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Local Directory.

Masonic. Hiram Lodge, No. 40.—A. S. Lee, W. M.; F. H. Busbee, S. W.; J. C. R. Little, J. W.; E. B. Thomas, Secretary. Meets third Monday evening in each month at 7 o'clock.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows. Manteo Lodge, No. 8.—Morris Rosenbaum, N. G.; George D. Cullley, V. G.; O. F. Curtis, Secretary. Meets at Old Fellows' Hall, every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

Knights of Pythias. Centre Lodge, No. —E. G. Harrell, C. C.; B. C. Manly, V. C.; C. A. Sherwood, K. R. S. Meets every Wednesday, at 7 P. M. third story Exchange Building.

Independent Order of Good Templars. Hickman Lodge, No. 1.—J. S. Allen, W. C. T.; Miss Delia Watson, W. V. T.; Walter C. Richardson, Secretary. Meets every Tuesday evening, 7 o'clock, at Good Templars' Headquarters, Fayetteville St.

Friends of Temperance. Raleigh Council, No. 127.—L. S. Burkhead, President; Willie C. Sweeney, Associate; V. Ballard, Secretary. Meets every Friday evening at 7 o'clock in the Briggs Building.

Young Men's Christian Association. John Armstrong, President; D. W. Bain and J. E. Burwell, Vice Presidents; E. R. Stamps, Secretary. Meets every Tuesday evening 7 o'clock at Briggs Building.

Typographical Union. Raleigh Typographical Union, No. 51, meets every first Wednesday night in each month.

Officers. Jos. A. Harris, President. Jno. W. Marcoris, Vice-President. F. T. Boker, Rec. Secretary. J. R. Ray, Cor. Sec'y. Otho M. Crabree, Fin. Secretary. E. M. Uzzell, Treasurer. Jno. C. King, Sergeant at-Arms.

Rates of Postage. Postal Cards—Written or printed, one cent each. Drop Letters—Without local delivery, one cent for each half ounce, or fraction thereof. Drop letters with local delivery, 2 cents.

Periodical Publications—Issued weekly, and oftener, and from a home office of publication or news agency, addressed to regular subscribers or news agents, must be prepaid at the rate of two cents a pound and fraction thereof, less frequently three cents a pound or fraction thereof. One copy free to subscribers residing in the county where the same are published.

Miscellaneous Matter—Rate of postage on miscellaneous matter is one cent for each ounce or fraction thereof. Packages must not exceed four pounds, except books, book manuscript, proof sheets, and corrected proof sheets. All packages of small matter not sent at letter rates (except seeds) must be so wrapped or secured that their contents can be conveniently examined by postmasters, otherwise they will be charged letter postage.



Poetry.

"Must I Forget?" And is it so? And must we meet With cold indifference, now? Must I forget the living fire You've pressed upon my brow? Must I forget my head hath lain Against your throbbing breast, As you, in love's abandonment, My loosened hair caress? Must I forget my very soul On yours has helpless hung, As o'er my woman's weakness, you The strength of manhood flung? Must I forget? I will forget, And you shall never know The fierce, volcanic fire, which burns Beneath indifference snow. Like marble I will set the lips Which quivered 'neath your own, While from my voice pride shall extract Love's tenderness of tone, I know your coldly jealous heart Would rather for its sake, Beneath the weight you've on it laid, My woman's one should break. I know you'd rather rage and hate Should in my bosom burn, Than that the lava in my veins To hardened stone should turn. I will not feign my heart is ice, You know it is not so: But I will make you keenly feel For you it does not glow; Feel that another reigns supreme Where you were king alone; And with this poisoned arrow pierce Your jealous heart of stone.

Selected Story.

THE LOST POCKET-BOOK.

The scene was in New York. It was a cheerless afternoon. A biting wind drove the snow before it like a blinding mist, and the clouds hung so low as to almost touch the roofs of the houses. "How desolate it is," Mrs. Halpine sighed, glancing out from her attic window on the gloomy prospect below, as she smoothed and folded the garment she had just completed; "and the cold's bitter. I don't like to send you out, Louise, but there's not a bit of coal, and Willie must have the medicine. I'd go myself, but—" "Oh, mother, no! let me go—I don't mind if it is cold. I'll hurry back," and the little girl sprang up from her low seat beside the child's cradle and began to fasten on her faded cloak and hood. "Well, I suppose you must," the mother continued, as she wrapped up the delicately embroidered garment. "You know the place? Mr. Rawdon's, on Tenth street—that brown stone house?" "Yes, yes, mother! I know." "Well, dear, run fast and keep yourself warm, and say to Mrs. Rawdon that I'd have finished the work before if Willie hadn't been so ill. Three dollars she owes me. You can call at the baker's and get a loaf or two." The child took the bundle and vanished out of sight down the dreary flight of steps, while the mother turned back to the cradle where the sick child lay. He held up his little hands and moaned piteously: "Give me some tea, mamma, I'm so thirsty." "Yes, darling, as soon as Louise comes back." Her eyes filled with tears as she raised the little fellow to her bosom, clasping him closely to keep him warm, for there was no fire in the stove and the desolate attic room was very comfortable. Yet there had been a day when this same pale-faced, meek-eyed woman sat in a luxurious chamber, with every comfort that heart could wish within her reach; and a doting husband's strong arms of love to encircle and protect her. But her husband was dead, lying, unknown, on some distant battlefield in the South; and her riches had made themselves wings and flown away. Forlorn and friendless, sick at heart, and weary from incessant toil, she sat, with her wailing child upon her lap, gazing out with hopeless, tearful eyes upon the dismal scene beneath her attic window. In the meantime, little Louise made her way through narrow by-ways and squalid alleys into the most populous and fashionable part of New York. The biting wind still continued to blow with a dreary, saddening wall, drifting the leaden clouds and the mist-like snow. But she walked on bravely, and reached at last Mrs. Rawdon's. A dazzling glow of light poured from all the lofty windows, and

sounds of music and merry-making floated out upon the frosty air. Mrs. Rawdon was giving a grand party in honor of her eldest daughter's birth-night. Louise crept up the marble steps and pulled the bell. A footman in livery answered her timid summons. "Can I see Mrs. Rawdon, please?" she asked. "See Mrs. Rawdon, indeed! and she in the parlor in the very middle of the company! Of course you can't." He was closing the door, but Louise caught at his sleeve and cried, imploringly: "Oh, please, please wait! Here's the work she wanted; Miss Violet's frock, you know. Mother promised it by to-night; do let me take it to her." The man hesitated a moment, and then turned back. "Miss Violet's frock," he said; "she wanted it, I know. I heard her scolding because it didn't come home. Maybe she'll see you. I'll try, anyhow. Come in here and wait."

Louise followed him through the arched hall and past the glittering parlors into a kind of ante-room adjoining the supper apartment. Here, motioning her to a seat, he went in search of his mistress. But it was a full half hour before Mrs. Rawdon could disengage herself from her guests, and poor little Louise, tired out with waiting, and numb with cold, was just on the point of bursting into tears, when the lady swept into the room. "This is a pretty business, now, isn't it?" she began, as she received and unfolded the bundle that Louise proffered her. "I thought you promised to bring this yesterday?" "Yes, ma'am; but my brother Willie was so ill that mother couldn't sew." "Oh, yes! that's always the way—you've some excuse ready; but I shan't trust you again, you may depend on it. Here's Violet been crying for an hour, and refusing to come down because she was so disappointed about her dress. John, ring the bell for Jane to take it up to her. I must go back to the parlor now." She was sweeping out again, her satin robes rustling after; but Louise sprang up with a piteous cry. "Oh, ma'am! little brother's so ill, and must have his medicine; please let me have the money?" "I can't to-night—I'm entirely out of change. You can call the day after to-morrow." But Louise was not to be repulsed. She caught the lady's hand in both of her little, frozen palms. One of the rings that adorned Mrs. Rawdon's soft fingers would have procured all the comforts her mother and little Willie so sorely needed. Some such thought flashed through the child's mind as she made the appeal. "Oh, madam!" she said, her blue eyes full of imploring treaty, "you are rich and happy, and have all you want; but my poor mother has nothing, and my little brother will die without medicine! Do let me have the money?" Mrs. Rawdon shook her head impatiently. "I tell you I've no change. You must call again. John, show her to the door!" The footman obeyed, and Louise soon found herself upon the marble steps, while the lofty door closed in her very face with a heartless slam. The wind howled more dimly than ever, and the keen, stinging sleet fell like a shower of shot. Louise descended the steps and crossed over to the opposite pavement with a dull, aching pain at her heart, that almost took away her breath. How could she go back to her desolate home and tell her poor mother that she had failed to collect her hard-earned wages; tell her that they were not able to buy even so much as a solitary loaf? Just then something beneath her foot, soft and slippery, almost threw her to the pavement. Looking down, she saw a pocket-book. She caught it up with a suppressed cry, and, thrusting it into her bosom, darted off at the speed of an antelope. At last, out of breath and half beside herself with excitement, she paused beneath a lamp-post, and, after glancing stealthily around her, drew the treasure from her bosom. It was large, thick and heavy. Her fingers trembled as she unlocked it; and when she caught sight of the bank-notes it

contained, she uttered a wild cry of delight, and darted off again like something insane. Mother and Willie should have all they needed now! Just beyond the baker's shop, towards which she bent her steps, a soldier met her. "Little girl," he said, arresting her flying steps, "did you find a pocket-book as you came along?" Louise paused a single instant, her heart fluttering like a frightened bird; then, as a thought of her mother and Willie flashed through her mind she answered: "No, sir." "Well, it is gone, I suppose," and the soldier passed on, while Louise hurried away in the opposite direction. By the time she reached the baker's she was in a tremor from head to foot, and her cheeks seemed on fire; but she drew the pocket-book from his hiding place, and standing outside the door unclasped it and took out a note. The shop was crowded with customers, and she had to wait for her turn before she could obtain what she wanted. Her eyes wandered wistfully round the tempting shelves. She would buy ever so many loaves, and even that frosted cake. They would have coal and meat, too. Why not? The pocket-book was hers; she had found it. Still her hands trembled, and her cheeks burned. She glanced down at the note she held, and saw, with a start or horror, that it was for fifty dollars. What had she done? Robbed that man of his money, and he a soldier! Her father had been a soldier! With a sharp cry, clutching the pocket-book in one hand and the bill in the other, she darted from the shop and down the snowy street.

Just a square or two beyond the glittering mansion of Mrs. Rawdon she overtook the soldier. He was walking slowly, glancing from one side of the icy pavement to the other with an anxious, despairing look on his face. Louise was at his side in an instant. "Oh, sir!" panting for breath, her hood thrown back, her blue eyes wild and startled, and her bright hair blown all about her flushed face. "I did find your pocket-book—here it is. I took this note out, but I couldn't spend it. Mother's almost starved, and little Willie will die without his medicine; but I can't steal—I can't! Take it back!" The soldier took the money from the half-frozen little hands that held it up to him; then lifting the child in his arms, he smoothed back her tangled locks, and looked down into her pale, tear-stained little face with eager, startled eyes. His swarthy cheek grew pale and his bearded lips began to tremble. "Louise, Louise!" he said, his voice full of thrilling tenderness; "poor little darling, don't you know me?" The child looked up, and then her cry of wild delight rang out clear and joyous. "Oh, papa, papa! we thought you were dead! but you've come back to us again." "Yes, darling!" his broad chest heaving with suppressed eagerness. "Where's your mother? Take me to her!" Louise sprang from his arms, and shot off like an arrow down the brilliant street, through the squalid alleys, and narrow by-lanes; and the soldier followed her. Mrs. Halpine sat in her comfortable attic hushing her sick child upon her lap. "Mamma, mamma! I am so hungry; please give me something to eat!" the little fellow moaned, clasping his hot arms about her neck. But there was no bread, and Louise did not come. "Wait a moment, darling—just a moment longer." And the patient little one waited; and the cold, gray shadows settled down darker and darker; and the poor mother clasped the child closer to her bosom dreaming of days gone by, and of the dear husband who had gone to his last, long home, with no tender hand to close his eyes. The shadows grew heavier and darker; the wind moan'd dimly, and the snow and sleet tinkled sharply against the windows. "Oh, mamma! please make a fire. I'm so cold, and the dark makes me afraid!" "Wait a little bit longer, darling! Louise will come soon." At last there was a noise below, a loud, joyous step up the

stairs, and Louise burst into the room, her face all glowing and radiant. "Oh, mother, mother!" she cried, "father's not dead! He's alive—he's come back to us again!" The soldier's wife rose to her feet, grasping at the bedpost for support; as she did so strong arms clasped her to a warm and loving bosom. Louise crept up to her father's feet, her blue eyes swimming with tears. "Oh, father! what if I had kept it?" she asked. "Then, dear, you would not have found me. Always remember that wrong wins its punishment, and right its reward."

Miscellaneous.

Good Rules to be Governed by.

Do not stop your business to tell windy stories. It is wrong and not doing your "boss" justice. If you have no place of business do not go and play billiards; it is wrong and will lead you to many other bad habits. Do not sit around bar-rooms and stores, for you never will get rich at that business. Shun all bar-rooms for they are temptations. Do not meddle with business you know nothing of; speak ill of no one, but bridge the tongue from speaking gibe of your neighbor. Help others when you see them in need if it is in your power to do so. It is good to be liberal. Learn to say No when you are tempted to be led astray by wicked men. Shun evil doers. Do not use other people's brains if you have any of your own but cultivate what you have. Keep an eye on the money drawer for the money is what runs your business. Subscribe to the Era for it is a reliable newspaper, published at \$2 10 per year, at Raleigh, N. C. Couldn't Stop. This is the way a great many boys get into difficulty—they get a-going and they can't stop! The boy that tells lies began at first to stretch the truth a little—to tell a large story—till he came out a full grown liar! Two boys began by bantering each other, till they got a-going and couldn't stop. They separated with black eyes and bloody noses! Did you hear about the young man stealing from his master's drawer? He came from the country a promising boy. But the rest of the clerks went to the theatre and smoked, and he thought he must do so too. He began, thinking he would try once or twice. He got a-going and couldn't stop. He could not resist the temptation when he knew there was money in the drawer. He got a-going—he will stop in prison. Some young men were, some years ago, in the habit of meeting together in a room at the public house, to 'enjoy themselves'—to drink and smoke. One of them as he was going there one evening began to think there might be danger in the way. He stopped and considered a moment, and then said to himself, "Right a-bout face!" He dropped his cigar went back to his room, and was never seen at the public house again. Six of the young men followed his example. The rest got a-going, and could not stop till they had landed, most of them, in a drunkard's grave. Beware, boys of the first cigar or chew of tobacco. Be sure, before you start that you are in the right way, for when you are 'going down hill it is hard to stop. A Toast That Went Untasted. Even the worst of men would shrink from tempting a fellow-being to his ruin, if the consequences involved themselves also; and few would risk it if met at the moment by the full knowledge of what they were doing. A young man in Virginia had been sadly intemperate. He was a man of great talents, fascination and power, but he had a passion for brandy which nothing could control. Often in his walks a friend remonstrated with him, but in vain; as often in turn would he urge his friend to take the social glass in vain. On one occasion the latter agreed to yield to him; and, as they walked up to the bar together, the barkeeper said: "Gentlemen, what will you have?" "Wine, sir," was the reply. The glasses were filled, and the

friends stood ready to pledge each other in renewed and constant friendship, when he paused and said to his intemperate friend: "Now, if I drink this glass and become a drunkard, will you take the responsibility?" The drunkard looked at him with severity and said: "Set down that glass!" It was set down, and the two walked away without saying a word. Things Worth Knowing. Keep tea in a close chest or canister. Keep coffee by itself, as its odor affects other articles. Keep bread and cake in a tin box or stone jar. Cranberries will keep all winter in a firkin of water in a cellar. September and October butter is the best for winter use. Oranges and lemons keep best wrapped in soft paper, and, if possible, laid in a drawer. The standard adopted by the United States is the Winchester bushel, 18 1/2 inches in diameter inside, 8 inches deep, and contains 2,150 42-100 cubic inches. To find the contents of a cylindrical measure multiply the square of the diameter by .785,398 and then by the depth. Example: 18x18x.785,398=258,803; 258,803x8=2,150 42-100. The United States standard gallon measures 231 cubic inches. A barrel contains 40 gallons or 9-240 cubic inches. Five yards wide by 968 long contains 1 acre; 10 yards wide by 484 long contains 1 acre; 20 yards wide by 242 long contains 1 acre; 40 yards wide by 121 long contains 1 acre; 60 feet wide by 726 long contains 1 acre; 110 feet wide by 396 long contains 1 acre; 220 feet wide by 198 long contains one acre. No. 1 mackerel should be not less than 13 inches in length from the extremity of the head to the fork of the tail, fat, free from rust, taint or drainage. No. 2 mackerel should be not less than 11 inches in length, fat and free from, &c. No. 3 mackerel should be not less than 10 inches in length. No. 3 large should be not less than 13 inches in length and in quality are those that remain after the selections of No. 1. No. 4 mackerel comprise all not in the above, and should be free from taint or damage. The above is the standard established by law in Massachusetts, and is generally accepted by the trade elsewhere. Mackerel should be kept covered with brine and not exposed to the air, as it becomes rancid or "rusty" in a few days. Extra number ones are selected fish. Large number twos—fish over thirteen inches in length, and not good enough in quality for number ones. Scaled herrings should be fat fish, free from scales and when smoked be of a bright golden color. No. 1 herring are generally small and poor fish. The best way to cook cod fish—strip it of its skin and cut in pieces about the size of one's hand; place it in the water and allow it to simmer on the stove until it becomes tender. It should never be allowed to boil. Boiling hardens and darkens the fish and deprives it of much of its flavor. Welsh firkins are so called from the fact of their being introduced by a Welsh settlement in the northern part of New York State. A Welsh firkin contains about 100 lbs, and a half firkin or tub 50 on an average. A common returnable firkin contains from 20 to 70 lbs of butter, and a common firkin 90 to 100 lbs. Mackerel comes in barrels, half-barrels, quarter-barrels and kits, containing full weight, respectively 200, 100, 50 and 20 pounds. Pork, full weight, should contain 200 pounds, but the standard has been reduced to 190 pounds; pickled beef hams in barrels 306 and 220 pounds; clear sides in bulk, in boxes, 500 pounds, and in hogsheads from 800 to 1,000 pounds. Salt—Ashton's, Marshall's and other Liverpool brands—comes in bags, 224 pounds; New York State in barrels and bags, 240 and 280 pounds; cases table salt contain 60

Jon Work executed at short notice and in a style unsurpassed by any similar establishment in the State.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One square, one time, \$ 1 00; " " two times, . 1 50; " " three times, . 2 00. \*Contract advertisements taken at proportionately low rates.

boxes, about 2 pounds each. Salt also comes in small packets, put up in sacks, three sizes; 25, 10 pound packets; 40, 6 pounds; and 80, 3 pounds.

Oolong teas are very highly dried, of wiry, brittle leaf, and valued according to degree of strength and pungency, and freedom from dust. Souchongs are the strongest black teas. The leaves are large, thin and often broken. The infusion is clear, golden and aromatic.

Congou teas have small, short, grayish black leaves. Gunpowder is a heavy tea, of a dark green hue, and the leaves rolled in hard balls. Imperials are in larger grains than gunpowders, and in color a silvery green.

Hysons have long, straight, fleshy, grayish green leaves, rolled lengthwise on themselves, with sweet aromatic flavor. Twankays, are known by the large, yellowish, badly-rolled leaves and strong odor. The infusion is a deep yellow, and of clear, sharp taste.—American Grocer.

Quitting in Time.

Going up street, about ten o'clock one night recently, a citizen heard the sounds of a fiddle, a banjo and a tamborine. As he neared the point from which they proceeded, he heard footsteps keeping time to the music and a voice calling out the figures of a cotillon. He soon learned it was a colored wedding frolic. Just as he arrived in front of the house a loud, angry voice called out:

"Stop dat music immediately!" It stopped, and the dancing suddenly ceased in the midst of the figure.

"What's de mattah, Sam?" said another voice; "what do you mean by stoppin' de dance?"

"I means jes 'zactly what I say!" answered Sam; "I 'gaged dat band myself to play for dis party; Ise de boss of dis 'casion; de band shan't play any mo!" Dis party shan't go on; de ball's broke up. Gemmen and ladies, you can all go home!"

"Whut in de name ob sense is de mattah wid dat niggah?" was the speech that came from all parts of the room. "What's de mattah, Sam, you talk like a crazy niggah!"

"No Ise not crazy!" said the one addressed. "Ise gwine to have a divorce! Ise gwine to have a divorce! Dat's what Ise gwine to have!"

"Divorce! divorce!" spoke several voices together. "What's dat niggah thinkin' 'bout? He ain't bin married more'n two hours, and now he's talkin' 'bout gittin a divorce. He's crazy, sho. You's crazy, Sam!"

"I tell you Ise not crazy," said the latter. Here Ise bin courtin' Lucinda for two years, with honorable intensions, and she's bin makin me believe she had money; dat she was rich, and now she tells me she ain't got but a dolla—a dolla. Stop de music, I say! Dis party's broke up. When dis chile marries a gal for her money, she's got to have more'n a dolla, or I wont live with her a minit. Ise gwine to quit in time. What's a dolla to a man wid a family?"

"Dat's more'n you've got, any how, you good for nuffin, lazy, no account niggah, you!" here chimed in Lucinda.

"Next time I marry for money, its got to be counted out befo' de preacher ties de knot," said Sam. "Ise gwine to git a divorce immediately!"

Such an uproar was raised by this speech the citizen could not understand any more that was said, and he passed on homeward, thinking that was the shortest honeymoon of which he had ever heard.

Of course Sam is pushing matters for a "divorce."

"What's a dolla' to a man wid a family?"—Mobile Register.

A poor woman wishes to know if any one has seen since the war, one or more oak trees with a cross and the letters "C" and "T" cut on their bodies, along the line of the railroad from Richmond to Weldon. The finding of the aforesaid trees will lead to the obtaining of relics of the war, and any person sending information of their whereabouts to the Evening Journal, Richmond, will be liberally rewarded. Papers in Virginia and North Carolina are requested to give this a place in their columns.—Petersburg News.

Capt. R. T. Fulghum proposes to publish a Centennial guide.