NO TEARS.

icately green, imparted a more ethereal

unwonted flush upon her cheek, and re-

sence he hev been so gin over ter pride in

his oven an' sech. They 'lowed ez even

Pete Blenkins air fairly afeard o' him.

so sharp ez Pete hev got ter be truly mealy-

down yander at M'ria's quiltin' ez one day

same ez common, with the hand-ham-

mer on the hot metal ter show 'Vander

'Vander-jes' like he use ter quar'l with

his t'other striker-till the man would

ch'ice ter take it on his skull-bone, or show more manners. An' Pete showed 'em."

There was a long pause. Lost Creek

"'Pears-like ter me ez 'Vander air a

peaceable boy enough, of he ain't jawed

Her mother was embarrassed for a mo-

This sudden turn to the conversation in-

vested all that had been said with new

ic intention. The girl seemed deliberately

to review it, as she paused in her work. Then, with a rising flush, "I ain't studyin'

'bout marryin' nobody," she assented staid-ly. "I hev laid off ter live single."

rate manager, yer aunt Malviny air, an'

RALEIGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1885.

NO. 85

Nannie Power O'Donoghue. No tears to weep!" And wherefore not? Say, is thy sorrow such? And has thy heart no tender spot That sympathy may touch? Can no kind word unlock the springs, And give thy tears their flow? Are human woes such selfish things

"No tears to weep!" Nay, speak not thus, For tears can bring relief, And God has sent them unto us To wash away our grief. When earthly sorrow, pain and care Our souls in sadness steep, We pray to Him who heareth prayer

That none their depths may know?

To send us tears to weep. Tis true the world is sometimes dark With gloomy clouds that rise, And trembling Hope, with waning spark, Fades faintly out-and dies! But when some heavenly vision fair Steals o'er us in our sleep, We wake with joy to feel that there There are no tears to weep.

VARIETIES OF SOUTHERN LIFE. Drifting Down Lost Creek. [Miss Murfree.*]

PART I. High above Lost Creek Valley towers wilderness of pine. So dense is this growth that it masks the mountain whence it springs. Even when the Cumberland spurs, to the east, are gaunt and bare in the win- 'bide with him no more. All at wunst try wind, their deciduous forests denuded. their crags unveiled and grimly beetling, Pine Mountain remains a sombre, changeless mystery; its clifty heights are hidden, its chasms and abysses lurk unseen. Whether the skies are blue, or gray, the dark, austere line of its summit limits the horizon. It stands against the west like a Their fragrance, so delicate, yet so pervabarrier. It seemed to Cynthia Ware that sive, suggested some exquisite unseen nothing which went beyond this barrier presence—the dryads were surely abroad! ever came back again. One by one the days passed over it, and in splendid apotheosis, in purple and crimson and gold, they were received into the heavens, and a vast array of sunny parallel mountains, returned no more. She beheld love go converging and converging, till they seemhence, and many a hope. Even Lost Creek | ed to meet far away in one long, level line, itself, meandering for miles between the so ideally blue that it looked less like earth ranges, suddenly sinks into the earth, tun- than heaven. The pine-knots flamed and unknown channel beneath the glistered under the great wash-kettle. A and wondered whither these trifles were to fancy that her life was like them, and presently took up the thread of her worthless in itself and without a mission; discourse. drifting down Lost Creek, to vanish vague-

in the mountains. destitute of pleasure and purpose. There how in that sorter fight an' scrimmage was a time-and she remembered it well- they hed at the mill las' month, he war when she found no analogies in Lost Creek. powerful ill-conducted. Nobody hed Then she saw only a stream gayly danderng down the valley, with the laurel and | hed been jes' a few licks passed atwixt the the pawpaw close in to its banks, and the men thar; but the fust finger ez war laid

Before it takes that desperate plunge inBefore it takes that desperate plunge inBefore it takes that desperate plunge into the unexplored caverns of the mountain, with his fists, an' he drawed his huntin' Lost Creek lends its aid to divers jobs of very prosaic work. Further up the valley | were in no wise pleased with him." it turns a mill-wheel, and on Mondays it is wont to assist in the family wash, A fire of pine-knots, kindled beside it on a flat at, an' air left be," drawled Cynthia. rock, would twine long, lucent white dames about the huge kettle in which the ment. Then, with a look both sly and wise, clothes were boiled. Through the steam she made an admission—a qualified admisthe distant landscape flickered, ethereal, sion. "Wanl, wimmen—ef—ef—ef they dream-like. The garments, laid across a are young an' toler'ble hard-headed yet, bench and beaten white with a wooden are likely ter jaw some, ennyhow. An' a paddle, would flutter hilariously in the gal oughtn't ter marry a man ez hev sot water-thrush might sing. Ever and anon apt ter be a mighty sour an' disapp'inted from the heights above vibrated the clink- eritter." ing of a hand-hammer and the clanking of a sledge. This iterative sound used to pulse like a lyric in Cynthia's heart. But her meaning, and revealed a subtle diplomatmother, one day, took up her testimony

wampus ter hev ter listen ter them blacksmiths, up yander ter thar shop, at thar everlastin' chink-chank an' chink-chank, considerin' the tales I hearn 'bout 'em, when I war down ter the quiltin' at M'ria's | what yer aunt Malviny useter declar' fur

She paused to prod the boiling clothes with a long stick. She was a tall woman. fifty years of age, perhaps, but seeming much older. So gaunt she was, so tooth- ty spry, good-featured woman an' a fustless, haggard, and disheveled, that but for her lazy step and languid interest she both her husbands left her su'thin'-cows, might have suggested one of Macbeth's or wagons, or land. An' they war quiet witches, as she hovered about the great men when they war alive, an' stays whar

they air put, now that they air dead; "They 'lowed down yander ter M'ria's not like old Parson Hoodenpyle what his house ez this hyar Evander Price hev kem | wife hears stumpin' round the house an' ter be the headin'est, no 'count critter in | preachin' every night, though she air ez last. the kentry! They 'lowed ez he hev been a-foolin' round Pete Blenkins's forge, twenty year-twenty year an' better. Yer man shrilly, "that thar boy's a plumb light, where the forge fire still smouldered. a-workin' fur him ez a striker, till he thinks aunt Malviny hed luck, so mebbe tain't no idjit! Ye oughtn't trust him along o' that hisself ez good a blacksmith ez Pete, an' killin' complaint fur a gal ter git ter talk- sledge! He'd jes' ez lief maul ye on the Something had passed before it, better. An' all of a suddenty this same in' like a fool about marryin' an' sech. head with it ez maul the hot iron. Ye Vander Price riz up an' made a consarn Leastwise, I ain't minded ter serrow." ter bake bread in, sech ez hed never been seen in the mountings afore. They 'lowed grin, which, distorted by her toothless down ter M'ria's ez they dunno what he gums and the wreathing steam from the wouldn't hev done it ef I hedn't been apatterned arter. The Evil One must hev kettle, enhanced her witch-like aspect and workin' on a new fixin' cz I hev jes' thought strange anxiety and a growing fear of he there was an unwonted stir upon the mounrevealed the contrivance ter him. But they was spuriously malevolent. She did not up, an' I war jes' obligated ter have somesay it did cook bread in less'n haffen the notice the stir of an approach through the body ter strike fur mc. An' laws-a-massy, time that the reg'lar oven takes; leastwise | brambly tangles of the heights above un- 'Lijah wouldn't harm nobody. The crithis granny's bread, 'kase his mother air a til it was close at hand; as she turned, she ter war ez peart and' lively ez a June-bug toler'ble sensible woman, an' would tech | thought only of the mountain cattle-to | -so proud ter be allowed ter work around no sech foolish fixin'. But his granny see the red cow's picturesque head and like folks!" He stopped short in sudden membered poor Elijah's pleasure in useful nomenal to old Suke as to Cynthia, and whilst she war spared. So she resked a bell. It was certainly less unexpected to pefied him. For a moment he could satu, an' she do say it riz like all possessed, an eat toler'ble short. An' that banged eritter 'Vander war so proud o' his con- slope. He still wore his blacksmith's delicately azure, so ethereally suggestive, trivance that he showed it ter everybody then rid by, an' one o' thar beastis cast a shoe, Vander hed ter take out his contraption fur them ter gape over, too. An' a strong lower jaw, and his features were hectors him. He treats me well."

they ups an' says they hed seen the like accented by fine lines of charcoal, as if the "An ill word is spoken bout him

many shades of brown for her auburn hair, which was of a brilliant, rich tint, highly tried to regain his natural manner. "I kem down hyar," he remarked in an off-hand esteemed of late years in civilization, but way, "ter git a drink o' water." He glanced in the mountains still accounted a capital furtively at the girl; then looked quickly

defect. There was nothing as gayly colored in all the woods, except perhaps a red-bird, that carried his tuited top-knot so bravely through shade and sheen that he might have been the transmigrated spirit of an Indian, still roaming in the old hunting-ground. The beech shadows, delicately green invested a more othereal hyar thirstin' fur water, we-uns would hev fairness to her fair face, and her sombre brown homespun dress heightened the ef-fect by contrast. Her mother noted an brought su'thin' down hyar ter drink out'n. We uns hain't got no gourd hyar, hev we,

"Thout it air the little gourd with the saft soap in it," said Cynthia, confused and

commenced with a deep, astute purpose.

"They 'lowed down yander in the Cove, ter M'ria's quiltin', ez this hyar 'Vander Price hev kem ter be mighty difficult, blushing. Her mother broke into a high, loud laugh. "Ye ain't wantin' ter gin 'Vander the soap-gourd ter drink out'n, Cyathy! Leastwise, I nin't goin' ter gin it ter Pete. Fur I s'pose ef ye hev ter kem a haffen mile ter git a drink, 'Vander, ez Pete hisself hev always been knowed ez a powerful evil man, an' what 'twixt drink surely Pete 'll hev ter kem, too. Waal, an' deviltry mos' folks hev been keerful waal, who would hev b'lieved ez Lost ter gin him elbow-room. But this hyar Creek would go dry nigh the shop, an' yit 'Vander Price hectors round an' jaws back be a-scuttlin' along like that, hyar-abouts!" mouthed where 'Vander be. They 'lowed

Pete an' 'Vander hed a piece o' iron atwixt 'em on the anvil, an' Pete would tap, pretence of thirst. "Lost Creek ain't gone dry nowhar, ea I knows on," he admitted, mechanically rolling the sleeve of his hammer arm up an down as he talked.
"It air toler'ble high—higher'n I ever see whar ter strike with the sledge. An' Pete got toler'ble bouncin', an' kep' faultin' it afore. 'Twar jus' night afore las' ez two men got a kyart sunk in a quicksand, when the youth is not approved, as the exwhilst fording the creek. An' one o' thar wheels kem off, and they hed right smart 'Vander hefted the sledge an' gin Pete the scufflin' to kecp thar load from washin' out'n the kyart an' driftin' clean away. Leastwise, that was how they telled it to me. They war valley men, I'm thinkin'. sounded some broken minor chords, as it They lowed ter me ez they hed ter cut all its belongings seemed huddled about it thar beastis out'n the traces. They loaded him up with the goods an' fotched him ter the shop.

Mrs. Ware forebore her ready gibes in her interest in the countryside gossip. She ceased to prod the boiling clothes. She hung motionless on the stick. "I peddler in the dim perspective of a prosa-

often watched the floating leaves, a nettle in the dry distance. The girl, gravely im-here and there, the broken wing of a moth, passive, beat the clothes with the heavy 'lowed ez they war aimin' ter sot up a store borne, on the elegiac current. She came prod the white heaps in the boiling water, sick Mounting. They left right smart o' upon her, cropped the grass close by, truck up yander in the shed ahint the shop, "An' 'Vander hev got ter be a mighty suddint man. I hearn tell, when I war back agin.'

> down ter M'ria's house ter the quiltin', ez ed, the sharpness of wits and the acerbity of temper ascribed to the red haired gentry could be accounted no slander. The thought of hevin' much of a fight-thar flame colored halo about her face, emblazoned upon the dusky depths of her old brown bonnet, was not more fervid than knife on some of 'em. The men at the mill

Certainly, so far as Cynthia was concern-

Waal, Cynthy," exclaimed her mother,

wind. Deep in some willowy tangle the his heart on bein' lef' in peace. He's ye be. Waal, sorrow fur Pete, ef ye air bowl, she looked the very genius of home, so minded." The angry spark in Cynthia's eyes died

the paddle, and her manner was that of having withdrawn herself from the conversation. The young blacksmith had flushed, too, and he laughed a little, but demure-

Mrs. Ware had overshot the mark, but gravity returned.

tollin' in the third man now. She's a migh- grows powerful fine in them parts." too, same ez common." There was a change among the lines of

> He looked humbled, ashamed, "I hed my brother a-strikin' fur me," he said at

She looked at her daughter with a gay | critter's fursaken in his mind. "I knows that," Evander admitted. "I

Cynthia when a young mountaineer, clad not speak, and he stood silently in brown jeans trowsers and a checked gazing at that long, level blue line, in built; his sunburned face was square, with at our house," he continued, "but they "An ill word is spoken bout him giner-

men in the valley towns. An' when they found out ez 'Vander hed never hearn on the forge out for the found out was now trying to crowd down the strode hastily forward. "Come out o' then was now trying to crowd down the man had been on the forge out on which Jubal Tynes extract at one another. The wounded man had been out o' the energes thouse, but the or spectice, the ground was still dank with blood, and this on the ground was still dank with blood, and this on the ground was still dank with blood, and the ground was still afore a-many a time; sech ovens war com-mon in the valley towns. An' when they cyes held fierce intimations, but there was man, who had filled and lighted her pipe, heen doin' in metal, an' git a good hank had not thought to find here. It 'Fursaken or no fursaken, he ain't goin' drawling voice broke languidly on the the plunder stood hard by. It had been the plunder stood hard by the plunder stood har on his knack fur new notions. But 'Vanthe clung ter the mountings. They

on his knack fur new notions. But 'Vanthe clung ter the mountings. They

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or his knack fur new notions as a spirate of the inferiority of strength had o'the Lord air laid too heavy on him. lowed down yander at M'ria's quiltin' ez Vander fairly tuk ter the woods with grief through other folks hevin' made sech contraptions ez his'n, afore he war born."

The girl stowned stort in ber word of the militation of the interiority of strength of the bellows lived for the bellows The girl stopped short in her work of pounding the clothes, and, leaning the paddle on the bench, looked up tower of the girl stopped short in her work of pounding the clothes, and, leaning the paddle on the bench, looked up tower of the presence of the

and pulled deliberately at her long cob-pipe. Then she too turned her faded eyes upon the vast landscape, in which she had seen no change, save the changing season and the waxing or the waning of the day, since first her life had opened upon it. That level line of pale blue in the poetic distance had become faintly roscate. The great bronze green ranges nearer at hand were assuming a royal purple. Shadows went skulking down the valley. Across the amber zenith an eagle was flying home-ward. Her mechanical glance followed

A cow-bell jangled in the laurel. "Old Suke's a-comin' home ez partic' lar an' percise ez ef she hed her calf thar yit. I hev traded Suke's calf ter my merried daughter M'ria-her ez merried Amos Baker in the Cove. The old brindle can't somehow onderstan' the natur' o' the barand she pointed with her bony finger at the swift flow of the water.

He was forced to abandon his clumsy shakes of a calf no how, an' I stool toler'-

the sweeping, majestic curves, as the bird dropped to its nest in the wild fastnesses

of Pine Mountain, that towered, rugged and

severe of outline, against the crimson west.

ble well arter the trade." She looked up at the young man with a leer of self gratulation. He still lingered, but the unsophisticated mother in the measured his length upon the ground— His face was filled now with strange, wild mountains can be as much an obstacle to close to the anvil this time, for the posibut the unsophisticated mother in the pert factician of a drawing-room. He had blow was struck with the ponderous sledge. only the poor consolation of helping Cyn- As the men hastened to lift him, they were only the poor consolation of helping Cynthis to carry in the the load of stiff, dry clothes to the log cabin, ambushed behind the beech-trees, hard by in the gorge. The house had a very unconfiding aspect; for safe keeping. The bee-hives stood almost under the eaves; the ash-hopper was visible close in the rear; the rain-barrel affiliated with the damp wall; the chickens upon the sledge, and they said brains, too, were going to post in an althea bush bewere going to roost in an althea bush beside the porch; the boughs of the cherry and plum and crab apple trees were thicks'pose they 'lowed, mebbe, cz what sort'n ly interlaced above the path that led from goods they hed," she hazarded, seeing a the rickety rail-fence, and among their ly mountaineer, who was seated beneath the hop vines on the little porch, while a paddle. Her mother shortly ceased to over yander ter the Settlemint on Milk- gaunt gray mare, with the plow-gear still

> When Evander was half way up the steep slope, he turned and looked down at the embowered little house, that itself turned its face upward, looking as it were to the mountain's summit. How it nestled there in the gorge! He had seen it often and often before, but whenever he thought of alight in her brown eyes.
>
> "Pete Blenkins mus' be sodden with flaring above it, though stars had blossom scrimmage ter the shop, an' somebody'll git hurt, an' mebbe killed."
>
> The vista ended in the open door, with the broad flare of the fire illumining the puncheon floor and the group of boisterous towin tantalizing glee, "air you-uns goin' ter ache when Pete's head gits broke? That's with her bright hair and light figure, with powerful 'commodatin' in ye, cornsiderin' her round arms bare, and her deft hands ez he hev got a wife, an' chil'ren ez old ez stirring the batter for bread in a wooden and so long he remembered her.

a-wastin'!"

The door closed at last, and he slowly out as suddenly as it kindled. She resumed his way along the steep slope. began to beat the wet clothes heavily with The scene that had just vanished seemed yet vividly present before him. The gathtook scant heed of external objects, and plodded on mechanically. He was very ly. Then, as he still rolled and unrolled near the forge when his senses were roused stood still to listen: only the insects dron-"Pete hain't got nothin' ter do with it, ing in the chestnut-oaks, only the wind itself against an infinitely clear sky. But "Then who war holpin' at the forge ter- for a hunter's horn, faintly wound and day?" asked Mrs. Ware, surprised. "I faintly echoed in Lost Creek Valley, he 'lowed I hearn the hand-hammer an' sledge | might have seemed the only human creathrough the pine boughs the red moon risshone like a golden fringe. They over-Suddenly it was momentarily eclipsed.

"'Lijah!" he called out, in vague alarm. know he air ez strong ez a ox; and the There was no answer. The red spark now knew not what.

It was a terrible weapon he had put into the idiot's hand that day—that heavy sledge of his. He grew cold when he relowed ex she didn't hev long ter live, nolow, an monght ex well please the chil'ren lower the brindle's clanking bushes, or to hear the brindle's clanking that had no habit there; its presence stulightly wielded. He might well have re- laurel with a muttered low and with crouchturned to-night, with some vague, dis- ing horns. Early wayfarers along the road traught idea of handling it again. And had been attracted by the unusual commowhat vague, distraught idea kept him tion. A rude slide drawn by a yoke of to meet in one distant level line somewhat

cavernous recesses made a background of with gruff drawling deprecation. Then he his own self, afore I gits done with him!" shed back yander air full of 'em. I dun-fire. It was a pale face. Somehow, all l'arn ter write, when he went ter the school "'Vander Price," said the old woman no whether ye holped ter rob the cross-rebukingly, "ye talk like ye hain't got. roads store or no; but yander's the goods suggestions of a dogged temper and latent ez he would hev a use for sech. But law! good sense yerself." She sat down on a in the shed o' the shop, an' Pete's been rock embedded in the ferns by Lost Creek, away two weeks, an' better; so 'twar patient resignation, that might have been opportunities he hev wasted fur grace; fur obleeged ter be you-uns ez received 'em."

> story. The constable laughed lazily, with his quid between his teeth. "Mebbe somebbe so; but that's fur the jedge an' jury ter study over. Them men never tuk thar kyart no furder. 'Twar never stuck in no quicksand in Lost Creek. They knowed the deputy sheriff, still rehearsing the senthe sheriff war on thar track, an' they stove | sation of the hour to the increasing crowd up thar kyart, an' sent the spokes an' shafts about the door. The girl stood listening, an' sech a-driftin' down Lost Creek, thinkin' 'twould be swallered inter the moun- senses seemed strangely sharpened, despite ting an' never be seen ag'in. But jes' whar Lost Creek sinks under the mounting the sessed her. She even heard the old cow drift war cotched. We fund it thar, an' cropping the scanty grass at her feet, and knowed ez all we hed ter do war ter trace saw every casual movement of the big 'em up Lost Creek. An' hyar we be! The | brindled head. She was conscious of the goods hey been identified this very hour by the man ez owns 'em. I hope ye never holped ter burglarize the store, too; but of crimson and gold, brightening and 'tain't fur me ter say. Ye hev ter kem brightening till only the rising sun could along o' we uns, whether ye like it or no," outdazzle it, she noted the romantic outand he laid a heavy hand on his prisoner's | lines of the Cumberland crags and woody

> shoulder. powerful blow planted between the eyes. of the dewy azaleas, and she heard the It even felled the stalwart constable, for it | melancholy song of the pines, for the wind was so suddenly dealt. But Jubal Tynes | was astir. She marked the grimaces of was on his feet in an instant, rushing for- the idiot, looking like a dim and ugly ward with a bull-like bellow. Once more dream in the dark recesses of the forge. much hindered by the ecstatic capers of claimed an old man, indignantly. no attempt at flight, although, in the confusion, he was forgotten for the time by the officers, and had some chance of escape. He appeared frightened and very meek; and when he saw that there was blood done it.

"I done it!" cried the idiot, joyfully.
"Jube sha'n't fight 'Vander! I done it!" and he was so boisterously grotesque and bush mingled in a floral mosaic. The old wo- was about; so they turned him roughly out periously. "They lef' some along o' we-uns ter keep till they kem back agin. They low- this inadvertence could not profit the loi- him. At last he went away, although for pectancy glittered in her wide brown eyes.

sick Mounting. They left right smart of truck up yander in the shed ahint the shop, 'pears like ter me it air a kyart-load itself.

I promised ter keer fur it till they kem is the shop of the pears a like ter me it till they kem is the shop of the pears like ter me it till they kem is the shop of the pears like ter me it air a kyart-load itself.

I promised ter keer fur it till they kem is the shop of the pears close by, the pears like ter me it air a kyart-load itself.

I promised ter keer fur it till they kem is the benefits that might result therefrom. The group of the pears was born, and where bucolic taste and local attachment still kept him, he was sinenced. A vibratory ecno trembled for an instant on the air. The group is the benefits that might result therefrom. They came; the bitterness of the pears was buried, and all worked zealously and harmoniously together as one happy family. practitioner, so few and slight were the was laughing triumphantly, almost sanely, demands upon the resources of his science. and pointing at the sledge to call her at-He was as one who has long pondered the tention to its significant stains. The sheriff unsuggestive details of the map of a re- had laid the implement carefully aside.

an angry glow overspreading her delicate cheek, and an intense fiery spark suddenly alight in her brown eyes.

order before, but whenever he thought of the strong to the the simple mountaineers his learned talk drink, I'm a-thinkin'!" she cried impatiently. Like ex not them men will 'low ex the truck aint all thar, when they kem back. An' then thar'll be a tremenjious the rickety fence, the path beneath the trees.

The mixture and there, and the sweet June of the trephine gave rise to the startling report that he intended to put a linchpin into Jubal Tynes's head. It was rumored, the rickety fence, the path beneath the trees. "in an' about leaked haffen out;" and | glee, many freely prompted Providence by the suggestion that "ef Jube war ready ter die, it war high time he war taken," as, having been known as a hasty and choleric of dull despair. "I done it!" man, it was predicted that he would

"make a most survigrus idjit." "Cur'ous enough ter me ter find out ez wildered group as if the girl had suddenly Jube ever hed brains," commented Mrs. dropped dead. She revived under the water and cinders dashed into her face ez they paid him a dollar a day fur a witof 'em leak out ter prove it. He hev never from the barrel where the steel was tem- ness-fee, an' treated him mighty perlite- and keep busy a net and twine factory. showed he hed brains no other way, cz I pered. But life returned enfeebled and the jedge an' jury, too."

Now." she added "somebody vapid. That vivid consciousness and inknows on. Now," she added, "somebody ering gloom made less impression. He oughter tap 'Vander's head, an' mebbe they'll find him pervided, too. Wonders sensibility, and now she experienced the Often, as she sat brooding over the midnight of this section only awaits future developwill never cease! Nobody would hev accused Jube o' sech. Folks 'll have ter rethe sleeve of his hammer-arm, his wonted by some inexplicable inward monition. He spec' them brains. 'Vander done him that stood still to listen: only the insects dron-favior in splitting his head open."

"Twarn't 'Vander's deed!" Cynthia she retorted, gallantly reckless, "Inat's what yer aunt Malviny useter declar' fur gospel sure, when she war a gal. An' she hev got ten chil'ren, an' hev buried two husbands, an' ef all they say air true she's on Caney Fork. He 'lowed ez apple jack on -and prove that against his own word?

For she herself had heard him acknowledge the crime. The new day had hardly broken when, driving her cow, she came that would an acknowledge the crime. The new day had hardly broken when, driving her cow, she came to appreciate that it was a narrow existence and wanter must hev been a-keepin struct even a vague status that would an swer for the problematic mode of life of argued, "she's a downright good-lookin gal, ef she do be so red-headed. An' that are in the problematic mode of life of argued, "she's a downright good-lookin gal, ef she do be so red-headed. An' that are in the problematic mode of life of the "valley folks" who dwelt in Nashville, or in the penitentiary hard by. She began are plenty likely boys left in the mountings are plenty likely boys left in the mountings. that it was not? she asked herself as often ture in all the vast wilderness. He saw broken when, driving her cow, she came by the blacksmith's shop, all unconscious charcoal that seemed to define his features. ing. The needles caught the glister, and as yet of the tragedy it had housed. A vague prescience of dawn was on the landhung dusky, angular shadows that he knew was the little shanty of a blacksmith shop. were gone; even the sidereal outline of the great Scorpio had crept away. But the

gibbous moon still swung above the dark and melancholy forests of Pine Mountain, and its golden chalice spilled a dreamy glamour all adown the lustrous mists in gleamed distinct.

"Look-a-hyar, boy, what be you-uns a doin' of thar?" he asked, beset with a of wheels, the voices of the officers at the homespun shirt, emerged upon the rocky slope. He still wore his blacksmith's leather apron, and his powerful corded hammer-arm was bare beneath his tightly rolled sleeve. He was tall and heavily built; his sunburned face was square, with mercy," he exclaimed fervently, "the boy hain't been a-sp'ilin' o' that thar new while he turned half round in his saddle, ody! Sometimes the forest was dumb; the buked, the sassafras leaves by the wayside, birth. But what he winds in the sassafras leaves by the wayside, ody! Sometimes the forest was dumb; the change.

while he turned half round in his saddle, ody! Sometimes the forest was dumb; the change.

"An' sech a hard winter ez we-uns air with a white horror on his face, to see the sun glittered frigidly, and the pines, every

departure, that one of the animals had cast in general since his experience had been ed you-uns would hev turned off Jeemes felt that it was for the last time. The heavy sighing of the bellows burst forth as if charged with a conscious grief. As the fire alternately flared and faded, it illumined with long, evanescent red rays the dusky interior of the shop; the horseshoes hang.

The case of the charged red rays the charged red rays the case of the charged red rays the charged rays and the ray of the shop; the charged ray of the shop o

wrought by a lifetime of self-sacrifice, Evander, in a tumult of haste, told his rather than by one imperious impulse, as potent as it was irrevocable. The face appeared in some sort sublimated.

The bellows ceased to sigh, the anvil began to sing, the ringing staccate of the hammer punctuated the droning story of half hidden in the blooming laurel. Her the amazement, the incredulity, that poscropping the scanty grass at her feet, and splendid herald of a new day flaunting in the east. Against this gorgeous presence heights, and marveled how near they ap-The next moment he was reeling from a peared. She was sensible of the fragrance

the idiot brother, who seemed to have been | misdoubted ye when I hearn how ye fit, Jubal Tynes! From what I hev hearn tell, I jedge he air obleeged ter die. Then nothin' kin save ye!"

The girl burst suddenly forth from the in every tone. "Vander, 'Vander, who

place fashion which is of no interest to the books or the profession. "Twarn't 'Vander's deed! It couldn't

be!" she declared, passionately. For the first time he faltered. was a pause. He could not speak. "I done it!" cried the idiot, in shrill

"Twar me ez done it," he said, huskily, turning away to the anvil with a gesture Fainting is not a common demonstration

vapid. That vivid consciousness and inwhile she sat upon a rock at the verge of the clearing. As the wagon trundled away down the road, laden with the stolen goods, yit; an' ef thar ain't, she can jes' send despite his compassion. The horsemen were in frantic impatience to be off, and it came to pass that he was no longer even presently they were speeding in single file a vision. Because of this subtle bereavement along the sandy mountain road.

wistfully gazing down the long green vista for she never wondered if her image to where they had disappeared. She could him had also grown remote. How she not believe that Evander had really gone.
Something, she felt sure, would happen to bring them back. Once and again she mountains? Could he see them in the thought she heard the beat of hoofs-of spirit? Surely in his dreams, surely in distant hoofs. It was only the melancholy some kindly illusion, he might still behold

wind in the melancholy pines. They were laden with snow before she heard aught of him. Beneath them, in- through the pines; flying shadows of clouds stead of the dusky vistas the summer had as fleet racing above the distant explored, were long reaches of ghastly ranges; untrodden woodland nooks beside white undulations, whence the boles rose | singing cascades; or some lonely pool, dark and drear. The Cumberland range, whence the gray deer bounded away bleak and bare with its leafless trees and | through the red sumach leaves. frowning eliffs, stretched out long, parallel spurs, one above another, one beyond another, tier upon tier, till they appeared | long and terrible suspense concerning the

they say now ez Jube Tynes air bound ter

ton air the man I take him fur." "'Twarn't 'Vander's deed!" said Cynthia, her practiced hands still busily investing the warping bars with a homely rainbow of scarlet and blue and saffron yarn. It added an embellishment to the little room, which was already bright with | self. Au' then he gin me no more of his the firelight and the sunset streaming in at the windows, and the festoons of red pepper and popcorn and peltry swinging from out."

At then he gai me no more of his jaw, but arter he hed sot awhile longer he said, 'Far'well,' toler'ble perlite, an' put out." the rafters.

'Waal, waal, hev it so," said her mother, in acquiescent dissent-"hev it so! But 'twar his deed receivin' of the stolen goods; leastwise, the jury b'lieved so. Pete say, though, ez they wouldn't hev been so sure, ef it warn't fur 'Vander's resistin' arrest an' in an' about haffen killin' Jubal Tynes. Pete say ez 'Vander's name fur fightin' an' sech seemed ter hev sot the jury powerful agin him."

"An' thar war nobody thar ez would gin a good word fur him!" cried the girl, beneath the mountains. dropping her hands with a gesture of poignant despair.

said Mrs. Ware. "'Vander's lawyer never

summonsed but a few of the slack-jawed

boys from the Settlemint ter prove his good character, an' Pete said they 'peared awk-'ard in thar minds an' flustrated, an' spoke | many a mile the dirt-road in the valley-a more agin 'Vander'n fur him. Pete 'lows tawny streak of color on every hilltop, or ez they hed ter be paid thar witness-fee by winding by every fallow field and rocky "An' so yer tantrums hev brung ye ter ez they hed ter be paid thar witness-fee by this eend, at last, 'Vander Price!" exin' no money ter fetch witnesses an' sech ter Sparty. His dad an' mam air mighty concealed in the shop. The prisoner made | that day, yander ter the mill; an' they do | shiftless-always war-an' they hev got say ez even Pete Blenkins air plumb afeard | that hulking idjit ter eat 'em out'n house ter jaw at ye, nowadays, on 'count o' yer an' home. They hev been mightily put ter of the Lord; and she arose and followed it. fightin' an' quar'lin' ways. An' now ye it this winter ter live along 'thout 'Vander hev gone an' bodaciously slaughtered pore ter holp 'em, like he uster. But they war Jubal Tynes! From what I hev hearn tell, no ways anxious 'bout his trial, 'kase Squair Bates tole 'em ez the jedge would app'int a lawyer ter defend 'Vander, ez he hed no money ter hire a lawyer fur hisself. flowering splendors of the laurel. "Twarn't An' the jedge app'inted a young lawyer 'Vander's deed!" she cried, perfect faith thar; an' Pete 'lowed ez that young lawyer made the trial the same ez a gander-pullin' roots flag-lilies, larkspur, and devil-in-the | wild that the men lost their wits while he | did it ? Who did it ? " she resterated, im- | fur the 'torney-gineral. Pete say ez that young lawyer's ways tickled the 'torney-Her cheeks were aflame. An eager ex- gineral haffen ter death. Pete say the 'torney-gineral jes' sot out ter devil that ed ez they could travel better ef thar tering young people. "Law, Cynthia," she a time he beat loudly upon the shutter, and Her auburn hair flaunted to the breeze as young lawyer, an' he done it. Pete say the sun. Her bonnet had fallen to the one or two cases afore, an' he acted so fool-Patton, who lived six miles down the valley, and zealously he improved it. He of away. The metalic staccato of the ham- folks laffin' at him. The jury laffed, an' ten felt that in this healthful country, mer was silenced. A vibratory echo trem- so did the jedge. I reckon 'Vander thought der's chances. Arter the trial the 'torney; and to-day the handsome places of busigineral 'lowed ter Pete ez the State hed hed a mighty shaky case agin 'Vander. But I reckon he jes' said that ter make his gion, and who suddenly sees before him that it might be produced in court in case own smartness in winnin' it seem more terprise. Streets but a few years ago that Jubal Tynes should pass beyond the point s'prisin'. 'Vander war powerful interruptits glowing, vivid landscape.

"A beautiful fracture!" he protested with rapture—"a beautiful fracture!" a gratifying instance of survival from fracture and the countryside were circustaged by one or two small mouse, and the game they made of his lawyer, an' said he didn't want no a gratifying instance of survival from fracture and the countryside were circustaged.

Jubal Tynes should pass beyond the point of affording, for Dr. Patton's satisfaction, a gratifying instance of survival from fracture. Through all the countryside were circustaged by one or two small mouses, and by the laftin's an' the game they made of his lawyer, an' said he didn't want no appeal. He 'lowed he hed seen enough of the skull, and die in a common ture of the skull and th jestice. He 'lowed ez he'd take the seven elm tree; acres of land that less than ten

years in the pen'tiary that the jury gin years ago was planted in corn, is now di-him, fur fear at the nex' trial they'd gin vide into wide streets, dotted with elehim twenty-seven; though the 'torney-gin-eral say of Jube dies they will fetch him out agin an' try him fur that. The 'torney-filled in and factories built where once gineral 'lowed ter Pete ez 'Vander war a fool not ter move fur a new trial an' ap- has taken the place of a small canal boat, peal, an' sech. He lowed ez 'Vander war a derned ignorant man. An' all the folks round the court-house gin thar opinion ez 'Vander hev got less gumption 'bout'n the law o' the land than enny man they ever in the mountains. It seemed to the be- see, 'cept that young lawyer he hed ter defend him. Petc air powerful sati'fied with

tensity of emotion had reached a climax of of despair was a mystery to her afterward. number of years, and the oyster interest reaction. It was in a sort of lethargy that embers, she sought to picture to herself she watched their preparations to depart, some detail of the life that Evander was some detail of the life that Evander was leading so far away. The storm would beat heavily on the roof of the log cabin, newspapers are published here and circumstance of the log cabin, newspapers are published here and circumstance of the log cabin, newspapers are published here and circumstance of the log cabin, newspapers are published here and circumstance of the life that Evander was leading so far away. The storm would be a source of great and the city. We have good schools and employ good teachers. Three leading so far away. The storm would the mountain wind sob through the sighing pines; ever and anon a wolf might howl in the sombre depths of Lost Creek Valley. But Evander had become a stranerably to heart, and sagely opined that she | ger to her imagination. She could not conand 'Vander "must hev been a keepin' struct even a vague status that would anwithin the limits of Lost Creek Valley, and down the valley a piece fur me!" and he that to its simple denizens the world belaughed, and went away quite cheerful, yond was a foreign world, full of strange habitudes and alien complications. Thus

she would fall to sobbing drearily beside the Cynthia sat there until late in the day, dreary, dying fire-only because of this, that fair land which touched the sky; the golden splendors of the suushine sifting

Sombre though the present was, the future seemed darker still, clouded by the wounded officer's fate and the crime that the name of the other was Zillah." Moses,

This fear dominated all others. He spot pointed out on which Jubal Tynes tiny needle encased in ice, shone like a a-tusslin' with; and that that ewe a-dyin' as not contrary to the code. In practice

Raleigh Begister.

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die somewhar, an' he hedn't lost much, opportunities he hev wasted fur grace; fur arter all." She puffed vigorously at her pipe; then, with a change of tone, "An" Jeemes air mighty slack-jawed ter his elders, too! He tuk me up ez sharp. He 'lowed ez he hed no fault ter find with yer looks. He said ye war pritty enough fur him. Then, my dander riz, an' I spoke up, an' says, 'Mebbe so Jeemes, mebbe so, fur ye air in no wise pritty yer-

> After a long time the snow gradually melted from the mountain top, and the drifts in the deep abysses melted, and the heavy rains came on. The mists clung, shroudlike, to Pine Mountain. The distant ranges seemed to withdraw themselves into indefinite space, and for weeks Cynthia was bereft of their familiar presence. Myriads of streamlets, channeling the gullies and swirling among the bowlders, were flowing down the steeps to join Lost Creek, on its way to its mysterious sepulchre

> And at last the spring opened. A vivid green tipped the sombre plumes of the pines. The dull gray mists ethercalized to a silver gauze, and glistened above the mellowing landscape. The wild cherry was blooming far and near. From the summit of the mountain could be seen for slope. A wild, new hope was suddenly astir in Cynthia's heart; a new energy fired her blood. It may have been only the recuperative power of youth asserting itself. Tother it was as if she had heard the voice

> > ELIZABETH CITY.

How and why the Town Grows.

[Elizabeth City Falcon.] Since that eventful time that tried men's souls, no town in the Old North State has made such rapid strides toward the development of her resources, her talent for business, and her taste for ornamentation and beautifying as has Elizabeth City. Beautifully situated on the west banks of Pasquotank river, and just where that stream gracefully curves around a cypress in her advantages, to share in the investment of capital and welcome to share in the benefits that might result therefrom. ness in Elizabeth City, together with beautifully ornamented homes, stands as a grand monument to their untiring energy and envided into wide streets, dotted with elewere frog ponds; a well equipped railroad and palace steamers make regular trips to and from our city. Some twenty or twenty-five stores that carry a stock of goods amounting to over \$90,000 each, are supported by the agricultural productions of Pasquotank and adjoining counties, and the immense steam fisheries of the Albe-Our four large saw mills could not consume the accessible timber in fifty times that ment to be a source of great wealth to enlated throughout the entire State. Each Sunday school possesses a library and the books are free. The Methodist, Episcopal and Baptist denominations have handsome places of worship and extend an invitation

POLYGAMY.

[New York Journal of Commerce.] Editor of the Journal of Commerce: Is polygamy allowed or prohibited by the losaic law? I do not know of any law in the Old Testament bearing on the subject. We find many of the magnates of Scripture practicing it, while we meet with passages indicating its being held in disfavor. as, for instance, in Proverbs. A friend of mine maintains that the Jews can, by their religious laws, practice polygamy in such countries as legally permit it. Your information on the point would be much appreciated.

Reply .- From the Hebrew Scriptures, as well as from Christian literature, we learn that the original marriage estate was composed of one man and one woman. Genesis, chapter II., verses 18-24, "Therefore shall a man * * cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh." Polygamy came into the world after man's lapse from virtue. Genesis, chapter IV., verse 19, "And Lameen took unto him two wives; the name of the one was Adah and the great lawgiver, found the practice so common that he not only did not legislate against it, but it is tolerated in the Jewish law. In Exodus, xxt., 10, we read, "If he take him another wife;" and in Deuteronomy, xxi., 15, "If a man have two wives, one beloved, and another hated," showing that this relation was recognized.

Panadelphia Call.

dreadfully sick at makes my heart sche