

# The Albemarle Enquirer.

E. L. O. WARD, Editor and Proprietor.

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## THE OLD CANOE.

The currentless waters are dead and still—  
But the light winds play with the boat as still,  
And lazily in and out again,  
It floats the length of its rusty chain.

Like the weary march of the hands of time  
That meet and part at the noonday o'clock,  
And the slip is missed at each turn anew,  
By the slipping bow of the old canoe.

O many a time with careless hand,  
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,  
And paddled it down where the streams run quick,  
Where the whir's are wide and the eddies are thick;

And I laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,  
And looked below in the broken tide.  
To see that the boats and faces were two,  
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now, as I lean over the crumbling side,  
And look below in the sluggish tide,  
The face that I see is graver grown,  
And the laugh that I hear has a sober tone.

And the hands that I see are sterner things;  
But I love to think of the hours that flew,  
As I rocked where the whir's their wild spray threw,  
Ere the blossoms waved or the green grass grew.

O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

## The Next Neighbor.

"Alice, my dear, will you watch the baby for a few moments, while I run over to Mrs. Clark's?" said Mrs. Belmaz to her daughter, who sat rocking a fretful baby, and trying to read a little now and then, but with poor success.

"Yes, mother."

Mrs. Belmaz, throwing a light shawl over her shoulders, went across the street to the home of Mrs. Clark, her most intimate friend, to hear the latest news.

"Why, good morning," said Mrs. Clark, who was out in the yard gathering flowers. "Come in the house. I was just wishing you would come over. I wanted to come over to your house this morning, but I am baking bread and could not leave it."

The two sat down in the cosy little sitting-room to have a morning chat.

"Well," said Mrs. Clark, "do tell me who is moving in the little house on the corner."

"That little house! Why, I did not know it was occupied," said Mrs. Belmaz.

"Yes, Mrs. Smith's hired girl was over this morning to borrow some coffee (and, by the way, they have borrowed something or other every day of this week, and this is Saturday), and she was telling me that they had been camping out by the river, just like gypsies, and as the weather is getting so cold they have moved in town; and such furniture as I saw going there! And only think of it; they only had one load! But perhaps they have seen better days, for the occupants themselves are quite respectable looking people."

This theme proved so interesting that the ladies discussed it for some time.

"Dear me! I must go home," said Mrs. Belmaz, rising at last. "It is half past eleven o'clock, and I have pies and bread to bake for dinner, and poor little Fred is teething, and I told Alice I would not stay but a moment. Let me know if you hear anything more about the new neighbors."

Alice, in the meanwhile, had got teething Freddy to sleep by walking the floor with him.

"Why, Alice, my dear," said the mother, "we have some new neighbors in that little house on the corner."

"Yes, mother, so I have heard. Mary Mordant called while you were gone, and told me all about them. She asked me very sarcastically if I intended to call."

"Pride must have a fall, and Mary Mordant will find it out some day. If they are respectable I shall go to see them. Did you learn their name?"

"Yes, mamma; it is quite a pretty name—Halloway. There is Mr. and Mrs. Halloway and their daughter, Pearl, who she says, is a perfect beauty; and then there is a son who lives at a distance. It is too bad they are in such reduced circumstances, but I intend to go and see them, anyway."

In a remarkably short space of time Mrs. Belmaz had her pies and biscuit made, and the table was set for dinner when Mr. Belmaz came in. She kept no servants, for she would not, she said, do as some others did, spend half their husband's wages to pay a servant, just because they were too lazy and proud to work themselves. Mr. Belmaz was a carpenter, and on account of his superior workmanship, and excellent taste, he had been employed to execute the fine work of an elegant new house that was being finished out in the suburbs of the city. It was a large stone front, and had excited the fancy and curiosity of the citizens, as it was not known definitely who was the owner of it. The agent of a wealthy gentleman from New York City was superintending the building.

This gentleman was none other than Mr. Halloway. He had been traveling a year for the benefit of his and his wife's health, and stopping for a few days in the quiet city of S—, they became delighted with the beautiful scenery and invigorating climate, and decided to live there. Sending for the private agent, the work of building a suitable residence was commenced immediately. Not wishing to have it known that the new house was his, Mr. Halloway enjoined secrecy on his agent. They sent for several of their relatives and friends, and concluded to camp out until their house was finished, but, being overtaken by cold weather, decided to temporarily occupy the "little house."

"Mother," said Pearl Halloway a day or two after they had moved, "I wonder if any of the neighbors will call on us. Maybe they are too aristocratic to do so, for we have not made much of an appearance."

"If they do it will be some one who comes for our true worth and not our appearance, or out of curiosity," said Mrs. Halloway.

"My dear," said Mr. Belmaz to his wife that evening, "I think you and Alice had better call on our new neighbors in the little house on the corner. You say that Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Smith are not going because the new people are so poor; but it will do you no harm to go."

"Yes," chimed in the sweet voice of Alice, "I met their daughter, Pearl, the other day, and she is so sweet looking I just fell in love with her. I declared then and there that I would know her before a week."

"They did not come out of curiosity, I know," said Pearl Halloway a few days afterward, as Mrs. Belmaz and Alice departed from her house.

"No, indeed, I don't think they did," replied her mother. "I admire Mrs. Belmaz very much, and I advise you to become better acquainted with her daughter, Alice; she seems to be such a sweet girl."

"Yes, indeed, I will! I know we shall be excellent friends."

"Why, I see you have called on your neighbors in that little house," said Mrs. Smith to Mrs. Belmaz a few days after.

"What kind of people are they? I did not like their appearance a bit, and they are in very reduced circumstances, are they not? I am always very particular about whom I go to see, but some people are not at all particular."

"Well," replied Mrs. Belmaz, "I never met people whom I liked so well in so short an acquaintance, I advise you to go and see them."

"No, not I! But I wish you much joy in your new acquaintance, and I will go to see them as an act of charity if they are in need of anything, for then I should consider it my duty. Well, good-by," and she departed to report to Mrs. Clark and the rest of the neighbors.

Three weeks passed, and by that time Alice Belmaz and Pearl Halloway were fast friends, as were their mothers. Of the neighbors none of the rest called, and many were the light remarks made in the hearing of Alice and her mother.

One bright autumn morning Pearl Halloway came for Alice to take a walk.

"As it is nice walking, let us go out to that new house in the suburbs," said the latter.

"Yes, that is just where I wanted to go, for I have not seen it since it has been finished, and we are to move in next week."

"Why, are you going to live there? I thought a gentleman from New York owned it. You surely are jesting!"

"No, I am not. But you are right—the owner is a wealthy gentleman from New York, for that is papa. We kept it secret just for the fun of it; I thought it would be so nice to play we were very poor people, to see if the neighbors would come and see us. You and your dear mother were the only ones who were not too proud to come. I have something else to tell you, too; as soon as we are settled in the new house I am going to be married, and I want you to be first bridesmaid; a cousin of mamma's, Rena Clyde, is to be second, and brother Willard is to be first groomsmen. Alice, dear, don't tell any one except your mother; I am afraid if the neighbors knew this our house would be filled with callers."

"Oh, no, I won't. But why did you not tell me before? Although I would not have loved you any better if I thought you were a princess?"

The respected females in that aristocratic neighborhood were surprised to see a handsome carriage drive up to the gate of the insignificant little house, and Mr. and Mrs. Halloway depart in it, while Pearl went in another with a distinguished looking gentleman. But their surprise was still greater when they did not return. You may imagine their chagrin when they heard the whole story.

There were over a hundred invitations to the wedding sent to a distance, but the Belmaz family and a few others were the only ones of that town that were there. The affair far surpassed anything that had ever taken place before in that locality.

Pearl Halloway is very proud of her noble-looking husband, Clement Voorley, while Alice Belmaz is beginning to think more of Willard Halloway than she does of Pearl, although she will not own it. All the girls pattern after her now, and poor neighbors are never neglected, even if they do live in a small house.

## How They Get Ready for Dinner.

"My dear," said Miss Clara Morris to Mr. Clara Morris, at the Palmer House the other day, "are you quite ready for dinner?"

"A wfully quite, my love."

"Have you laid out the paste diamonds for the chambermaid to steal?"

"Yes, lucky."

"And written the usual note to the Chief of Police ready for mailing?"

"And ordered a nice, gentle horse to run away with me to-morrow?"

"Yes, dear."

"And sent those marked copies of the 'moxa' operation to the Sunday papers?"

"Certainly."

"And did you tell that reporter I intended to buy a \$200,000 banana plantation somewhere?"

"All attended to, sweetest."

"Then let us look unhappy and go down."

## Advertising Cheats.

It has become so common to write the beginning of an elegant, interesting article and then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such cheats and simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain honest terms as possible, to induce people to give them one trial, as no one who knows their value will ever use anything else.

Never appear to notice a scar, deformity or defect of any one present.

## A Carson Clergyman.

Rev. Mr. Davis has recently become the pastor of the Episcopal church at Carson. One evening shortly after his arrival a social was given at the church for the purpose of giving the members an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the new pastor. Two of the oldest and most respectable pillars of the sanctuary entered the pastor's study—a cozy little room, where a fire was brightly burning—and found a dozen gentlemen lounging around in easy attitudes and smoking. As Mr. Davis was known to be a western man and liberal, the cigars didn't shock the brethren much. They were introduced, and rather stared at Mr. Davis, a very unclerical looking gentleman, with a drooping black mustache, and a somewhat rakish air.

"I'm glad you've come among us, brother Davis," said one of the old gentlemen, politely.

"Thankee," replied his reverence, affably. "It is a pretty good layout, I reckon. The old man gasped, but managed to say that he hoped the church would prosper under his administrations."

"Well," responded the clergyman, with cheerful confidence, "I'll give the boys a rattle, and do what I can to drive in a few gospel stakes. Is it a pretty good crowd for business?"

Both the horrified brethren stared speechless at the pastor. Seeing that they failed to comprehend, the gentleman kindly explained:

"Oh, you don't tumble to the racket. What I mean is, will you church fellows stand in when I peel and go for the sinners?"

Finally, murmuring something about being always willing to assist in the Lord's work, the brethren were staggering out, when their new pastor stopped them with: "Isn't this rather a dusty style of treating a fellow? Can't you trot out 'suthin' to woe one's whistle?"

They fled after one sacred look at one another, and were rushing from the church when another brother hailed them and said he wanted to introduce them to the new pastor.

"We've seen him," groaned one, "Where?"

"In the study, in a cloud of tobacco smoke."

"Impossible. He's in the vestry, and a very nice old gentleman he is."

"And who is the other Mr. Davis—the young man in the study?" asked the relieved brethren when they had shaken hands with a wholly acceptable and entirely respectable Mr. Davis.

The good old gentleman chuckled and replied:

"My son, Sam, doubtless—  
Is was indeed he—he with the plate of strawberries mark on his stomach."

## Mrs. Brown's Husbands.

Mr. Mills, the minister, was a stranger in the town, and when he was called upon to visit Mrs. Brown, who had just lost her husband, and to console her, he went around to see Deacon Wilt, so that he could post himself about the situation.

"I understand you to say," said Mr. Mills, "that Mrs. Brown has been married three times?—or was it four?"

"I say," replied the Deacon, "that she was Mr. Brown's third wife, while he was her fifth husband. But she was the fourth wife of her second husband, and the second wife of her first, so that she—"

"Let me see," said the parson, "the second wife of the first and the well, then, three and five are eight, and four are twelve and two are fourteen—if I get the hang of the thing, Mrs. Brown has been married fourteen times, and Mr. Brown was her—"

"No, you don't understand. Brown was only her fifth husband."

"Oh, her fifth. But you said she was the fourth wife of her second husband, and she had three more, so that—four and three are seven—she must have had seven husbands, and where are the other two?"

"Why don't you see? Her second husband was married three times before he met her. She had been married once—"

"How could she be married only once when he was her second husband?"

"Only once before she met him, and when she married him she was his fourth wife, so that he had had four wives, she had only—"

"Is this Brown you are speaking of?"

"No, no! Brown was her fifth. He had been married twice before."

"Her second husband had?"

"I mean Brown, of course. Let me explain. Mrs. Brown, say, married John, Thomas, Jacob, William and Henry. And Thomas married Lulu, Mary, Hannah and Susan—"

"Before he married Mrs. Brown or after?"

"Before. Well, then, Brown married Emma and Matilda, and John married Agnes. Agnes died and John married Mrs. Brown. Then John died and Lulu, Mary, Hannah and Susan died, and then Thomas married Mrs. Brown. Then Thomas died, and Jacob married Mrs. Brown. When William died and William's wife died, and William annexed Mrs. Brown. When William died Emma and Matilda died, and then Brown married Mrs. Brown. Everybody came to Mrs. Brown, you see!"

"I see," said Mr. Mills. "I think I grasp the facts. I'll go right around to see her."

self utterly inconsolable; but there was Jacob—he brought new joy. When Jacob was wanted to a better land your heart was nearly broken, but William healed the wounds; and when William drifted off into the unknown, Henry assuaged your grief. Perhaps there are other Henrys, Williams and Thomases to whom this blessed duty will fall again. Perhaps—"

"You are talking very strangely, sir," said Mrs. Brown.

"Oh no; I merely say that now that John, and Thomas and Jacob, and William, and Henry have been called away to join Susan, and Hannah, and Agnes, and Matilda, and Emma, and Lulu, and Mary, and the rest, there is some hope that—that—Why, Mrs. Brown, what on earth is the matter?"

Mrs. Brown flew out of the room without replying, and Mr. Mills, filled with amazement, went around to ask Deacon Wilt to explain the mystery.

"I was merely telling her," he said, "that Brown had followed John, and Thomas, and Matilda, and the others into a better world, when she—"

"Good gracious!" shrieked the deacon; "you didn't allude to her dead husbands and their wives by those names, did you?"

"Of course. You said so."

"Oh, thunder, man! Why, those were only imaginary names, that I used by way of illustration. Brown's first name was Alciabiades. No wonder she was mad."

Mr. Mills groaned and went home in dismay. And now Mrs. Brown has left his church and gone over to the Episcopalian. She is to be married soon, they say.

## Some Facts About Sharks.

The size of shark has been immensely exaggerated, but as to the dangerous nature of the creature there can be no manner of doubt. Ancient mariners are prone to long stories, which it is their delight to dress up and magnify. Tales are told of sharks that have reached thirty, thirty-five, forty, and even fifty feet. We may take such measures for what they are worth.

The white shark, the most dangerous of its kind, is seldom more than ten or twelve feet from head to tail. No shark that ever yet swam could bite a man in two, or cut off his leg. The teeth of the shark, no doubt, are very terrible.

They are arranged row behind row, and the muscles of its jaws are of enormous strength. But they are fitted for rending and lacerating rather than for cutting or severing. The action is not that of the shears, but rather of the harrow or scarifier. A shark of ten feet, or even eight, will seize a man by the thigh and strip the flesh from his leg down to the heel, or, with a firm grasp of the limb and a powerful twist of its body in the water, it may possibly tear the leg out of the socket. Such an injury, of course, is as instantly fatal as if the assailant had cut its victim in half. There is, indeed, no need to exaggerate the size of the shark; for a small shark, if hungry, is practically as dangerous as a large one.

Any old fisherman knows that a dog-fish will attack a cod or a ling twice its size, and, with five or six well-directed bites, tears it to pieces. It is thus that a shark deals with a man. Following him, and descending below him, it rolls over, and mounting, with its jaws uppermost, inflicts a wound sufficiently deadly to cause instant collapse. It is the old story of the wolf attacking the deer or the buffalo. Indeed, the high-colored stories among sailors as to the size, strength and voracity of the shark, do much to create a dangerous sense of security. When a ship is swimming at anchor in the tropics, the hands will think nothing of venturing overboard for a plunge, if such few sharks as are seen about are little, if at all, bigger than men; or, late at night, they will drop noiselessly over the side, and swim ashore. Their simple faith is that unless a shark be large enough to swallow a man whole, he will not attack him; while it is also part of the forecastle creed that the shark sleeps at night.

Many a sailor has paid the penalty of his life for rashness of this kind; and the ignorance current among sailors of the shark and its habit is, when we remember how the brute swarms in tropical seas, something almost astonishing. The old story of the two pilot fish which always accompany the shark, and guide him to his prey, is still gravely repeated, and as gravely believed. It is also an article of nautical faith that the shark knows when there is a dying man on board ship, and will follow the vessel for miles, guided by some sinister and almost demoniacal instinct. As a matter of fact, there are always pilot-fish to be seen in the wake of a vessel, only that they are not noticed unless a shark in their company calls attention to them; while a shark will, for reasons of his own, invariably follow a vessel, whether there be a sick man on it or not.

## The "Burro."

The correct way to "do" the mountains in New Mexico is to mount one of the little "burros," as the donkey of that region is called, and on the sure-footed little beast you can go where a horse would break his neck, and yours, too, in a very short time. This diminutive, useful and patient animal is driven with a stick. The rider does not bother with a bridle, but when he wishes the animal to turn to the right he knocks him with his stick on the left side of his head, and vice versa a whack on the right side of the head makes your donkey feel that it is advisable for him to turn to the left.

The "burro" is one of the characteristic institutions of New Mexico. Although small in size, his carrying capacity is great, and one of the most comical sights in the world is to see one of these little beasts with a load of cut wood strapped on its back higher than itself and a strapping Mexican straddling the hind quarters of the animal behind the wood. It is a day's work for a Mexican to go into the hills with his burro, cut and pack a load of wood, and drive to town and sell the wood for a "quarter," and on that twenty-five cents the ordinary "Greaser" family will make out somehow to subsist for a day.

## "Playing Ball" as it Used to Be.

Now, approaches the season of smashed fingers, slashed noses and mashed eyes. The time for "Red Stocking," "Champion Nines," "Leather Overalls," "Bruisers," "Caroline Proboscises," "Blue Roovers," "Ginger Snappers," "Ruby Rangers," and other euphoniously named base ball clubs, has come. There was a time when base ball was fun. That time has long since passed away. There are probably remote portions of the country where there is still some amusement in a game of base ball—where the rustic inhabitants have not yet learned how awfully scientific the game has become. There, when the striker hits the ball a good reliable which he runs for all he is worth. When the other fellow gets the ball he doesn't place it quietly on the base, but he hurls it with unerring precision at the runner and knocks two dollars' worth of breath out of his body. The runner is then out. He generally goes and lies on the grass to think over matters and rub the spot where the ball hit. But balls in those days were not the globular bricks they are now. Any boy with a little ingenuity and an old stocking could make a ball. A piece of cork or a bit of rubber, to make it "bounce," did to start on. Then the old stocking was unraveled and the yarn wound on this rubber basis until the ball reached proper proportions, when it was covered with leather. The boy who owned a nice, soft covered ball, was a king among his kind. Next to him came the boy with a good bat. The principal official in the old style of base ball was the fellow who sat on the rail of the fence and kept tally. He cut the notches for one party on one edge of a single, and for the other party on the other edge. Sometimes a good scorer would do more for his favorite side than its best batsman. There were no umpires in those days for both captains to quarrel with. When the two captains were ready to choose sides one tossed a ball club to the other and they went hand over hand to the top; the last hand that held the club had the first choice of players. Sometimes a boy would insist that his hand was last while it projected over the end of the bat. This was settled by another boy striking with another bat the end of the choosing bat. If the last hand could stand the strokes it was all right, but if the hand projected a little too high it was generally withdrawn after the first blow. Those were the days when base ball was not composed of four parts science and one of fun.

## Two Tilted Umbrellas.

An umbrella figure in a recent Boston romance which might be termed "One Winter." On the 16th of February, which was a stormy day, two people, with umbrellas tilted forward, met in the driving storm. One was a hale and hearty gentleman of about fifty years, and the other was a little, slight woman, perhaps a year or two younger. He was coming around the corner from the Washington street side; she was going around the same corner from Winter street. Both were in a hurry. Natural consequence, a sudden collision of umbrellas, the shock of which caused the little woman's feet to slip on the treacherous walk. The gentleman picked her up, thereby getting a good look at the face, when, exchanging a few astonished exclamations, the pair recognized in each other long lost friends, and walked off together. Thirty years ago she was a factory girl in Lowell, and he was a medical student at Harvard. Both were poor in pocket, but rich in love and hope; he worked hard at study, and she worked hard to raise the money to help him on through his course. When the California fever broke out in 1849 he resolved to take a quicker route to fortune, and started for the golden shore, sending back a letter of farewell to this young girl. The upshot of the separation was that letters became less and less regular, and at last there was silence. The years passed on; he grew rich and influential, completed his studies, and became a noted physician; of one of the largest California cities; he married and had two children. Two years ago wife and children were carried off by fever. A year to a day before the meeting in the snow-storm, he dreamed that his youthful love was living and in distress, and the dream made such an impression upon him that he sent East, and made inquiries, which resulted in his coming on himself to search for her. But six months had been spent unsuccessfully, and he had just despaired of ever finding her, when the two bumped together at the corner of Washington and Winter streets. And she—poor soul!—had married late in life, and now was a widow, with two children, who were to young to work much,