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The Weekly Era.

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THE WEEKLY ERA.

VOL. 2. RALEIGH, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1873. No. 41

The Weekly Era.

Rates of Advertising:

One square, one time,	$1 00
" " two times,	1 50
" " three times,	2 00

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PUBLIC ACT.

An Act to Prohibit the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors in Certain Localities.

Section 1. The General Assembly of North Carolina do enact: That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons, to sell or give away any intoxicating liquors in any way or manner, or in any quantity, so as to receive any compensation for the same whatever, either directly or indirectly within four miles of Antioch church, in Allegbany county; Bluff Presbyterian church in Cumberland county; Ashpole Missionary Baptist church, in Robeson county, or Yopp's Meeting House, in Onslow county. Or within three miles of the following places, to-wit: Mount Pleasant Academy, in Cherokee county; Cumberland Union church, near Walkertown, in Cumberland county; Rockers store in Cedar Creek Village, in Cumberland county; Judson Female College, in Henderson county; Pollocksville in Jones county; Laurel Hill church in Richmond county; Big Branch Baptist church, Beauty Spot church, Ashpole Presbyterian church, Zion's Tabernacle Baptist church, Asbury church, Horeb Methodist church, or Mount Mariah Baptist church, in Robeson county; or within two and one-half miles of Rocky Nole church, in Cabarrus county; or within two miles of the following places, to-wit: Piney Grove church, Luneville church, or Red Hill church or School house, in Anson county; Christian Delight church, or Concord church, in Beaufort county; French's Creek Baptist church, Brown Marsh Presbyterian church, in Bladen county; Early Furnace, or Flouring mills in Lockville, in Chatham county; Methodist church, Presbyterian church, or Baptist church near Fort Hembri, or Jacks High School, Barnard's camp ground, in Clay county; Pleasant Plains church or Peacock's store, in Columbus county; Blockville Academy or Okesberry church, in Cumberland county; New Bridge church, in Duplin county; Mountain Island Factory, in Gaston county; Corinth Baptist church, in Granville county; Flat Rock, in Guilford county; Johnston's chapel, in Johnston county; Shiloh church, colored School House No. 1, in Federal Precinct Township, in New Hanover county; Zion church, in Richmond county; Lumber Bridge Presbyterian church or Providence Baptist church, in Robeson county; Ellerbees Springs, in Richmond county; Little River church, in Transylvania county; Goshen church, Sampson county; the Paper Mills at the falls of Neuse river, in Wake county; the Court House in Wilkesboro, in Wilkes county, or within the corporate limits of the town of Carthage in Moore county, or Lumberton in Robeson county, or Rutherfordton in Rutherford county, or within two miles of the corporate limits of Carthage or Lumberton, provided this shall effect the power of the commissioners of Lumberton to grant license within its corporate limits; or within one and a half miles of Cherry Grove Baptist church in Columbus county; Bell Farm Presbyterian church, (colored,) in Harris depot; Methodist church at Coon Spring camp ground, or Methodist church at Bethel Camp Ground, in Cabarrus county; or Murphison Factory, in Manchester Cumberland county, or within one mile of Goose Creek; Island church, in Beaufort county; the Baptist church in Abbottsburg in Bladen county; Newton Academy, or Fair View school house, in which J. S. Shuford taught school, in Buncombe county; Pioneer Mills Post Office, in Cabarrus county; Cypress Creek church, or the Baptist or Methodist church in Hallville, Duplin county; Vine Hill Academy, in Halifax county; Bethel church, in Pitt county; the Court House in Ashboro, in Randolph county; Turpersbury church, in Iredell county; or Union Chapel Methodist chuch, in Robeson county.

Sec. 2. Any person or persons violating any of the provisions of this act, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof before any acting Justice of the Peace, for each and every offence, shall pay a fine of not less than ten nor more than fifty dollars or be imprisoned, in the discretion of the Court not to exceed thirty days.

Sec. 3. The Secretary of State shall furnish a certified copy of this act, immediately after its ratification to the *Eco, Sentinel* and *News* for publication.

Sec. 4. This act shall be in force from and after the first day of May, A. D., 1873. In General Assembly read three times and ratified this the 3rd day of March, A. D., 1873.

J. L. ROBINSON,
Speaker of the House.
C. H. BROGDEN,
President of the Senate.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
OFFICE SECRETARY OF STATE,
Raleigh, March 7, 1873.

I, William H. Howerton, Secretary of State, hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of the original act on file in this office.

WM H. HOWERTON,
Secretary of State.

March 8, 1873. 172—d24tw4w

NOTICE IN BANKRUPTCY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That a Petition has been filed in said Court by Ambrose Upchurch, in said District, duly declared a Bankrupt under the act of Congress of March 2d, 1867, for a discharge and certificate thereof from all his debts and other claims provable under said act, and that the 3rd day of April, 1873, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the office of A. W. Shaffer, Register in Bankruptcy, in Raleigh, N. C., is assigned for the hearing of the same, when and where all creditors, who have proved their debts, and other persons in interest may attend and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petitioner should not be granted. And that the second and third meetings will be held at the same time and place.

Dated at New Berne, N. C., on the 13th day of March, A. D., 1873.

CHARLES HIBBARD, Clerk.

30—3w.

Important Sale of Lots in the Town of Lexington, Davidson county, N. C.

IN OBEDIENCE OF AN ORDER of the Board of County Commissioners made on the first Monday in March instant, I shall proceed to sell for cash, at the Court House door in the Town of Lexington, on Tuesday of our next Superior Court, it being the 29th day of April, 1873, the following described lots situate in the Town of Lexington, near the Court House, belonging to the county, to wit: Three lots northeast of the Court House. The said lots are adjacent the lot of H. Adams and R. A. King. Three other lots opposite the residence of Gen. J. M. Leach, and the Store House of Earnheardt & Nove. Also, four lots opposite the Court House, adjoining the lot of C. F. Lowe, known as the public well lots. All of the above named lots are from twenty to fifty yards of the Court House.

DAVID W. PICKETT,
Commissioner.

march 5, wtd.

BLACKMER & MCCORCLE and J. T. BROWN Attorneys for Commissioners.

Home.

I have traveled o'er the spacious earth,
For many and many a year;
I have been in lands where art and wealth
Their monuments uprear.
Though sights undreamed of met my eyes
Wherever I did roam,
My thoughts, despite of all I saw,
Would wander back to home.

I have been to kingly palaces,
Where all that wealth could buy,
At every turn, where'er I looked,
Did meet my wilder'd eye.
But even there, mid kings and peer,
Beneath that golden dome,
Unsatisfied, my prisoned soul
Would wander back to home.

I have been within the festive hall,
Where all was joy and light;
Where magic song and witching dance
Fell on my ear and sight.
But even there, mid that gay throng,
My soul away would roam,
And like a bird from bondage free,
Would wander back to home.

I've sought for glory on the field
Of fierce and bloody strife—
In search of fame I've freely spent
The best years of my life.
But even mid these stirring scenes
One thought to me would come,
And then my soul, on fancy's wings,
Would wander back to home.

A Fair Exchange no Robbery.

"So you are going to stay with me a whole month, you darling?" and Maddy Fletcher gave her friend a rapturous hug, after the manner of young ladies but recently emerged from boarding school.

"A whole month," replied the darling, returning the embrace with equal fervor, "for if I had said six weeks, my hat would have been quite crushed. Are you sure you did not break my feather, my dear?"

"Oh, nonsense! your feather is all right. You are as prim as ever, Ellie."

"Let me tell you, you would be prim if you had set up until one o'clock to make every stitch of your hat with your own hands, as I did last night," responded Ellie, with a little sigh.

"It is ever so pretty, if you did make it yourself," replied Maddy, gazing admiringly at the complicated structure of velvet, ribbon, lace, and feathers which her friend was removing before the glass. "I would not at all mind making my own things if I had your taste, Ellie. Now, look at this thing. It cost no end of money, and is simply hideous;" and she placed it on her head as she spoke, casting at the same time a disgusted look at her pretty face reflected in the mirror.

"It isn't particularly becoming, that's a fact," remarked Ellie, critically surveying it; "but it's stylish—very. I'll tell you what, Maddy; I believe if you will let me take off about half those plumes and arrange the lace differently, I can make it look a great deal better."

"I wish you would take it in hand, then," said Maddy, depositing the condemned article in its band box I perfectly detest it, and never will wear it as it is. Now let us talk no more of hats, but about your visit. Oh, how jolly it is that you are going to stay with me a month.

"So it is, splendid; but I thought I should never get off. First, Kitty must needs be sick for two whole weeks; then, just as I was going to write and name the day, Uncle Jacob arrived, and mamma could not spare me. It takes the whole family to entertain Uncle Jacob, and it is hard work, too; but he gave me twenty dollars when he went away, so I won't say anything."

"Twenty dollars!" exclaimed Maddy. "Why, he's worth millions isn't he?"

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Ellie, shrugging her shoulders, "however, if I found my clothes growing on bushes as you do, I could despise twenty dollars. As it is, I am only too thankful too get it. I bought my traveling suit,' she added, glancing down complacently at her pretty gray poplin, "and I could not have come without it."

"Well, no matter about that so you are here. I mean you shall have a good time. What do you think of a good sociable next Thursday night—St. Valentine's day, you know. Just a little dance—three or four steps, perhaps. Ever so many of the girls are in town, and my cousin Tom is coming, and George Archer. By the way, did you hear that Fannie Archer is engaged?" and the girls instantly dropped into a delightful school-girl gossip, only interrupted by the ringing of the dinner bell.

The first few days of Ellie Brand's visit passed away pleasantly, and she wrote home glowing letters to her mother and sister, who had unselfishly deprived themselves of many a luxury, that the hard-worked little school-mistress might have the full enjoyment of her vacation. Yes, she was a country school-mistress, though she had left school herself less than six months before. Ellie was the pride of her mother and the darling of her sister. Her delicate hands did not shrink from performing any household task, however menial, if it only might relieve her mother, and as soon as she graduated from school she sought eagerly for employment, which would enable her to do something toward the comfortable maintenance of the little family left unexpectedly in a condition of poverty. Of course, the school-room appeared to her, as to most New England girls, as the one respectable resource, and she had faithfully performed her irksome duty through the long term just ended. As she looked about her in Maddy's luxurious home, it is no wonder that she sighed now and then as she thought what weary toil and struggle she must endure before her mother could be provided with the comforts which her half-invalid condition demanded. She was however, a brave little woman, and, facing life exactly as it was, made up her mind to extract all the health and enjoyment possible out of her present agreeable surroundings, and to go back to her country home a better daughter, sister and teacher for the unusual experience of her winter vacation. So she entered into all of Maddy's schemes for her entertainment with real girlish zest, and found herself becoming the center of a rapidly widening circle of admiration and love.

"Now, Ellie, about St. Valentine's day," said Maddy, one morning several days before that eventful Thursday appointed for the party. "What are you going to wear?"

"Having seen me four or five times already in my one party dress," replied Ellie, smiling, "I am convinced you know as well as I."

"Now, Ellie, dear, that pearl-colored silk is really very pretty, but you have worn it so many times. If you only could afford a new one—a simple taraltan, or something equally expensive," suggested Miss Fletcher doubtfully.

"Can't be done, Maddy," responded Ellie, stoutly; "I have thought it all over, and a new evening dress would run away with not only my gloves and boots, which I positively must have, but with mamma's waterproof cloak which I have set my heart on carrying home to her."

"Well, I suppose you know best," replied Maddy, relinquishing the idea with a sigh; "but I do want you to look your prettiest, especially as cousin Tom will be here."

"I mean to look my prettiest, though I don't suppose Mr. Flether will be particularly affected by my prettiness," answered Ellie with a light laugh, though the color mounted to her forehead as she spoke. "Unless he is more observing in matters of dress than most gentlemen, there is no telling but he might even prefer me in this black alpaca."

"I am not sure but he really would," Maddy thought, as she noticed the slight form set off to advantage by the close fitting plain dress, and the flushed cheeks just shaded by the brown curls, which in the evening would be "put up" in an elaborate chignon. "You look nice enough in anything, Ellie," she said, putting her thoughts into words; "but now I have an idea. You have a white muslin dress, hav'nt you?"

"Yes. I brought it for some utterly unknown reason; but that is useless for it has only one skirt."

"I know that, my dear; but you remember my pink silk? It is fearfully soiled, but I am almost sure that from the two skirts you can get enough to make a good clean under skirt, and with your white muslin as an over-dress, it will be as pretty a costume as you could wish."

"Capital," cried Ellie, warming at once into enthusiasm; "and furbishing up an old thing is much more in my line than making up new material. Now, Maddy, you will see what an amount of genius I will put into this dress;" and the two girls immediately plunged into the mysteries of ripping, cutting and planning, which had been hitherto unknown to Maddy, at least.

"A letter for you, Miss Brand," announced Maddy, rushing into the sewing-room the next morning, where Ellie sat surrounded by shreds of silk and patches of muslin. "From some loving youth, I should imagine from the handwriting," she added, inspecting it closely.

"Give it to me, you teasing girl," said Ellie, snatching it from her; "it is from mamma, and she is better than any loving youth," and she commenced eagerly reading it. But as she did so her countenance fell.

"What is it, dear?" asked Maddy, anxiously. "She doesn't want you to go home, does she?"

"What shall I do, Maddy? I'm nearly wild. They have taken my school away from me, and how are we to live?"

"It is a burning shame!" cried Maddy, with indignant sympathy. "Why did they do it?"

"They said I was too young," answered the young school mistress, bursting into a fit of weeping, which was so unusual as to alarm her friend.

"I am glad of it," said Maddy, decidedly; "you are too young to be working in that style. You ought to be having a real good time instead."

"I don't mind the working a bit," sobbed Ellie; "but if I can't get work, and mamma feeble and Kitty so young and still at school, what are we to do?" and the sobs broke out afresh.

"Get married," answered Maddy, briefly.

Ellie smiled through her tears.—"If I could only marry you, you dear little comforter!" she answered, hugging her friend warmly, with her cheerfulness already returning. "Well, I am not going to let this spoil my visit to the party. Mammy says so, and that she only wrote me of it so that I need not hurry back for the beginning of the term. Something will be sure to turn up before long."

"What a sunbeam you are, Ellie Brand!" remarked Maddy, affectionately; but there was an anxious pucker in her friends usually smooth brow and a careworn look in the clear brown eyes that made her uneasy.

As the days passed and nothing did turn up, the poor child's anxiety by no means diminished; but, true to her nature, she went bravely on concealing the care that wore upon her lest the happiness of the family who were so kind to her should be disturned. Her own enthusiasm for St. Valentine's party, however, had sensibly lessened; and although she had enjoyed herself and found every one more than kind, she began to look forward anxiously to the time when she would be free to leave these scenes of gayety and luxury to which she felt so ill suited. Her own preparations for the party were soon completed, but she found plenty to occupy her even on the eventful day itself, remedying the mistakes of her friend's dress-maker, who at the last moment had sent the important dress home in an almost unwearable condition. Ellie's busy fingers never faltered, nor did an impatient work or look betray the uneasiness which was daily increasing and spoiling the enjoyment of her visit.

"What a dear, industrious little girl Miss Brand is!" remarked Mrs. Fletcher one day to her daughter.

"It is a perfect shame she is obliged to work and slave so," replied the latter indignantly. "She is always doing something for her mother and never complaining of her own troubles. I wish she would marry some rich man."

"She would make a capital wife for Tom," remarked Mrs. Fletcher, thoughtfully.

"Tom!" exclaimed Madeline contemptuously, "He will never marry any girl unless she offers herself to him. Ellie is a thousand times too good for him."

For all the protest Miss Maddy had her own secret hopes of the meeting between her friend and her cousin, of whom, though she constantly quarrelled with him, she was very fond and very proud.

"What in the world shall I do, Ellie?" cried Madeline, breaking into her friend's room in the middle of the afternoon, just as she had commenced a letter to her mother; "my sash does not match my trimming by at least three shades. It will do in the daylight, but it is hideous by gaslight."

"How could you have made such a mistake?" asked Ellie sympathetically.

"I am sure I don't know," answered Miss Fletcher. "The truth is, George Archer was talking to me, and I did not give my mind to it. The only way is to buy another but every one is busy, and I can't go myself. Just look at my hair!"

Maddy's hair would indeed have been a spectacle of horror on the public streets, being a conglomeration of crimping pins and minute braids destined to flow forth in a rippling, shinning mass a few hours later, but now presenting a truly bristling and formidable surface.

"Let me go for you," said Ellie, quietly putting aside her writing materials.

"But your letter," faintly objected Maddy.

"Can wait just as well until to-morrow," replied her friend, always ready to help those in need of assistance. "Besides, my dear, I should really like to call for my picture to-day, and there are one or two more little things which I can buy just as well while I am out."

"You dear girl, what a comfort you are!" said Madeline, kissing her gratefully. "You take a load off my mind;" and so with innumerable directions, which increased to quite a considerable length her list of commissions, Ellie issued into the already fast darkening streets. She was still child enough, and as she would have added, "a country girl," to thoroughly enjoy the shop windows; and at last, her various errands being accomplished, she paused to gaze in at one which was filled with lovely hot-house flowers and floral decorations, in the midst of which a little fountain gracefully rose and fell, sparkling in the brilliant gaslight.

"And to think that the price of this perishing loveliness would pay a whole month's rent for us!" she thought, bitterly; and as the reflection stung her, she turned away and moved hastily homeward. But as she did so, she came violently in contact with a young lady who was hurrying in the opposite direction, and they both suffered an ignominious fall. Mutual apologies followed, and amid the smothered amusement of the passers-by Ellie's dispersed parcels were collected and restored to her, and she once more started at a moderate pace. The incident, however, had served to turn her meditations into a more cheerful strain, and she hastened back with meriment for the time uppermost.

It so happened that while Ellie stood good gazing in at the florist's window, Mr. Tom Fletcher stood on the florist's doorsteps gazing at her. Now don't imagine that it was at all a case of love at first sight. On the contrary, he could not see the young lady's face; and if he thought of her at all, it was only to wonder "why girls should make guys of themselves with those shapeless water-proofs." No, the truth is that he gazed at her abstractedly while he was making up his mind whether to go to his aunt's house at once or to wait until evening. He had just been buying a bouquet for his cousin, and a box of choice flowers containing also a card bearing the simple inscription "Valentine," which latter offering was designed for a young lady with whom he had been on flirting terms for two years or so. He stood with his purchases in one hand debating the important question. He had just come to the decision to defer his visit until evening when he witnessed the above described collision, and rushed to the assistance of the distressed fair ones, and he was one of the amused but polite bystanders who, collecting poor Ellie's scattered bundles, sent her rejoicing on her way, while he sauntered slowly home to his hotel. Arrived in his own room he turned up the gas and proceeded to examine his offerings, while awaiting the arrival of the messenger to whom he proposed to entrust them.

"Dear little Maddy!" he soliloquized; "I quite long to hear her pert speeches again. She is worth all the other girls of my acquaintance. And now for my valentine," he continued, untying the box, "if these don't soften Miss Julia's obdurate heart—" Here he removed the cover, and a long whistle of astonishment interrupted the current of his thoughts. Instead of creamy roses, sweet-scented violets, starry jessamines, stately camelias and vivid carnations, which he had seen deposited in a soft bed of moist cotton, only half an hour before, there looked fearlessly up at him the fresh sweet face of a young girl. With sunny hair waving over a broad, white forehead, and brown eyes, in which dwelt innocence and love, all set forth in the soft tints of a photograph on porcelain. Ellie's face looked a revelation of truth, and beauty to the young man somewhat wearied of the conventional type seen among so-called "society girls."

"Have we a magician among us?" remarked Tom Flether to himself, after vainly racking his brain to account for the astonishing transformation of a box of hot-house flowers into the picture of a pretty young girl. "By Jove, I have it!" he exclaimed aloud at last. "How those two girls did go down to be sure! Well, I think I have certainly made something by the transaction, but Miss Julia must go without her valentine," and he rose to prepare himself for the evening, not by any means forgetting the picture, which he placed in a convenient position for reference on his dresing table.

Meantime, consternation pervaded the hearts of the two girls. Fifty times did they wonder as to the how, when, and where of the mysterious transformation, and when at last those points were settled there arose the more difficult questions how the picture was to be recovered.

"Don't worry, Ellie; we must just advertise, and it will be sure to come," said Maddy at length, consolingly.

"Yes but the flowers will fade," replied Ellie, with her characteristic consideration for others.

"There is no help for that," philosophically returned Madeline; "and since the young woman has lost her valentine, you may as well reap the benefit of it. That pink camelia is just the thing for your hair."

"So it came to pass that an hour or two later, when Tom Fletcher entered his aunt's drawing-room, the first person upon whom his eyes rested was the original of the picture which had so curiously come into his possession. As he stood under the great chandelier, its light brought out warmly the vivid hues of the flowers intended for his own holiday offering to Miss Julie Maylie.

"Who is that damsel with the camelia?" he inquired of his cousin, as they stood chatting together after the first greetings had been exchanged.

"That is my dearest friend, Ellie Brand; and she is just as good as she is pretty," answered Madeline, warmly.

"If I didn't know my cousin's geese are all swans, my heart might be in some danger from that description," laughed Tom.

"I wish I thought it was soft enough to be in any such danger," retorted Maddy; "it would be the luckiest thing in the world for you. But come and be introduced to my paragon."

"Your friend shows excellent taste in her ornaments," he remarked, as they made their way toward her. "Nothing could be more beautiful or more becoming than these flowers."

"She has no dear cousin Tom to provide her with bouquets," replied Maddy, smiling up at him gratefully, "but she was so fortunate as to have a valentine this afternoon;" which words Ellie overhearing, as Madeline intended she should, blushed so becomingly that Tom thought as he made his bow, it was the first time he had ever seen a porcelaintype which did not flatter its subject.

Ellie thought Mr. Flether the handsomest and most agreeable man she had ever met, and in the enjoyment of his society the hours seemed literally to fly away. What that cousin thought of Ellie, his cousin, by the briskest fire of cross-questions, was unable to ascertain. He would not even admit that she was pretty, coolly inquiring after one of Madeline's rhapsodies, if she did not really think Miss Brand's eyes had a slight cast. One thing is certain; he left the house at a late hour that night, an amused smile playing about his lips and a very wilted rosebud in his hand, which circumstance seemed to point to the fact of his having begged and obtained the gift of one of his own flowers.

The lost picture was duly advertised, but nothing was ever heard of it; and, although Mr. Fletcher came almost every day to see his cousin and her friend, he did not mention it. His visits, meanwhile, had become very pleasing to Ellie. She did not like to think how pleasant, for she had no reason to imagine that he had ever thought of her except as Maddy's friend.—Even Maddy herself, anxious as she had been to bring about the meetings, could but confess herself disappointed with the result, as Cousin Tom, though he came constantly to the house, did so no more than was usual to him when in town, and seemed quite as well pleased to find her alone or with her mother, as when Ellie was present. In reality, however, this was only in appearance, for Cousin Tom was more interested in the modest little maiden than he was at first willing to admit. The perfect simplicity and truth of her character displayed themselves in every change of her expressive face, and now he began to think it would be by no means an easy matter for him to resign the long cherished picture as he had always fully intended to do at her departure. That time was now rapidly approaching. Already her visit had been prolonged a fortnight beyond its first limit, and now the last day had come. Ellie Brand was sitting alone in the little morning room, thinking of the happy visit now spent—a visit so much happier than at one time she had imagined possible. She thought, too, of the long, lonely journey on the morrow, and the life of toil and anxiety before her, and no wonder that the contrast between the comfort she was leaving and the drudgery to which she was going forced itself upon her. But more powerful than all were the thoughts of Maddy's Cousin Tom, who for a few weeks had made her life so bright, and to whom, after to-morrow, she would be only a passing memory.

"I am ashamed of you, Ellie Brand," she thought at last, rousing herself from her dreams; "it is too ungrateful. With so many kind friends, and the dearest mother and sister in the world, it is very wrong in you to be moping and fretting for a man whose very name you had not heard two months ago."

Nevertheless the tears were still standing in her eyes when the door opened and the object of her meditations stood before her.

"Maddy and Mrs. Fletcher are both out," she began, when she paused in astonishment, her eyes rivited upon the long lost picture which he held in his hand.

"Yes, Miss Brand, this is a case of conscience," he commenced, seating himself at her side. "I am the guilty person who has had this picture in possession for so long a time, and I have become so much attached to it that I am reluctant to part with it. You had my flowers." At this point Ella flushed scarlet.—"Cannot I persuade you that this would be a fair exchange?"

"Then, dear Ellie," said Tom drawing nearer and taking her unresisting hand, "will you not give me the sweet little original in exchange for—a wedding ring?"

Half an hour later, when Maddy came in from her shopping excursion, Ellie was no where to be seen, and cousin Tom, with a grave face, requested five minutes private conversation.

"You see, Madeline," he explained when they were alone "I feel that it is high time I was married, and—well the fact is, I have been engaged for some time past."

"It is lucky I never put any notions into Ellie's head," thought his cousin with some trepidation, while she remarked aloud with some asperity "Well, I congratulate you, at least, on your good sense and energy. I know you ought to be married, but I always thought you would be too lazy to do any courting."

"Your good opinion was not wholly undeserved," he replied, stroking his moustache; "for, in truth, this matter was rather thrust upon me in the first place. You see the young lady sent me her picture before I ever saw her."

"I wonder at you, Tom," cried his cousin indignantly; "I would not have believed that you could enter into so foolish a trick."

"The worst of it is that now she declares the picture is yours, and insists upon my begging it from you," he continued, smiling mischievously, and holding the disputed likeness before her face.

"Why didn't you tell me you had it? And the valentine, too!" Oh, tell me, Tom, who was it for!" and Maddy looked up coaxingly.

"So long as Ellie hasn't asked me that question, you need not think that I will gratify your curiosity, Miss Eve," replied her cousin; and now tell me, what do you think of the engagement?"

Maddy gave him an enthusiastic hug.

"Oh, Tom, you are perfectly lovely!" was her somewhat irrelevant reply.

Made "One" in All Things.

Joe W. was never drunk but once, and that time he was "drunk as a fool." Consequently his wife, who was a very pious woman, was very much shocked when one night he staggered home under the influence of liquor. After remonstrating with him about the folly of drinking, she said: "Joe, when we were married, and became one, I little thought I should ever see you in this condition." Who can imagine the devoted wife's thoughts when Joe made her the following reply: "Well, Mary, dear, (hic,) I know I am pretty drunk, (hic,) that's a fact; but, Mary, as we (hic) were made one by marriage, then (hic) you must be pretty drunk, too (hic.)"

A Klopstock society has been initiated in Germany which calls upon all possessors of documents relating to the life or writings of that poet to deposit them at Quedlinburg this year or next, for permanent reference.

Religious Reading.

"Dickey" Turner, the Preston operative—the originator, it is said, of the word "teetotal," as now used—was a rousing speaker, with an imagination that ran through all kinds of images. In one of his speeches he is said to have made the following extraordinary appeal:—"Let us be up and doing, comrades! Let us take our axes over our shoulders, and plough the deep till the good ship of Temperance sails gayly over the land!"

A clergyman, who had a large family of unruly boys, was once unable to make one of them confess to some misdemeanor that had been committed, so he declared that he would whip them all, and then he would be sure to punish the real culprit. Jimmy, the youngest, retired to a corner and grumbled. 'What is that you say?' asked his father. 'I thaid,' lisped Jimmy, 'that'h jutht the way old Herod did. He killed all the children tho that he would be thure to kill Jethuth.'

Little acts of kindness will bud in time and blossom in eternity. Little deeds of violence will chafe in time and curse in eternity. A little dram-drinking in boy-hood will multiply in manhood and may lead to ruin temporally, financially, physically and eternally. A little lying will grow with those who early start it, until the world will not believe, though you swear anything to be true. A little honesty will find many to succor in misfortune. A little piety though conscious of its possession is sure of reward in time and eternity.

Sword for General Hancock.

A new sword has just been completed at the Springfield armory for Major-General W. S. Hancock, which is thus described by the *Republican:*

The designs on the blade, which is entirely executed by etching, are as follows: On the front, near the hilt, is the American eagle, and directly over it the national motto, "E Pluribus Unum." Near the center and on the same side of the blade is the inscription, "Major-General W. S. Hancock;" also on the same side a pair of revolvers crossed, and surrounded by cartridges and field-glasses. On the opposite side of the blade the letters "U. S. A.," inscribed in old English, while further along is the armory card, reading, "U. S. Armory, Springfield, Mass." Above the General's name are distributed such accoutrements as knapsack, haversack, cartridge-box, &c. The ground-work around the inscription is finished in gold and silver. The remainder of the blade is covered with beautiful scroll-work, commencing near the hilt with an imitation of morning-glory blossoms, which gradually grows finer and terminates at the end of the blade in minute lines. The pattern is pronounced the handsomest ever designed. The gripe of the sword is nickel-plated. On the guard is a spread eagle, surrounded by stars and several military emblems. The scabbard is of steel, nickel-plated, with gold-plated mountings. At equal distances between the bands of the scabbard are two glod-plated stars.

An Old and Active Printer.

The Rondout *Freeman* says:—Mr. Samuel Williams, the oldest printer in the country hereabouts, walked into our office on Monday, as spry as a cricket, and set 1,000 ems for the Greeley monument. He is eighty-four years old and started the Bennington *News Letter* in 1812, and after serving on the Albany *Argus* for five years, started the *Orange Farmer*. He set his 1,000 ems in two hours, which is doing well for a man of his age.

This typographical achievement creates a desire in another old printer to try his hand "at case." Though a stranger for many years to the "space box," I am strongly inclined to follow the laudable example of my old friend Williams. In February, 1816, just fifty-seven years ago, I was working with Samuel Williams, as journeyman printer for Jesse Buel, in the office of the Albany *Argus*. And now, at the age of eighty-four, Mr. Williams contributes his "1,000 ems" in commemoration of a departed craftsman who has since filled a large space in the world's eye, but who, when we, mature in years, had commenced the battle of life, was but six years old.

T. W. (THURLOW WEED.)

A Russian Surprise.

The new railway and telegraph chart of the Russian Empire, just published, seems to have taken the German general staff by surprise. Russia is shown by this chart to possess railways and telegraph lines actually in operation, of which the world outside had not the slightest notice or even suspicion. There is a complete system of strategical railways, radiating from the principal lines uniting in St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Kieff, and extending even to the Asiatic frontier in no less than ten lines. All the military centers, even Nova Tcherhask, the headquarters of the Don Cossacks, are accessible by rail; and in a short time, if not at this moment, Russia can move large bodies of troops and concentrate them within a few days at any desired spot. In view of these facts the German journals urge their Government to hasten forward the construction of railways on their own eastern frontier, which they will need for their own safety in case of war.

How to Break off Bad Habits.

Understand the reason and all the reasons, why the habit is injurious. Study the subject till there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons, and the thoughts that lead to the temptation. Keep busy; idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolution, once, twice, a thousand times. That only shows how much need there is for you to strive. When you have broken your resolution, just think the matter over, and endeavor to understand why it is you failed, so that you may be on your guard against a recurrence of the same circumstances. Do not think it is an easy thing that you have undertaken. It is folly to expect to break off a habit in a day which may have been gathering strength in you for years.

A Horse Drunkard.

A sad case of depravity in horseflesh is reported by the Paris *Figaro*. The favorite horse of a certain baron fell seriously ill, and though every care was taken of the animal it rapidly grew worse and began to show signs of sinking. As a last resource, the coachman, an American, suggested that two glasses of brandy with ginger should be administered every morning. The cure was most speedy; but ever since, the horse, having been accustomed to stand at the door of a wine shop to receive its matutinal beverage, now stops at every similar establishment it passes, and last week angry at not being attended to, forced itself right through the window of a *marchand de liqueurs!*

A Tennessee tame crow, which could say "Andrew Jackson," sold for $30. The man tried for a year to make it say "By the eternal," but the crow couldn't fetch it.

Letters.

Ruskin is still art professor at Oxford.

George William Curtis is a native of Providence, R. I., and is 49 years old.

The University of Pennsylvania has at present, in all its departments, 848 students.

There is a new idea in "prison literature;" a Michigan convict has written a novel.

Bulwer Lytton was immortalized in an English obituary as "the patriarch of the circulating library."

A compositor of Dubuque has successfully set his cap for a Southern heiress with $500,000 in her own right.

Geo. W. Carlton ("Our Artist in Cuba") has gone to the Island of Bermuda to find work for his humorous pencil.

An Opelika, Ala., darkey phonetized Janauschek's name into "Guano sacks." He was native and to the manner born.

Rev. Wm. R. Alger, of Boston, is writing a Discourse on Insanity. His life of Edwin Forrest is approaching completion.

Any man who buys a town lot in Greeley, Colorado Territory, must sign the temperance pledge when he receives the deed.

A burlesque history of Napoleon III is to appear in Paris in one hundred numbers, profusely illustrated, at two sous each.

The writers of dime novels are said to be better paid than any of the magazine authors, and the brain-work is not half so great.

The Hutchinson family were refused the use of a public hall in a hotel in Uniontown, Pa., because they sing temperance songs.

A new Texas paper announces its position thus: "In religion we are conservative, and we intend to adhere to the cash system."

An association of master barbers in Berlin have decided to publish an organ in the interest of their craft, and to call it *Der Blutegel* (The Leech.)

The London *Bookseller* laments the decadence of Irish literature, and comes to the conclusion that the best Irish intellects are now out of Ireland.

The St. Louis *Globe*, speaking of railroads, says: "Those open and notorious enemies of the human race." Rather rough on transportation.

It is rumored that Mr. Bancroft, our Minister to Berlin, has tendered his resignation to President Grant, on account of his advanced years and failing health.

The union of publishers in Leipzig have published a formal declaration to the effect that hereafter they will employ no one belonging to the Printers' Union.

The students of the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., dissent from the admission of female classmates by a vote of 133 to 33, the sheep's eyes being cast in the minority.

A new History of Ireland is in press from the pen of an Irish professor of history, Dr. Clement, of Kiel. "Ireland in 1872" is the title of a new work by Dr. James McCauley.

It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us fat; it is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us learned; it is not what we earn, but what we save, that makes us rich.

Mrs. Gen. I. R. Sherwood and other Columbus, Ohio, ladies are inaugurating a movement to enlist the sympathies of the ladies of the State in contributing to a fund to erect a memorial monument to the Carey sisters.

The editor of a New York paper heard the other day that a new pass had been found in the Andes. He immediately wrote to a man in South America that the pass was his, and he would be much obliged if he would forward it at once.

The revised English census returns show that the population of the United Kingdom in 1872 was 31,628,388 against 29,070,031 in 1861; Ireland decreased 6.7 per cent. The area of England and Wales by the corrected returns is 37,319,221 acres.

It is safe to say that the most popular humorist in the United States just at present is Bailey, the ridiculous genius of the Danbury *News*. And yet he does not lecture, and never has published a book. Bring him out!

The following German weekly periodicals have the circulation affixed to each:—*Gartenlaube*, 320,000 copies; *Daheim*, 110,000; *Illustrirte Zeitung*, 48,000; *Stuttgart Illustrated News*, 125,000; *Kladderadatsch*, 51,000.

In the latest issue of Ruskin's own edition of his works, he mildly observes that of America "I usually say nothing, because, as a nation, they set their trust in *liberty* and *equality*, of which I detest the one and deny the possibility of the other."

A reviewer having said that a novel was written "with a flowing pen," an editor rejoins: "We are glad to learn that this authoress uses a flowing pen; she shows her judgment; if there's anything we despise it's a pen that won't give ink readily."

Louise Muehlbach has just published a new historical novel, under the title "The Thirty Years' War." Louise Otto's new novel bears the title "Rome in Germany," and Paul Heyse's forthcoming novel, "The Children of the World."

Mr. Godkin's lectures at Yale College have been postponed. His subjects are the following: 1, The Basis of Legislation; 2, The Distribution of Property; 3, The Social Function of the Capitalist; 4, The Possible Future of the Laborer; 5, Marriage as a Civil Institution; 6, Recent Socials Ideals—Comptism and Communism.

Perfect friendship puts us under the necessity of being virtuous. As it can only be preserved among estimable persons, it forces us to resemble them. You find in friendship the surety of good counsel, the emulation of good example, sympathy in our griefs, succor in our distress.—*Madame de Lambert.*

Baxter, the New York steam-on-canal man, closes the report of his three round tripsthus:—"In view of all these facts I think the problem of steam navigation on the canal is not only demonstrated to be a success, but that boats can be propelled at one-half the cost per ton per mile that it can be done by horses, and in one-half the time, thus doubling the capacity of the canals."

Robert Kettle, a temperance missionary in Glasgow, left a few tracts with a young lady one morning. Calling at the same house a few days afterward, he was rather disconcerted at observing the tracts doing duty as curl-papers on the head of the damsel to whom he had given them. "Weel, ma lassie," he remarked, "I see you have used the tracts I left wi' ye; but," he added, in time to turn confusion into merriment, "ye have putten them on the wrang side o' your head, ma woman."