But lives and loves forever. Such love is found but once on earth-The heart cannot repel it; From whence it comes, or why its birth, The tongue may never tell it. This love is mine, in spite of all-This love I fondly cherish; The earth may sink, the skies may fall,

This love will never perish. It is the love that cannot die, But, like the soul, immortal, And with it cleaves the starry sky And passes through the portal. This is the love that comes to stay-

All other loves are fleeting : And when they come just turn away-It is but Cupid cheating. SUPREME COURT.

Decisions Filed February Term. From Advance Sheets of Davidson's Reports.] CHURCHILL V. THE INSURANCE COMPANY. Providing an undertaking on appeal is not a professional duty which an attorney owes to his client, and an assumed agency of counsel to see that this is done is th same as if the agent was not a professional man, and his neglect is the neglect of the principal, so far as losing the right to

appeal is concerned. Churchill v. Insurance Co., 88 N. C. 205; Winborne v. Byrd, ante, 7, cited and approved).

ELLETT V. NEWMAN. Where there is reason to apprehend that the subject of the controversy will be destroyed, or removed, or otherwise disposed of by the defendant, pending the action, so that the plaintiff may lose the fruit of his recovery; the court will take control of it by the appointment of a receiver, or by the grant of an injunc-tion, or by both, if necessary, until the action shall be tried on its merits.

2. The facts in this case fully justified the appointment of a receiver and the (Parker v. Grammer, Phillips Eq., 28: Craycroff v. Morehead, 67 N. C., 422 Morris v. Willard, 84 N. C., 293, and Levenson v. Elson, 88 N. C., 182; cited

Where the grantor in a deed is dead and the subscribing witness has been t non-resident of the State and not heard from for a number of years, and it is im-possible to prove his hand-writing, the deed may be proved and registered upon evidence that the signature of the grantor is genuine, without proving the hand-writing of the subscribing witness. 2. Where in such cases, the evidence

upon which the probate judge acted in ordering the registration is set out in full, and it appears that such evidence was insufficient, the registration is void. Jones v. Blount, 1 Hay., 288; Blackwelder v. Fisher, 4 D. & B., 204; McKinder v. Littlejohn, 1 Ired., 66; Love v. Harbin 87 N. C., 249; Starke v. Etheredge, 71 N C., 240, cited and approved. Barwick v. Wood, 3 Jones, 306; Davis v. Higgins, 91 N. C., 382; Leatherwood v. Boyd, Winst., 123. cited and distinguished. Carrier v Hampton, 11 Ired., 307, cited and doubted

SAVAGE V. KNIGHT.

1. Where in a voluntary assignment to hinder and delay one certain creditor, the deed is fraudulent and void, although under the deed participated in, or knew of, such fraudulent intent. 2. Where the conveyance is absolute

and for a valuable consideration, it is not frudulent and void as to creditors, although the grantor had a fraudulent intent in its execution, unless the grantee participated

3. Where a deed is fraudulent and void as to one creditor, it is void as to all. 4. Where the validity of a deed alleged to be fraudulent depends upon the intent fact to be submitted to the jury.

(Hafner v. Irwin, 1 Ired., 490; Lee Flannagan, 7 Ired., 471; Cansler v. Cobb, 77 N. C., 30; Reiger v. Davis, 67 N. C., 185; Lassiter v. Davis, 64 N. C., 498, cited and approved. Brannock v. Brannock, 10 Ired., 428; Harriss v. DeGraffenreid, 11 Ired., 89, and Morris v. Pearson, 79 N. C., 253, distinguished and commented on).

1. The plaintiff executed to the defendant a mortgage to secure the amount due upon a note one year thereafter; before the day of payment she purchased two notes on defendant, (who was insolvent), past due, and demanded a credit for the sum due thereon upon her note; the defendant refused to allow the credits, alleging that he had sold the note before it became due; that one of the notes against him was barred by the statute of limitations; that he was entitled to the amount of the plaintiff's note as personal property exemption, and advertised the mortgaged premises for sale; Held, that the plaintiff was entitled to have the sale enjoined until the issues arising upon the controverted facts were properly tried.

Whether an interlocutory injunction should be granted in such cases, is a question addressed to the legal discretion of the court, to be exercised in accordance with established principles, its purpose being, not to determine the rights involved, but to prevent the perpetuation of a wrong, or secure the preservation of the subject of

the litigation pending action.
(Harris v. Burwell, 65 N. C., 584; Hei 19 v. Stokes, 63 N. C., 612; Jarmon v. Saunders, 64 N. C., 367; Dockery v. French, 69 N. C., 308, cited and approved).

WEIL V. UZZELL.

1. In an action to foreclose a mortgage, the defendants in their answer admitted the execution of the note and mortgage, and the amount due thereon, but alleged as a defence: 1st, That the land had been The Scotch are, in some respects, the most wonderful people. It is reported that at the recent ball given to the Prince and Princess of Wales at the Agricultural Hall in Dublin all the flowers and plants sold under judgments docketed prior to the execution of the mortgage, and that they had acquired a life estate in the land from the purchaser at execution sale. 2d, That the defendants own no other real estate in the land day, and barely any flowers at all, yet they are famous as landscape gardeners. They tate from which they can get a homestead; and 3d, That when the mortgage was executed, they delivered to the mortgage other securities, as additional security for the debt. Held that the mortgage was executed to the mortgage was executed to the mortgage was executed.

closure from setting up the title acquired

by them from the purchaser at the execu-tion sale, in an action against them for the

possession of the land, by a purchaser at a

sale by the mortgagee.

8. It seems, that under some circum

stances a mortgagee may be required to sell

a part of the mortgaged land sufficient to satisfy his debt, in order that the mortga-

1. Where the purchaser at execution

Code. Al that such purchaser is required

2. But when at such sale, the plaintiff

fendant in the execution, by a direct pro-

3. Execution sales cannot be collaterally

avoided because of irregularities in the

manner in which they have been conducted.

4. When there is fraud and and collusion

between the sheriff and the purchaser at execution sale, the sale is absolutely void,

of by any one interested in the property

and the execution debtor must seek his re-

(Mordecai v. Speight, 3 Dev., 428; Mc-Entire v. Durham, 7 Ired., 151; Hill v. Whitfield, 3 Jones, 120; Harry v. Graham, 1 D. & B., 76; Oxley v. Mizle, 3 Murph.,

VAUGHAN V. GOOCH.

unless by consent, except for fraud or the

reasons by a motion in the cause; but if

3. Where an interlocutory order, made by consent, directs the judicial sale of

land, the parties to the action cannot

change the terms of the order by consent

in a manner detrimental to the interest of

4. A consent order directed a sale of

177; Ex parte Yates, 6 Jones Eq., 212; Ashbee v. Cowell, Busb. Eq., 158; Pritch-

ard v. Askew, 80 N. C., 86; cited and ap-

Only one Christian and he a Jew.

At the inauguration ceremonies of the

Children's Home of the Episcopalian Church of Louisiana, at New Orleans,

Bishop Galleher delivered an address, in

which, according to the Picayane, the fol-

lowing passage occurred: "Pointing to the Jewish Home opposite, Bishop Galle-her said that when a set day comes the

children of the elder children of God gather together there, and in three hours

a year's maintenance is provided. They are Jews in their creed but true Chris-

tians in their love and generosity; and on

the list of those who built the walls of

the Protestant Episcopal Home are the

names of Israelites. He had invited them

over his own name to be present that he

might thank them openly and publicly.

He did thank them, and thanked God

that there are men like them." This re-

have said one day. There was to be a mu-

nicipal election in Rome, and the Pope was

shown a list of the nominees for municipal honors. Having scrutinized the list closely,

the Pope remarked, very earnestly; 'These

are not my men; there is only one Christian among them, and he is a Jew."

A Manly Man and no Mugwump.

| Waterloo Tribune.

We heard a gentleman relate a little in-

cident which occurred in the office of

Frank Hatton, when Postmaster-General,

few days before the expiration of Mr.

Arthur's term. A Virginia Postmaster

to resign, and have Frank appoint a Dem-

ocratic friend of his, who would have the

office in his store and let him run it.

Frank said, "You are a Republican?"

"Yes." "You propose to continue to support the party!" "Yes." "You opposed Cleveland?" "Yes." "Well, you

have no right to an office under an Administration whose election you opposed,

and I would not be a party to the mean

trick by which you hope to get it. Stand

up like a man and be kicked out with the

Scotch Characteristics.

New York 8um.

rest of us!

1. An order or judgment entered by

petent jurisdiction.

lief in equity,

250, cited and approved).

purchaser at such sale.

open the biddings was proper.

eeding for that purpose.



Remister.

No name entered without payment, and VOL. II.

RALEIGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1885.

A REPORMER'S PATE. "A man convinced against his will

Is of the same opinion still."

[Rose Terry Cooke in Harper's Bazar.] "A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still." And how much more a woman! Still more a clique of women. If Sylvy North had only understood gee may have a homestead allotted in the this, she might have been an honored (Howell v. Ferguson, 87 N. C., 113; At-kinson v. McIntyre, 90 N. C., 147, cited and approved. Johnson v. Farlow, 18 Ired., 84; Eddleman v. Carpenter, 7 Jones, 616; Frey v. Ramsour, 66 N. C., 466, cited member of Dalton's church sewing circle to this day. Perhaps this did not seem to her the height of honor, after her experi-ence. Miss Sylvy was a quiet, honest, sim-ple-minded old lady, owning a tiny house and garden in Dalton, where she was born, having a few hundred dollars in the bank, and supporting herself from year to year by the various arts known to women of her condition in New England country towns. sale is a stranger to the judgment, he gets a good title, although the sheriff may have failed to advertise the property and give notice to the judgment debtor, as pre-scribed by sections 456 and 457 of The She took in plain sewing, tacked comforta-bles, wove carpets, dued yarn, knit stockings, and made it her proud boast that she had "fended for herself" ever since she "fended for herself" ever since she was sixteen. She was respected thoroughly in the village; elsewhere she had to ascertain is, that it is an officer who sells, and that he is empowered to do so by an execution issued by a court of comsmall acquaintance, for she "dwelt among her own people." She was liberal, too, for she not only through these fifty years supported herself, but put a dollar into the contribution box every second Sunday in the month, no matter for what object the in the execution or his attorney or agent, or any other person affected with notice collection was intended; all shared alike. of such irregularity purchases, the sale may be set aside at the instance of the def Squire Hill, the richest man in Dalton, had given of his goods in the same pro-portion Miss Sylvy did, his praise would have been in all the churches. Miss North was, moreover, a kind-hearted creature, though the close reticence of the New England character too often kept her lips from disclosing the impulse and the ten-dencies of her heart; but all the sick in the town depended on being fed with nourishing and dainty food at her hands, unless they had funds and friends which rendered her help needless, all the children and such defect may be taken advantage sold; but when the fraud results from the conduct of the plaintiff alone, as in supshared the fruit of her two great applepressing bidding, &c., there being no col-lusion between the sheriff and the pur-chaser, the sheriff's sale passes the title, rees, and the reward of merit in her Sunday-school class was an invitation to take tea at her house. What tender doughnuts,

what spongy rye-bread made that teatable a despair to ordinary house keepers, and a delight to her guests! And she was a good woman, good thor oughly; somewhat impatient at times with the ill temper, the deceit, and the unkindness of her fellow creatures; somewhat set ple's ways, but on the whole an estimable mistake of both parties.

2. Where such order or judgment is interlocutory it may be corrected for such reasons by a motion in the cause; but if it be a final judgment it must be done by wisdom, but there was small need for that in her position; she bought her wood, her apples, her potatoes, of Squire Hall, who always gave her her money's worth and a little more; she had one price for her sewing, and never had been beaten down by any customer as yet; and it seemed to her, when she stopped to ponder on the metaphysics and mysteries of this life, as she sometimes did on Sundays, that it was very queer that people should not all be

what erisp-crusted pies, what savory hot

dishes, what "lucent syrups" and amber jellies, what flaky milk-white biscuit, and

certain lands by a commissioner, that said commissioner execute a deed to the purgood and respectable. chaser, and further directed him how to She believed in hell, because she thought apply the proceeds of the sale, but such a belief was required of her in the Bible, but she avoided thinking about it, contained no provision for reopening the biddings. After the sale an advance of ten per cent, on the amount bid; Held, that the refusal by the Superior Court to because it seemed to her nothing which concerned her or her neighbors; and she had never yet come in contact with the class which, as a Universalist clergyman during 5. Where in such case, the judge bases the late war said of the rebels, "makes his refusal on the ground that he has no hell a military necessity." But of late years, since Dalton had set up an axe facpower to open the biddings and order a resale, he will be understood as meaning tory on its wide brawling brook, and rows of tenement-houses dotted its hill sides, that its exercise under the circumstances would be unwarrantable, and that he has the population had increased, the church no legal power to grant such motion.
(Mebane v. Mebane, 80 N. C., 34; Wilcox v. Wilcox, 1 Ired. Eq., 36; Edney v. was better filled, and the sewing society much augmented. If a rolling stone gath-Edney, 81 N. C., 1; Stump v. Long, 84 N. C., 616; McBachern v. Kerchner, 90 N. C., ers no moss, a rolling snow-ball gathers

much mass, and Dalton did likewise. In earlier days the sewing circle had consisted of the minister's, doctor's, and store-keeper's wives, Miss Dorcas Vining, our own Miss Sylvy, and some eight or ten farmers' wives from the outskirts of the township; women whose innocent gossip had been of the state of religion, the price of sugar and calico, the short-comings of hens and cows, or that invaluable theme, the various weather of their native climate; but when the employes of the factory brought their quota of women, not only to increase the society, but to be come a majority therein, they brought with them a more vivacious and a more acrid style of note and comment, and quite set aside the simple amenities that had reigned before. Even the church music was rehabilitated. Miss Dorcas mourned bitterly at this. "We used ter have nothin Sabbaths but them good eld tunes we could all fall to an' sing, but nobody can't foller these jigs and quavers: 'tisn't

fit for the sanctuary noways."

Miss Sylvia could but agree with her,
yet she herself was wounded more deeply by another change in affairs. Since the aggressors had taken hold of Dalton and all its works, with full intent to remake it into a modern and lively village, the sewing circle, Miss Sylvy's great recreation and social joy, had taken a new tone. Gossip ran riot; friends and foes alike were harried, criticised and discussed. Mrs. B.'s new bonnet, Mrs. A.'s butcher's bill, Mrs. D.'s way of having company too often, what Mrs. C. said about Mrs. E., and what Mrs. E. said folks had said about Mrs. C. when she lived in Meriden; hints, half-told tales, innuendoes, all startled and vexed our spinster's tranquil soul; she bore it for a while, afraid to lift up her voice, but on the day when she called to mind the saying recorded at the head of this came in and stated his case. He proposed story, her long patience had at last ex-

Mrs. Stack had set the tongues in motion even before the quilt was fairly of various newspapers.

stretched "Say!" she began, "did any of you notice Miss Bunnell a Sunday ?" and then the respondents took up the luckless Mrs. Bunnell, and bandied about her manners, her dress, her housekeeping, and the state of her soul, as we who dwell in the rural districts have ofttimes seen a brood of hungry chickens wrangle over one little bug, which each of them eagerly desires to

When this subject was at last exhausted, another was taken up and thoroughly ventilated; all with such foreg sions, such petty spite, such malicious insinuation, that dear Miss Sylvy's kindly heart burned with indignation, and on her way home she spake aloud out of her over-

flowing disgust. add at the "Seems too bad, it really doos!" "What does ?" echoed a voice from behind her.

out o' breath. I didn't know you was behind me no more than nothing."

"You don't mean it?" asked astonished Sylvia.
"Jest what I do mean."

bettin' character I wouldn't be afraid to mistakes all round most likely; and I pre- a wale onto her, I know, for the deacon bet that they couldn't prove one earthly thing they've told concernin' any mortal this hull afternoon."

sume to say Celye King is as good a girl as steps. I know she is."

Ah, dear Miss Sylvy! she judged her "Oh dear!" said Sylvia, piteously; neighbor—as we all do—by neighbor—as as that, do ye, Dorcas ?" "I do. I ain't no such old lambkin as tranquil our world would be! So the next you be, Sylvy North, that don't know a morning Miss North put on her best bon-

wolf by its howl ef it goes round in a net and slipped into Mr. Brooks's house. sheep-skin. I've lived quite a spell to Mr. Brooks was the miller of Dalton, and Har'ford when I was learnin' the tailorin' trade, and well I know what sech sort of house, for the other children were all marfolks be. I've heerd 'em time and again, ried and settled far away, and the mother and I mistrusted these was the same feather. But you've lived right along here forever and amen, never hearin' nothin' duty with thorough efficiency, and said worse than the parson's geese cackle and Dr. Goodwin's old mare whicker, and so you're easy took in."

"Well, now, Dorcas, it don't seem as though real respectable folks, church-members and sech, would tell them stories without they knowed they was true." "Law! they wouldn't make no bones o

lyin' about you if they wanted to." This was awful. A cold shiver ran down Miss Sylvy's back. Miss Dorcas smiled sarcastically; but what further fruit of the knowledge of good and evil she might have offered her companion she was prevented from offering by the proximity of Sylvia's own door, into which, for once, she did not invite Miss Dorcas; an idea had struck the simple, charitable woman, and she wanted to be alone to think it

The result of this elaborated idea was that at the next society meeting, as Miss Sylvy sat down at the still unfinished quilt, she took from her pocket a doubled piece of letter-paper and a pencil, and laid them in her lap, where the quilt hid them from observation, and opened her ears, attent to take in whatever statement, hint, or vague rumor went the round of the church parlors that afternoon. We record the conversation, but not the needless names of the conversers.

"Say! did you see Susan Brooks to church yesterday? Why, she set there with her eyes shet all sermon-time jest like a dead image."

ister a bit; she did that to slight him, you may depend." "Well, if I didn't like a minister. I wouldn't take that way of showin' on't; 'tis sort of insulting to be so public about

Miss Sylvy made a little note on her pa-er: "See Susan Brooks about sleeping in meeting." The talk flowed on.

"Oh, did you hear how old Mis' Cole had whipped their bound girl? The mis-tress up to the Rock school-house says the girl come to school cryin' like mad, her "You don't say so! Well, I always thought Mis' Cole had a temper of her own, the deacon looks so meek."

Miss Sylvy noted: "See Mrs. about Hepsy Perkins." Then a sharp, high voice made itself heard: "She did! Our Lurany saw her o' Saturday night comin' down Huckleberry Hill with Sam Coke in his buggy at 'most ten o'clock. She knows'twas Celia, making faces. Truth to tell, I had a 'Well, I've land the best of the company of the same of the company of the com for 'twasn't a covered buggy, and the moon shone real bright, and Lurany was jest comin' out of her folks' door. I'd let | thought I'd go and stout it out, but setting her go home, because her mother hed a in that corner one gets the light straight

hang 'em out a Monday." 'That ain't all," put in a slow, hard neighborhood meetin' in Love Lane only said Susan, a little indignant. last evenin', and as he was joggin' along that say things like that don't want to he passed a couple down by the spring walking considerably slow, and he kind of turned about to see 'em, and 'twas' "Why, Susan, you don't suppose folks Celia King and Sam Coke; and when he "Hm!" sniffed several of the company,

and the first voice snapped:

"A baby could tell what she'll come to, a-standin' all day in that shop showin' off bonnets, her hair all did up in puffs and a curlin' onto her forehead like a doll! She'd have better gone out for somebody's help; them good-lookin' girls that ha'n't got nobody to look after 'em 'most always goes

"Well, now, I can tell somethin' further," put in a flat, false voice. "I was goin' into Miss Case's shop Monday night, say about ha' past eight, and I stopped to look into the winder before I opened the door, and who should I see but Sam Coke in the back part of the store a-whisperin' into Celye's ear. I might ha' rattled the knob before goin' in, but I didn't; I don't further no sech doin's; I just bounced right in quick, and you'd ought to have seen her jump. He walked off di-reet. but I knowed there was somethin wrong."

And so the orphan girl was tossed like ball from one to another till her character was well blackened, while Miss Sylvy set down these charges on her paper in

Then Mrs. Pine, the widowed daughter the old minister of Dalton, who had "outlived his usefulness," and was now existing on the small pension his daughter by her writing simple little stories and bits of rhyme for the "Children's Corner

"Did you see Miss Pine's black silk a Sunday?'

"I guess I did!" echoed several voices.
"Well, I don't know how she contrives get such a dress as that. 'Twas heavy and soft, too, and couldn't have cost, husband says, under five dollars a yard; and husband knows-he used to keep store, ye

"Yes, and her pa goin' in that shabby old ulster, and his hat as brown as mud!"

"She always was a stuck-up thing when she wasn't nothing but a girl, and since she married Captain Pine you can't touch hind her. Why, Dorcas Vining! you skeert me out o' breath. I didn't know you was behind me no more than nothing."

"I know that; but what riles you so, and pocketing her notes, she went will a supper, and then home, for she in the mone, for

other securities, as additional security for the debt; Held, that the answer raises no material issue either of law or fact and is frivolous.

2. Held further, That the mortgagors will not be estoped by the decree of fore
will not be estoped by the decree of fore-

don't," she said to herself. "They hear time s'ciety meets."

Susan, his elderly daughter, kept his prompt, outspoken woman, who did her duty with thorough efficiency, and said her say without thought of anything but expressing her mind freely and honestly. Kindly and generous as she was, her frank speech made her many enemies, for few of us like the sharp crystals of truth

unless they are set in gold. Susan was at home; indeed, she always was, for her father spent the day at the mill, and she had to be on the premises, not only to do her work, but to take orders for the mill, which was the best part of a mile above Dalton, on the hillside down which poured Yeast Brook to join Dalton Brook.

"Set down. I'm real glad to see Sylvy," was her cheery greeting.
"I thought I should find ye to home, Susan," answered the elder woman. "Yes, I have to 'stay by the stuff,"

aughed Miss Brooks. Miss Sylvy was no diplomatist, yet a sudden odd shyness prevented her introducing the motive of her call at once; they chatted a few minutes about various small matters, and then she took courage and said,

"How do you like the new minister, Susan? "Not very much," was the reply; "but then other people do. I expect I am a little notional about ministers. I like to

near 'em preach the Gospel out straight, without airs and graces, and scraps of forria language switched in. What do we Dalton folks know about his German talk and his Latin remarks? I suppose but I don't.' "Perhaps they like it the same as an

old woman I've read about who was so overcome with a sermon that she had to wait and tell the minister how pleased she was, but when he asked her what partic'lar part met her case, all she could say was, 'Oh, that blessed Mesopotamiye!' Susan laughed. "That's something, it's a fact; why,

haven't really nothing to say against Mr. Smith, only he don't just suit my idees. He fills the church, and int'rests the young folks, and that's his business." "Well, I asked you because I heered somebody say that you set all day a Sunday in meetin' with your eyes shut, so's to show you didn't like him.

"If that a'n't Dalton all over! Why, splittin' headache Sunday, but I do hate to stay at home from meeting, so I chill Friday, and she wanted Lurany to.
wash the clothes Sat'day, and she could
leave 'em in the tubs, and Sharp could
"Well, I thought likely 'twash't to show

spite you done it; you ain't that kind; but I thought I'd ask ye, so's to set it right." "If I was you I'd let it bile, Sylvy,"

Celia King and Sam Coke; and when the come home he ask me if I'd heard anything about 'em, and I ask him what he meant by that, and then he told how he meant by that, and then he told how he meant by that sime o' night out there."

"They want to talk," currily replied by san. The simple, grieved old face regarding her changed the current of her intention; she took Sylvy's face between her want to tell what ain't true?" hands and kissed her tenderly.

"Well," she said, "have it your own way, Sylvy; you're as harmless as a dove, if you aint as wise as a serpent. I didn't want to have no serpents bite you; that's

And Miss Sylvia, with a puzzled look on her face, went her way. She stopped next at a farm-house some distance beyond the village, where Deacon Cole and his wife lived. They were old friends of Sylvia's, and she had no shyness here. She sat down in the kitchen, where Mrs. Cole was making pies, and af-ter a certain amount of friendly talk, she

said, quietly, "Mary Ann, do you have much trouble with that Perkins girl?" "Sights," says Mrs. Cole, laying down her rolling pin—" sights of trouble, Sylvy.
She is the most contrary thing I ever see: you can't lead nor drive her. She don't want to work, and she don't want to learn. There's shif'lessness in her blood, and she's as obstinate as a pig. I've done my best him I wasn't going, and why; so he said to coax her. I got her a real good Sunday he was going of an errand right past Mrs. gown, a dark red meryno, and a felt bun-net, and my black cloak cut over, and she there, and stop for me when he came back. looked real good in 'em; but she flung 'em | Well, I thought no harm, and the bonnet down everywhere, till they looked like had got to go, so I went, and 'twas coming hudy. And last week a Wednesday I see back Lurany saw me. Then, that night that bunnet under her bed, and the cat in Love Lane, mother and I had been over curled up in't with a litter of day old kit-tens! And the week before, comin' home pose Mrs. Dimock's husband didn't see us; received from government for her dead tens! And the week before, comin' home husband's services in the army, eked out from meeting, she see a little dog in the we set close to the door. And Mrs. Pine lot, seeming to be lost, and if she didn't asked mother to ride home with them, so shin right over a five-rail fence, ketch her I said I wasn't a mite afraid to walk a half gown onto a splinter, and tear half a yard of the hem right out! I can't manage her; half way when Mr. Sam came along. He'd the deacon thought he could last week.

He's real mild spoken, you know, but he's

we walked along side by side till he got to dreadful resolute too, and he always goes his house, and I went the rest of the way to Scripter for everything, so he's always alone. As for his whispering to me, that's flingin' it at me that I've spared the rod on Hepsy, and fin'lly I owned I guessed I had; but I couldn't whip her, for I couldn't party. She was in the back shop when he hold her, she's so strong. So when he come in last week a Monday, and found her eatin' bread an' m'lasses, and the din- hear, so he was giving orders to me in a "And her bonnet to match, all set off ner pot all b'iled out, the vittuals burnt to whisper, when Mrs. Pratt bounced in with ers are committing one of the loved ones took along Homer's "Iliad" to read on the bottom, and the clothes lyin' in the bottom, and the clothes lyin' in the such a noise we both jumped. That's all. of earth to its bosom! It will be cared for the road.—Atchison (Kan.) Champion. beads to Miss Case's the other day, and basket not hung out—for I'd been called they went beyond my means, now I tell in a hurry over to Ed's house, her teethin' about to Miss Case, and sniffed at by folks resurrection. It is the Lord's, and shall rebabe havin' gone off in convulsion fits, so that came in, and looked at as if I was a main under His care until they which I'd left the dinner for her to finish, and wrung out the washin' for her to put onto she married Captain Pine you can't touch her with a ten-foot pole; but I should her with a ten-foot pole; but I should things so. Well, she laughed and jumped round, and acted as though the poor collection would be the poor collection would be the poor the poor collection would be taken the poor the poor the poor collection would be taken the poor the poor collection would be taken the poor the poor collection would be the poor the poor the poor collection would be taken the poor the poor the poor collection would be taken the poor the poor collection would be taken the poor the poor the poor collection would be taken the poor the poor the poor collection would be taken the poor the poor collection would be taken the poor the poor the poor collection would be taken the poor the poor the poor collection would be taken the poor the poor the poor collection would be taken the poor the poor the poor collection would be taken the poor the poor collection would be the poor the poor the poor collection would be taken the poor the poor the poor collection would be taken the poor the poor the poor collection would be taken the poor the poor the poor collection would be the poor the poor the poor the poor collection would be the poor th

"They don't mean it; I know they ask ye, and tell them the real fac's next "Jest what I do mean."

"But you don't mean to say them folks is tellin' lies deliberate?"

"I mean to say they're lyin', because they talk about what they don't know for cert'in, and I call that lyin'. If I was a best I can, for I know real well there's mistakes all wound most likely, and I was a mistakes all wound most likely, and I was a wall on herself. "They hear time s'ciety meets."

"If I was you, Sylvy, I'd just stay away from folks that talk such stories," said meek little Mrs. Cole, her lips quivering and her face flushing with reasonable anger. "I never laid a hand on Hepsy—never! I wish't I had; and there wasn't took a laylock sprout to her, just stingin

> big, that's all." "They said here hands was all tore up."
> "Well, I do declare! I'd been brilin' a fall chick for dinner Sunday-he's notional about cookin'; don't like 'em fried Celye's a good girl, as good as ever was,
> —and I was in a hurry; so when I took it and as pretty-behaved; and what I want is tional about cookin'; don't like 'em fried off to butter it I told Hepsy to take off the for you to keep as fur away from her as gridiron, and if she didn't grab it by the you can for the future. You'll promise bars! Just like her; but it scored both | me that, now, won't ye?" her hands acrost with blisters. I had to do 'em up in sody and keep her to home face flushing and his eyes sparkling.

> "Dear me!" said Miss Sylvy; other peech was checked by Mrs. Cole's abun- the grieved old lady. dant tears; and Sylvy departed, much cast down by this second effort to set the world right. Yet she stopped at the old min- love Celia with all my heart, and I mean ister's house to interview Mrs. Pine; for to marry her if I can; and how am I go-Miss Sylvy had a moral doggedness of na- | ing to do that if I keep away from her? ture that urged her on to do what she meant to do, though it might be to storm and scale a redoubt, or assault the walls of Jericho. She found Mrs. Pine mending her father's coat, but she received a courteous welcome; and after a little conversation the hostess herself, luckily for Sylvia, broached the very subject she was so anxious to discuss.

> "This is a long piece of work, Miss Sylvy; you must excuse my keeping at it, for father has no better one, and he can't go to meeting to-morrow unless this mended. I wish he was as fortunate as I happy as a good woman will be in the

am. I have a cousin, who is a dear friend too, and with plenty of money. She is just going out of mourning for her mother, and is about to be married, so she has sent me all her dresses, her cloak, a heavy black shawl, and two of her bonnets. If only somebody had sent father a coat, I would gladly have gone without Mary's things, for most of them are quite too nice for me to wear.

"Well. I'm glad you did get 'em, Mis" Pine. I don't think there's much that is too good for anybody that's as clever to their father as you be."

"I?" said Mrs. Pine, with a look of as tonishment. "Why, Miss Sylvy, he's my father, and he's all I've got." Her beautiful eyes filled with tears, and Miss Sylvy d very hard. But she droppe subject, only remarking to herself on her way home, "I guess they'll all be as pleased as ever

was when I tell 'em about them clothes." There was only Celia King's case to enter into now, and Miss Sylvy rapped at the door of the little red house where the girl's widowed mother lived, knowing that about this time Celia would come home for her tea, which she took before Miss Case had hers, not to leave the shop unoccu-

Celia opened the door, her swollen eyes and tear-stained cheeks showing that she was in trouble. "Is your ma to home, dear?" asked Miss North.

"No 'm; she's gone to Aunt Barclay's," said the very tremulous voice.
"Well, I guess I'll step in a minnit, for I come to see you specially, Celye." "Oh, you've heard it!" sobbed the girl, as Miss North passed her and sat down in

" "Well, I've heard some things, Celye, but that ain't to say I b'lieve 'em, for I don't. But I have heard 'em, and I come to have ye tell me the rights on't, for I know you wouldn't do wrong no more

It wasn't grammatical, but it was kind, and poor Celia could only burst into a flood of tears. Miss Sylvy did not wait to let her cease crying, but with the tact of a tender heart, went on and told her suc-cinctly what she had heard at the sewing circle, and as she told her tale Celia recovered her poise; her eyes grew cold and quiet, her lips ceased to quiver.

"Now I'll tell my story," she said, when liss Sylvia stopped. "You see, Miss

Miss Sylvia stopped.

Sylvy, week before last Mrs. White, up to Feeding Hills, sent down for a widow's bonnet. The squire died, you recollect, maybe, very sudden, and she must have it to wear to the funeral, and Miss Case agreed to have it done; but we were considerably hindered by not gettin' the veil in time, and it got to be late in the after-noon the day before the funeral before 'twas done. Mrs. White agreed to send for it; and she did, but 'twasn't ready, so Miss Case said she'd send it up. I'd got to go with it to see if 'twas a fit, and show her how the veil went; so I knew John Harris, who lives on the farm next to Descon Cole's, took butter up to Feeding Hills every Saturday night, and I said I'd walk over there and ride up with him, to save Miss Case hiring a team. Well, I did; but just as I got to his gate I see his white horses going over the top of Huckle berry Hill, and I was beat. I didn't know anything what to do. And just then up drove Mr. Sam Coke in his open buggy. He comes to our store after his mother's asked me where I was going, and I told

came in to see about it; he wanted to surprise her, and was afraid least she should rat or a snake, till I can't bear it. And if have been dwelling in the dust, shall

"Well! well!" ejaculated Miss Sylvy. Know they will. Try to hev patience." So she kissed the pretty, sorrowful girl, and, inspired by her thought, marched off the passage in any commentator on the Probably the combe country is an old colored woman living near Bethel, Nancy Barlow by name. Her age is believed to be one hundred and there is could be so, and I thought I'd.

Maleigh Register.

ADVERTISING RATES

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RALEIGH REGISTER.

may be made at the office of the

NO. 64

a bright, handsome young fellow, came

said, cordially

kind of private.'

ll disturb us."

"Come in, come in, Miss North," he

"I want to see veu a spell, Mr. Sam

"Come into the library, then; nobody

And in the library Miss Sylvy laid be-

fore him all that had been said about Celia

King, her grief, and the probable conse-

quence to her character if this talk went

"Now you see how 'tis, Mr. Sam.

"No, I won't," stoutly replied Sam, his

"You won't? Why, Mr. Samwell Coke,

"But I'll tell you why I won't. Miss

Svlvv." said Sam, smiling. "Because I

"But what 'll your pa and ma say ?"

married a poor girl out of a milliner's shop

himself, and a better wife no man ever

had, as he says every day. He can't ob-

"Sorter runs in the family, don't it ?

"I only hope it will," laughed Sam. And Miss Sylvia went out of the door as

But at the next week's sewing circle

there was an unpleasant perturbation

when, after asking the attention of the

ladies for a few minutes, Miss Sylvy went

guess she'll make manifest how 'twas with

er pretty soon. Howsoever, I must say't

she hadn't done a out-of-the-way thing-

not one. I tell ye all this because I knowed

stories wasn't none of 'em so."

you'd feel real pleased to think them hard

Poor Miss Sylvia! Wrath rather than

pleasure was expressed on the various faces

before her; they scowled at her and low-

ered their brows like a herd of angry cat-

Well said! If I'd knowed there was

somebody takin' down all we talked, I

should have felt consider'ble riled. I don't

feel cert'in sure now about Mis' Cole; folks

can tell their own story pretty glib; don't

look jest right to save your own skin by

"That's so," added the sharp voice of

Brooks don't despise the minister. I know

"Well," drawled another, "I hope

have talked about her: there ain't no smoke

"Well, I think," snapped another,

'that 'tisn't real agreeable to have folks

harkin' to everything a body may say

amongst themselves as it might be, and

Miss Sylvia hurriedly pocketed her

thimble, thread, and scissors, threw down

her work, and went home. "I wouldn't

ha' minded if I'd did wrong and knew it,'

she confided to Miss Dorcas, "but when I thought I'd done 'em a kindness, to be so

hectored and faulted, I tell ye it broke me

"'Tain't best to try settin' folks right,

Sylvy," was Miss Dorcas's comfortless re-

ply; "leastways not sech folks; they've got to be made over before you can do it, and the can't nothin' but grace do that,

and some of them would be consider'ble

But the one drop of comfort that re-mained to Sylvia was the speedy and

happy marriage of Sam and Celia, who were her firm and warm friends ever after.

She had been their friend indeed. But

IN THE ORIENTAL CHURCH.

The Fulness of the Earth.

Bishop Kip's Unnoticed Things of Scripture.

One of the most touching ceremonies in the world is a burial in the Oriental church when their ritual is fully carried out. No

but he lies on an open bier, crowned with

flowers, to intimate that he is a conqueror

over death and the grave. And as the procession moves to the cemetery, the an-

thems they chant speak not of the gloom of departure, but of the glory of the resur-

When the body has been lowered into

ts last resting-place, the priest, standing at

the head of the grave, takes in his hands

as much earth as they will hold and strews

it, in the form of a cross, over the body,

uttering aloud the words:-"The earth is

But what significancy has this declara-

tion in this solemn ceremonial? As they

meaning. It is, that the earth is full, even

They form the dust which composes its

surface. They are "the fulness of the

The globe, are but a handful to the tribes

If, then, these are the Lord's, as the

priest thus proclaims, how cheering is the

truth at such a moment, when the mourn-

and unending life.

" All that tread

interpret it, there is a most touching

to repletion, of the bodies of the dead.

the Lord's and the fullness thereof."

the sewing circle never forgave her.

hard even for grace to straighten out."

out for to throw into folk's faces."

she doos. She can talk and talk and talk,

but actions speak louder'n words."

where there ain't no fire."

puttin' the matter on to your husband."

on to explain their mistakes, only remark

ing when she arrived at Celia's story:

"Mother don't deny her boy anything

wants, ma'am; and father-why, father

"You don't mean it?"

said Sylvia, dryly.

happiness of another.

I thought better of ve than that," quavered

ond Floor of Fisher Building, Fayetteville Street, next to Market House.

THE NATIONAL REVENUES Fall Thirty Million Bollars Short.

The revenue of the Federal Government raised from customs duties, interna revenue taxes and a number of miscellane. ous sources, one of the larger items of which has been from sales of public lands.

The customs and internal revenue re ceipts for the nine months of the Government fiscal year, from July 1 to the 1st of April, have been made up at the Treasury for the current year, and a comparison of the receipts from these two sources for the three quarters of the present fiscal year with the same period in several previous years can therefore be made. The comparison shows a large falling off in revenue

rom both sources. The customs revenue for the first nine months of 1881-2 was, in round figures, \$166,819,000. For the same nine months same months of 1883-4 it was \$151,283,-000. For the nine months of the current and unexpired year, 1884-5, it is \$138,-

598,000. The customs revenue for the first threequarters of the current fiscal year is therefore \$28,250,000 less than for the same period of 1881-2, and over \$12,500,000 less

than for the corresponding period of the last fiscal year. The internal revenue receipts for the same nine months of 1881-2 were \$105 .-688,000. For nine months of 1882-3 they were \$107,959,000. For nine months of 1883-4 they were \$97,491,000. For the same nine months in the current and un-

expired fiscal year, 1884-5, they are \$81,-The internal revenue receipts for these nine months of the current fiscal year are, therefore, \$26,363,000 less than the largest receipts in the period taken for comparison in the year 1882-3, and \$15,896,000 less than for the nine months of last year,

1883-4. The total falling off of revenue from these two sources from last year is, therefore, over \$28,500,000, and the falling off compared with the nine months of 1882-3

is over \$54,000,000. The miscellaneous receipts for the first nine months of the last fiscal year were \$24,766,672. For the first nine months of the current year they are \$20,221,081. That is to say, there is a decrease of revenue from miscellaneous sources from the same period last year of over \$4,500,000. Of course the result of the final three whole year will run not less than \$16,500,-000 below the estimate made in December. That will make the total revenue of the year \$313,500,000. Against this will stand the total expenditure, stated at \$290,500,-000, to which must be added \$4,000,000 for deficiency bills passed by the last Con-

gress and payable in this year-in all

\$294,500,000. That will leave a surplus in hand at the close of the year of \$19,reelly wanted to get her pa a coat, she could ha traded off that silk gownd for It is instructive to notice that the total quite a little sum. I'd ha' give her ten dollars for't myself." revenue from all sources was :-"No need to tell me, neither, 't Susan

For 1883 4...
While for this year, closing on July
1, it is likely to be only...... 348,500,000 We have evidently fallen on a period of necessary economy and reform. There Celye King can explain her ways; but 'tisn't likely she can. When a girl gets talked about, why, she is talked about, an' there 'tis. She ha'n't done jest what she had ought to have done, or nobody 'd will be no great surplus to waste on river and harbor jobs, and the Secretary of the Treasury may think himself well off if he can scrape together surplus enough with which to continue to buy \$2,000,000 worth of silver per month to stick into the Treasury vaults to depreciate on his hands. The silver dollar, of which the Government now owns \$163,000,000, bought with the surplus revenue, was worth ninety-three cents when we began to coin it, and is now then go a-tellin' on't and a-ferretin' on't worth only eighty-three cents.

OFFICE-HUNTING

Has Inconveniences Under Cleveland.

Another amusing incident occurred in the President's room to-day. Two gentlemen, citizens of a far Western State, happened to get there about the same time, though the one did not notice the other's presence. The man that got the President's ear first had some very severe things to say about the other fellow, and he was very open and loud in his statements. The other man heard every word that was said, but he decided that he would make his answer at his own time, and he quietly stepped out of the room, waiting outside until his traducer came out. As the "offensive partisan" was leaving the White House he was accosted by the fellow who was traduced, with the remark :-

"What did you mean by what you told the President about me ?" The other man, in true diplomatic style answered by simply saying, "I never used

Some hot words ensued, when the questioner said :- " Never mind, old fellow. I will have my turn next, and I'll show you up so thoroughly that you will never be respectfully received if you enter the White House again."

Little episodes like this have frequently occurred at the White House in the past couple of months among the warring fac-tions of Democrats that have come from the several States where Democrats have been engaged since the election in quarrelling among themselves. Sometimes when the President is listening to the claims of some men there are a dozen sitting around waiting to be heard on other matters. As the business is carried on in the ordinary tone of voice, all present are enabled to hear it if they pay careful attention, and it is noticed that most of them do. The President does not believe in being made repository for secrets or confidential communications. He desires that all should be frank and above board in their statements to him, and it is for this reason that

SMALL BOYS NOT ALL ALIKE.

he makes all his replies loud enough for

A Marion boy, aged 9 years, lately started alone on a journey to Illinois, and

The Natural Animal.

A certain father in Middletown attended it comes to mother's ears 'twill half kill awake and sing and come forth to a new one of the meetings Sunday with his little son. When it was announced that the