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Will attend the Courts of Lenoir Greene and Jones.

J. W. HARPER, Attorney At Law, KINSTON, N. C.

Mr. EDITOR.—The following lines were written by a friend of mine some years ago, and I have long desired to see them in print.

How bright the summer day has been! Look, how the golden sun Sinks down behind the locust trees, His work of glory done.

To-morrow is my birth-day—yes, How darkly now appears The record of departed time, The mass of wasted years.

Draw back the casement curtains; Once more I fain would view, The roses planted for your sake,

How fast the evening shadows fall, In Heaven's azure dome! One single little star appears,

But raise my fainting head, my love, And place it on your breast, Tho' weal and woe, in life and death,

But I am calmer now, Is this the hour I dreamed so bright? Can death be mgde so bright?

Selected.

The Story of Raoul Surian. "Le style, c'est l'homme." Monsieur Buffon invented the phrase—it is something more than a mot—and the police furnish practical application of it.

Raoul Surian, a criminal of distinguished eminence, had a style of his own that, while very successful in its pecuniary results, was very troublesome in its consequences to him, since it was so plainly marked as to be immediately recognized by the police.

known to the police through a rapid succession of swindling operations, very successfully contrived, for the delivery of goods which he did not possess and the appropriation of money which was not his own.

At the expiration of this last sentence Raoul Surian returned to Paris and announced his intention to 'reform.' He had saved a little money by extra labor in prison, his father was dead, and he set up a small shop at Belleville for the sale of spectacles eye-glasses and mathematical instruments.

It is probable, however, that he suspected that he was carefully and assiduously watched. He contracted his speculative operations very materially, and a million in gold which he had on deposit in the Bank of France was drawn out and shipped to America, to parties unknown to the authorities.

After a few months' shop-keeping at Belleville Surian sold out his establishment. He had made a good deal of money, he said, speculating in shares at the Bourse, and did not need any longer to continue the drudgery of shop-keeping.

In 1869 there was a tremendous effort made at the Bourse to 'corner' the shares of the Serbo-Moldavian railway. The 'corner' was broken prematurely, and a great slaughter ensued among the 'bulls.' Among those punished most severely was M. Raoul Surian, whose net losses, it was whispered, exceeded 750,000 francs.

Simultaneously an operation of another kind agitated financial centres and attracted the undivided attention of the police. Bills on American account aggregating over five millions of francs were sold in London, Paris, Amsterdam and Hamburg which were found to be forgeries. The police, after long consultation and comparison of data, found no room to doubt that all these operations were the work of one man, and that the 'style' was that of the once eminent, but now reform-

ed, confidence man, M. Raoul Surian. A couple of the most trusty agents were detailed to 'work up' the case, and, at the end of three weeks, Surian was arrested and confronted with the parties in the several cities who had been victimized by the forger.

Not satisfied with this, Surian went to police headquarters and complained of the injury done to his character and business by this arrest upon so slight a fabric of suspicion.

The Germans rapidly threw their tremendous cordons around Paris, and the memorable siege of the great city began. Surian joined a regiment of volunteers and went on duty. The position assigned his company was the charge of a picket post outside the fort of Vanvres, where the Prussian breaching batteries were finally established.

'That man—there!' 'Who is that man?' 'Raoul Surian!' 'How came he to go to you?' 'He has been in the habit, I have kept his clothes and his—disguises—for five years! Oh pray, do not shoot me!'

'Enough! Surian, step out! Lieutenant, detail ten men! Corporal, bind his hands!' Surian thrust his foot behind Gallaud's heels, knocked the Captain down with a blow of his fist, thrust his elbow into the Corporal's ribs, and darted off, escaping into Collaert's cellar with surprising agility and amid a volley of musketry.

Gallaud stepped quickly to the still quivering mass and turned it over. It was the body of Raoul Surian, crushed almost into a jelly. 'My God!' cried Gallaud, 'one eye is black still, but the other is blue!'

eral reign of M. Eusebe Birambrot at police headquarters, a dark-browed beauty came and laid charges of treason and incivism against M. Raoul Surian. She gave her name as Mdle. Cytheree, and said that Surian, one of the adroitest robbers of the age, who continually escaped conviction through his subtle disguises; had been in constant communication with the Germans during the siege.

On the night after the Versailles broke into Paris, Surian disappeared. He left the battery at Belleville, proposing to return in five minutes with some percussion fuses, which were needed. He did not come back at all.

'Raoul Surian, I arrest you!' 'My son, are you not hasty?' said the cure gently, 'I am Father Thomas, one of the cures of St. Sulpice,' and he bent his black eyes upon Gallaud with a look of mild reproach.

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her house. The remains of Surian were carried away, and Gallaud accompanied Collaert. Only the blood still remained upon the sidewalk.

After all, Surian's secret was very simple, like most of the inventions of genius. He had an assortment of very thin glass eyes, with perfectly transparent pupils, and these he wore and changed as occasion seemed to demand.

The police have orders now, in case a similar cheat is suspected, to touch the white of the eye with a little vinegar or a camel's hair brush, to see if it produces suffusion.

"BEST THINGS."

- The best theology—a pure and beneficent life. The best law—the golden rule. The best statesmanship—self-government. The best medicine—cheerfulness and temperance. The best art—painting a smile upon the brow of childhood.

From the Raleigh Observer. Senator Nicholson's Public Debt Bill.

In stating the proposition of Mr. Nicholson's bill to provide for the payment of the State debt, I did not think you stated the proposition in a shape that it would be easily comprehended by every reader of your valuable paper.

Now, the idea is, (that should this bill be adopted by the Legislature, that holders of the old outstanding bonds who live in the State, and desire to convert their old bonds into a circulating medium that they can use as capital, will come forward first and sell for the interest-bearing fractional bonds and then go into the market and buy anything they choose, and in that way set the circulation afloat, and give it a start; and once under way, would be one of the grandest things that was ever done for North Carolina, and especially at this particular time, when there is such a grand and extensive scheme of internal improvement on foot. This circulating medium would pay for labor, buy provisions, start up manufactories, and put new life into enterprise, and start our good old State once more on the joyful path of prosperity. It would be converting the State debt in the shape of a circulating medium by the people, and utilizing it to their good, and finally pay the debt and not tax them, one cent, and add to the prosperity of the State all the while.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S WRITINGS.—He detested blind and slovenly writing, and used to say that any man could write plainly who would make an effort. His manuscript was the delight of printers. He wrote quietly and steadily, and produced a great deal more 'copy' in a given time than one would suppose him capable of who observed his apparent ease and absence of hurry. He was rather careless in his dress, but not, like Horace Greely, enough so to be conspicuous.