He'll find him one to woo. And soon the lovers' twilight Will hear a story told, And Jack will die or fly sky-high For sake of bair of gold. Hearken, Jack, and heed me-Ponder what I say! 'Tis fools are sold for locks of gold, For gold will turn to gray.

But Jack, if truth be spoken, Is simple Jack no more; If gold his heart has broken, Tis scarce the gold of yore. He wots of dower for daughters Not all in ringlets roll'd; To beauty steel'd, his heart will yield To stamped and minted gold. Hearken, Jack, and heed me-Ponder what I say ! If gold hath wing, as poets;sing,

Then gold may fleet away. When Jack goes forth a-wooing, If Jack has heart or head, And would not soon be rueing The hour that saw him wed, He will not pine for graces, Nor cringe for wealth to hold, But strive and dare by service fair To win a heart of gold. Hearken, Jack, and heed me-Ponder what I say ! The gear will fly, the bloom will die,

VARIETIES OF SOUTHERN LIFE. A-Playin' of Old Sledge at the Settle-mint.

But love will last for aye.

[Miss Murfree.*] "I hev hearn tell ez how them thar bogs rides that horses over hyar ter the Settlemint nigh on ter every night in the week ter play kyerds—'Old Siedge,' they calls it: an' thar goin's-on air jes scandalous-

ies' a drinkin' of apple-jack, an' a-bettin' verge; on the other, an ascent so abrupt like ter me." that the tall stems of the pines seemed laid upon the ground as they were marshaled in serried columns up the slope. No broad landscape was to be seen from this great projecting ledge of the mountain; the valey was merely a little basin, walled in on and narrow the world to the contracted area bounded by the sharp lines of their wooded summits, cut hard and clear against the blue sky. But for the toad, it would have seemed impossible that these wild steeps should be the chosen haunt of aught save deer, or bear, or fox; and certainly the instinct of the eagle built that eyrie called the Settlement, still higher, far above the towering pine forest. It might be accounted a tribute to the enterprise of group of roughly-clad mountaineers, each leaning lazily upon a grubbing-hoe or sorry spade-except, indeed, the overseer, who was upheld by the single crowbar furnished

able bodied neighbors over eighteen and under forty-five years of age, was a godsend to the Settlement and to the inhabit-

meetings were well-attended, although ter me." their results were often sadly inadequate. To day the usual complement of laborers was on hand, except the three boys whose charms of Old Sledge and apple-jack had occasioned comment. take keer an' come an' work," remarked

the overseer of the road, one Tobe Rains, who reveled in a little brief authority. "From what I hev hearn tell 'bout thar

It did not seem to occur to any of the ber, and that the deplorable wholesale in- here this controversy ended. solvency shadowed forth was not likely to although sometimes of avail as a threat.

attempting to chafe himself into a rage. hyar way of doin' hev got ter quit." By frien'ly kyerds. way of lending verisimilitude to the industrial figure of rhetoric, he lifted his hamnterest of gossip. "An' thar's that Josiah Tait," he continued, "a settled marned man, a-behavin' no better'n them fool | gether. boys. He hain't struck a lick of work fur high on tera month-'ceptin' a-goin' hunt-

own self."

"I wouldn't let my darter marry no man and those who lived closer at hand were plays kyerds," said a very young fellow, with procedure of their comrades, and those who lived closer at hand were not disposed to atone for their comrades, works." with great decision of manner, "no matter what he hed, nor how he hed it." As the lady referred to was only two weeks old, and this solicitude concerning her matrimonial disposition was somewhat remature, there was a good-natured gufiw at the young fellow's expense.

"An now," Tobe Rains resumed, "cf mountain side from the reservoir of gloom

"An now," Tobe Rains resumed, "cf premature, there was a good-natured guffaw at the young fellow's expense. An now," Tobe Rains resumed, "ef Josiah keeps on the way ez he hev started, he hain't a-goin' ter hev no more'n the tother boys round the mounting—mebbe tother boys round the mounting—mebbe above the western summits; the clouds day, it 'pears like ter me. Ye air a-wastin' "S'pose we sto

Maleigh

Kenister,

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hed a barder grip."
A long silence fell upon the party. Three

of the twenty men assembled, in dearth of anything else to do, took heart of grace, and fell to work; fifteen leaned upon their hoes in a variety of postures, all equally expressive of sloth, and, with slow eyes, followed the graceful sweep of a hawk, drifting on the wind, without a motion of its wings, across the blue sky to the opposite range. Two, one of whom was the overseer, searched their pockets for a plug of tobacco, and when it was found its possessor gave to him that lacked. At length, Abner Blake, who furnished all the items of news, and led the conversation, removed his eyes from the flight of the hawk, as the bird was absorbed in the variegated October foliage of the opposite mountain, and reopened the discussion. At the first word the three who were working paused in attentive quietude; the fifteen changed their position to one still more restful; the overseer sat down on a bowlder by the roadside, and placed his contemplative elbows

on his knees and his chin in his hands. "I hearn tell, " said Abner Blake, with the pleasing consciousness of absorbing the attention of the company, and being able to meet high expectations, "ez how Josiah hev los" that that brindled heifer Josiah hev los that that brindled heifer cutte. His listless manner was that of tinct intimation of power in his lean, ter Budd Wray, an' the main heft of his stolidity, not of a studied calm; his brown sinewy figure, and his face bore the scarlet crap of corn. But mebbe he'll take a turn now an' win 'em back agin. "

"Tain't likely," remarked Tobe Rains. "No, 'tain't," coincided the virtuous The industrious three, who might have

but the next inarticulate gurgle, preliminary always to Blake's speech—a sort of about his lips and chin which indicated a fretfully anticipating Wray, spoke in re rising bell to ring up somnolent attention corresponding development of a firm will ply: "No, he never. I fotched this hyar

"An' cornsiderin, ez how Budd Wrayhe it war ez won 'em; I seen the heifer along 'o the cow ter his house yestiddy evenin', ez I war a-comin' from a-huntin' yander ter the sulphur spring-an' cornsid erin' ez he is nuthin, but a single man, an' hain't got no wife, it do look mighty graspin' ter be a-takin' from a man ez hev got a It was a lonely place: a sheer precipice wife an' a houseful of his wife's kinsfolks on one side of the road that curved to its to look arter. Mighty graspin', it 'pears roads, and soon was around the curve and honor and glory appertaining to the trav-

> workers suggestively-"I s'nose or how Budd won it fair. hand job, war it?"

flight of the hawk, again floating above the As the rider went on upward the woods sudden bark of a fox in the woods near at hand smote the air shrilly.

replied at last, with significant emphasis. The suspicion fell upon the party like a revelation, with an auxiliary sense of surprise that it had not been earlier presented,

so patent was the possibility.
Still that instinct of justice latent in the by the county, the only sound implement I dunno how come Josiah Tait, what's aln use among the party. The provident ways been a peart, smart boy, an' his dad tomed title. dispensation of the law, leaving the care afore him always war a thrivin' man, an Budd Wray war never nobody nor nuthin' hitched the mare to a laurel bush, and, enif it failed of the immediate design of se- no other way. Ef he keeps on a-playin' table; a tallow dip, a great extravagance some mischief is a-happenin'." curing a tolerable passway through the of Old Sledge hyar at the Settlemint, he'll in these parts, blinked on the head of a "'Tain't nuthin' but Budd Wray a lafwoods, it served the far more important be worth ez much ez anybody on the barrel near by, and gave a most flickering purpose of drawing together the diversely mounting what's done been a workin' all and ineffectual light, but the steady radi-

of hisself. I kin make out no good reason why Josiah Tait oughter be pertee- Before the fire, burning low and sullenly "They'll hev ter be fined, ef they don't ted agin Budd Wray. 'Pears ter me ef in the deep chimney, were sitting two elke keer an' come an' work," remarked one of 'em kin larn ter play Old Sledge, derly men, who looked with disfavor upon the t'other kin. An' Josiah hev got toler'-

ble good sense." "That's how come all ye young muskgoin's on, none of 'em is a-goin' ter hev rats dunno nuthin', " retorted Blake in Budd," said one of the card-shufflers in a nuthin' ter pay fines with, when they gits some heat. "Jes' let one of you-uns git done with thar foolin' an' sech," said Ab- turned twenty years old, an' ye think ye her Blake, a man of weight and importance, | air ez wise an' cz settled as ef ye war sixty, an' ye can't l'arn nuthin' more. "

"All the same, I don't see ez Josiah Tait group that the losses among the three card- needs a dry-nuss ter keep off Wray an' players served to enrich one of the num- sech critters," was the response. And

"Somehow," said Tobe Rains, reflecensue in substance. Perhaps their fatuity in this regard arose from the fact that an' Josiah Tait hev enny call ter be sech seating himself in a rush-bottomed chair, fining the derelict was not an actuality, frien'ly folks. I hev hearn ez how Budd Wray war a-followin' round Melindy Price it fell down, an' come hyar ter do thar fustrate till Josiah tuk to comin' 'bout 'n on ter three o'clock, I reckon-I seen the ter Nineveh ter warn the folks thar." work fur 'em-a-fixin' up of this hyar road | the Scrub-Oak Ridge, whar she lived in | bigges', fattes' buck I hev seen this year fur them ter travel," exclaimed Tobe Rains, them days. That thar ain't the stuff ter a-bouncin' through the laurel, an' I shot make frien's out'n. Thar is some sort 'n him. An' I hed to kerry him 'long home,

"I knowed that thar 'bout 'n his a-followin' round Melindy afore she was mar- an' a-waitin' while ye goes a huntin' of mer and dealt an ineffectual blow at a ried. I 'lowed one time as Melindy hed a deer," said Josiah Tait, angrily, and speak- They hev ter stay." large bowlder. Then he picked up his mind ter marry Wray stiddier Josiah, " ing for the first time. "I could hev gone crowler and leaning heavily on the im said the young father, shaken in his parti- an' shot twenty deer ef I would hev tuk said the young father, shaken in his partiplement, resigned himself to the piquant sanship. "An' it always 'peared ter me the time. Ye said cz how ye war a-goin' ez it war mighty comical ez he an' Josiah ter be hyar an hour by sun, an' jes' look | pit. tuk ter playin' of Old Sledge and sech to-

These questions were not easy of soluwhile. He hev jes' pulled through at the little eend of the horn. I never sot much store by him, nohow, though when he war

> defection by prolonging their stay. The The melancholy voiced store-keeper inchoes for a long time vibrated among the lonely heights with the metallic sounds of their horses' hoofs, every moment becominterests of Old Sledge. "Ef I hed

antlers the mingled light of sun and moon. uplifted; the next, with an elastic spring, as of a creature without weight, he was flying up the steep slope and disappearing amid the slumberous shades of the dark pines. A sudden, sound comes from far along the curves of the road-a sound foreign to woods and stream and sky; again, and yet again, growing constantly more distinct, the striking of iron against stone, the quick, regular beat of a horse's tread, and an equestrian figure, facing the moon and with the sun at his back.

rides between the steep ascent and the

precipice on his way to the Settlement and

the enticements of Old Sledge. He was not the conventional type of the roistering blade. There was an expression of settled melancholy on his face very usual with these mountaineers, reflected, perhaps, from the indefinable tinge of sadness that rests upon the Alleghany wilds, that hovers about the purling mountaintops, that broods over the silent woods, that sounds in the voice of the singing waters. Nor was he like the prosperous perfessin' member " of the card-playing culte. His listless manner was that of jeans suit was old and worn and patched; dreamed of in its maker's philosophy. He rode a wiry gray mare without a saddle, the drift and rhetoric of his speech bedone better in better company, went to work again for the space of a few minutes; and carried a heavy rifle. He was perhaps spoke the loan of the circuit-rider.

The card-players looked up, less strength and stature, and there were lines -brought them once more to a stand- and tenacity of purpose. His slow brown | coal o' fire myself, an' ef ye don't look out went around the ledge, and notwithstan- an' singe ye. I larnt how ter play when I

definite train of thought, rather than lost in the vague, hazy reverie which is the habitual mental atmosphere of the quiescent mountaineer. The mare, left to herself, traveled along the rocky way in a debonair "I s'pose," said one of the three the Settlement. There was a rickety bridge ment Day seemed imminent over his dodg-There was a portentous silence. The of sunlight, and now a dart from the moon, out of mind. red rays of the day were fading from the | ain't afeard o' nuthin' an' nobody." "That thar ain't for me ter say," Blake tops of the trees, but the moon, full and "Ye gin me ter onderstand, then, ez the meridian, and was swinging down the made out ter git, even ef I hedn't a-forgot hev been a aimin' an' a-contrivin' ter tell cuted was a cinder among the logs. He distance along level ground, a turn to the in'?"

'bout time we war a-quittin' o' this hyar a-right, and here, on the highest elevation

There was an angry exclamation from playin' of Old Sledge; it's midnight an'

Wray dismounted in front of the store, scattered settlers, and affording them un-wonted conversational facilities. These gin with. It don't look fair an' sensible flood through the open door, and kindly supplied all deficiencies. The two young "'Pears like ter me," said the very mountaineers were of the usual sad-eyed nish, to be clouded with a funcreal aspect.

Wray as he came in and placed his gun with a clatter in the corner. "Ye war a long time a gittin' hyar, gentle voice, with curiously low-spirited proprietor of the store, one Tom Scruggs,

honors. The other looked up with recognizing eyes, but said nothing. and drawing close to the inverted basket. "Ez I war a-comin' along, 'bout haffen "It's got ter quit-that's what I say; this cur'ous doin's a-goin' on 'bout'n these hyar 'kase suthin' mought hev got him ef I had a-left him thar. An' it hendered me some." "An' we hev ter sit hyar a-wastin' away

a-yander," pointing to the lustrous disc of the moon. tion. Many speculations were preferred the sun war a-settin'," seturned Wray. they hev got ter stand up ter it, ez I never the truck ez I hev won from ye?" with the tothers, every wunst in a concerning the suspicious circumstances "Ef ye air in sech a hurry, whyn't yer cut axed none of 'em ter play. Ef they scor-

married ter Melindy Price, nigh 'bout a jecture could not go. Everything was left "I'll put it down ye with the ramrod o' hev kep' it a-light." through the deep woods to their homes, "I'm a-waitin' fur yer ramrod," said

ing fainter, until at last all was hushed. a-knowed ez how ye two boys war a-goin'

heva-tuken somebody what owned less, but hed a harder grip."

the bark of the lox quivered on the large stirred with a faint rustle, all he wanted. "But ter be kep'a-waitin' had a deer stood in the midst of the ill-hyar while Budd comes a-sn'akin' through The royal lady was recklessly the strength of the large stood in the midst of the ill-hyar while Budd comes a-sn'akin' through the royal lady was recklessly the royal lad For a moment he was motionless, his hoofs ter kerry 'em, an' then a-sn'akin' agin themselves. Tom was destitute, and Budd the deuce to it. Wray next led the acc, sullen thud in the utter quietude of the make a respectable appearance on

> a-talkin'. That thar tongue o' your'n will ter make a man deaf fur life."

Thus exhorted, Josiah dealt. In receivnition of an old acquaintance; but before winning back of a half-bushel measure, the game was fairly begun, another interbeside the fire rose and advanced upon the nounced at the end of the game that he would

twict-wunst right hyar, an' wunst at the snuffed the blirking tallow dip, and re-Jedgmint Day. War it ye ez interjuced seated himself, an eager spectator of the this hyar coal o' fire from hell, that ye call play that followed. Old Sledge, up hyar ter the Settlemint?" The querist was a gaunt, forlorn-looking | ward, unaccustomed clutch upon cards man, stoop-shouldered, and slow in his and the doubtful recognition he bestowed movements. There was, however, a dis- on each as it fell upon the basket, he disscar of a wound torn by a furious fang, his hat, which had seen many a drenching | which, though healed long ago, was an winter rain and scorching summer sun, ever-present reminder of a fierce encounter and pouncing unerringly upon his prey in had acquired sundry drooping curves un- with a wild beast, in which he had come off victorious. The tones of his voice and

The card-players looked up, less in surprise than exasperation, and Josiah Tait. eyes were fixed upon the horizon as he an' stand back out'n the way, it'll flare up ding the languid monotony of the express- went down yander ter the Cross Roads, ion of his face he seemed absorbed in some | an' I brung it ter the Settlemint myself.' There was a mingled glow of the pride of the innovator and the disdainful superiority of the iconoclast kindling within Josiah Tait as he claimed the patent for Old Sledge. The catechistic terrors of the Last fashion inplying a familiarity with worse Day had less reality for him than the present beginning the sharp ascent which led to cled importer of a new game. The Judgnly when beholding the most

every side by the meeting ranges that rose | mountains, now in the shadow of the rest- | were as dense as ever; no glimpse yet of | ter 'count fur sech," said Wray, nodding | was all a-sparkle. The shadows of the so high as to intercept all distant prospect, ing clouds, now in the still sunshine, was the signet of civilization set upon the wil- at the cards, "I'll hev ye ter know ez I laurel about the door were beginning to the only motion in the landscape. The derness and call d the Settlement. By the kin stand up ter anything I does. I hev fall on the step, every leaf distinctly defintime he had reached the summit the last | got no call ter be ashamed of myself, an' I

high in the eastern heavens, shed so reful- Josiah l'arned ye ter play?" asked the western sky. gent a light that it might be questioned self-constituted grand inquisitor. "How whether the sun rose on a brighter world | come, then, Budd Wray, ez ye wins all than that which he had left. A short the truck from Josiah, ef ye air jes' a-l'arn- er in the woods-"boys, I reckon it's went on with the play. The ten of hearts ever seen him, 'kase o' his hevin' a house,

human heart kept the pause unbroken for of the range, was perched the little town. Josiah, and Wray laughed out triumphant- past, an' Budd hev toler'ble fur ter go." Old Sledge that mountain barriers proved a white. Then Blake, whose information | There was a clearing of ten acres, a black- ly. The walls caught the infrequent mirthneither let nor hindrance, and here in the on most points at issue entitled him to smith's shop, four log huts facing indis- ful sound, and reverberated with a hollow ering near its end, suddenly went out, fastnesses was held that vivacious sway, special consideration, proceeded to give criminately in any direction, a small repetition. From the dark forest just be and the party suffered a partial eclipse, his opinion on the subject: "I'm a per-store with one story and one room, and a yond the moon-flooded clearing the echo Josiah Tait dragged the inverted basket In the middle of the stony road stood a fessin' member of the church, an' dunno new frame court house, whitewashed and rang out. There was a subtle, weird in closer to the door and into the full brilone o' them thar kyerds from t'other; an' inclosed by a plank fence. In the last fluence in those exultant tones, rising and liance of the moon, declaring that neither an attitude of sluggish disinchination to what is more, I ain't a-wantin' ter know. session of the legislature, the Settlement and falling by fitful starts in that tangled, Wray nor he should leave the house till he the allotted task of mending the highway, I hev seen 'em a-playin' wunst, an' I hearn had been made the county-seat of a new wooded desert; now loud and close at had retrieved his misfortunes or lost every-'em a-talkin' that thar foolishness 'bout 'n county; the additional honor of a name hand; now the faintest whisper of a sound. thing in the effort. The host, feeling that 'high' an' 'low, 'an' sech—they'll all be had been conferred upon it, but as yet it The men all turned their slow eyes toward even hospitality has its limits, did not oflow enough 'fore long. But what I say is, was known among the population of the the sombre shadows, so black beneath the fer to light another expensive candle, but of house and land, homeless and penniless. hed nuthin much," he continued, "an' I mountain by its time-honored and accus- silver moon, and then looked at each threw a quantity of pineknots on the smoul-

in'," said the old hunter. "Whenever I gled light of fire and moon the game went -he war always mighty no'-count, him an' tering, discovered his two boon compan- bear them critters a laffin' that thar way in on. all his folks—an' what I dunno is, how ions drearily waiting, and shuffling the them woods, I puts out fur home an' bars come he kin git the upper hand of Josiah cards again and again to while away the up the door, fur I hev hearn tell ez how monstrated the sad voiced store-keeper, ants of the tributary region, in that even Tait at these hyar kyerds, an can't git it time. An inverted splint basket served as the sperits air a prowlin' round then, an as a deep groan and a deep curse empha-

> fin'," said the storc keeper, reassuringly. 'bout time ter quit." "I hev hearn them thar rocks an' things a-answerin' back every minute in the day, when anybody hollers right loud." "They don't laff, though, like they war a-laffin' jes' a while ago.'

got much call ter laff. He was unaware of the lurking melan choly in this speech, and it passed unno-

ticed by the others. said the old hunter. "An' ef ye knows basket. what air good fur ye, ye'll light out from

-not even the bark of a dog nor a tremu-

and this speech was by way of doing the lous whisper of the night-wind. 'I'm a-goin', too," he said. "I kem hyar the question. ter the Settlemint," he added, turning

war swallowed by a whale arterwards." but even thar Providence pertected him. He kem out 'n the whale agin, what no-

game, " said Wray sullenly, but stung to agin the house an' land?" a slight repentance by this allusion to the Tom, hyar. I hev hed toler'ble luck along saying before he looked at his hand, "That thar moon war high enough 'fore o' this Old Sledge, but they know, an'

"We hev said our say, an' we air a-go-in'" remarked one of the unheeded coun-

"An' play on of yer kyerds!" cried Josiah to the others, in a louder, shriller voice than was his wont, as the two elderly men stepped out of the door. The woods caught the sound and gave it back

"S'pose we stops fer ter-night," sug- carefully surveying his hand. above the western summis; the clouds about were gorgeous in borrowed color; tharles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree): Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree): Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree): Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree): The Boston: Houghton finds the Soron: Houghton finds the York, 11 East Seventeenth Street; The Riverside Press, Cambridge, 1885, 16mo, cloth, the Publishers on receipt of the Publishers on receipt of the Publishers on receipt of the process.

through the woods, an' a-gittin' hyar night through the woods, an' a-gittin' hyar night time that's what riles me." Docketed the trick with unction. This "Dad-burn the rotten luck!" cried Jo-"Waal, go 'long, now!" exclaimed trifling success went disproportionately far siah. Wray, fairly roused out of his imperturba- in calming his agitation, and for a time "Deal them kyerds, an' step he played more heedfully. Tom Scruggs's caution made ample amends for his lack git cut out some o' these hyar days. It of experience. So slow was he, and so jes' goes like a grist-mill, an' it's enough | much time did he require for consideration, that more than once he roused his companions to wrath. The anxieties with ing their hands the players looked search which he was beset preponderated over the ingly at every card, as if in doubtful recog- pleasure afforded by the sport, and the which he had placed in jeopardy and lost, ruption occurred. One of the elderly men so satisfied this prudent soul that he anplay no more for this evening. The others Thar is a word ez we hev laid off ter | were welcome, though, to continue if they ax ye, Budd Wray, which will be axed liked, and he would sit by and look on. He

> Wray was a cool hand. Despite the awkplayed an imperturbability and nerve that usually comes only of long practice, and singular pertinacity in pursuing the line of the nick of time. The brindled heifer's ownership; a yoke of oxen, a clay-bank filly, ten hogs-every moment he was growexultation was held well in hand under the domination of a strong will and a settled purpose. Josiah Tait became almost maddened by these heavy losses; his hands whisper. trembled. his eager exclamations were incoherent, his dull eyes blazed at fever heat,

and ever and anon the echo of his shrill, raised voice rang back from the untiring The single spectator of the game now and then, in the intervals of shuffling and dealing the cards, glanced over his shoul- | the wall. der at the dark trees whence the hidden tated tones. There was a rails of the fences; a sense of freshness "But ef ye air a-thinkin' of callin' me and dew pervaded the air, and the grass ed in the moon's magical tracery. He knew without looking up that she had passed

"Boys," he said in a husky undertone -he dared not speak aloud, for the mockbout time we war a-quittin' o' this hyar a-The tallow dip, that had long been flickdering coals; presently a white blaze was If he could make the four chances he would but I thought ez how ve an' me might "It's bout time fur me ter be a-start- streaming up the chimney, and in the min-

> sized the result of high, jack and game for Wray, and low alone for Tait. "An' it's

"Dad-burn the luck!" exclaimed Josiah, in a hard, strained voice. "I ain't a. ment of intense silence; he seemed petrigoin'ter leave this hyar spot till I hev won | fied as his eyes met the triumphant gaze of | about. He done like any other man back them thar critters o' mine what he his opponent. The next instant he was at | would." hev tuk. An' I kin do it-I kin do it in Wray's throat. young fellow, father of the very young daughter, "cf a man is old enough ter git married, he is old enough to take keer experience than the Settlement could fur
'No, they don't, admitted the storehave seemed to those of a wider range of git married, he is old enough to take keer experience than the Settlement could fur
'kase that is nobody round hyar ez hev already lost to Wray everything available as a stake. There was a sudden unaccountable gleam of malice on the lucky and spasmodic efforts on the part of each taunts. winner's face; the quick glance flashed in the moonlight into the distended hot eyes "It's this hyar a-foolin' along of Old of his antagonist. Wray laughed silently, Sledge an' sech ez calls the sperits up," and began to push his chair away from the

"Stop! stop!" cried Josiah, hoarsely. hyar an' go home. They air a-laffin' yit-" "I hev got a house-a house an' fifty acres, cadences. He spoke slowly, too, and with a slight difficulty, as if he seldom had occasion to express himself in words and his

The faintest staccato laugh thrilled from cows, an' the brindled heifer, an' the gray organs were out of practice. He was the among the leaves. And then all was silent mare, an' the clay-bank filly, an' them ten hogs, an' the yoke o' steers, an' the wagon. an' the corn-them two loads o' corn : that The other elderly man, who had not yet spoken, rose from his seat by the fire. He leaned forward eagerly as he asked

"Look a-hyar, Josiah," exclaimed the upon the gamblers, "'kase I hev been store-keeper, aghast, "this hyar is a-goin' called ter warn ye o' the wickedness o' yer too fur! Hain't yer los' enough a'ready "An' we hev ter leave everythink whar afore she war married, an' she liked him mile an' better from our house—'twar nigh ways, ez Jonah afore me war tole ter go up but ye must be a puttin' up the house what shelters ye? Look at me, now: I "Things turns out powerful cur'ons ain't done los' nothin' but the half-bushe wunst in a while, " retorted Wray. "He | measure, an' I hev got it back agin. An' it air a blessin' that I her got it again, for "Kase he would n't do ez he war tole; 't would hev been mighty ill-convenient round hyar 'thout it. "

"Will yer take it ?" said Josiah, almost body kin do cz gits swallowed in the pit. | pleadingly, persistently addressing himhey hev ter stay." self to Wray, regardless of the remon-"It hain't me ez keeps up this hyar strant host. "Will ye put up the critters

Wray made a feint of hesitating. Then "It air Josiah hyar ez is a-aimin' ter he signified his willingness by seating win back the truck he hev los'; an' so air himself and beginning to deal the cards, "That thar house an' land o' yourn agin "Oh, Lord, boys, this must be sinful!

"Hold ver jaw! hold ver jaw!" said Till something yet more perfect is secured.

Till something yet mo back that that brindled heifer an' that that up the house an' land agin the truck. I'll Say ye won't tech him ter hurt, an' I'll the sense of its pressure became almost unback that thar brindled heifer an' that thar gray mare out yander, what Budd air aridin', an' them thar two wagon-loads o' detected uncertainty still lurking in the corn."

dup the house an land agin the truck. In the presente almost uncertainty and the help ye ter hold him."

help ye ter hold him."

Josiah succumbed to their united efforts, and presently made no further show of reconstructions. In the sense of its pressure became almost uncertainty and presently made no further show of reconstructions. expression of Wray's face. "The court sistance, but sank, still panting, into one ed a delight almost savage in holding the air a-goin' ter sit hyar ter-morrer, an' the of the chairs beside the inverted basket, possessions for which she had been so willlawyers from the valley towns will be hyar and gazed blankly, with the eyes of a de- ing to resign him. "Jes' kicked me out'n toler'ble soon, I reckon. An' I'll git ye a spairing, hunted creature, out at the sheen | the way like I war nuthin' more'n that than deed writ fust thing in the mornin'.

"Ye hearn him say it?" said Wray, turning to Tom Scruggs.
"I hearn him," was the reply. And the game went on.

"I beg," said Josiah, pitcously, after

kenly. "Ye hin take a plant fust."

kenly. "Ye needn't be afeard cz how I sin't a-goin' ter make my words true. Ef looker-on in Josiah's favor. High, low, ye comes hyar at noon ter-morrer, ye'll git like and colorless in their curious, unreal between the thumb nails.—Lexington (Ga.)

not ez much—an' Melindy Price hed better the bark of the fox quivered on the air; he was only too willing to play—that was deal 'em a hand. That! that trick is mine. in the pack. Thus the score was three to an' land ez I an' my folks hev hed night on Play ter this hyar queen o' trumps.

One. In the next deal, the trump, a spade, ter a hundred year. I ain't a-goin' ter fail was allowed by Wray to stand. He led o' my word though." mended road, catching upon his spreading the woods, an' a stoppin' ter shoot wild upon the basket, with all her foes in amantlers the mingled light of sun and moon. varmints an' sech, an' then a-goin' home bush. Somehow, they did not present siah, in momentary exultation, as he played

> With the advantage of high and jack a foregone conclusion, Wray began to play warily for game. But despite his caution he lost the next trick. Josiah was in doubt the house in which Josiah how to follow up this advantage; after an fathers had lived for nearly a hundred anxious interval of cogitation, he said, "I | years: it was an humble log cabin, nestled | ran between the precipice and the steep asb'lieve I'll throw away fur a while," and laid that safe card, the five of diamonds, the Settlement. Fifty cleared acres, in an | mist had broken into thousands of fleecy upon the basket. "Tom," he added, "put | irregular shape, lay behind it; the cornon some more o' them knots. I kin hardly stalks, sole remnant of the crop lost at Old ly tinted foliage, and the sunlight was tell what I'm a-doin' of. I hev got the Sledge, were still standing, their sickly striking deep into the valley. The woods shakes, an' somehow 'nother my eyes is | yellow tint blanched by contrast with the cranky, and wobble so ez I can't see."

merrily up the chimney, and the clear harvested wheat, and flourished in the light fell full upon the basket as Wray summer sun, and died under the first fall laid upon the five the ten of diamonds. "Lord! Josiah!" exclaimed TomScruggs, becoming wild, and even more ill-judged than usual, beginning to feel as if he were and there, among its gray vapors, a scar-three wagons were standing among the assisting at his friend's obsequies, and to let bough flamed with sharply accented stumps in the clearing. The door of the have a more decided conviction that this intensity. There was no far-reaching per- store was occupied by a coterie of mounway of coming by house and land and cattle and goods was sinful. "Lord! Josiah! that thar kyerd he's done saved 'll count | the world, and here, close at hand, were him ten fur game. Ye had better hev tactics he had marked out-lying in wait played that thar queen o' di'monds, an'

The white sheets of flame went whizzing | boring field, that had grown up after the

them at noon, this dreary autumnal day;

a wet cloud hung in the tree-tops; here

spective in the long aisles of the woods;

bronze-green trees, and there spectre-like

house the smoke rose slowly; the doors

were closed, and not a creature was visible

and malignity, as Budd Wray appeared

He knocked; there was a low-toned re-

ng blue eyes, and, rising from her low

house air yourn, Budd Wray, I wants ter

"I hev come hyar ter tell ye a word,"

Her tears flowed afresh, and she looked

dragged it out'n him." Good Lord in heaven!" shricked Jomother followed her offspring into his siah, in a frenzy at this unwarrantable dis-

"Lord in heaven!" rang loud from the save ten hogs prowling about in front of ing richer. But his success did not for an instant shake his stolid calm, quicken his blood, nor relax his vigilant attention; his and the air was filled with repetitions of the word, growing fainter and fainter, till suddenly in the mist and made his way to ing, galloped heedlessly down the long, they might have seemed the echo of a the cabin.

The men neither heard nor heeded. Tom Scruggs, although appreciating the depth of the infamy into which he had unwit- dently unexpected; the two occupants of tingly plunged, was fully resolved to stand | the room looked at him with startled eyes, stoutly upon the defensive—he even ex- in which, however, the momentary surprise tended his hand to take down his gun, was presently merged in an expression of which was laid across a couple of nails on bitter dislike. The elder, a faded, care- in the afternoon. The few necessities left

mimic of the woods, with some strong wray, as Tait drew his knife. "Tom clothes. The younger, a pretty girl of be transported with him, his wife, and suggestion of sinister intent, repeated the never went fur ter tell, an' I'll give ye a eighteen, looked hard at him with fast-mother-in-law to Melinda's old home on hearts; an' a ten is the mos' ez that thar pools now a long, slender, polished lance the fire and brimstone out of sight were the roofs of the houses and the topmost critter of a queen could hev made out ter by grief and resentment, "Ef this hyar morning. Josiah hesitated. git out'n it."

"That thar is the mos' ez she could hev done," said the store-keeper, smoothing over the results of his carelessness. "The glance with a stern stolidity. He flung Budd Wray strode in impetuously: A briljacks don't count but fur one apiece, so himself into a chair, and, fixing his moody that that ten is the mos' ez she could hev eyes on the fire, went on: "A word ez I

ye ever sence ye war married ter Josiah an' tole Budd she war in yer hand." Josiah was mollified by this very equit- Tait, an' afore that—ever sence ye tuk able proposal, and, resuming his chair, he back the word ez ye hed gin me afore ye which he had thus secured was, however, an' critters, an' sech like. He hain't got of no great avail in counting for game. none now-none of 'em. I hev been a-laywas added to these. The score therefore time, 'count of the scandalous way ye done

stood six to two in his favor. The perennial faith of the gambler in the next turn of the wheel was strong in Josiah Tait. Despite his long run of bad in my pocket ter tell ye what I done it luck, he was still animated by the feverish | fur.' delusion that the gracious moment was surely close at hand when success would appealingly at him. He did not remove smile upon him. Wray, it was true, need- his indignant eyes from the blaze, stealing ed to score only one point to turn him out He was confident it would never be scored. | never said I hed nuthin' much, like Josiah, be even with his antagonist, and then he make out toler'ble well, bein' ez we sot could win back in a single point all that consider'ble store by each other in them he had lost. His face wore a haggard, days, afore he ever tuk ter comin' a-huntin' moment thrilled through every nerve. He a-livin' then. I don't keer nuthin' 'bout'n watched with fiery eyes the dealing of the | it now, 'ceptin' it riles me, an' I war bound cards, and, after hastily scrutinizing his ter spite ye fur it. I don't keer nuthin' hand, he glanced with keen interest to see | more 'bout ye now than fur one o' them the trump turned. It was a knave, count- thar dead leaves. I want ye ter know I ing one for the dealer. There was a mo- jes' done it ter spite ye-ye is the one. I

reeled across the floor, marring the exquis- eyes. ite arabesque of moonshine and laurel leaves-quick, hard panting, a deep oath, to draw a sharp knife prevented by the strong intertwining arms of the other.

monstrated with both, to no purpose, and | man on one eend o' the beam an' a lot o' as the struggle could end only in freeing a senseless critters an' house an' land on the covered by the acceptor immediately after murderous hand, he rushed into the clear- tother. Ye never keered nuthin' fur me ing, shouting the magical word "Fight!" nor Josiah nuther, of the truth war knowed: with all the strength of his lungs. There | ye war all tuk up with the house an' land was no immediate response, save that the an' critters. An' they hev done lef' ye, affrighted rocks rang with the frenzied what nare one o' the men would hev done." cry, and the motionless woods and the white moonlight seemed pervaded with sight of her distress had no softening inmyriads of strange, uncanny voices. Then a cautious shutter of a glassless window pay ye back fur what ye hev done ter me, an' was opened, and through the narrow chink I reckon ye 'll 'low now ez we air foler'ble there fell a bar of red light, on which was even. Ye tuk all I keered fur away from clearly defined an inquiring head, like an me, an' now I hev tuk all ye keer fur away inquisitively expressive silhouette. "They from ye. An' I am a-goin' now yander air a-fightin' yander ter the store, whar ter the Settlemint ter hev this hyar deed they air a-playin' of Old Sledge," said the master of the shanty, for the enlighten like Lawyer Green tole me ter do right ment of the curious within. And then he closed the shutter, and, like the law-abiding citizen that he was, betook himself to be able ter tell ye fur a year an' better. his broken rest. This was the only ex- | An' now I'm a-goin' ter git this hyar deed pression of interest elicited. A dreadful anxiety was astir in the storekeeper's thoughts. One of the men would certainly be killed; but he cared not so

much for the shedding of blood in the abstract as that the deed should be committed on his premises at the dead of night; and there might be such a concatenation willful perversion of the facts, that suspicion would fall on him. The first circuit the law, deadly to an unaccustomed mind, from without, he rushed back into the

of the moonlight.

Wray, in a surly tone. "I never axed him | - kase I don't count Josiah in. Twar the. ter play kyerds, nor ter bet, nor nuthin'. house an' land an' sech she war a-studyin' He l'arned me hisself, an' ef I hed los' 'bout." And every moment the weight In troops of volunteers, both great and small, stiddier of him, he would be a thinkin' of the deed grew heavier. He took scant now ez it's all right."

Raleigh Register.

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color, sparkling with the tremulous drops

that shimmered in the sun. There was an unwonted air of animation summer sun, and died under the first fall and activity pervading the place. To the of the frost. A heavy moisture lay upon court-house fence were hitched several lean, forlorn horses, with shabby old saddles, or sometimes merely blankets; two or taineers, talking with unusual vivacity of the all-pervading mist had enwrapped the most startling event that had agitated the whole country-side for a score of years -the winning of Josiah Tait's house and outlines of boles and branches, dimly seen land at Old Sledge. The same subject was in the haze, and beyond an opaque, color- rife among the choice spirits congregated in less curtain. From the chimney of the the court-house yard and about the portal of that temple of justice, and Wray's ap-proach was watched with the keenest in-

> They never knew how to account for it. While the forlorn family were sitting before the smoking fire, as the day waned, liant flame shot up the chimney, and the deed which Josiah Tait had that day exewent as he came, and the mystery was never explained.

thar house, an' held him, an' tuk the deed Wray had already high and jack, and game in' off ter bring him ter this pass fur a long away from him tergether. An' they made treated me a year ago las' June. He hain't what he had done won away from 'em." got no house, nor no critters, nor nuthin'. This version came to his ears, and was I done it, an' I come hyar with the deed | never denied. He was more ashamed of sle with Melinda and Josiah. And since the night of Budd Wray's

timidly up the smoky chimney. "I never hain't got no grudge agin Josiah ter talk The bank refuses to allow it. Has the

The color flared into the drooping face, The shadows of the swaying figures and there was a flash in the weeping blue "I s'pose I hed a right ter make a

ch'ice," she said, angrily, stung by these "Jes so," responded Wray, coolly; "ye hed a right ter make a ch'ice atwixt two although written, it may be cancelled by The store-keeper, at a safe distance, re- men; but no gal hev got a right ter put a | the acceptor." Daniel on Neg. Inst., vol-The girl burst into convulsive sobs, but recorded on the book ter the court-house, straight. I laid off, though, ter come hyar fust, an' tell ye what I hev been aimin' ter recorded. "

He replaced the sheet of scrawled legalcap in his pocket, and rose to go; then turned, and, leaning heavily on the back of his chair, looked at her with lowering

"Ye're a pore little critter," he said, with scathing contempt. "I dunno what of circumstances, through the malefactor's | ails Josiah nor me nuther ter hev sot our hearts on sech a little stalk o' cheat." He went out into the enveloping mouncourt ever held in the new county would tain mist with the sound of her weeping be in session to-morrow; and the terrors of ringing in his ears. His eyes were hot, and his angry heart was heavy. He had were close upon him. Finding no help schemed and waited for his revenge with persistent patience. Fortune had favored store, determined to make one more ap- him, but now that it had fully come, f the moonlight,
"I ain't a-wantin' ter hurt nobody," said
branch o' pisen-oak, fur a passel o' cattle
an' sech like critters, an' a house an' land notice of external objects as he went,

flake of a pale rose tint would appear in the pearly haze; deepening and deep-ening, till at the vanishing point upon the basket, with all her foes in am-bush. Somehow, they did not present siah, in momentary exultation, as he played the door. His footfalls sounded with a let-oak tree would rise, red enough to place; a long shadow thrown by the sink- the planet Mars. There was an audiing moon dogged him noiselessly as he ble stir breaking upon the silence of the went, until he plunged into the depths of solemn woods, the leaves were rust-the woods, and their gloom absorbed both ling together, and drops of moisture began to patter down upon the ground. The A dank, sunless morning dawned upon the house in which Josiah Tait and his perspective grew gradually longer and longer as the rising wind cleared the forest aisles; and when he reached the road that in the dense forest, about four miles from cent above, the clouds were falling apart, the white wreaths, clinging to the fantasticalabout the Settlement were all aglow with dark brown of the tall weeds in a neigh-

He dismounted and walked slowly to the door, paused, and, turning as with a sudden thought, threw himself hastily upon his horse; he dashed across the clearsteep slope, and the astounded loiterers heard the thunder of the hoofs as they sponse. After hesitating a moment, he lifted the latch and went it. He was evi-

Josiah Tait had put his troubles in to soak at the still-house, and this circumstance did not tend to improve the cheerfulness of his little home when he returned worn woman of fifty, turned back, without to the victims of Old Sledge had been "Hold on, Josiah-hold on!" cried a word, to her employment of washing packed together, and were in readiness to chair beside the fire, said, in a voice broken | drive his wagon over for them the next

> There was, however, "a sayin' goin' bout the mounting ez how Josiah and Melindy jes' 'ticed him, somehow 'nother, ter him send back the critters an' the corn relenting in his vengeance than of the wild legend that he had been worsted in a tus-

> barren success, the playing of Old Sledge has become a lost art at the Settlement. Acceptances at Bank.

[New York Journal of Commerce.] RICHMOND, VA., Aug. 5, 1885.-Mr. A has a sixty-day draft presented to him for acceptance by the runner of a bank. He accepts it. After doing so he recalls to mind that the amount of the draft is incorrect; calls to the runner, but he does not hear him. Mr. A goes at once to the bank and informs the cashier that he made a mistake in accepting the draft, and wishes to recall or cancel his acceptance.

bank this right ? Reply.-The bank could not have made any use of the bill, or sent it to the drawer or other holder for value, and was bound to allow the drawee to cancel his acceptance. Story on Bills (sec. 252) says that before the bill has been delivered to the holder the acceptance is revocable; "and ume 1, page 869, says: "If it were disthe accepted bill had been re-delivered that he was not in funds as he supposed, so that his acceptance was in fact made under a mistake, Le may recall and revoke it, provided there be yet time for the holder to notify the drawer and indorsers and save himself from loss." Also Irving Bank v. Wetherald, 36 N. Y., 335, to the same effect. "The return of a bill with an obliterated acceptance, without evidence to account for the obliteration," precludes all recovery upon it of the acceptor. Cox v. Troy 5 B. and Ald., 474; 1 Dow. and Ry. 38; Chitty on Bills 347; Thomson on Bills

HOW LONG?

BY ABDEAL, How long shall man oppress his fellow-man, And grossest ignorance curse the multitude, The heartless, mean and selfish scheme and plan, The honest, pure and virtuous to exclude From all high posts of honor and renown. And make them toll for bread, but all in vain:

And while they toil, manage to trample them

Still deeper in their want, disgrace, and shame. Say, shall this ever be-desponding thought! Too heavy for a freeman long to bear! Oh! mercy, come, and hope be with thee brought. And banish from me all sadness and despair, And do quicken grace within my breast To grow and flourish there till it's matured :

And in exertion let me find my rest Till something yet more perfect is secured. Wealth, fame, and power are all bought too dear, When to win them we've to oppress the mass, Or from the paths of truth and honor veer.

To exalt self, or a few of any class. The poor have rights, and if they be their all, Then should all patriots their rights defend. What, though the conflict's hard, and many fall? Truth and justice will triumph in the end; For humanity hath ears, and to the call Of justice soon aid to them will surely send

The honest, poor, and needy to defend, "I ain't a-goin' ter deal ye nare 'nother kyerd," said Wray. "Ye kin take a p'int done said, though," Josiah declared bro-