside the stairway leading to the dressing room improvised for the occasion, noting the arrivals.

A young lady entered, leaning on the arm of a gentleman. As she left her escort and ran lightly up stairs, she flashed a swift glance around from eyes so large and lustrous, that Bert Evarts involuntarlly quoted the words of the poet about "sunshine in a shady place," as he stepped impulsively forward.

His friend laid a restraining hand upon his arm.

"Softly, old fellow-not too fast. The girl is a beauty, I'll allow, but-she is spoken for. I know Mr. Livingstone, and he's an engaged man. Put two and two together, eh?"

Bert's face expressed volumes as he said:

"I never yet was struck with a girl's face but what it had to be the same old story-engaged !"

Walt laughed.

"Try if he's a foeman worthy of your steel; in plain English-try to cut him out."

Bert's indolent face kindled with sudden fire.

"If anyone else but you had said that, Walt, I'd take it as an insult. A girl who would be faithless isn't worth a second thought."

During the evening Bert Evarts and Margie Eustace were introduced. He was a handsome fellow, brimful of romance, and something in the expression of her large, wistful eyes put him upon his metal to entertain her in a very different way from his usual conversation to a young society belle. No stereotype commonplace left his" lips, but instead they talked of poetry and her twin sister art.

Through it all he was conscious of a subtle undercurrent of sadness, like the minor tone which oftentimes thrills its plaintive meaning through some bewitching strain of music.

In this ch'vilric idea of wom in the rumor of her engagements made her seem as inaccessible as was the distant moon whose silver crescent shone above him as they stood upon the balcony.

After a time he resigned her to her escort, and could not but notice the words.

the mother's promise to see Mr. Livingstone and break the truth to him as gently as possible.

Mr. Livingstone read Margie's frank, straightforward letter. The girl's heart was full of pity, notwithstanding her | called my senses when I was so nearly decision; and she said if it would make | dead?" him any happier, she would promise to remain single, and thus atone for occasioning him the pain of rejection.

He turned very pale as he read. After a moment's thought he turned to Mrs. Eustace:

"Tell Margie she has done right. I love is a mockery, and I thank her for her frankness. Tell her also that it is but right in her to make some little atonement for what she has caused me same spirit as it is made."

mother brought this letter to her, but and she knew that "good-by" was a the tears of youth are but April showers, and her eyes, like the violets, shone all the bluer for them; and her voice soon rang out again with all its old joyous melody, as she flitted from room to room arranging and re-arranging them with an interest which had long been wanting.

Sometime after this Bert and Margie met at a party. He had been making inquiries about her, and had just heard of the broken engagement. He said :

"I hope Miss Eustace is justifiable in her action. I cannot imagine that she could do wrong. She always seemed to me to be raised to a higher altitude than other girls; but from my heart I despise a jilt."

He raised his voice unconsciously, when a warning touch upon his arm checked him. He turned and saw-Margie.

Her large eyes were full of reproach. She had evidently overheard his last

and covered his eyes with his hand. He | for 300 livres a cask. But half a cenwas so pale and attenuated, so different from what he had been.

Margle stood a moment, her face agitated by conflicting emotions; then she

"Mr. Evarts, I am bound by a solemn promise to one who unselfishly released me from my engagement. I shall never marry. I hope you will forget that The painful interview was ended by such a girlas Margie Eustace is in existence. I seem fated to make all who love me wretched,"

Bertrose to his feet:

"Answer me one question. Did I droam or was it your voice which re

He was answered by the sudden tide 77. of crimson which dyed the girl's face. He saw that she, too, was suffering, and he would not make her trial any harder to bear.

"Thank you; I shall carry away into exile the thought my love was not an do not blame her. A marriage without unvalued gift. Good-bye; God bless you !"

Margie had struggled for calmness, as much for Bert's sake as for her own, but she burst into a passion of tears as to suffer. I accept her promise in the the door closed upon him. Her promise should be faithfully kept; but her Tears came to Margie's eyes when her | love for Bert was stronger than life, final parting.

> Two or three weeks after she received a farewell letter from him, written on the verge of his departure for Australia. It was better thus. The wider the distance between them the less chance of a painful meeting.

> Time rolled on. Margie, in a quiet way, was happy. She found too many duties to attend to in the miniature world of home, to spend her time in useless laments.

It was fully five years since she had received Bert's farewell letter, and dur ing that time she had not heard from him. She had passed from her "teens" into her "twenties," and "sweet sixteen" began to call the beautiful girl of twenty-three-old maid. But more discriminating eyes thought her more interesting at that age than when younger.

One day a gentleman called and sent up his card. As she read the name-Bertram Evarts-her heart gave a wild throb. What could his errand be? She went into the parlor. A tall, bearded man came forward to meet her -no longer the slight boyish-looking Bert of her remembrance.

was too great. He sank into a chair at the time. In 1744 it was sold at Ay tury before people had begun to talk of "vin de Champagne mousseux." It became first know in 1692; its fame rose to its height in 1710-'15, but abated a little subsequently, a suspicion having arisen that the wine was frothy because it was drugged. The discoverer of this champagne was Dom Perignon, a Benedictine of the Abbey of Hautvillers, who found that wine bottled immediately after being made, and kept till May, would froth. This sort went a long while under his name; it used to be sold for 1000 livres per queue of the capacity of 400 litres. Dom Perignon variate the secret of making white wine with red grapes away with him when he departed this life, 1765, at the age of

are exposed to the north. The Maison

later edition of the same work printed

in 1736. On the 9th of January, 1737,

Of What Jewels are Composed.

Very few persons who admire or deal in precious stones are acquainted with the internal structure of these valuable minerals; and most persons will be astonished to learn that these bodies apparently so solid and homogeneous, are often full of minute cavities, which inclose a fluid.

Sapphires generally contain fluid cavities. Sir David Brewster met with one no less than the third of an inch long, but other authors have seen none more than one tenth of an inch in diameter. These are usually half filled with a mobile and highly expansive fluid, which is considered to be carbonic acid. Sapphires are composed of pure alumina, colored by metalic oxide.

The ruby is also colored alumina. Cavities, we are told, are far less numerous in these than sapphires, and, moreover, they appear to contain only water or a saline solution. Occasionally, a liquid with similar charicteristics to that seen in sapphires, is seen, but not often; and we are thus led to suppose that the stone may be produced by different reactions and under different physical conditions.

Emeralds are often full of cavities which contain a liquid that does not expand when heated, and is apparently a strong aqueous saline solution.

The diamond is, of course, the most interesting of all our precious stones, the origin and mode of formation of which has always been a great puzzle to chemists and mineralogists. Its structure has already been studied by and dreaming. In Hygeia, there will, Goppert, who discovered what he conceived to be organic remains, and unsightly concomitants of London sani hence infers that the diamond is the result of vegetable decompisition under peculiar conditions. Sir David Brewster first noticed fluid cavities in the diamond, and explained the optical peculiarities of some diamonds by their presence. But diamonds sometimes inclose minute crystals of a different mineral, to which circumstance they also owe, in part, their peculiar optical properties. In the diamond, also, the inclosed liquid appears to be carbonic acid, as shown by its extraordinary expansibility. Only one other known liquid has anything like an equal rate of expansion, and that is nitrous oxide, The occurrence of this body in minerals is, it is said, highly improbable, and it seems, on the whole, that we may be justified in including liquid carbonic acid among natural liquid mineral substances.

velled American has discovered. But if in certain domestic details we have anticipated Hygeia, our cities in many things most emphatically show the need of a little wholesome plant ing we are told, "be no occasion for those tation, scavengers' carts. The accumulation of mud and dirt in the streets is washed away every day through sideopenings into sub-ways." In New York it is the too frequent absence of scavenger-carts that we have to deplore; in truth, if we could reach the height of London or Paris neatness in this matter, we should almost fancy we were already abiding in Hygeia. Among other features of the new ideal city, we find the garden on the roof, which readers familiar with Apple ton's Journal will affirm is not original with Dr. Richardson; then the kitchen is to be placed at the top of the house, where "hot odors, being lighter than common air, pass away without contaminating the living and sleeping apartments." If the kitchen is to be placed under the roof, which we admit is a good situation for it, then gardens on the roof would hardly be agreeable as a pleasure-resort, charged as the atmosphere would be with the redolence of the kitcken. The roof-garden in this case would be a prime place for early

Path of Safety.

Some clear-headed fellow says that there is but one road to happiness and prosperity, for either individuals or a nation, and that is faithful persistence is the legitimate paths of business. The riches that come in an hour do more harm than good. Hence we call upon all good people to unite in an effort to stay the tide of wild excess. Let a man be frowned upon in society when he is living beyond his means. Let all noble and true women express their disgust at the extravagant and indecent display of the followers of fashion. And so shall the nation be saved from the millstone that has dragged other republics to destruction; or shall our young men find a larger and a nobler devotion than that of money, and modesty and dignity shall not wholly desert American womanhood.

change in her manner. She had seemed so interested and animated, and had smiled so merrily at his witticisms; but in Mr. Livingstone's society she seemed a veritable ice-maiden.

For days after the girl's face dwelt persistently in his mind, and at last drew him to the city where she lived. He thought another meeting might prove the haunting memory of her beauty to have been over-drawn by fancy, and thus lay it to rest.

Mrs. Eustace was sitting in her room. Her handsome, matronly face wore a look of depression which was foreign to it. Her disposition was so sunny that a sigh from her awoke an echo through the family-it was a sound so unwonted. Her present uneasiness was not without cause.

Her precious Margie, her only child, was strangely changed. Her moods were variable. Sometimes she would not smile for days, and then a fitful gayety would take possession of her, as natural to her evenly poised nature as it would be to hear the song of a canary from the throat of a nightingale. All cabin.

He tried to make amends for his incautious speech, but Margie knew the secret of her wayward heart, and her maiden delicacy was swift to erect barriers against his betrayal.

Bert was as much charmed with her character on further acquaintance as he had been at first by her beauty, but as time passed on he was in despair. He could not understand her. She was a "rose-bud" of a girl, but most certainly was set about with wilful thorns.

At last an accident told him the truth. They were invited to join a gay yachting party. While at the height of enjoyment a playful little child overbalanced himself and fell into the water. Without. a moment's hesitation Bert sprang in and succeeded in grasping him as he rose to the surface. Climbing with his insensible burden into the yacht, the boom swung around and struck him on the temple.

Eager hands caught the child from his arms, and kept him from falling back into the water. They laid him, pale and apparently lifeless, upon some cushions brought hastily from the met.

He held her hand, as his eyes rested lingeringly on her face. Then he gave her a letter and withdrew to a little distance while she read it. What were her emotions as she read :

MARGIE :- It was a severe test to give a young girl, but you have stood it nobly. I thought it was right that you should suffer a little as well as myself; but I now think it proves that such selfishness showed me to be unworthy of a woman's love.

I absolve you from your promise, as freely and fully as time has freed my heart from pain.

Evarts is my dearest friend, and it is through his tender care and nursing that I live to tell you this. I have heard the story of his love, and hope that his long waiting will be rewarded.

Your friend, THADDEUS LIVINGSTONE.

"Margie!"

She turned as in a dream. Their eyes

As laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair, and laughter is one of the privileges of "My own darling," murmured reason consigned to the human species.

Disappointment and Success.

When poor Edward Keen was acting in barns to country bumpkins, barely finding bread for his wife and child, he was just as great a genius as when he was crowding Drury Lane. When Broughom presided in the House of Lords, he was not a bit better or greater than when he had hung about in the Parliament House at Edinburgh, a briefless and suspected junior barrister. And when George Stephenson died, he was the same man, maintaining the same principle, as when men of science and of law regarded as a mischievous lunatic the individual who declared that some day the railroad would be the King's highway and mail coaches would be drawn by steam.

Just in proportion that a man can be counselled of his blunders, just so there is hope for him.