

WEEKLY ERA.

FAMILY READING.

An Interesting Story.

"I can't see it," said Buffer. "Nobody reads all these little advertisements. Its preposterous to think it."

"But," said the editor, "you read what interests you?"

"Yes."

"And if there's anything that you particularly want you look for it?"

"Certainly."

"Well, among the thousands upon thousands who help to make up this busy world of ours everything that is printed is read. Sneer as you please, I do assure you that printer's ink is the true open sesame to all business success."

And still Buffer couldn't see it. He didn't believe that one-half of those little crowded advertisements were ever read.

"Suppose you try the experiment," said the editor. "Just slip in an advertisement of the want of one of the most common things in the world. For the sake of the test I will give it two insertions free. Two will be enough; and you may have it jammed into any out of the way nook of my paper you shall select. Two insertions, of only two lines.—Will you try it?"

Buffer said of course he would try it. And he selected the place where he would have it published—crowded in under the head of "Wants." And he waited and saw a proof of his advertisement, which appeared as follows:

Wanted.—A good house dog. Apply to J. Buffer, 575 Tower st., between the hours of 6 and 9 P. M.

Buffer went away smiling and nodding. On the following morning he opened his paper, and after a deal of hunting he found his advertisement. At first it did not seem at all conspicuous. Certainly so insignificant a paragraph, buried in such a wilderness of paragraphs, could not attract notice. After a time, however, it began to look more noticeable to him. The more he looked at it the plainer it grew. Finally it glared at him from the closely printed page. But that was because he was the person interested. Of course it would appear conspicuous to him. But it could not be so to others.

That evening Mr. Buffer was just sitting down to tea (Buffer was a plain, old-fashion man, who took tea at six,) when his door bell was rung. The servant announced that a man was at the door with a dog to sell.

"Tell him I don't want one. Six times Buffer was interrupted while taking tea by men with dogs to sell. Buffer was a man who would not lie. He had put his foot in, and he must take it out manfully. The twenty-third applicant was a small boy with a girl in company, who had a ragged, dirty poodle for sale. Buffer bought the poodle of the boy, and immediately presented it to the girl, and then sent them off.

To the next applicant he was able truthfully to answer—"Don't want any more. I've bought one." The stream of callers continued until near ten o'clock, at which hour Buffer locked up and turned off the gas.

On the following evening, as Buffer approached his house, he found a crowd assembled. He counted thirty-nine men and boys each one of whom had a dog in tow. There were dogs of every grade, size and color, and growl and howl. Buffer addressed the motley multitude, and informed them that he had purchased a dog.

"Then what d'yer advertise for?"

And Buffer got his hat knocked over his eyes before he reached the sanctuary of his home. Never mind about the trials and tribulations of that night. Buffer had no idea that there were so many dogs in existence. With the aid of three policemen he got through alive. On the next morning he visited his friend the editor and acknowledged the corn. The advertisement of "wanted" was taken out, and in the most conspicuous place, and in glaring type, he advertised that he didn't want any more dogs. And for this advertisement he paid. Then he went home and posted upon his door—"Gone to the country." Then he hired a special policeman to guard his property, and then he locked up and went away with his family.

From that day Josephus Buffer has never been heard to express doubts concerning the efficacy of printer's ink; neither has he asked: "Who reads advertisements?"

Settler for Father—"Lemmy, you're a pig," said a father to his little four year old boy. "Now, do you know what a pig is, Lemmy?" "Yes, sir: a pig's a hog's little boy."

Death of the Sleeping Woman.

Miss Susan Caroline Godsey, known as the Sleeping Beauty, died at the residence of her mother, in Obion county, Tenn., on the 27th ult. She had attained the age of thirty-one years, and, as was alleged, had been in her sleeping condition for about twenty-four years. The Nashville Union of the 4th says:—

"Her case has excited great interest, and gave rise to much investigation and discussion among scientific men. The true nature of her affliction, however, was never understood. She was brought to Nashville in the fall of 1867 for the ostensible purpose of procuring medical aid, but was really in charge of an agent who contemplated making an exhibition of her. She was accompanied by a brother and other relations, who were very much attached to her. While they were in Nashville they boarded at the house of Major Bruce, on Market street, and the sleeper was constantly watched by Mrs. Bruce, who took great interest in her.—She remained under Mrs. Bruce's care eleven days. While there she was visited by a great many persons, and had with her one or more physicians all the time. She awakened every hour, night and day, at almost the same second each time, and remained awake from seven to ten minutes. Just after going to sleep each time she had convulsions that shook the room, and at such times she appeared to be suffering great pain. When asleep she was dead to everything, but when awake talked pleasantly and intelligently, sometimes complaining of pain, and exclaiming, 'Oh, my head!' and when she awakened she invariably asked for water, but ate very little. She said she had no consciousness of ever having dreamed, and that it was no pleasure for her to live, afflicted as she was. She was very sensitive, and appeared mortified to think that she was being exhibited. Her affliction was inaugurated by a spell of chills. Some medical men have attributed it to the medicine she then took; others that the chills were precursory to her long sleeping state. Upon leaving Nashville, she went to St. Louis, and remained there a short time. It is said that the physicians there, unanimously agreed that she was an imposition. She soon returned to the home of her mother, and has remained there ever since. The Sleeping Beauty is said to have been a truly beautiful woman, not so emaciated as one would think, and of shapely form."

Retrospective.

It has been said that we have no history here in these United States—that we have no romance, because the crust of our age is so thin. In view of the centuries which have lapsed upon the Mother countries, and upon the old Fatherlands, it is held that we of America are yet in our infancy. Well, perhaps we are. I know that we borrow our classics, and that in our big institutions of learning the history of Ancient countries and peoples is more freely taught than in the history of our own country.

But—never mind all this. I was led to think of these three things by coming across a pile of old letters which I received from distant friends when a school-boy; and this crowning thought was, that this Free and Independent America of ours had lived to experience changes, social and physical, wonderful enough to make a history for any nation. I am not old—only at the middle age—and yet I will remember the occasion of the running of the first railway engine in the country.

I am thinking of transportation and mail facilities. Others will find plenty to think of in other directions. I have before me letters which were three days in reaching me from Norway, Maine. I used then to go with my father from Boston to Norway, and it was a good three-days' journey. Now I can eat breakfast in Norway, and take dinner in Boston on the same day. Then the postage on a poor little letter between the two places was eighteen and three-quarters cents. I remember well when the New York city mail-coaches used to set forth from Earl's Tavern, on Hanover Street, and when the Albany mail left Brigham's Tavern, just below, on the same street.

In my scrap-book I find the following advertisement. Considering the National Centennial so near at hand it may be read with interest:—

GENERAL POST-OFFICE, Phila., Feb. 14, 1775.

It having been found very inconveniently to persons concerned in trade, that the mail from Philadelphia to New England, sets out but once a fortnight during the winter season; this is to give notice, that the New England mail will henceforth go once a week the year round; whereby correspondence may be carried on, and answers ob-

tained to letters between Philadelphia and Boston in three weeks, which used in the winter to require six weeks. By Command of Post-master-General.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN, Comptroller.

Taking all things into consideration I think we are not only making history with startling rapidity, but are making a history of which any nation might be proud.

Love Wins Love.

"Mother, the birdies all love father," said a little boy of five years, as he stood with his mother watching the robins enjoying their morning meal of cherries from the old tree that overhung the house.

"Does anybody else love father Charlie?"

"Oh, yes! I love him, and you love him; but we know more than the birds."

"What do you think is the reason the birdies love your father?"

Charlie did not seem to hear this question. He was absorbed in deep thought.

"Mother," at last he said, "all creatures love father. My dog is almost as glad to see him as he is me. Pussy, you know, always comes to him and seems to know exactly what he is saying. Even the old cow follows him all around the meadow, and the other day I saw her lick his hand just as a dog would. I think it is because father loves them, mother. You know he will often get up and give puss something to eat; and he pulls carrots for the cows, and pats her and talks to her and somehow I think his voice never sounds so pleasant as when he talks to the creatures."

"I think his voice pleasant when he is talking to his little boy," Charlie smiled.

"Father loves me, he said," and I him dearly. He loves the birds too, I'm sure. He whistles to them every morning when they are eating cherries and they are not a bit afraid of him, though he is almost near enough to catch him. Mother, I wish everything loved me as well as they do father."

"Do as father does, Charlie, and they will. Love all living things and be kind to them. Don't speak roughly to the dog. Don't pull pussy's tail, nor chase the hens, nor try to frighten the cow. Never hurt or tease any thing. Speak gently and lovingly to them. Feed them and seek their comfort, and they will love you, and everybody that knows you will love you too." —British Workman.

LUCK AND LABOR.—This is what Mr. Cobden, the English writer, says about luck and labor:

Luck is everything waiting for something to turn up. Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed, and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy. Labor turns out at six o'clock, and with busy pen and ringing hammer, lays the foundation of competence. Luck whines. Labor whistles. Luck rises on chance. Labor on character. Luck slips down to indigence. Labor strides upwards to independence.

Hon. STEPHEN R. MALLORY, secretary of the Confederate navy, died on Wednesday, at Pensacola, Florida, age sixty-three. He was the son of a Connecticut sea captain, who died on board ship, leaving him and his mother at Key West, where he practiced law after receiving an education at the north. He was inspector of customs at Key West under Jackson, collector under Polk and was in the United States senate from 1851 until the breaking out the rebellion.

MRS. HANNAH WOOSTER is the centenarian of York county, Me., having been born December 17, 1772. She was never in a railway car, but hopes to visit Philadelphia on July 4, 1876, in the same car with Miss Lucy Langdon Nowell, of Alfred, Me., who was born July 4, 1776.

Artemus Ward was on a slow California train, and he went up to the conductor and suggested that the cowcatcher was on the wrong end of the train; "For," said he "you will never overtake a cow, you know; but if you'd put it on the other end it might be useful for now there's nothin' on earth to hinder a cow from walkin' right in and bitin' the folks!"

W. W. JONES. ARMISTEAD JONES. JONES & JONES, Attorneys at Law, RALEIGH, N. C.

Practice in the Supreme Court of the State, the District and Circuit Courts of the United States and the several Courts of the 6th Judicial District. 42-Office on Fayetteville Street near the Court House. 1-1m

PROSPECTUSES.

AN EXQUISITE CHROMO.

[Size 14x20, in 18 Colors.] "The Strawberry Girl," For Every Subscriber to

HEARTH and HOME

For 1873.

This beautiful Chromo, which the Publishers of HEARTH and HOME have provided, is printed 18 times, in colors, to produce the beautiful coloring and shading of the original. A copy is now within easy reach of every Home in America.

The Journal itself is a rich treasure for any Household. A single volume contains about \$25,000 worth of splendid engravings, finely printed, and of a highly pleasing and instructive character. It has, also, a vast amount of the choicest reading, carefully prepared, and full of instruction.

With all these attractions, and other improvements contemplated, the price of HEARTH and HOME continues at the low rate of only \$3 a year, or \$4 for HEARTH and HOME and the American Agriculturist. (With the Agriculturist there will also be presented a most beautiful Chromo of an original picture, painted expressly for this purpose, entitled "Mischief Brewing," by B. F. Reinhart. Sent, mounted, for only 25 cents extra. N. B.—\$4.75 secures both papers for the year 1873, and both Chromos, mounted and sent prepaid.)

The Hearth and Home Chromos are delivered in the order in which the names are received. No charge for the Chromo when taken at the office, unmounted. If to be sent prepaid, unmounted, 20 cents must be sent for payment and packing.

It will be mounted and varnished, ready for putting into a frame, for 30 cts extra—that is, for 50 cents it will be Mounted, Varnished, Packed, and sent Prepaid to subscribers (to Hearth and Home for 1873.) That is, the Hearth and Home Chromo will be delivered

At office, Unmounted, Free. Mounted, 30c extra.

If sent prepaid, Unmounted, 20c extra. Mounted, 50c extra.

We advise all to have them mounted, before leaving the office, as in large quantities we are able to have them mounted for a quarter of the cost of doing it singly and better than it can be usually be done elsewhere.

The subscription price of the American Agriculturist, which is well known as one of the oldest and best magazines in the world, for the Farm, Garden, and Household, is \$1.50 a year. One copy each of HEARTH and HOME, Weekly, and AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST, Monthly will be sent one year for \$4. 32 cents additional postage when the papers are to go to British America.

ORANGE JUDD & CO., Pub., 245 Broadway, N. Y.

PROPERTY FOR SALE.

11

VALUABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE!

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS For Sale her Plantation, known as Streeter Farm.

A healthy location, convenient to good Schools. Churches near by. Fine water. There are some

2,000 Acres of Land;

1,300 in cultivation. Well timbered woodland so arranged as to render farming, woods mould, very convenient. The very best Shell Marle on all parts of the Farm.

It is useless to speak of the productiveness of these Lands. Corn, all kinds of grain, and Clovers yield abundant; but its reputation is

The line of the New York, Norfolk and Charleston Rail Road is now being run out and it passes through my plantation.

"The Cotton Farm of the East," situated in Greene county, 8 miles from Snow Hill, and 3 miles from Marlboro, Pitt county. A Railroad line recently established within 3 miles of this Farm, leading from Wilson to Greenville, which is designed going into operation this Fall.

Large Commodious Dwelling, all necessary out-buildings needful to a farm this size, newly and neatly fitted up.

TERMS shall be easy. I will sell, if desired, all my personal property with the Farm.

I invite purchasers to visit my place and judge for themselves, or address me.

Mrs. VIRGINIA ATKINSON, 9-3m] Marlboro, Pitt county, N. C.

Bailey & McCorkle, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, SALISBURY, N. C. 4-6m

NATIONAL HOTEL,

Raleigh, N. C.

This new and elegant Hotel is now in perfect order, and is kept in a style far superior to ANY OTHER Hotel in Raleigh.

J. M. BLAIR, Proprietor, Formerly of the Yarbrough and Blair Houses, Raleigh, N. C.

TERMS MODERATE. 16-2

H. C. ECCLES, Proprietor,

CENTRAL HOTEL,

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

March 7, 1873. 17 1/2-1

CITY ADVERTISEMENTS.

Just Arrived. More to come, 1873. FALL STOCK 1873.

D. S. WAITT, Dealer in

READY MADE CLOTHING

FOR MEN, YOUTH'S AND BOYS.

DRY GOODS.

Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Gents and Ladies Furnishing Goods, Notions, Hosiery, Perfumery, Trunks, Valises, Umbrellas, Railroad Bags, Ladies Fine Hats and Ribbons, Shirts, Sheets, &c., &c.

DRY GOODS.

Calico, 7 1/2-12 1/2; Cashm. S's, 10-16-18; Fine " " 16-20-30-00; Beaver " 30-00; Fcy Satinet sack Coats, 250-8 00; and linedress Coats, 5 00-20 00; Sat et Pants, 1 25-1 50; Fl. Cas. " 3 75-11 00; Fcy Double & Single breast Vests, 1 00-7 00; Overcoats, 6 00-20 00; Talmas, " 10 00-22 00; Hats and Caps. Men's w'l hats, 80-2 00; wide brim " 1 25-2 50; Sax'ny w'l " 1 50-2 25; Fine fur " 1 50-4 00; Higher w'n " 1 75-5 00; Boys wool " 75-1 50; Sax'ny w'l " 1 00-2 00; Men and boys caps in great variety, 50-2 00

Boots and Shoes.

Men's fine calf boots, 4 00-8 50; fine klp b'ts, 3 00-5 50; l'vy " 3 50-4 00; great q'ty, 10-75; Bail'r'l shoes, 1 50-4 00; Britton Con. " 2 00-6 50; Galters, 2 00-6 50; Boys b'ts, peg'd and sewed, 2 00-4 75; Balmorals & Galters, 1 00-3 50; Ed's Calf sew- ed shoes, 2 50-3 50; Pab. Pol. sh's, 2 00-3 00; Buff Bal. " 1 75-2 50; Rib'ns, all wid's, 5-10; A calf & Morocco Shoe, 1 40-2 25

Furnishing Goods.

Men's White Dress Shirts, 2 25-3 50; Op'n Back " 2 00-3 75; F'y Bosom " 1 00-2 25; Cheviots " 1 25-2 50; Morn'g und'r Shirts, 75-2 50; Wool, und'r, 1 50-2 75; drawers, " 1 00-2 25; White Drill " 50-1 50; Drawers, 60-1 50; Half hose in great q'ty, 10-75; Linn h'd'ks, 25-1 00; Color'd " 8-25

Ladies Hats and Ribbons.

Ladies Promenade Hats, 2 00-3 00; Surban Hats, 1 75-2 50; B'k Velvet, " 1 50-3 00; Misses " " 1 00-2 00; Rib'ns, all wid's, 5-10; A calf & Morocco Shoe, 1 40-2 25

Clothing.

To my Friends and the Public Generally:

Having been favored with your liberal patronage for the short time that I have been in business, I take this opportunity to return my thanks, and respectfully solicit a continuance of the favor shown me. Come! bring your friends, that you and they may see and know that D. S. Waitt's is the place to get the full value of your money. Respectfully, D. S. WAITT.

16-3m



AND



FOOD.

Corn, Rye, Sheafs of Oats, Meal, Peas, Fodder, Hay, Oats, Fine Feed, Shucks, &c.,

Always kept on hand at

OSBORN'S

Grain and Feed Store,

West of the North Carolina Depot in the new Warehouse built for that purpose.

Orders dropped in the Post Office will be promptly filled.

W. A. GATTIS, Superintendent, Raleigh, N. C., Feb. 7, 1873. 4f

H. MAHLER,

Manufacturer of

Gold and Silver-ware.

Also keeps constantly on hand ALL THE LATEST STYLES OF FINE Jewelry. All kinds of repairing done with neatness and dispatch.

West Side of Fayetteville St., Opposite Metropolitan Hall. 1-1m.

REMOVAL.

We have removed to our new building

ON FAYETTEVILLE STREET,

Opposite

METROPOLITAN HALL,

where we extend a most cordial welcome to our friends and acquaintances.

WILLIAMSON, UPCHURCH & THOMAS, 3-3m

RALEIGH, N. C.

BLAIR'S NATIONAL HOTEL.

This new and elegant Hotel is kept in a style far superior to any house in Raleigh. Terms moderate.

J. M. BLAIR, Proprietor, Formerly of the Yarbrough and Blair House, and Blair House, Raleigh, N. C.