## WORTHINESS.

[The Current.] Whatever lacks purpose is evil; a pool without pubbles breeds slime; Not any one step hath chance !

infinite stairway of time; Nor ever came good without labor science, or art; It must be wrought out thro' the muscles-born out of the soul and the heart.

Why plough in the stubble with plough-shares why winnow the chaff from the grafu? Ah, since all of his gifts must be toiled for, since

truth is not born without pain! He giveth not to the unworthy, the weak or the foolish in deeds : Who giveth but chaff at the seed-time shall reap

but a harvest of weeds, 7 31 179 111 1 As the pyramid builded of vapor is blown by His

whirlwinds to naught :

So the song without truth is forgotten; His poem to man's thought. Whatever is strong with a purpose, in humble ness woven, soul-pure,

Is known to the Master of singers : He toucheth it, saying, "Endure!" VARIETIES OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

## The Star in the Valley. [Miss Murfree,\*]

October evening. As the earliest planet | wreaths. sprang into the sky, an answering gleam one red amid the glooms in the valley. A star too it seemed. And later, when the decisively.

Chevis never tired of looking at it. ften strolled with his cigar at dusk mally. down to the verge of the crag, and sat for hours gazing at it and vaguely speculating about it. That spark seemed to have kindled all the soul and

le well when he ain't drunk, ez he mostly

Perhaps that is the light from the forge," suggested Chevis. That thar forge ain't run more'n half the day, let 'lone o' nights. I hev never hearn tell on Jerry Shaw a workin' o' kin git shet of it. No sech no count crit-ter twixt here an the Settlemint."

or twixt here an the Settlemint." brations of a far-off anvil rang upon the So spake Chewis's astronomer. Seeing air. Welcome, indeed, to Chevis, for howthe star through even the prosaic lens of stern reality did not detract from its poetic aspect. Chevis never failed to watch for it. The first faint, glinting in the azure evening sky sent his eyes to that red reflection suddenly aglow in the valley; even when the mists rose above it and hid it from him, he gazed at the spot where neath the cloud-curtain. He encouraged the gorgeous autumnal forest, or perchance in the more exciting sport in some rocky gorge with a bear at bay and the frenzied pack around him; or in the idyllic pleasures of bird shooting with a thoroughlytrained dog; and coming back in the crimson sunset to a well-appointed tent and a sions which Reginald Chevis considered em inently characteristic of a highly wroughtmind and nature.

He said nothing of his faucies, however, to the mountaineer. Infinite was the difference between these two in mind and cultivation, his observation of both had convinced him that they were alike incahis delicate and dainty musings. Varney was essentially a man of this world; his mental and moral conclusions had been adopted in a calm, mercantile spirit, as e market was not liable to fluctuations. wards to lie awake deep in the night, listening to the majestic lyric welling up from the thousand nocturnal voices of these

was laintly distinguishable the little log-house and certain vague lines marking a rectangular inclosure: near at hand, too, the forge, silent and smokeless. But it did not immediately occur to either of and not immediately occur to either of best to affect the interior of the inte and their lives in this lonely place; for a time, not even to the speculative Chevis. As to Varney, he gave his whole mind to the matter in hand—his gus, his dog, his knees on his leather apron, while the horse their common humanity, he thought, and freely as before his entrance. It was failed, and her wrongs were supplemented than that great mystery. Perhaps, withgame—and his note book was as systematic and as romantic as the ledger at home.

The danced an animated measure on the other three feet, Chevis assumed an appearance of the common human attributes in this period three feet, Chevis assumed an appearance of the common human attributes in this period three feet, Chevis assumed an appearance of the common human attributes in this period that the curious moral attitude three feet, Chevis assumed an appearance of the common human attributes in this period that the curious moral attitude three feet, Chevis assumed an appearance of the common human attributes in this period that the curious moral attitude three feet, Chevis assumed an appearance of the common human attributes in this period that the curious moral attitude three feet, Chevis assumed an appearance of the common human attributes in this period that the curious moral attitude three feet, Chevis assumed an appearance of the common human attributes in this period three feets. Chevis, after riding past it eighty yards the horseshoes hanging on a rod in the It might be accounted an event in the

or so, chanced one day to meet a country rude aperture that served as window, at the wagon tires, the plow-shares, the glow-not look up, and he caught only as indisnot look up, and he caught only an indis-tinet glimpse of her face. She spoke to him however, as she went by, which is the invariable custom with the inhabitants if the sequestered nooks among the encompassing mountains, whether meeting mering vigorously at the shoe destined for stranger or acquaintance. He lifted his Strathspey.

harles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree): ninth edition: Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; New York, 11 East Seventeenth Street; The Riverside Press, Cambridge, 1885, 16mo. cloth, \$1.25.

Maleigh

Remister.

RALEIGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1885.

hat in return, with that punctilious courtesy which he made a point of according to persons of low degree. In another moment she had passed down the narrow sandy road, overhung with gigantic trees, and. at a deft even pace, hardly slackened as she traversed the great log extending across the rushing stream, she made her way up the opposite hill, and disappeared gradually over its brow. The expression of her face, half-seen

though it was, had attracted his attention. He rode slowly along meditating. "Did she go into Shaw's house, just around the curve of the road?" he wondered. "Is she Shaw's daughter, or some visiting

That night he looked with a new interfloating mists of the valley.
"Do you know," he asked of Hi Bates, when the three men were seated, after supper around the camp-fire, which sent lurid toungues of flame and a thousand bright

sparks leaping high in the darkness, and fur a drink."
illumined the vistas of the woods on every Chevis tool side, save where the sudden crag jutted over the valley-"Do you know whether Jerry Shaw has a daughter - a young girl?" ly. "he hev." A pause ensued. The star in the valley

was blotted from sight; the rising mists presently his feet were sunk in the still had crept to the verge of the crag; nay, in green and odorous water-loving weeds, the strange, vague, unreasoning trouble with the undergrowth fringing the mountain's He first saw it in the twilight of a clear brink, there were softly clinging white did not notice the soft verdure; he did not clouded that young life, a trouble as

" Is she pretty ?" asked Chevis. Waal, no, she ain't," said Hi Bates, "She's a pore, no-'count critmyriads of the fairer, whiter lights of a ter." Then he added, as if he were afraid ing, where they had fallen apart to show noonless night were all athrob in the of being misapprehended, "Not ez thar is great concave vault bending to the hills, any harm in the gal, ye onderstand. She's ing water, was all lost upon his artistic there was something very impressive in a mighty good, saft-spoken, quiet sort o' that solitary star of earth, changeless and | gal, but she's a pore, white-faced, slim litmotionless beneath the ever-changing the critter. She looks like she hain't got no sort'n grit in her. She makes me think o' one o' them slim little slips o' willow Somehow it broke the spell that draws all | every time nor I sees her. She hain't go eyes heavenward on starry nights. He long ter live, I reckon," he concluded, dis-

Reginald Chevis asked him no more questions about Jerry Shaw's daughter. Not long afterward, when Chevis was nile from the foot of the mounting. Ye known landmarks on the mountain side: pass that thar house when ye goes on the certain great crags hanging above the tree-Christel road, what leads down the moun- tops, showing in grander sublimity through ting off the Back bone. That's Jerry the thinning foliage, or beetling bare and Shaw's house-that's what it is. He's a grim; a dismantled and deserted hovel, the blacksmith, an' he kin shoe a horse toler'- | red berried vines twining amongst the rotting logs; the full flow of a tumultuous stream making its last leap down a precipice eighty feet high, with yeasty, maddening waves below and a rainbow-crowned crystal sheet above. And here again the curves of the woodland road. As the hearn tell on Jerry Shaw a workin o' sound of the falling water grew softer and nights—nor in the daytime nuther, ef he softer in the distance, fill it was hardly more than a drowsy marmur, the faint vi-

ever enticing might be the long rambles through the redolent October woods with he should have finished. The cool, deli- sky. Indoors it was certainly more cheerful. dog and gun, he had no mind to tramp up clous water was drained, and he gave the the mountain to his tent, five miles distant, leading the resisting horse all the way. The afternoon was so clear and so still that the metallic sound penetrated far through the quiet forest. At every curve of the it had disappeared, feeling a calm satis- road he expected to see the log-cabin with faction to know that it was still shining be- its rail fence, and beyond the low-hanging chestnut-tree, half its branches resting unique eventide effects seemed a fitting sequel to the picturesque day, passed in hunting deer, with horn and hounds, through upon the roof of the little shanty of a prime values which is a marked readure of the poor noveling splendary of the western hills. The chickens of the western hills which is a marked readure of the poor novel of the brats, the fittlest ones, ye onder one stand—a thinking he mought tole her off from Ike in that thar way. We hearn eze as they buffeted and hindered her, and were going to roost in a stunted cedartree just without the door; an incredibly old man, feeble and bent, sat dozing in the of the road.

lingering sunshine on the porch; a girl, with a pail on her head, was crossing the smoking supper of venison or wild turkey | road and going down a declivity toward a dreaminess of his eigar and the charm of that bright bit of color in the night-shrouded valley added a sort of romantic zest to these primitive enjoyments, and ministered to that keen susceptibility of impres

spring which Do you never go anythat bright bit of color in the night-shrouded valley added a sort of romantic zest to these primitive enjoyments, and ministered to that keen susceptibility of impres

spring which Do you never go anywhite oak. There was circulating among their surprise looking out from among their surprise looking out from among their changing lights. "No," she said, after a she passed it. He did not see the girl's changing lights. "No," she said, after a she passed it. He did not see the girl's changing lights. "No," she said, after a she passed it. He did not see the girl's changing lights. "No," she said, after a she passed it. He did not see the girl's changing lights. "No," she said, after a she passed it. He did not see the girl's changing lights. "No," she said, after a she passed it. He did not see the girl's changing lights. "No," she said, after a she passed it. He did not see the girl's changing lights. "No," she said, after a she passed it. He did not see the girl's changing lights. "No," she said, after a she passed it. He did not see the girl's changing lights." face, for she had left the road before he went by, but he recognized the slight figure, with that graceful poise acquired by the prosaic habit of carrying weights upon

to his fellow sportsman, Ned Varney, nor the head, and its lithe, swaying beauty reminded him of the mountaineer's comparison-a slip of willow. And now, under the chestnut tree, in anxious converse with Jerry Shaw, who pable of appreciating and comprehending | came out, hammer in hand, from the anvil, concerning the shoe to be put on Strathspey's left fore-foot, and the problematic damage sustained since the accident. Chevis's own theory occupied some minutes in giving the best return for the ontlay, and expounding, and so absorbed his attention that he did not observe, until the horse was fairly under the blacksmith's hands, And the mountaineer could go no further than the prosaic fact of the light in Jerry Shaw's house. Thus Reginald Chevis was industry, this was by no means a red-letter day in his habitual dissipation. He tremwont to sit in contemplative silence on the day in his habitual dissipation. He tremcrag till his cigar was burnt out, and after- bled for Strathspey, but it was too late now to interfere. Jerry Shaw was in that stage of drunkenness which is greatly accented by an elaborate affectation of sobriety. His desire that Chevis should cousider him During the day, in place of the red light perfectly sober was abundantly manifest in a gauzy little curl of smoke was barely his rigidly steady gait, the preternatural sible, the only sign or suggestion of hu- gravity in his bloodshot eyes, his sparingness of speech, and the earnestness with all the many miles of long, narrow value and parallel tiers of ranges. Sometimes they and parallel tiers of ranges. Sometimes the conversation. Now and then, continued the narrow of the conversation. Now and then, continued the narrow of the rush-bottomed chairs with the conversation. Now and then, continued the narrow of the rush-bottomed chairs with the conversation. Now and then, continued the narrow of the rush-bottomed chairs with the conversation. Now and then, continued the narrow of the narrow man habitation to be seen from the crag ness of speech, and the earnestness with lower down on the mountain side, whence trelling his faculties by a great effort, he self on the readiness with which he bewas faintly distinguishable the little log- looked hard at Chevis to discover what came interested in these people, entered mountaineers—a hospitality that meets a

of indifference, and strolled away into the

as Jerry Shaw reentered, and began ham

The resonant music ceased for a mo-

his leather apron hanging about his neck, and, casting upon Chevis another glance, replete with a challenging gravity, fell to work upon the anvil, every heavy and welldirected blow telling with the precision of

machinery. The question had hardly heen heard before forgotten. At the next interval, when he was going out to fit the horse, Chevis repeated his request.

"Water, did ye say?" asked Jerry Shaw, looking at him with narrowing eyetion that he might grapple with this prob-lem. "Thar's no fraish water hyar, but est at the red star, set like a jewel in the ye kin go yander ter the house and ax fur some; or," he added, shading his eyes from the sunlight with his broad, blackened hand, and looking at the huge wall of stone beyond the road, "ye kin go down yander ter the spring an' ax that thar gal

> Chevis took his way, in the last rays of blacksmith. A cool gray shadow fell upon he neared them; the narrow path leading from the road grew dank and moist, and earth-filled niches among the rocks, and, sky above her. lent to their forbidding aspect something of a smiling grace; their picturesque groupthis sparkling fountain of bright upspringperceptions. His eyes were fixed on the

a moss-grown bowlder near at hand. But | valley. through each of the five delicate petals; he had seen them embellishing the banks of lonely pools, or growing in dank, marshy places in the middle of the unfrequented much as a withered leaf of all their vines of the middle of the unfrequented much as a withered leaf of all their vines of the five delicate petals; he a sullen gray sky; the gigantic wall of at the flat tickler. "But ef it hedn't hev leat him off fur a while," he continued, evidently actuated by some cuin a primitive way with a few rotting

"May I trouble you to give me some gourd back. "I am much obliged," he

"Ye're welcome," she replied, in a slow, singing monotone. Had the autumn winds rafters depended numberless strings of taught her voice that melancholy cadence? Chevis would have liked to hear her speak again, but the gulf between his sta- bunches of medical herbs; brown gourds tion and hers—so undreamed of by her (for the differences of caste are absolutely against the wall were ranged cooking all them that Peels, the whole lay-out, war and a bottle of wine. only the inquiry, "Do you live here?" in- The rush-bottomed chairs, drawn in a sem-

"Yes," she chanted in the same monotone, "I lives hyar." She turned to lift the brimming pail.

pause; "I hev no call to go nowhar ez I the corner. Like the widow's cruse of oil, knows on."

went along the path with the assured, sibility of spilling a drop from the vessel.

old man, her grandfather, on the porch, of the wheel. He thought he had never

corded hammer arm, twitched nervously and moral landscape; that it was an dently listening, too, but her fair face was us till 'Lijah kin fix some sort'n a place ter git Ike Peel's folks off 'fore 'Lijah an at the single suspender that supported his esthetic and theoretical pleasure their concopper-colored jeans trousers, readjusted templation afforded him; that he was as white faces of those flower-stars of his be no trouble a-gittin' rid of the men folks, far as ever from the basis of common hu- early stay in the mountains.

man on the sunlit porch, the "slip o' wil- arrayed in brown jeans, with the accomlow" sat in the doorway, listening too, but never speaking. Sometimes he would find her with her father at the forge, her fair, ethereal face illumined with an alien and fluctuating brilliancy, shining and fading as the breath of the fire rose and fell. He came to remember that face so well that in a sorry sketch-book, where nothing else lids, as if to shut out all other contempla- was finished, there were several laborious pages lighted up with a faint reflection of an' kilt-all three o' them Peels." its beauty. But he was as much interested perhaps, though less poetically, in that massive figure, the idle blacksmith. He looked at it all from an ideal point of view. The star in the valley was only a life of those about him, he said, turning to brilliant set in the night landscape, and suggested a unique and pleasing experi-

How should he imagine what luminous sunshine, across the road and down the and wistful eyes were turned upward to declivity in the direction indicated by the where another star burned-the light of his camp-fire on the crag; what pathetic, beau-"Ye-es, drawled Hi Bates, disparaging- him from the heights of the great rocks, as tiful eyes had learned to watch and wait for that red gleam high on the mountain's brow-hardly below the stars in heaven, it seemed! How could he dream of the clumps of fern, and the pungent mint. He which his idle comings and goings had even see the beautiful vines that hung from strange, as vague, as vast as the limitless

She understood him as little. As she sat in the open doorway, with the flare of the fire behind her, and gazed at the red light shining on the crag, she had no idea of the heights of worldly differences that divided them, more insurmountable than girl standing beside the spring, her pail precipices and flying chutes of mountain illed, but waiting, with a calm, expectant torrents, and chasms and fissures of the look on her face, as she saw him approach- wild ravine: she knew nothing of the life he had left, and of its rigorous artificialities and gradations of wealth and estimay habited; a green cotton dress, faded to tion. And with a heart full of pitiable unhe faintest hue; rough shoes, just visible realities she looked up at the glittering tow. beneath her skirts; a dappled gray and simulacrum of a star on the crag, while brown calico sun-bonnet, thrown aside on he gazed down on the ideal star in the

hunting through the deep woods about the | it seemed as if the wild nature about her | The weeks had worn deep into Novemimagination within him, although he knew base of the mountain near the Christel had been generous to this being toward ber. Chevis and Varney were thinking of the trouble kem from. She wouldn't leave Chevis left the house, and the bottle was well enough its prosaic source, for he had once questioned the gawky mountaineer once questioned the gawky m through the forest solitudes during this bility that the blacksmith might be at in sunset clouds that brood above dark They had had an abundance of good sport hunting expedition.

"That thar spark in the valley?" Hi Bates had given of Jerry Shaw's habits, bates had replied, removing the pace smoke. "Tain't nuthin' but the bace smoke. "Tain't nuthin' but the light in Jerry Shaw's house "Douth haifer in Jerry Shaw's house "Douth haifer in Jerry Shaw's house "Obout haifer in Jerry Shaw's house of contention, and a surfeit of roughing it. They would strathspey he saw the landscape, had left a perpetual reflection of the forever; for he down at last the landscape, had left a perpetual reflection of the forever; for he has the turned and left her forever; for he has the turned and left her forever; for he has the turned and left her forever; for he has the turned and left her forever; for he has the turned and left her forever; for he has the house of observer in Jerry Shaw's failed from mand as surfeit of r the mountain preezes, led by the rain and it was near dusk, on a dull, cold even-the dew. She was hardly more human to ing, when Chevis dismounted before the of the treacherous gun. Elijah Burr could than he had anticipated. And what was ing, some keen pang of despair?—as he

Chevis than certain lissome little wood. door of the blacksmith's little log-cabin. remember no other failure of aim for twen- this driving against his face-rain? No, rode down and down the valley, all unconland flowers, the very names of which he | The chestnut-tree hung desolate and bare | ty years. did not know-pure white, star-shaped, on the eaves of the forge; the stream with a faint green line threading its way rushed by in swift gray whirl-pools under agin!" Burr declared, with another pull road, where perhaps it had been mended | chung to their rugged surfaces. The mountains had changed color; the nearest ranges black branches of the denuded forest; far | burn the whole tribe!" water ?" asked Chevis, prosaically enough. | away they stretched in parallel lines, rising She neither smiled nor replied. She took | tier above tier, and showing numberless the gourd from the pail, dipped it into the gradations of a dreary, neutral tint, which lucent depths of the spring, handed it to grew ever fainter in the distance, till him, and stood awaiting its return when merged in the uniform tone of the sombre

A hickory fire dispensed alike warmth and light. The musical whir of a spinningwheel added its unique charm. From the bright red pepper-pods and cars of popcorn; hanks of woollen and cotton varn; dicating the little house on the other side of the road. icircle before the rough, ill-adjusted stones which did duty as hearth, were occupied that keg was miraculously never empty. She placed the pail on her head, took The fact of a still near by in the wild rathe dappled sun-bonnet in her hand, and | vine might suggest a reason for its peren-

tic way by the sweet beauty of this little | brutal and uncouth conditions of her life, woodland flower. It seemed hard that so as she stood at a little distance from this eyes than those of bird, or rabbit, or the he glanced toward her; the next instant he equally uncultured human beings about had forgotten it in his interest in her work. her; and it gave him a baffling sense of the It was altogether at variance with the mysterious injustice of life to reflect upon | ideas which he had hitherto entertained the difference in her lot and that of others concerning that humble handicraft. There of her age in higher spheres. He went came across him a vague recollection from off, afore that, fur hell, stiddier Kaintucky. thoughtfully through the closing shadows his city life that the peasant girls of art I hev been a-tryin' ter make out ter shoot to the shop, mounted the re-shod Strath- galleries and of the lyric stage were wont that thar man ever sence that thar gal war slow hours of endurance and painful effort. spey, and rode along the rugged ascent of the sit at the wheel. "But perhaps they the mountain, gravely pondering on world- were spinning flax," he reflected. This year an' better. But what with her a- muttered speculations: how the time went spinning was a matter of walking back

culiar and primitive state of society never hitherto heard among these people, and he palled upon him. He regarded with con- looked on and listened, interested in this that alternately nerved and weakened his the chill night air and the cold snow, made tempt Varney's frivolous displeasure and new development of a phase of life which revengeful hand, annoyance because of Hi Bates's utter in he had thought he had sounded from its "We air a going sensibility to the difference in their social lowest note to the top of its compass. He position, and the necessity of either acqui- was glad to remain; the scene had im- out all three o' them Peels—Ike an' his them to discover the door standing halfescing in the supposititious equality or pressed his cultivated perceptions as an in- two brothers." dispensing with the invaluable services of terior by Teniers might have done, and the the proud and independent mountaineer; vehemence and lawlessness of the converbecause of the patois of the untutored peo- sation and the threats of violence had litple, to hear which. Varney was wont to declare, set his teeth on edge; because of subject under discussion at all, it was with

Them Peels oughtn't ter be let live!" exclaimed Elijah Burr, a gigantic fellow, paniments of knife, powder-horn, etc., usual with the hunters of the range; his gun stood, with those of the other guests, against the wall in a corner of the room. They oughtn't ter be let live, an' I'd top off all three of 'em fur the skin an' horns of a deer."

"That thar is a true word," assented Jerry Shaw. "They oughter be run down Chevis could not forbear a question.

Always on the alert to add to his stock of knowledge of men and minds, always analyzing his own inner life and the inner his intoxicated host, "Who are the Peels, Mr. Shaw-if I may ask?"

'Who air the Peels?" repeated Jerry Shaw, making a point of seizing the ques-"They air the meanest men in these hyar mountings. Ye might hunt from Copperhead Ridge ter Clinch River, an' the whole spread o' the valley, an' never

hear tell o' sech no 'count critters." "They ought n't be let live!" again urged Elijah Burr. "No man ez treats his wife like that dad-burned scoundrel Ike Peel do oughter be let live. That thar man is my sister an' Jerry Shaw's cousin, -an' I shot him down in his own door year afore las'. I shot him ter kill; but somehow or 'nother I war that shaky, an' the cussed gun hung fire a-fust, an' that thar ore wife o' his'n screamed an' hollered so that | never done nuthin' arter all but lay him up for four months an' better for that pore critter ter nuss. He'll see a mighty differ nex' time I gits my chance. An' tain't fur off," he added threatningly.

"Would n't it be better to persuade her leave him?" suggested Chevis pacifically, without, however, any wild idea of playing peace-maker betwwen fire and Burr growled a fierce oath, and then was

A slow fellow on the opposite side of the fireplace explained: "Thar's whar all

'He won't git shet of me that easy riously distorted sense of duty in the premises. "I oughter hev kilt him afore. But were black with the myrrads of the grim | now the cussed critter is a gone coon. Dad-

> Chevis was desirous of knowing what however, feel justified in asking more questiveness of the stolid and silent mountaineers attested its strength in this regard. Jerry Shaw, without inquiry, enlightened

"Ye see," he said turning to Chevis, 'Lijah he thought ez how of he could git that fool woman ter come ter his house, he could shoot Ike for his meanness 'thout botherin' of her, an'things would all git easy the blacksmith a prolonged visit; various an' them two cussed brothers o' his'n. All members of the family were humbly seated 'Lijah's folks war out'n the way; him an' Chevis spoke again: "Do you always on sundry inverted domestic articles, such his boys war off a-huntin', an' his wife nial flow. It was a good strong article of mounting, ter-night, an' wipe out them steady gait and the graceful backward apple brandy, and its effects were begin-poise of the figure that precluded the pos-ning to be distinctly visible.

Peels--'kase they air' a-goin' ter move away. That thar wife o' Ike's, what made He had been touched in a highly romanio way by the away by an' wagon across the range ter Kaintucky, whar his uncle lives in the hills thar. Ike perfect a thing of its kind should be group, spinning at her wheel. Chevis felt hev gin his cornsent ter go jes' ter please wasted here, unseen by more appreciative a sudden sharp pang of pity for her when her, 'kase she air mos' crazed ter git Ike away whar 'Lijah can't kill him. Ike's brothers is a goin', too. I hearn ez how they'll make a start at noon ter-morrer." They 'll never start ter Kaintucky ter-

He saw her often afterward, although he spoke to her again but once. He sometimes stopped as he came and went on the Christel road, and sat chatting with the

"We air a goin'thar 'bout two o'clock of Ike Peel's log hut at Laurel Notch, there

"They ought n't ter be let live," reiterated Blijah Burramoodily. Did he speak to his faintly stirring conscience, or to a woeful premonition of his sister's grief? the daying fire, Celia Shaw, falling asleep and waking by fitful starts. "They'll all three be stiff an' stark afore "Jerry Shaw swore ez how he would

ez thar is ten of us an' three o'them, an' we air goin' ter take 'em in the night." There was a protest from an unexpected quarter. The whir of the spinning-wheel was abruptly silenced. "I don't see no

like they war nuthin' better nor a bear, nor deer, nor suthin' wild. I don't see no sense in it. An' I never did see none." There was an astonished pause. "Shet up, Coly! Shet up!" exclaimed Jerry Shaw, in mingled anger and surprise. "Them folks ain't no better nor

to live-them Peels." "No, that they haint!" said Burr. "They is powerful no 'count critters, I know," replied the little woodland flower, the firelight bright in her opaline eyes and on the flakes of burnished gold gleaming in the dark masses of her hair. "They is always a-hangin' round the still an' a-git-

tin' drunk: but I don't see no sense in ahuntin' 'em down an' a-killin' 'em off. 'Pears ter me like they air no better nor the dumb ones. I don't see no sense in "Shet up, Cely! Shet up!" reiterated

the bottle from the keg, pressed it upon | fine deeds. her father, despite her unfavorable critiinsisted. "Drink some more," she said. ture? She seemed systematically trying to make him even more helpless than he

He had fallen into a deep sleep before

of frequent travel, knew every foot of the he never penetrated its mystery. -so fast and so silently, before he was vague companionship of the sound of his horse's hoofs, now muffled in the thick Still the snow fell, and when he had reachthe scene was strange. But though obscured by the fast flying flakes be knew that down in the bosom of the white val-

Both music and musician were gone. Toil- teched in the head." ing along the snow-filled mountain ways: from Ike in that thar way. We hearn ez as they buffeted and hindered her, and freeze on the trees; the wounded deer that how the pore critter war nigh on ter dis- fluttered derisively among her thin, worn, leaves its cruel kind to die alone; the detracted bout em, but Ike never let her old garments; shivering as the driving spairing, flying fox, with its pursuing come arter em. Leastways, she never kem. flakes came full into the pale, calm face, train of savage dogs and men. And the by several men, who seemed to be making | Las' week Ike kem for 'em hisself-him | and fell in heavier wreaths upon the dap- | jutting crag whence had shone the campa false step of those coarse, rough shoes falling sometimes with the treacherous, slihouse; an' time'Lijah's wife got thar, 't ding snow, but never faltering; tearing war nothin, but a pile o' ashes. So we've her hands on the shrubs and vines she determinated ter go up yander ter Laurel clutched to help her forward, and bruised Notch, twenty mile along the ridge of the mounting, ter-night, an' wipe out them more than with the cold, but never turning back, when a sudden noise in the terrible loneliness of the sheeted woods suggested mind, a supernatural presence—thus she journeyed on her errand of deliverance. Her fluttering breath came and went in quick gasps; her failing limbs wearily made the noble reply, "The Saviour," whose constantly increasing armies for 1,-

even to the dull blood coursing feebly through her freezing veins. But she had small thought for herself during those long, muttered speculations: how the time went foolin' 'round, an' a-talkin', an' a-goin' on | by; whether they had discovered her abshaky with her goin' on that I feel like I their speed. Her prayer-this untaught hain't got good sense, an' can't git no good being!—she had no prayer, except perhaps aim at nuthin'. Nex' time, though, thar'll her life, the life she was so ready to imperil. She had no high, cultured sensibilities to sustain her. There was no instinct stirring within her that might have nerved

their cautious approach to the little porch open, the house empty of its scanty furniture and goods, its owners fled, and the

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his brothers. Leastways, 'Lijah an' the

t'others, fur Jerry hed got so drunk he

couldn't go; he war dead asleep till ter,

day, when they kem back a-fotchin' the gal with 'em. That thar Cely Shaw never did look ter me like she hed good sense, sense," said Celia Shaw, her singing monnohow-always looked like she war queer an' teched in the head." otone vibrating in the sudden lull-"I don't see no sense in shootin' folks down There was a furtive gleam of speculation on the dull face of the mountaineer when his two listeners broke into enthusiastic commendation of the girl's high heroism and courage. The man of ledgers swore that he had never heard of anything so fine, and that he himself would walk through fifteen miles of snow and midnight bear, nor sech. They hain't got no right wilderness for the honor of shaking hands

with her. There was that keen thrill about

their hearts sometimes felt in crowded the-

atres, responsive to the cleverly simulated heroism of the boards; or in listening to a poet's mid-air song; or in looking upon some grand and ennobling phase of life of a sudden and vehement reaction from a translated on a great painter's canvas. Hi Bates thought that perhaps they too a state of great speculative activity. The protest, if any, should be made against were a little "teched in the head." There had fallen upon Chevis a sense of deep humiliation. Celia Shaw had heard no more of that momentous conversation than he; a wide contrast was suggested. He began to have a glimmering perception that despite all his culture, his sensibility, Celia said no more. Reginald Chevis his yearnings toward humanity, he was not was pleased with this indication of her so high a thing in the scale of being; that Reginald Chevis his yearnings toward humanity, he was not sensibility; the other women-her mother | he had placed a false estimate upon himand grand mother-had heard the whole | self. He had looked down on her with a

recital with the utmost indifference, as mingled pity for her dense ignorance, her they sat by the fire monotonously carding coarse surroundings, her low station, and cotton. She was beyond her station in a dilettante's delight in picturesque effects, sentiment, he thought. However, he was and with no recognition of the moral splendisposed to recant this favorable estimate | dors of that star in the valley. A realizaof her higher nature when, twice after- tion, too, was upon him that fine feelings wards, she stopped her work, and, filling are of most avail as the motive power of cism of the hangers-on of stills. Nay, she to the little log cabin. There had been

He and his friend went down together only jeers and taunts and reproaches for "Ye hain't got half enough yit." Had the | Celia Shaw from her own people. These girl no pity for the already drunken crea- she had expected, and she had stolidly borne them. But she listened to the fine speeches of the city-bred men with a vague wonderment on her flower-like face-

whiter than ever to-day. "It was a splendid, a noble thing "I shall never forget it," said Chevis;

Chevis mounted Strathspey he saw the Chevis never forgot: the look on her face was a general sigh of relief at this change it was snow. He had not started a mo- scious of the heart-break he left behind ment too soon. But Strathspey, by reason him. He thought of it often afterward;

He heard of her only once again. On the eve of a famous day, when visiting the the limits they had fixed fell on ears that outposts of a gallant corps, Reginald Chevis happened to recognize in one of the heights and chasms. The snow fell fast | pickets the gnwky mountaineer who had been his guide through those autumnal half-way to the summit he had lost the woods so far away. Hi Bates was afterterview in the general's tent; for the accihad happened last week. He did not, carpet so suddenly flung upon the ground. dental encounter had evoked many pleasant reminiscences in Chevis's mind, and tions. But apple-brandy is a potent tongue ed the mountain's brow the ground was among other questions he wished to ask loosener, and the unwonted communica- deeply covered, and the whole aspect of was what had become of Jerry Shaw's daughter.

"She's dead—long ago," answered Hi Bates. "She died afore the winter war ley there glittered still that changeless over the year ez ye war a-huntin' thar. of raw material, and the rapid increase in star. She never hed good sense ter my way o' labor-saving machinery are suggestive of thinkin', nohow, an' one night she run himself, as he looked toward it and away, an' walked bout fifteen mile through wisest for those who have come from the thought of the interior of the log cabin a big snow-storm. Some say it settled on interior, and best for those with whom below. And then he turned into the tent her chist. Anyhow, she jes' sorter fell they deal at the centres of trade, that the But the wheel was no longer awhirl, slim little critter, an' looked like she war

There are many things that suffer, unheeded, in those mountains: the birds that pled calico sun-bonnet; threading her way | fire she had so often watched -her star, set through unfrequented woodland paths, forever-looked far over the valley bethat she might shorten the distance; now neath, where in one of those sad little rudeftly on the verge of a precipice, whence ral graveyards she had been laid so long

below; now on the sides of steep ravines, her. Whenever he sees the earliest star spring into the evening sky, he remembers hungry wolves who feed on the spoil pro-the answering red gleam of that star in the vided, must chuckle and sharpen their

New York, August 15, 1885. - We have the long-expected but ever-tarrying forthe close proximity of a wild beast, or perhaps, to her ignorant, superstitious greatest heroes, greatest generals, &c., that honest callings, it is safe to predict that ever lived. I remember when a youth the future, as in the past, will leave all reading that somebody once asked Napoleon who was the greatest general and he swallow carcass and all of those who seek winds untiringly lashed her; the snow soaked through the faded green cotton dress to the chilled white skin—it seemed whose constantly increasing armies for 1,800 years had marched over the world.
Would it be asking you too much to print his exact words, or can you say where they can be found?

Reply.—The following is found at page 171 of Arvine's Cyclopædia of Moral and Religious Anecdotes:
"I know men,' said Napoleon at St. Helena to Count de Montholon, I know men, and I tell you that Jesus is not a man! The Religion of Christ is a mystery which subsists by its own force, and proceeds from a mind which is not a human mind. We find in it a marked individuality, which originated a train of words and actions unknown before. Jesus is not a philosopher, for his proofs are miracles, and from the first his disciples adored him. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself founded empires; but on what foundation did we rest the creatures of our genius? Upon force. But Jesus Christ founded an empire upon Love; and at this hour, millions of men would die for Him. I die beabyss between my deep misery and the eternal kingdom of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, adored, and still extend-ing over the whole earth? Then, turning to General Bertrand, the Emperor added If you do not perceive that Jesus Christ is God, I did wrong in appointing you a

The Brought in Chatham.

general."

[Chatham Becord.]

Although the drought has been of so short duration yet the streams in this countheir narrow prejudices, their mental pov- a reassuring conviction that before the daybreak," resumed Jerry Shaw. "We hev shot that thar gal o' his'n—that thar ty were never lower. A prominent citiment. The solemn, drunken eyes were erty, their idle shiftlessness, their uncouth plans could be carried out the already inment. The solemn, drungen eyes were slowly turned upon the visitor, and the elaborate affectation of sobriety was again obtrusively apparent in the blacksmith's manner. He rolled up more closely the blue-checked homespun sleeve from his life only acturesque bits of the mental terness should startle her. She was evi-

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may be made at the office of the RALEIGH REGISTER.

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## BOOM IS A GOOD WORD But is a Business Boom Aay Good

[New York Journal of Commerce.] Several correspondents have written to us asking our influence against the use of the word "boom," which one ot them characterizes as "the grossest form of moddern slang." These writers are altogether mistaken in their premises, as the word is very ancient and altogether respectable. Nor is it wrenched materially from its legitimate use when applied to the enthusiasm created for a political candidate, or the rapidly increasing tide of a business revival, accompanied, with its incidental excitements. To boom is to rush with violence, as a ship with a press of sail; and a boom is the result of such violent action described in Webster as "a hol-

low roar, as of waves." There is, therefore, no reasonable objec tion to the use of the word for the purpose of setting forth the rush and excitement depressed condition of general trade to the thing itself, and not the terms in which it is described. It is a grave question whether a boom in trade is ever a healthy movement. It is very exhilarating, doubtless, to those who are carried along by it on the top of the billows, and may be prof fitable to many who take advantage of the rush to fill their own pockets; but a steadier course, over a quiet sea, where there is no violence of dashing waves and no blinding foam suggestive of breakers ahead, is much more to be desired and much likelier to be of lasting benefit to those who

are most concerned in the issue. There is another question of no little interest perhaps to the great body of the people just at present when this cry begins o sound from so many throats, and that is whether there is any real foundation for the excitement. Is there after all any real boom in the business world?

The interior, in all the channels of trade. has been bare of desirable goods at the opening of every season for several years. Toward the close of last winter when buyers came forward with their memorandums of needed supplies for the spring trade there was quite a flurry in the great central markets. Merchandise was cheap and freely offered, and the merchants, There was something more that Reginald | work to purchase the stock desired. There a return of the ancient calm. Here and there a buyer, tempted by the very low prices at which the goods were offered, exceeded his memorandum by a slight percentage, but upon most of the visitors the solicitations to extend their orders beyond were deaf to the most flattering allure-

A similar experience has marked the opening of the current season, but with a few more promising features. The memorandums brought by purchasers contain a longer list, and as a rule the customers are coming at an earlier relative date. But thus far there has has been no great speculative excitement. It does not follow that because goods are very low, therefore buyers are wise in overloading themselves with a surplus stock. The low rate of usance for money, the low price in general labor-saving machinery are suggestive of low prices for some time to come. It is purchases be confined to the volume of goods that can be judiciously distributed. The merchant in a country store who is overloaded, works at a great disadvantage through all the year, and his creditor here will reap no profit in the end from the extra trade.

Some uneasy souls who have no outlet for their activity in any legitimate business enterprise, are trying their hands once more at the gambling tables. They do not patronize roulette, or the dice-box, or deal at faro, but they "take the chances" in 'futures" of merchandise, or, more desperate than any game with pictured cards, resort to the Stock Exchange. The knowing ones, including those who manipulate the winning tricks in that locality and the teeth as the sportive lambs once more gamoperating for a rise" is the open door to

shorn and shivering at least, if it does not to gather wool in that seductive field.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME, And no Home Like the Albemarle.

[Elizabeth City Falcon.] No longer ago than last month, we traveled from the Pacific to the Atlantic coasts, passing through a country that has the reputation of being the finest in the United States. But in all that long trip of eight successive days and nights we never saw a single town that could in any way induce us to leave Elizabeth City, with no prospects of getting back again. For a counry where a man can see the most pleasure for the expense and get the most meat for the least money, give us old North Carolina every time. It is true times are a little hard here now; but if a man is too lazy to work, he can take his hook and line and catch enough fish out of the Pasquotank river in one hour to last him a whole week.

Why Lot's Wife was Saited.

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.] The Sunday-school was hushed and still, Then said a speech would now be By a stranger who was there.

The lesson told, that day, the fate Of the cities razed by fire, And of the great reward of those Wno did the Lord's desire.

And then the stranger spoke of those Who disobeyed God's law,
Said they the end of such as sinned
In the death of Lot's wife saw. To impress the fact he saked a class, small eight-year urchins they, Why God had turned Lot's wife to salt

One little rascal made response,
With grimy hand upheld,
His shrill voice sounded loud and clear:
"She was too fresh," he yelled.

One gentleman reports that he is now losing at the rate of five bales of cotton a day in consequence of the drought.—

Wadesboro Intelligencer.