Do something more than yawn and grope Their way through life as vagabonds till they die 'Tis always time To build up character, Till, like a diamond, it shall shine Purer and brighter, till death without a blur.

Far better than gold is such an inheritance To leave to any, young or old; Yes, 'tis everything when backed with godliness! 'Tis time to care,

In every condition, That by industry we prepare To meet our wants in every situation; For 'neath the skies With every moment spent An opportunity with it flies That never with another moment may be lent.

Time to be earnest, Yea, sedate and thoughtful, When full of joy or when depressed. Tis wrong indeed to become morose or dull; Life is too short Fither to growl or rest : The sweetest repose is dearly bought

If in the end by it we are oppressed ! Now is the time For all good men and true, In every land and every clime. To stand by the right and the right pursue; and while we've breath With a courageous heart, Go forth and labor until death,

Resolved in all things to act a manly part! What time is it? My friend, it is time that you And all others forever quit Pandering to the wrong and the right do. When you will find That you've no time to spare,

But work a plenty for your heart and mind. 'Tis time to know That all without delay Should, whether they be high or low, to work and do something Nor longer as dudes, Or drones, here try to live ; Earth's full of cranks and worthless prudes

And to such bipeds no longer room can give. Time! yes, hear it! Time to act and be brave, And every honest man-to believe it If he would do good and his country save! Freedom cannot last Without care and vigilance : No matter what the freedom cost,

Twill perish by neglect, fraud or violence.

Bolt upright and erect, And work and give with a liberal hand, So that nothing may perish from neglect. And every day Bravely on keep moving; E'en if you have to cut your way,

Time then to stand

Ne'er halt, but up and on keep going. Time to be brave And do both right and well, To work, be careful, and to save,

Taking in all we do pains to excel; For none improve Who ne'er try to do better. Or wish on higher plane to move,

And free themselves from every hurtful fetter. DANIEL WEBSTER.

Mr. Curtis Tells Two True Tales. [Harper's Magazine for July.]

The anecdotes of Daniel Webster printed in a recent number remind me of a story which I have more than once heard him tell, with drollest effect, as an illustration of the utter inability of the greatest reputations to reach everybody. The occurrence took place long after the name of Daniel Webster might be supposed to be known at least to every adult in his native State, and my impression is that it happened after the year 1830, which was the eriod of his famous reply to Hayne. He eft his house at Franklin, New Hampthire, one fine summer morning, to drive about twelve miles, in order to take a stage that would pass through a certain village at a certain hour in the forenoon. He was lriven by one of his men in a wagon, but the horse did not get over the ground as fast as Mr. Webster desired. When they had gone about seven miles from Mr. Webster's farm, which was his father's, and on which his boyhood was passed until he went to Dartmouth College, they were overtaken by an old farmer who appeared wagon, he took a seat with the farmer, and country clashes," as Jock Jabos said in conversation I ever had with General For Guy Mannering. At length Mr. Webster rest." asked the old man whether he knew Captain Ebenezer Webster, who lived over in Franklin. Yes, he did, and knew his sons and daughters, all of whom, with one exception, he mentioned by name, told whom they married, what children they left, etc.

"But," said Mr. Webster, "was there not a younger one whose name was Dan-The man scratched his head, and, after

a pause, replied, "Yes, come to think of t, there was " "And what became of him?" asked Mr.

"Wa'al, I don't exactly know. He went Away—some said he went to Portsmouth to study law; but I never heard what become of him. I guess he's dead." Nothing could exceed the dramatic al- gry. though quiet way in which Mr. Webster used to tell this story, going gravely got ter Silvy's house, ta' kere, chile, den through all the details of his family history in the Doric dialect of the old farmer, dar ready fur me, but, sah, it's er shame H ----, of Maryland, "a beautiful creaand coming down to the bo

way and was never heard of afterward. At this denoument his great eye twinkled with a fun which made it irresistibly droll. It may be well to put on permanent re cord in your Drawer a correct version of

a little speech made by Mr. Webster which was at the time very imperfectly and incorrectly reported in the newspapers. At midnight of the day on which General be, sah." Scott was nominated for the Presidency by the Whig Convention which was held n Baltimore in June, 1852, a great crowd assembled in front of Mr. Webster's house in Washington, and "called him out." He in Washington, and "called him out." He arose from his bed, and appeared at an open window, wrapped in his dressing-gown. The version of his speech given in my second volume of his free him to be a second work of his free him to be a second work of his free him to be a second work of his free him to be a second work of his free him to be a second work of his free him to be a second work of his free him to be a second work of his free him to be a second work of his free him to be a second work of his free him to be a second work of his free him out." Have you, "asked the Judge of a recently convicted man, "anything to offer the court before sentence is passed?" "No, your honor," replied the prisoner, "my in my second volume of his Life was taken



Renistet.

RALEIGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24, 1885.

NO. 69

A LABORATORY OF CRIME.

There are Men, Women and French-

[New York Herald Cable Message.]

treuil, is before the Seine Assizes, charged

with one of the most terrible poisoning in

dictments ever brought to light in the an-

nals of Parisian crime. The court room is

packed with spectators. Pel is only thirty-

six years old. He was born in Saxony.

The following is the story of his crimes:-

and began business as a watchmaker, put-

ting up his sign at No. 41 Rue Rochechou

art. He devoted all his leisure moments

to music and chemistry, taking a special

had been maltreated by him for many

years, was seized with violent pains in the

ntestines, with intense thirst and vomit-

ing, and after a few days of excruciating

agony, she died. Pel allowed no doctor

to come near her, and he explained that

death by playing with an electric appara-

all his mother's effects and went on a de-

In May, 1879, Pel employed a servant

named Marie Mahoin. Five days after

Marie entered Pel's service she was seized

with terrible pains in the intestines, with

intense thirst and vomiting. The young girl got worse each day. During her ill-ness Pel introduced into his apartment a

second woman named Eugenie Meyer, who

forthwith became his mistress. Eugenie was also seized with violent pains in the

intestines, with intense thirst and vomit-

ing. The two women nursed each other,

but Marie Mahoin, fearing something

wrong, ran away and took refuge in Beau-

jon Hospital, where she was speedily cured.

Eugenic Meyer, however, since the day

she entered Pel's apartment, was never

seen again. Pel sold her clothes and jew-

elry and went on a debauch with the pro-

ceeds. When Pel changed his apartments

a few weeks later blood stains were found

on the walls, but again no inquiry was in-

In 1880 Pel removed to the avenue Klè-

ber and married a pretty young girl named

Eugenie Buffreau, who brought him a

dowry of 4,000f. The wedding took place

Pel died after two weeks of vomiting,

Pel allowed no doctor to come near his

young wife until she was in the last ago-

ny of death. Pel declared that her death

rooms, a story that was believed readily

Nine months later Pel married-another

thereby saving both their lives. Pel had,

however, got hold of the 6,000f, and pro-

2, however, she said, in reply to Pel's

found Elize writhing in fearful torture,

just as Eugenie Meyer did in 1879-and

Shortly afterward the neighbors were

alarmed by a terrible stench, like that of a

decaying corpse, coming from Pel's apart-

ment. Great excitement was also aroused

by a fire, like that of a blacksmith's forge,

that illuminated Pel's windows day and

night in spite of the closely drawn black

ight near the apartment, gazing with al-

most supernatural terror upon the myste-

rious flames behind the black curtains,

Toward morning two women less super-

to the level with the window, and, through

the opening, saw Pel naked, wearing only

his gold spectacles and dripping with

sweat, from the intense heat, pale, hag-

gard, bent like a demon over the furnace,

fanning the flame with a pair of bellows,

Next day Mme. Deven climbed up to the

to sleep. No fire was burning this time,

On a chair were found a few spots of

blood and a saw, the teeth of which were

clotted with blood and hair. On being

asked what had become of Elize Bochmer,

Pel, with the greatest calmness, replied:

ly. She did not say where she was going.

She got better and left me very abrupt-

The jury returned a verdict of guilty,

and Pel was sentenced to death by the

LOVE AND LOLLYPOP.

The Lime-Kiln Club on Matrimony.

| Detroit Free Press. |

to Brudder Side Bar Skinner," observed

Brother Skinner, who is a young man of

"Brudder Skinner, de news has reached

"Den let me compliment you wid one

who kin support a wife to take one."

guillotine

the President, as the

President continued:

"It am true, sah."

in Paradise Hall.

fire to accomplish some devilish work.

was never seen again.

was being enacted.

by the doctor, and no investigation was

was caused by eating poisonous mush

26, and on October 24 Mme.

bauch with the proceeds.

On August 16, 1872, Pel's mother, who

delight in the study of poisoning drugs.

In 1878 he came to Paris with his mother,

Albert Pel, the watchmaker of Mon-

from the newspapers of the time (page 522). Many years after the publication of my work a friend sent me a corrected version, which Mr. Webster himself authorized after the telegraphic report had appeared. It reads thus:

"I thank you, fellow-citizens, for this friendly and respectful call. I am very glad to see you. Some of you have been engaged in an arduous public duty at Baltimore, the object of your meeting being the selection of a fit person to be supported for the office of President of the United States. Others of you take an interest in the result of the deliberations of that assembly of Whigs. It so happened that my name was presented on the occasion; another candidate, however, was preferred. I have only to say, gentlemen, that the Convention did, I doubt not, what it thought was best, and exercised its discretion in the important matter committed to it. The result has caused in me no personal feeling whatever, nor any change of conduct or purpose. What I have been I am, in principle and in character, and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect. "Gentlemen, this is a serene and beautiful night. Ten thousand thousand of

the lights of heaven illuminate the firmament. They rule the night. A few hours hence their glory will be extinguished. 'Ye stars that glitter in the skies.

And gayly dance before my eyes, What are ye when the sun shall rise? Gentlemen, there is not one among you who will sleep better to-night than I shall. If I wake, I shall learn the hour from the constellations; and I shall rise, in the morning, God willing, with the lark; and though the lark is a better songster than I am, yet he will not leave the dew and the daisies and spring up to greet the purpling East with a more blithe and jocund spirit than I possess.

"Gentlemen, I again repeat my thanks for this mark of your respect, and commend you to the enjoyment of a quiet and satisfactory repose. May God bless you

One of the accounts of this address given by the telegraph was that Mr. Webster appeared at the window and said something about the stars and the beautiful night, but made no allusion to the Convention. Another represented him as speaking bitterly of the doings in Baltiwhich I now send you is to be found in any of the newspapers of the time, excepting, perhaps, the Boston Daily Advertiser, which, as I am informed, submitted it to Mr. Webster. It is undoubtedly what he said, and the whole of it. He never gave his support to the candidacy of General Scott, or would allow it to be said that he approved of his nomination.

FORREST'S FRANKNESS. A Private's One Chat With Him.

GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS.

[Arkansaw Traveller.] "Yes, I had a conversation once with General Forrest," said a citizen of Arkansaw in reply to a question asked by a "I had just joined the army, war. One night, after we had travelled all day, we stopped in the woods and were told that we should remain there until morning. We were all wondering where him into the adjoining room. "Told me we were going. I did not think that it was right to keep us in the dark, and I made a remark to that effect.

"'Why don't you go and ask Forrest? I am not acquainted with him,' I replied.

" 'That makes no difference.

"'That so?' "'Not a bit. He would be glad to see you. I would ask him, but I borrowed a couple of dollars from him the other day thing, you brute."

and as I have not been able to repay him I "Look here, I am tired of being insult have been keeping out of his way. "I found Forrest sitting under a tree, on

a camp stool closely drawn up to an improvised table. ""Good evening,' said I.

"He looked up, searched me with his peculiar eyes, and said: ""What do you want?" " My name is Dick Anderson,

"'All right.' "'I belong to your command. We have been riding all day without knowing where we were going, so I thought I'd come around and ask you.

"You are very kind,' said he. " Not at all,' I replied. "Now, Anderson, I do not mind telling you confidentially, but I do not want

the whole command to know it. " 'That's all right, General, I won't tell anybody.

. Won't say a word ?' " No, sir."

"'You must not, you know, for the enemy might get a hold of it. Lean over to have a very fine horse. Mr. Webster here and let me whisper to you.' I leaned stopped the stranger, and finding that they over and he whispered: 'We are going were both going to the same village, asked | to hell.' Well, sir, I hurried away, and to be taken along. Sending back his own I'll pledge you my word and honor if, by ten o'clock the next day, I didn't think we they entered into a talk-" just about our | had already got there. That was the only

EMANCIPATION'S EFFECT

Upon the Sisters as Providers. [Arkansaw Traveller.] "Lemme tell yer, Mars Bill," said an old negro, addressing a man to whom he formerly belonged, 'wimmen ain't like da

uster be. " Not, eh ?" "No, sah, da ain't. W'y, sah, I had four wives at er time fo de wah, good wimmen, too.

"You did ?" "Yas, sah, I did. W'y dem wimmen, sah, knowed how ter treat er pusson. Didn' ketch dem wimmen settin' er roun' doin' nothin', lettin' dar husban' go hongry. W'y, sah, I neter eat wid Tildy, take er snack wid Nervy, and den when I

"Shame, is it ?" 'Yes, sah, er weepin' shame. W'y, sah, she'd take up dat porasol o' her'n an' p'rade off ter church no diffunce if I didn' hab er mowful ter eat. Doan' 'pear ter know nuthin' 'bout 'sponserbility. Cook all day fur de white folks, an' den at night come home wid only some pertaters an' meat an'

What the Lawyer Leaves the Judge. (Scranton Truth.)

lawyer took my last cent."

HOW TO FOOL, YOUR WIFE. Colonel Atlantus Pindergrass's Way.

(Arkansaw Traveller.) One day, after deep meditation, the Prince of Orange remarked to Bentinck: To the ravages of strong drink the human system resorts to various resistances vielding versatile results." This remark, although it embodies no particular philosophy, either inductive, syllogistic, reconstructive or democratic, has caused much

comment. It is true that there is a great difference in men, concerning the power of resistance against the influence of strong drink, and although no man wholly escapes, yet some men while struggling under the effect of liquor, can completely deceive a beholder. There is Colonel Atlantus Pindergrass, for instance. If you did not know that he was drunk you would not think that he had been drinking. He has a way of standing on the tiptoe of such politeness, a way of saving such pleasant and appropriate things, that his intoxication is hidden under a bushel of agreeableness.

The other day Mr. Martinhead went home with the Colonel. The colonel, his wife and Mr. Martinhead were sitting in the parlor when Miss Sallie Pummel, an old maid who had entered her thirty-ninth volume, called. The Colonel presented his friend, and, satisfied with the success of his sober pretence, he leaned back and smiled. Then he began to think about something, and the thought that his two visitors had not been presented occurred to him

"Ah, Miss Pummel, allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Martinhead," "We have met," replied Miss Pummel. "Ah. I didn't know that you were ac-

quainted. The Colonel's wife cleared her throat with a sharp rasp of irritation. The Col-onel continued: "I have thought for some time that I would like for you to become acquainted, but it never occurred to me congregation, and a hundred prayer-books that you were old friends." Colonel, let me see you a moment,

said Mrs. Pindergrass, drawing her husband into an adjoining room. "What's the matter with you?" she asked

"Nothing! the mischief! You are tion. drunk." 'Drunk," he repeated contemptuously. Oh, of course. A man just gets drunk

the atmosphere "Well, I can tell you that the atmosphere when you are around is quite enough to make any one drunk. You must have been smelling your own breath." 'Has it come to this? Don you want

to insult me? What have I done?" "Why, just look how you acted about introducing-"Oh, I see," said the colonel, with a brightening change of countenance. "It was my fault-a mere matter of forgetful-

Then, stepping into the parlor, the col-onel said: "Miss Pummel, allow me to onel said: present Mr. Martinhead." "Miss Pummel and I are acquainted

replied Mr. Martinhead. 'That so? Why, let me assure you that I didn't know it. Introducing you to an old friend! why, that's a good joke. and knew nothing of the rigid fashions of haw, haw-a capital joke, he, he! Wife, let me see you a minute."

"You've got me into a pretty fix," said the colonel, when his wife had followed those folks were not acquainted. You ought to be particular about such things." "You ought to be killed," his wife in dignantly snapped.

What have I done?" "You good-for-nothing thing, you have made yourself ridiculous. You are the most despisable man I ever saw.' "I'll be confounded if I can understand

"You are too drunk to understand any

ed." The colonel wheeled around and went back into the parlor, where he pro disguise the fact that he had been drinking anything. "Why," said he, "how many surprises there are in store for us. We meet people every day, and then, when we least expect it, they surprise us. Why, if

any one had told me, Martinhead, that you had gone to school to Miss Pummel I would not have believed it." "He didn't go to school to me," snapped Miss Pummel.

"Ah, that was my understanding. Oh, it was you who went to school to Martin

"No, sir," interposed Martinhead. "Oh, you simply went to school to-gether. Yes, I got it mixed, but not much. do like to see old friends meet each other. Let's see, I've known Martinhead for ten years, Miss Pummel, but not until to-day did I know that he was an old friend of yours-no, not until to-day." Mr. Martinhead, pleading the sudden recollection of urgent business, withdrew, and Miss Pummel, not desiring to remain after her old friend had gone, soon took her leave. The colonel, not long after-ward, tumbled into bed. When he awoke next morning he remembered nothing except that he had deceived his wife. 'A man wanted me to take a drink

with him yesterday, but I wouldn't do it," said he. His wife did not reply.
"By the way, our friend Martinhead would have come home with me yesterday, but couldn't get off."

Yes, some men have a way of concealing the fact that they are drunk.

FUN AMONG THE PREACHERS. Bishop, Priest and Dog.

[Harper's Magazine for July.] "Ministers," old Uncle Josh used to say,

are tol'able amusin' folks when they gits together." I have been of the same opinion myself since a few weeks ago. I was one of a company, including three or four of the profession, where, over a delightful dinner, they recited sundry remiiscences of their clerical experience. "I had a fine setter," said the Rev. Mr.

him famous in the neighborhood. But Tobe-as I had named him-was terribly afraid of a thunder-storm. Unless he was very near me he would yelp and scream as if undergoing the most agonizing tortures. One Sunday the bishop was to take part in the services, having kindly promised to aid me. The congregation had assembled and the services begun, when the horizon darkened, and a low muttering overhead gave token of a gathering storm. From where I stood, the windows and doors being open, I could command a view of the parsonage. The blinds were all closed, my whole family being at church—all but the dog, which was usually left in the kitchen during divine service. Darker and darker grew the heavens; and when the choir wheat crops. Quality better than quanticoncluded their first anthem, clear and ty.-Pittsboro Home.

high upon the air arose the yelp of Tobe, followed by dismal howls. "As pretty nearly the whole congrega tion knew of poor Tobe's infirmity, I could see smiles run from face to face, and I began seriously to wonder how I should get through with the service while Tobe yelled

and yelped and howled at that rate. "I dared not look at the pew containing my wife, and Lance and Bob, my seven and nine-year old boys, for I knew, from sad experience of Bob's susceptibility to the ludicrous, that he was holding his can over his face, ready to explode. Well, the heavens thundered; so did Tobe, whose dreadful notes mingled dramatically with the 'Te Deum,' and I had just said 'Here endeth the second lesson,' when, chancing to cast my eyes up, there sat Tobe on the window-sill of one of the second-story rooms, his nose pointed heavenward, and a most agonizing expression on his dog face. I felt it in my bones that before long the creature would release himself in some way and be after me, but what could I do? The service must not be disturbed, and there sat the bishop, serene and unconscious, for he was a little deaf, and happily had not heard poor Tobe's protestations. The perspiration began to coze from my forehead, and I felt all athrill as the forked lightning began to play, and the thunder broke loose from its mutterings and filled the whole resounding space.

"I had just begun the collect for the day, and was half-way through, when the catastrophe—shall I not rather say dog-astrophe?—which I had feared occurred. Half turning around at the sound of hurried breathing, there stood Tobe at the chancel door leading from the study, his intelligent eyes roving round in search of his master, the broad back of the bishop -a man of two hundred avoirdupoisscreening me from his vision. Stealthily he came in, made one dive between the bishop's legs, and ensconced himself in the reading-desk. The frightened bishop gave a little squeak, audible, however, to the went up simultaneously, that their owners might smile behind them. Unfortunate Bob laughed outright, and there was I, obliged to keep my voice steady, while I knew that the bishop, with his almost exaggerated ideas of the sanctity of the place, was in a white heat of horror and indigna-

'Still I went on, Suddenly the bishop laid down his prayer-book, and slowly made for the dog. He took him by his to show his teeth. I was in an agony, and tried to hint to my respected father in the church that Tobe had not the slightest reverence for his exalted calling, when suddenly Tobe turned and took the bishop's robe between his teeth, shaking it as he would a rabbit. The poor man grew as pale as death, and it was my turn now to lay aside my prayer-book, for half the people were on their feet, some laughing

and others crying out in terror, while suddenly the storm burst in all its fury. "' Keep perfectly still, bishop,' I said, in a low voice, and I began to walk slowly toward the chancel door, seeing which, Tobe became suddenly as meek as a kitten, loosed the robe, which was badly rumpled, and followed me. I could have beaten the brute for thus exposing me not only to ridicule, but the fury of the elements, for the rain was coming down in a flood; but I mastered myself, locked Tobe securely in the barn, where he could not be so easily heard, and went back to my

duties with the resigned air of a martyr, my robe so wet that it clung to my limbs. The bishop meanwhile had behaved very well, and was now giving out the last hymn before the sermon; but I fear the latter had but little hold upon the attention of the people, I myself not daring him to make people believe. When he had attracted attention, and I have lost my sitscarcely to lift my eyes, everybody looked so conscious and shamefaced and ready to laugh again. At least so it seemed to me. "As for the bishop, his dignity had re-ceived a terrible shock, and he never came to the parsonage again until I sold Tobe."

A GOOD WOMAN

ceeded to make himself agreeable and to "Full of Alms-Deeds Which She Did."

[Springfield Republican.] The death of Mrs. Emily H. Tubman, at Augusta, Ga., removes a person of more misfortune came. She put her hand out this, but I'm ready to adopt any desperate than ordinary quality, her deeds entitling side the bedclothes. Her long white finher to a better recognition than the perfunctory obituary. Her long life of 91 years was a continuous embodiment of Not altogether with her mouth-some of it business shrewdness and charitable intent. came inarticulately. The long solitary She was the beautiful Emily Harvey Thomas, over whom Henry Clay bestowed only to see her tired husband come back a generous and intelligent guardianship, at night and make his eloquently mute and at his residence she met many of the signs of failure and sit down disconsolate first men in the old South. When Lafay- at the window, where she could not see ette passed through Atlanta she was one his distress. She could not and would not of the committee to welcome him, and was | tell of the weariness of those long days. known in both Georgia and Kentucky as | She counted the hours on the pulses of a woman of rare beauty and culture. In life that came through her window. The 1818 she married Richard Tubman, a rich Kentuckian, and the pair settled in At- dren came up to her. The one ray of sunlanta, where the husband died 47 years ago. Mrs. Tubman, thus left alone with very large fortune, gradually drifted from the diversions of Southern society into Christian work. She became a Campbellite in belief, but her acts show no narrowing or raw edges of bigotry. She educated over fifty young men, among them a brother of the present Secretary of the Interior. Mrs. Tubman helped to found the first Christian Church at Atlanta, and built the church edifice. She gave liberally to Bethany Collage, W. Va, which was founded by Alexander Campbell; she aided Hiram College, now made famous by Garfield's career, as well as both Indianapolis and Lexington Universities. To her bounty also is due a \$150,000 church in Atlanta, as well as churches at Athens, Sandersville, Sylvania, Sibley Mills and other Georgia towns. She had in her composition a little of the Peabody spirit, and much that made Montefiore famous. Her yearly contributions to smaller charities have reached for many years the total of \$25,000. The Christian Church at Frankfort is also her gift to the denomination and it is understood that her estate, estimated at \$1,000,000, is left mainly to education and charity.

How to be Postmaster.

[Texas Siftings.]

Some of the Democrats who voted against Cleveland, and worked incessantly during the campaign on the Republican side, are said to be the most persistent applicants for office. Their line of reasoning is very much like that of the seedy Austin darkey, who walked up as bold as a cage full of hyenas, and said to the successful candidate: "Boss, I wants yer ter lend me forty dollars for services rendered you durin' de eleckshun." "But you worked and voted for the other ticket." 'Dat's jest hit, boss. I'se so unpopular dat ef I had worked fer your side yer would have been beaten two to one. A pos' office will suit me, boss,"

Farmers have begun to harvest their

EVERY-DAY LIFE

In the Great Cities We Covet. [Nym Crinkle in New York World.]

No. 143 Eldridge street is not a fascinating spot. It doesn't blossom like the A great six-story caravansary rises out of the ditch of a street, and the visitor who is looking for Mrs. Frank understands that he has got to climb to the top of it, for there are no elevators at No. 143 Eldridge street. So he takes one glance at the street itself, with its long line of disabled vehicles and ash barrels and screaming troops of Arab children who dart about and fight like sparrows, and then he plunges into No. 143. The hallways are dark and noisome. The walls are frescoed here and there with the cartoons of the | be Hunter's only vice, and at the same street boys. A black streak tells how high their dirty hands can reach. There cret. So, when the young man reentered is one of them mixing mortar with a bro- after the usual absence. Mr. Andrews ken parasol at the foot of the stairs. The called him into the inner office and, after smell is sceptic and greasy. An oily sur- closing the door, began slowly and solface is on everything, and there are sug- emnly:-"We have found you out, and gestions of a cellar and cooking cabbage the best thing for you to do is to make a and codfish and stale onions running in clean breast of everything." little eddies of their own round his head as he puts his hand on the balustrade, and then withdrawing it wipes it off.

Five flights, each one greasier and darker than the other, in spite of the cracked skylight through which two or Now, will you tell me one thing more ?' three dirty rays come, and he begins to The employer now knew that he was on begins to feel it in his knees before he the right track to a tale of embezzlement reaches the top. But there is a confused hum of life all round him. Doors open and shut, frowsy heads look out suspiciously and disappear. Strange gusts of music from accordeons and exasperating sounds from somebody who may be beating his wife, and the unceasing overtones of sick children in uncomfortable rooms and petulent mothers in dishabille, and cross fathers out of work.

Well, it's the regular palpitating burrow that we call a tenement-house. That's all. Away up near the roof in two rooms back lives-we have to say she lives, there being no other word for it-Mrs. Frank. Somebody had told a brief story of her destitution in the World, and the simple story had brought a small remittance from a sympathizing friend. - A knock on the door brought a weak invitation to "Come in." The visitor felt a moment for the

knob and then opened the door. A parrow apartment-kitchen, receptionroom, bedroom in one, almost destitute of furniture, but scrupulously clean? A reless stove, that seemed to have been cold a long while. A chair or two, and there on a bed a sick woman with wan eyes, a child on her breast. She shrank a little at the intrusion of a stranger. Her face is intelligent and soft, but is marked with the lines of care and trouble and pain. Puerperal fever and poverty was bookkeeper. I got a neighbor to take the what the physician had reported. A pitiless combination that.

The visitor drew a chair up to the bed and sat down. A woman's delicate sense that her destitution was somehow on exhibition, gave her a slight flush. Yes, it was quite true, as the paper had stated, that she was very poor. She turned her head a little for a moment and the thin coverlet over her heaved once or twice. As she did so the fine light brown hair billowed over on the pillow. "Very poor," she repeated. "but we did not expect to become obiects of charity."

There were two little girls in the room; the leg of the stove.

been looking for work. He is a tailor, but to a young man like you, but I can't help oh, he is deaf and dumb and it is hard for it. My daily absence to feed little James work we got along very nicely. I helped ustion. I earned only \$4 a week, but was urgent entreaties, "not another sous." On the West to move their crops did not retun him all I could, and we made \$7 and \$8 a | to have had my wages raised the first of week. That kept us comfortably. But next month. I shall now have to leave when I got sick he lost his work." She stopped a moment. The little girl

him with some kind of power and succor. Then the woman went on with her story. Her husband was industrious. They had ger was marked with the needle-pricks of her industry. She had told her story. days with hungry children and her fever, bells rang, the voices of the school chillight travelled across the room and she saw it die out day after day with the same pallid hopelessness over there on the oak wainscoting, and the girls came to the bedside and asked when papa would come and if he would bring their supper, and

then, weak as she was, she turned over so as not to show them her own distress. But she did not complain even to the visitor. There was no plaint in her weak voice. There was no despair in her lightbrown eyes. But she was awfully tired. The visitor left his little sum of money sent to the World. He kissed the little girl and hurried away down the dark stairs. When he got to the entrance an organgrinder was playing "The Old Kentucky Home," and a group of Arab nymphs were going it hands-all-round to the merry

IN MALE ATTIRE. Women's Shifts for Work

[New York Herald Philadelphia Letter.] Twenty bookkeepers are employed by Langfield, Turner & Andrews, manufacturers of leather goods. Among the number until lately was a young entry clerk known as Charles Hunter. He was engaged about six months ago and did the work assigned him in a perfectly satisfac- care. He is impervious. No sarcasm, tory manner. He was quite effeminate in either looked or expressed, has any effect appearance and conduct, and though fully on him. When dinner time comes he twenty-three years of age had not a su cion of a mustache or beard on his face. His clothes did not fit him, and had evidenty been purchased at a ready made clothier's. The other bookkeepers guyed their companion, and many of them acquired a playful habit of rubbing him on the chin as they asked where his beard was. All these jokes the young person received in good part, and even listened with relish to the fabulous tales of the clerks about

the frail sex. SUSPICIOUS ABSENCES.

He attended to the duties in the counting room with fidelity until about a month

found it his duty to report the new clerk.

It was also observed that Hunter became preoccupied and less careful about the work. Mr. Turner and his partner, Mr. Andrews, had a conference about the young clerk. They decided to give him a further trial and directed the head bookkeeper to caution him, but Hunter continued to take his departure as usual, and the absence was of the same duration. A young clerk in the front office, who doubtless knew by experience when policy numbers were posted, advanced the theory to his employer that Hunter bought lottery tickets. A SURPRISE. This afternoon Mr. Andrews, who prides

time to surprise and trick him of his se

himself on his ability as a student of char-

acter, decided to stop what he believed to

"Indeed-" Consternation was depicted in the clerk's face. "Yes, I know this is a delicate thing for both of us," continued Mr. Andrews; "but we have stood it as long as we can.

or worse. "Certainly," was the answer, with a

"Why do you go away twice a day?"
"To nurse my baby. You see I had him boarded out, but had to bring him home because he didn't thrive on the bottle." The look on the merchant's face canno be described. Here was a young man in trousers talking about nursing a baby Andrews had intended to surprise Hunter, but Hunter had paralyzed him.

"You just said you knew all about it. idn't you ?' "Yes; oh, yes; so I did," stuttered the confounded Andrews. Then the young woman burst into tears, realizing that she had been deceived into a confession.

"What! are you a woman ?"

DETERMINED TO EARN BREAD. To the Herald correspondent she said My name is Mrs. Elizabeth Hunter, and my husband has been a clerk in the dry goods house of Riegel, Scott & Co. Six months ago his health became very bad. and we saw distress threatening us. I had a young baby, and that complicated the thirst and intense pains in the intestines. situation very much. We did not know what to do. We came from Michigan. My father owned a store in the village where we lived. I was taught to keep books. I suggested that I get a place as baby at a dollar a week, and I sought a position. My sex prevented me from succeeding. I became desperate. Our money was nearly exhausted, and my husband. poor fellow, was unable to work more than half time. We must have means to live. I measured myself as well as I could. Then I went to Wanamaker's and bought a cheap ready-made suit. I told them it was for my brother.

SEEKING A SITUATION "I then went to the Young Men's Christian Association, registered and waited for a situation to seek me. Mr. Turner's son one may have been three; the other was attends there. He is a generous-hearted The eldest stood at the bedside and. young fellow. He got acquainted with stared vacantly at the visitor. The other | me and secured me the situation. I did played with a piece of string fastened to my work faithfully until forced to bring my child home. He did not do well with "Ten days I have been in bed," she the nurse. Cow's milk did not agree with said, "helpless, and my poor husband has him. I don't know if I make myself clear town, because, I am told, I have broken a State law in assuming men's clothes. I looked from her mother's face to that of have kept the wolf from the door, howthe visitor with something like expectant | ever, and saved my self-respect. I'd like awe. Her little imagination was investing | to find a place in New York where an honest woman can earn an honest living. Do I intend to resume male attire? Yes, if no other means is open. I mean to live means to success that does not lead to

SHE CANNOT RETURN Charles B. Turner was seen at his house to-night, and from him many of the facts in the earlier part of this story were obtained. In addition, he said:-"This oung woman's story is true, I have every reason to believe. We had no fault to find with her work, but she realizes that she cannot return here. Her fellow clerks, who have been telling her tales about their rackets with their girls, would be incapac tated for service. It's too bad, for both husband and wife appear deserving. Don't ask Andrews, of our house, anything about his skill in getting down to facts."

THE "SETTER AROUND." The Same in Arkansaw as Here.

[Arkansaw Traveller.] * * * Nothing suits the "setter around better than to be where he isn't wanted. When unable to get a drink of whisky, he is ready to drink anything. When he comes, the lawyer looks suggestively at but the bedding was scattered about in the bucket. The ice has nearly melted away, but he says nothing until the "set-ter around" rakes the bottom of the bucket with the dipper. Then remarking that he wants the bucket for a future occasion, he puts it in the closet and locks the door. When the "setter around" leaves the lawyer's office he goes over to the saloon. He leans back in a split bottom chair and complains of the weather. Whenever any one comes in to take a drink the "setter around" gets up, walks to the bar and asks for a piece of lemon; says that he is bilious. If the man should say: 'Have a drink ?" the "setter around" replies: "Well-I-don't-care-particularly-but, yes, give me a little whisky.

He fills his glass to the rim. The bar tender scowls at him as he wipes off the counter, but the "setter around" does not rushes home, eats hearthy of a dinner, not a mouthful of which he has earned, then hurries back to the saloon, where he sits until supper time. Parmenas Mix, the humorous poet who now sleeps the eternal sleep in a Kentucky burying ground, paid a rich tribute to the "setter around" when he said :-

"The 'sitter around' is a man of no means, And his face wouldn't pass for a pint of white beans; But somehow or other he contrives to exist, And is frequently seen with a drink in his fist— While sitting around."

One of Napoleon's veterans is living in ago, when he began to absent himself for about an hour every afternoon. This went walk, Conn. His name is Frederick G. on for some time without occasioning com- | Vollmer, born in the town of Sultz-onment, but the chief bookkeeper finally Necker, Wurtemberg, on March 15, 1784.

Baleigh Register.

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marry de gal fur love, or bekase her father

has some wealth which you hope he'll shell out fur your benefit ? "Love am a powerful emoshun, Brudder Skinner, but love widout pork and 'taters to keep it goin' am like de froth on top of

soda water. "Don't mistake your sentiments. If you am sartin dat you love, go ahead. If it am only lollypop, hire out as a deck hand on a steamboat fur a week an' it will all go away. I hev known couples ez seemed to be dyin' of love. Deir silly ackshuns made 'em the laffin' stock of a hull nayburhood. Dey seemed to dote and dote, but it didn't last. Arter a couple of y'ars de husband war' a home grum-bler an' tyrant, an' de wife a gadabout an' a scold. What dey s'posed was love war

only lollypop.
"Doan' marry a gal hopin' dat her father will set you up in de barber bizness. Most fadder-in-laws not only want all dey hez got, but am willin' to struggle fur another \$20,000.

"Doan' sot down an' figger dat fo' 'taters, a loaf of bread, half a pound of meat the old woman had met with a sudden an' a quart of applesass am goin' to run you fur a week. You will want all de tus in his room. The neighbors all sussalary you kin airn, an' you had better pected a crime, but no police investigation look aroun' an' find somebody who will followed. A few days afterward Pel sold lend you a dollar now an' then.

"Doan' flatter verselves dat all you hev got to do am to hug in de house an' kiss ober de gate. You'll be hungry fur co'n beef an' baked beans; your cloze will w'ar out; your flour an' butter will waste away, an' a bill fur two months' rent will send a chill down yer back. De man or woman who specks dat mar'd life am a green an' shady lane, lined wid orange blossoms on one side an' ten dollar bills on de udder, am gwine to wake up some day an' find de

rats leavin' de place in disgust. 'Think of dese things, Brudder Skinner. You kin get a wife in about five minutes, but it takes five y'ars to git shet of some of 'em. Expeck about one day's sunshine fur a week of cloudy weather. Reckon on house rent comin' due de fust of ebery month, an' de grocer an' butcher keepin an eye out fur you each Saturday night. It will amaze you how de woodpile de-cedes an' how de flour gits outen de bar'l so soon. Doan' walk into matrimony like a lobster into a box, but figger on whether de bait am wuth de risks. If you conclude to mar'y, you kin depend on dis club attendin de obsequies in a body, bringin' along a bounteous supply of ham sandwiches. If you decide not to, it am probable dat you will soon be promoted to some

posishun of trust an' responsibility. RAILROAD EARNINGS.

Why the Big Roads are in Trouble.

[New York Herald.] Statistics compiled in Commissioner made. The stomach, liver and intestines | Fink's office show that the decrease in of this young wife are now in the china railroad earnings is not due alone to the basins in the court room, and are declared increased number of railroads competing by medical experts to be impregnated with for traffic, but that there has been a steady decrease in the total volume of traffic of the country for several years past. This oung lady, Mile. Murat Bellisle, who dwindling away being coincident with the brought him a dowry of 6,000f. Ten days advent of new lines, the present result was after the wedding Pel's second wife and inevitable. Eastern people give but little her mother were seized with excruciating | thought to the fact that the centre of poppains in the bowels, vomiting and intense | ulation moving steadily and rapidly Westthirst, but the mother-in-law, having the | ward is working a vast change in the conpresentiment of evil, left Pel's house and dition of railroad traffic as well as of persuaded her daughter to do the same, other affairs. The growth of manufactures at the great centres of the West has been so rapid that Eastern men in general ceeded to spend them in reckless debauch- do not realize it. Ten thousand commodities which were formerly carried from the In 1884 he made the acquaintance of a East over the railways are now manufacwoman named Elize Bochmer and the two tured at the door of consumers in the lived together in a small house at Mon- | West and shipped to points still nearer the treuil. Elize sold Crèdit Foncier bonds setting sun. Some surprise was created and gave all the money to Pel. On July when a few years ago, it was found that the vast amount of funds annually sent to the evening of that very day Elize was through its usual channels into the reserseized with sudden pains in the intestines, voirs of capital at New York or Boston, vomiting and intense thirst. Pel forbade but was retained in the hands of the peoher to call any doctor or admit any neigh- | ple and in the banks throughout the West. bors. During Pel's absence, however, two In that respect the West has since been comwomen-Mme. Chesnet and Mme. Deven | paratively independent of Eastern banks. entered the forbidden apartment and In like manner the variety and extent of manufactures there are constantly increastearing out her hair and lacerating her ing, and this is consequently a factor flesh with her finger nails. This was on constantly tending to keep down the vol-July 12. Since then she disappeared- ume of railroad traffic.

THE INFERNAL REVENUE LAWS. Smokers Look Out!

[World Washington Gossip.] A stamp collector called at the office of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for the purpose of seeing if he could obtain a set of the internal revenue stamps. He was curtains. The neighbors gathered in the informed by the official in charge that proofs of these stamps were never given out, and that cancelled stamps went to the macerator with the paper money when it is feeling convinced that some infernal drama withdrawn from circulation. The revenue stamps are altogether too valuable to be trusted in the hands of collectors even stitious than the rest hoisted themselves up when they are cancelled. Some of the stamps represent a value of \$5,000 each. The collector asked if there were any way in which these stamps could be obtained. 'The only way," said the official, "is to take them from the packages of manufacturers or dealers after they have complied awaiting with feverish impatience for the with the law, but even this is forbidden, and if your taking the stamp from a packwindow of the room in which Elize used | age becomes known to an official of this Bureau it would be his duty to arrest you and have you prosecuted." This official added that very few private citizens undisorder, and heaps of white damp ashes derstood the extreme rigor of the revenue laws upon this subject. For instance, it were seen in the ash pan. There was a strong smell of chlorate of lime. The police were at once warned. Pel was ar- is the duty of every smoker who buys a box of cigars to scrape the stamp off from the box and destroy it. Every failure to destroy this stamp renders the owner of the box liable to a penalty of \$50 fine and ten days in jail. If this law were enforced to-morrow it is probable that the great majority of the smokers of the country

would have to go to prison. YOUNG ENGLAND'S TRIUMPH. Student of North Carolina Politics.

[New York Times Cable Message.] Lord Randolph Churchill's assurance, nerve, and obstinacy have won for him a victory which old politicians to-night say is unheard of in English politics. His re-"I should like to spoke a few remarks | volt Monday night was treated by the dull press as peevishness, but it was really deep policy, and a whole train of results has ensued. Lord Salisbury, who before overlooked him, now invited him to a confertwenty-three, with a mild eye and a lilac ence. which, after an hour, ended in his necktie, advanced to the front, and the sweeping triumph all along the line. That Lord Randelph secured the Secretaryship of State (Indian Department), or its equivmy ears dat you am about to be mar'd. I alent, for himself is a minor matter. His trus' dat de report am true, bekase I be- greater demands were that the coercion lieve it am de dooty of ebery young man act should be allowed to lapse, and that Sir Stafford Northcote, the Hon. R. A. Cross, and the Hon. W. H. Smith, formerly members of Beaconsfield's Cabinet, and hand an' spoke a few remarks to you wid | Lord Randolph's bêtes noir should be de udder. Gittin' mar'd has its werry se- shelved in the House of Lords. Their

rious side. Fur instance, am de gal gwine promotion is definitely settled. to marry you bekase she loves you, or to spite her folks bekase dey kept her away Crop prospect good, but the grass affords from de skatin' rink ? Am you gwine to abundant work .- Charlotte Democrat.