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VOL. IV. RALEIGH, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1875. NO. 36.

POETRY.

The Newspaper Man.

Little they know, or even think Of the work there is in shedding ink

By the busy wielders of pencil and pen, Generally known as newspaper men—"Jotting," "In General," "Spices of Life," "Variations," rumors rife,

'All Sorts of Paragraphs,' to amuse, Market reports and marine disasters, Huffs of pills and patent plasters;

Now at the theatre in white cravat, Claw-hammer coat and open hat;

Then to the prize-ring, where you write Sickening details of a bloody fight—

Back to the city just in time To report the sermon of some divine;

Steamboat collision, smash-up of trains, Election returns to bother your brains;

Agents dramatic, with long-winded story, To write up his star to theatrical glory;

Deaths and marriages, murders, rows, Balls and parties, minstrel shows,

Stock speculations, bubbles of air, Tossed about by bull and bear;

Frauding the limbs in the dancer's pose, And next the circus in the cattle-shows,

Amidst the hubbub of the racing course, Taking the time of a trotting horse,

Jotting down each stroke and catch Made in a famous base-ball match;

Now of a street row taking a note— And then of a row in a college boat,

These are a few of the many things At which the tireless pencil swings.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Brave Servant Girl.

Some years since two wealthy bachelors lived in the vicinity of Paris. They had a young maid-of-all-work named Maria De La Font.

One day during this interval the two brothers sold some valuable real estate which they owned jointly, and the sum realized amounted to 100,000 francs.

Night came, and as the old bachelors seldom had such a large amount in the house, they were considerably concerned lest robbers should attempt to rob them.

Both the bachelors were terribly frightened, and while one commenced to bar the door, the other began removing a tile from the hearth to hide the bills.

"You have a gun," said Maria, "take it and shoot the villains." But the two trembling men paid no heed to her advice.

"Cowards!" said the brave girl, scornfully; "I wish that I were a man for five minutes!" Just then there came a heavy crash from the apartments below.

No one slept in the house that night, nor were they again molested. But at early dawn, going down stairs, a pool of blood on the hall floor showed that one robber, at least, had been seriously, if not mortally wounded.

A brief pause ensued, and then Maria came tripping up stairs, but her face was a determined, satisfied look.

The grateful bachelors were so overpowered that they offered to give Maria a dowry. "Ah! Monsieur!" she replied, affectionately, "how can I leave you?"

"But we will not, nevertheless, stand between you and happiness," they replied. "Here are thirty thousand francs—you have saved our lives, and richly deserve the money.

Years passed, and recently the real facts of this midnight robbery came to light. Both of the old bachelors were dead, and had willed Maria another thirty thousand francs.

As there are many that do not understand the situation—in fact, very few do that—says a San Francisco correspondent, writing of the silver mine excitement, I will give you a brief synopsis.

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The Lady-Bugs.

Three pretty lady-bugs were creeping about on Jeannie's hand, and two were poking their mites of noses in and out of Lulu's fingers,

"With a frightened kick of all their little legs at once, away flew the lady-bugs, while Jeannie and Lulu extended their arms, pointing in the direction where the poor little things' house was supposed to be burning.

"Oh, don't tell them that!" implored Kittie; "it is n't true and my lady-bug don't believe you."

Upon this the fly-away lady-bugs wheeled around, folded their wings, and floated softly down upon the grass, near where some lovely fringed gentian flowers were talking to six fat, round, drool-looking toad-stools.

The new baby-moon rose up in the quiet sky, and the tall purple bells nodded and waved a graceful welcome. In the west the sun was vainly and exhausted as the case might be—many contending that the pay ore vein had been entirely worked out and exhausted.

"We do not know," they answered; "and where we are going, who can tell? We live on the lives in the warm sunshine, and turn peacefully over on our backs and die when our time comes."

About two months ago, Mrs. Lucile Thomson, a handsome young widow, arrived in San Francisco from Washington in search of employment.

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A Gorgeous Gambling House.

The Washington Star publishes a long article giving a minute description of John F. Chamberlain's new Capitol Club House, at the Capital of the nation.

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Know Thyself.

"If we knew half as much of man on this continent as Agassiz has taught us of turtles, or his son has taught us of echinoderms, we should be most fortunate."

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Set and Set—Lay and Lie. The two words "sit" and "set" are too often mistaken for each other.

A Learned Judge.—A District Court in Texas has made a decision worthy of the sharpest days of special pleading.

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