## FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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## Devoted to all the In terests of The South, Literature, Educ ation, Agriculture, Hews, the Markets, &c.

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SELECT POETRY

Ir was good, it was kind in the wise ONE above To fling destiny's veil o'er the face of our years,

Did we know that the voices now gentle and bland

Will be joyfully forward in casting the stone.

Did we know the affection engrossing our breast, Will end, as it oft does, in madness and pain; That the passionate heart will but hazard'its rest, And be wrecked on the shore it is panting to

Oh, did we but know of the shadows so nigh, The world would indeed be a prison of GLOOM ; All light would be quenched in youth's eloquent | er been so embarrassed in his life.

For if hope be a star that may lead us astray And "deceiveth the heart," as the aged ones

Yet, 'twas mercy that gave it to beacon our way, Though its hale illumes where we never can

Though friendship but flit like a meteor gleam, Though it burst like a moon-lighted bubble of

Though it passed away like a leaf on the stream, Yet, tis bliss while we fancy the vision is true.

Oh, tis well that the future is hid from our sight, That we walk in the sunshine, nor dream of the

That we cherish a flower, and think not of blight.

A HAPPY DILEMMA.

"What a dismal night!" said poor M. Armand, as he looked hopelessly round in search of a fiacre. There was not one to be seen; he must therefore walk to the nearest stand, and that was at no inconsiderable distance. He had just left a brilliant soirce in the Faubourg du Roule-he had passed the preceeding evening at the Ball de l'Opera-on both occasions he had danced for many hours, and consequently he found himself overwhelmed with fatigue. The night was damp and foggy, and the wind blew keenly in his face. The young man sighed, and resigned himself to fate. He proceeded through the Faubourg du Rule, and down the Rue du Foubourg St. Honore; every stand was deserted, and the few vehicles that he chanced to encounter upon the road were already occupied. At last, as if to crown his misery, some premonitory-flakes of snow began to fall.

"I can go no further!" exclaimed M. Armand, as staggering from fatigue, and half dead with cold, he leaned against a doorway.

But stay! On easting a last despairing look in advance, he thought that he perceived a file of carriages before the door of a large mansion down one of the streets opening upon the Mad-

But his troubles were not to be so speedily ended. Among the twenty-five or thirty equip ages which he found stationed together, there was not a single hackney vehicle. All were private, and all were, of course, inaccessible. Any other man would have been daunted by this new disappointment; to M. Armand it suggested a bold and felicitous stroke of policy. At the head of the line there sat a coachman upon the box of a neat little Clarence. The man was almost hidden in the folds of an immense railway wrapper, and seemed to be fast asleep. The rest of the livery servants were assembled round a blazing fire in the vestibule of the hotel.

M. Armand approached stealthily towards the carriage, opened the door softly, glanced once more around, to see that no one observed him, and glided in.

It was a delightfully comfortable little vehi cle-cushioned, soft, yielding, and perfumed withal by that soft scent of flowers and otto of roses, which seems to linger in the wake of la-

dies and their bouquets. He had only intended to rest for a few mo-

by weariness and the luxury of his asylum, he Rodotph!" returned to their seats-the file of carriages was sure. gradually put in motion—the visitors were de parting.

Still M. Armand slept on.

A lady appeared at the door of the hotel, sur- Monsieur Chapuis!" rounded by a crowd of attentive escorts. She wore a rich velvet cloak trimmed with sables. pressing attentions of her numerous admirers. fortune of our friends. The carriage drew up; the footman opened the mistress to pass in. Still M. Armand slept on.

It so happened that where he sat was in the

deepest shadow, and no one observed the in-The lady ran lightly forward, and sprang in-

an exclamation escaped her lips.

The lady disengaged the mantle from her shoulders, and threw it over the sleeper in such a manner that he was completely hidden beneath the satin folds.

"Nothing, thank you," she replied; "I only stepped upon this cloak, and feared for the mo-That we dread not t e blow that shall strike at our ment that I should fall. Good night!" She And expect not the beams that shall dry up our extended her fair hand, closed the door hastily, and the carriage rolled away.

But M. Armand was asleep no longer. He Will forego the fond word and the whispering had half awoke when the door was opened, and had seen, as if in a dream, the lighted hall, the Did we knew that the eager and warm-pressing lady, and the gentlemen who accompanied her. The danger of his position suddenly roused him. Were they all coming in? Then the cloak fell upon his head-he blessed the protecting satin-the door closed, and he found himself alone with the lady. What was he to do? He dreaded to reveal his presence, for at the first word he uttered she might scream-faint-go into hysterics! Poor M. Armand! he had nev-

While he was thus debating and trembling, And the prayer-lisping infant would ask for the the carriage went on. All at once the lady drew the mantle aside, and said-

"How imprudent of you to hide yourself in my carriage !"

When he felt the cloak withdrawn, the young man wished that he could sink through the bottom of the vehicle; but when he heard these words, he was perfectly bewildered.

The lady went on :-

"Had you no care of my reputation? no fear of compromising me? Happily I succeeded in throwing my cloak over you, otherwise-But no, I will not be angry with you, Rodolph; you have acted nobly, and I thank you!

M. Armand had begun to think that he was mistaken for another, and these last words confirmed it. Fortunately for him, the withdrawal That we dance on the loom that may weave us of the cloak did not violate his incognito .-The collar of his paletot was up; he wore his hat, and a large silken handkerchief covered his mouth. Besides, the night was very dark; the carriage-lamps shed no light within; and he was shrinking back into the farthest corner .--Thus protected, he could at least continue to pass for Rodolph till he was obliged to speak, and then his voice must betrav him.

"Well! have you nothing to say to me?" aid the young lady, tenderly.

M. Armand thought the fatal moment was'

"Ah, I understand," continued his companon, in a tone of gentle reproach; "you are ashamed of your conduct-of the cruel scene vou inflicted vesterday upon me! Well, I pardon you. You would not let the night pass over without a reconciliation. You have come to seek me as I left the very ball which you wished to prevent my attending; how could I fail to be indulgent to a fault so speedily atoned? I fear, Rodolph, that I should not have been the first to seek a reconciliation—I was too deeply wounded. But I was wrong, and I am ready to confess how much your course exceeds mine in generosity."

The young man, who was thus usurping a confidence intended for another, began to feel that he must at all hazards put an end to the lady's error. But his courage deserted him, when the smallest and sofest of hands was laid upon his own, and in a caressing voice she contined:-

"I was wrong to doubt you; but I have been ruelly deceived. Ah, if you but knew all that your enemies have said to me! They have represented von in the darkest colors-restless, obstinate, jealous, violent-in short, I forget half. But now I know that it is all untrue, for you have come to seek me."

And the soft hand gently pressed that of the

The young man was troubled, curious, and bleased. She must be pretty; she had a charmng voice, and seemed good, affectionate, and tender! So M. Armand still kept silent.

The young lady, who fortunately seemed to be fond of talking, and had a great many things to say, paused for a moment, and then resumed. "I abjure my error," she said, "and you have made me quite happy. Do you pardon me as

M. Armand' pressed her hand by way of reply. Anything was better than to trust his voice with the answer.

"You know I was obliged to go to the ball ments till a fiacre should pass by or the snow to please my rich uncle, whose heiress I am. It cease from falling. Soon, however, overcome will never do to vex one's rich uncles,-will it

"Well, well, it is all over, then! And will you promise me never, never to be jealous again? And to be jealous of such a creature as that

Monsieur Chapuis happened to be one of M. Armand's most intimate friends. He could not and yet shuddered at the cold, damp night-air; help smiling. We all, according to La Rocheappearing, moreover, somewhat wearied of the foucault, take a degree of pleasure in the mis-

"Such an absurd man! The most absurd door, let down the steps, and stood aside for his man anywhere. He knows nothing-he can say nothing-every one laughs at him; but he has not even the sense to see that."

"Chapuis!" thought M. Armand; "I wonder if she will speak of me next!" But M. Armand was particularly careful not to think aloud. "But let us not talk of anything so tiresome.

Let us talk about you. I do not think, after all, "What is the matter, Madam?" cried one of that you would make such a bad husband-and the gentlemen, advancing immediately to the -and, at all events, I think I may as well run the risk, and take you!"

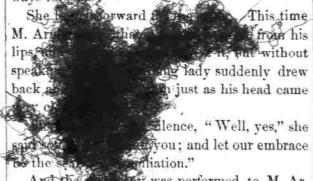
RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1854.

pressed the proper degree of rapture.

"Come to-morrow, then, Rodolph, and we will talk over the necessary arrangements for the marriage."

Here a pressure of the hand was not sufficient. and M. Armand added to it a sigh of passionate satisfaction.

"What do you think of it? But you say no- ance." thing. It is true, you seldom speak much; but I only ask you for a single word-will you al-



by was performed to M. Ar-

exclaimed the lady, "we have already reached the Faubourg St. Germain! How will you escape from the carriage without being seen by my servants!"

M. Armaud made a gesture of despair. "What is to be done? I would not have them know this for the world! Ah! an idea has occurred to me. Do you know what o'clock | ed very pale, and her heart began to throb like

M. Armand took out his watch and touched the spring of the repeating movement.

"Excellent! it is only half-past two, and the Countess de Blois will keep up her soiree till at least three. My sister is there; I will ask to respectful, delicate. speak with her, and then you can escape. Here is the Rue de Bac, and the door of the hotel is vet surrounded with equipages."

The lady stopped the carriage, the footman descended and approached the door.

" Ask if my sister is still at this ball." urned towards her supposed lover :-" Now fly! adieu till to-morrow!"

M. Armand sprang swiftly from the vehicle without having been observed by the driver, who was occupied with the care of his horses, and disappeared amid the carriages.

for the arrival of M. Rodolph. Hours passed on, and he never made his appearance. A letter came. It ran thus:-

that our engagement must henceforth be ended. Doubtess it was to accomplish this purpose that you persisted going last evening to that ball, despite my threats and my entreaties. It is no longer possible that we should remain friends—still less lovers. Perhaps we neither of who was such an admirer of fine eyes. us have much to regret in the relinquishing of an union for which our dispositions are evidently unsuited, and which could only have proved a source of unhappiness "Deign, Madame, to receive the assurances of my con-

sideration and esteem. RODOLPH DE MATALL." The lady was overwhelmed with amazement The paper dropped from her hands, and the tears gushed from her eyes.

"Is he mad?" she exclaimed; "after our conversation last night in the carriage, to treat me

She forgot that in that conversation she had been the only speaker.

She could not refrain from weeping. He had been so kind, so amiable, so affectionate last night, and now-

At this moment a servant entered the room with a visiting card upon a salver.

Madame la Comtesse bent over a flower-stand and hid her tears among the geraniums. She took the card without looking at it. "Shall I show the gentleman up, Madam?"

She nodded; there were footsteps already on the stairs-she dried her eyes, resumed her seat, and opened a book hastily.

fectly unknown to her.

card, "Monsieur Armand."

"Yet, I beg to assure you, Madame, that we have met and not very long since."

Of course, it was impossible to doubt the word of so gentlemanly a person—she thought new page, and with an exactness perfectly sure; herself exceedingly forgetful not to remember no mistake can ever occur. The compositor by ball shortly after this broke up. The servants more tender, -in fact, quite a crescendo pres- really such expressive eyes. She motioned him another workman, but as he requires an assistant to a seat, resumed her own chair, and smiling to line and page the set type, this brings it to

"We have met, perhaps, at some ball!" she said; "but I am ashamed to confess that I cannot in the least recall your features."

of our meeting." "What very beautiful eyes!" thought the

young lady, casting down her own with some an admirer of beautiful eyes.

the honor of dancing with Madame la Comtesse," replied the gentleman, with an air of profound

hovering round his lips, which greatly puzzled "Was it at the reunion given by Madame St. Croix? or at the soirces of Madame du Nanter- happiness rests on truth.

Jackson was stated at the other

An immense squeeze from M. Armand ex- re? or at the balls given by Madame la Marquise de St. Hilaire? or Madame la Comtesse Duplessis?"

M. Armand shook his head.

"It was at none of these, Madame, although have the entree at most of the houses you have mentioned. A ball given by Madam Delaunay first afforded me the delight of your acquaint-

"Ah! I comprehend. It must have been a year ago, then Monsieur; for Madame Delaunay has received but once this season. Last night was the first of her soirees, and certainly it was not last night that I had the honor of being inroduced to you."

the first time."

The lady looked completely amazed. "I am indeed overwhelmed with confusion

not to remember-" she began. But M. Armand interrupted her.

"Before I proceed farther Madame, I must entreat your forgiveness for all that I am about to say. We did indeed meet last night-I should rather say this morning-and under most peculiar circumstances. Have I your permission to proceed, and your pardon for an indiscretion which was as tempting and delightful as I confess it was imprudent and rash."

The lady bowed her head; but she had turna caged bird.

He told her all. He told her of his shame, his terror, his anxiety to speak, and yet his dread of a betrayal. He excused himself gracefully he urged his fear of alarming her-he was frank,

After he had concluded there was for some moments a painful silence. The lady, who had been pale and red by turns, sat nervously plucking a rose to pieces, leaf by leaf, with her eyes fixed upon the ground. The gentleman sat opposite to her, silent, and pausing for a reply. The servant entered the hall, and the lady She felt his glance upon her, and she knew not what to say. At last, in a voice somewhat tremulous and low, she spoke. .

"And pray, Monsieur Armand, how did you

discover my name and address?" "I found what I had before sought in vain. Madame,—a fiacre. I told the driver to follow The next day she waited long and anxiously your carriage. I watched you enter your own door. I sent my servant this morning to ascertain your name at an adjoining boutique; and now I am here to entreat your pardon and the "Madame la Comtesse,-I need scarcely inform vou permission to continue an acquaintance so peculiarly, and, for me, auspiciously begun."

Who could refuse a request so charmingly solicited ? Not Madame la Comtesse, decidedly,

As for M. Rodolph, he repented of his letter, and sought a reconciliation with the beautiful widow. He found a gentleman in her drawingroom occupied in her service in a most interesting and confidential manner. In fact, he was holding a skein of silk upon his extended hands, and the lady's dainty fingers were rapidly twining it around an ivory reel.

"Ah, M. de Mavall," said Madame la Countesse, with an amiable smile, as she rose and indicated a chair for the visitor. "I am delighted to receive you. "Auguste," turning towards the gentleman, who yet held the silken threads, "this is one of my old friends. Permit me to introduce my friend, M. de Mavall-M. Armand." "I hope," said M. Armand, with the most winning politeness, "that M. de Mayall will honor our wedding with his presence. I am charmed to have the honor of making his acquaint-

Type Setting Machine.—The type setting machine in the office of the Fædrelandet, at Copenhagen, is described as follows. If its success is sure, it will be the first invention of the kind A gentleman entered the room hat in hand. that has ever been of any value, and this is not He was good looking, well dressed, and per- a great labor saving machine after all, as it only does the work of two men. The economy of "I hope," he said with a quiet smile, "that the affair is not quite apparent :-- "Instead of Madame la Comtesse de Chalon will pardon the the usual cases and composing sticks, and the intrusion of one who, although a stranger, has compositor standing at his work, we see a pervet spent some short time most agreeably in her son sitting before a machine with keys like a piano, which he plays on incessantly, and every "You speak in parables, Monsieur," and here touch on the tangent is followed by a click; the the Countess glanced for the first time at the letter is already in its place in the long mahogany channel prepared for it. The whole is excessively ingenious; in fact it is fairy work. The most wonderful part is that it distributes the already used type at the same time that it sets the fell into a profound and dreamless sleep. The Again a pressure of the hand, a little closer, him; particularly as he possessed such fine, and this machine does four times as much work as twice the amount of type set. The whole is so clean and pleasant that it will probably soon be a favorable employment for women. The machine occupies a very small space, not more "Certainly, Madam, a ball was the occasion than a large chair, and is beatifully made of hard woods, brass and steel. Its success is now beyond all doubt. The proprietors of the Fædrelandet are so gratified by the one they have little embarrassment. Madame la Comtesse was that they have ordered another. The price is 2,400 Danish dollars. It will last apparently "And pray in whose saloons had I the plea- for a century or two without repair. Mr. Sorensure of dancing with Monsieur Armand!" she son, the inventor, himself a compositor all his life, kindly shows the machine to any visiter. "I regret to say that I have never yet had Of course a compositor cannot set with this macbine at once; it will take him a short time, a few days, to become familiar with the details deference, and yet with an amused expression but he is then a gentleman compared to his old

MISCELLANEOUS

From the Hillsboro' Recorder. N. C. RAILROAD---THE SABBATH. Messrs. D. Heartt & Son: I was pleased to

ee in your issue of May 17th a short communication from "An Old Subscriber" on the observance of the Sabbath by the N. C. R. R. Co., and still more pleased with the editorial observations elicited by that communication. To me it has always seemed strange that in a country like ours-blessed beyond all others either in ancient or modern times-settled by religious pilgrims who acknowledged God as their only King-men who were prepared to sacrifice every "Pardon, Madam: but we met last night for thing for civil and religious liberty-men of every corner in a great city, where the universal whom Europe was not worthy-men who dared interpret for themselves God's holy word, and acknowledged him in all their ways, realizing his right to rule all his creatures, and impressing their own sense of christian obligation on their children; I say it has always seemed ing a green Yankee girl, quite unused to city strange to me that in such a country as ours, the sons of such sires should ever have made a question of the propriety, duty, or profitablenes of " observing the sabbath day to keep it holy." Why christianity lies at the very foundation of I met the same reply; and one lady asserted our government, as the basis of our free constitutions, the corner stone of our whole judicial the only, way to secure her. I marvelled and marvelled, and still doubted. But all inquiry system; but christianity divested of the sabbath is no longer christianity. And can christian resulted in the same way. A good dressmaker men, either individually or in joint stock companies, entertain the question of the practical abolition of the principles underlying the christian system itself, as well as the happiest system of government ever enjoyed by man? Christian men surely cannot thus act wittingly. And are not our Directors and Stockholders christian men ! I do not ask whether they are all, or a majority of them, communing members of our churches, but merely whether they acknowledge the truth of the Bible and its divine origin. While many of them are doubtless church members, and in scripture language "disciples indeed," it is fair to presume that few or none repudiate the oracles of God. Then why should 'An Old Subscriber" be moved to "submit the question in advance to the Directors," or yourselves to indite such a commentary on his communication, or I be pleased to see both in your her. She was capable, in the first place, of tellissue of last month? Simply, Messrs. Editors. ing a lady what color would become her, what because we would "stir up their pure minds by way of remembrance." Good patriots and good christians sometimes overlook, sometimes forget. | put on. | She took the silk, or whatever material It is but acting a brotherly part to remind them | was furnished, and cut it economically and exon important occasions of their duties and re- peditiously, speaking to nobody, and wishing sponsibilities, and in times of excitement and nobody to speak to her, and accomplished more enthusiasm, such as one may soon anticipate, to awaken the monitor which may perchance be sleeping in their bosoms, or whose modest tones may be drowned by the shouts of joyous acclimation. Their attention thus drawn to the subject we may expect the staid sons of the good old North State" to acquit themselves

> worthily of their mother and themselves. "A WORD TO THE WISE." From the Christian Observer.

RAIL-ROADS---THE SABBATH. A member of the General Synod of the Reormed Presbyterians, lately in session in this ompanies whose cars come into Indianapolis and leave it, only on the six working days. And the statement has been since confirmed, that no cars are moved, in Indiana, on the

Two gentlemen from London, Canada West,

When the great Empire State and the Keytone State are surrounded on every side Sabbath observing Railroad Companies in States and Provinces, will they not also vield to the of State laws and the laws of God?

SPUNKY LADIES .- On the River Road; a few days since, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, a pable of a higher kind of existence. couple of ladies were enjoying a healthful and invigorating ride upon a couple of beautiful and spirited bay horses. As they were cantering leisurely along, about a mile below Sedamville, a couple of dandy jacks, who evidently were better posted in the tie of a cravat than in the management of a horse, came rattling along in a \_N. Y. Times. buggy behind them like insane curs. The ladies attempted to make way for them, but in vain, for before they could move upon one side, a shaft of the buggy struck one of their horses, who immediately started with so sudden a bound. that he threw his fair rider, fortunately, however, without injuring her. Instead of immediately rendering such assis-

tance as was in their power, the precious pair sat in their vehicle grinning, with extended mouths, like tickled asses. The other lady, however, reassured upon seeing her companion arise evidently unharmed, rode to the side of the buggy, and exclaimed, "You unmannerly puppies, take that, and that, and that," accompanying each "that" with an appropriate cut of her riding whip. The pair looked astonished for half a minute, then suddenly lashing their steed, put him to the top of his speed, overjoyed to have escaped further flagellation from the enraged Diana. The runaway horse was captured len gentlemen whose names, from charity, we way to the city.

SEWING MACHINES --- SEAMSTRESSES.

"Oh! dear," said a poor girl, as she held np a salt-bag to my view, "this was sewed by a machine. It is too bad. Poor girls will soon have nothing to do. I know sights and sights of girls who used to make their living by sewing these bags and other coarse things, and now they are all out of work. It is too bad."

For a moment, my sympathies were all with the poor girls, and I thought it was "too bad," and fell to wondering what would become of

But very soon there came a terrible necessity that I should have a dress made, and without a doubt of being able to obtain a dressmaker at cry is that laborers are many and labor scarce, I said nothing about it till I was all ready to be "fitted." Then, on applying to a friend, I was told that it was impossible to obtain a good one, without engaging her weeks beforehand. Beways and wants, I was truly astonished. But thinking my friend might mean by a good dressmaker, a fashionable one, which was not at all necessary to me, I applied to another. But here that she engaged hers six months beforehand as

was not to be obtained for love or money. "Well," thought I, "that is a strange state of things. What does it mean? Where are all these hundreds and thousands of poor sewing girls, who are in danger of starving !"

Why, the answer is-"There are plenty who can sew bags and coarse shirts, and even plenty of indifferent dressmakers-the trouble is to get a good one; and there are many ladies, ladies of the "first famiies," who make all their own dresses, because they can find no one to make them nice enough.

They would willingly pay the price any one would ask who understood her profession." After waiting two months, and inquiring almost every day, I found what my friend called a good dressmaker, and I could well understand why so many seemed indifferent compared with sort of boddice her figure required, and 'what trimmings matched, and how they were to be in a day than any person I ever saw use a needle- She asked a dollar and a half a day besides her board, and nobody thought it too much who saw her work.

Now there are few men in any profession. lawyers, doctors, or ministers, compared to the whole, who are first-rate. So we should not expect any more of women; but there should certainly be more good dressmakers. I do not think the time will ever come when dresses will be cut and fitted by machines, and they grow altogether more and more elaborate in their forms and finishings. Let those who have been sewing city, informed me that there are eight Rail-road bags, and all manner of shop-work, for a few pennies a day, set themselves earnestly to work

to learn a better trade. Dressmaking should be considered one of the fine arts. Those who practice it should have a Lord's days, either for the transportation of pas- knowledge of anatomy and physiology, and their sengers or the United States Mail. The Ohio bumps of form and figure and color should be and Pennsylvania Rail-road Company, run their fully developed. As in every other profession, cars prosperously only on the six working days. knowledge of every kind may be made subservient. Labor can only be dignified by knowledge. lately informed me that all the Railroads in the and knowledge will certainly dignify every kind two Canadas, are free from Sabbath travel. of labor. The more mind and energy and good British law requires such public respect for the sense enlisted in any occupation, the sooner it

Those who are sewing bags and coarse shirts, for almost nothing, will go on sewing bags for

nothing unless driven into another path. There will be much suffering before they will influence of good example, and to the authority have learned to earn their bread in another way; but there is enough to do in a higher sphere, and those who are grovelling in poverty are ca-

> They can learn, too, without spending six or three months at a fashionable dressmaker's. Three months at a good school would be better but a much shorter time spent in observing how things are done, and going resolutely to work to do them, would be sufficient. Practice would soon make them perfect. MINNIE MYRTLE.

THE LATE DEATH BY CHLOROFORM .- In reference to the death of Mrs. Harriet N. Richardson. of North Adams, Mass., by chloroform, Dr. E. Streeter, who operated in the case, makes the following statement :- "The amount of chloroform inhaled was about two-thirds the usual quantity, and the time of inhaling it was much less than usual, the breathing easy and the pulse regular, with no unpleasant sensations except the prickling of the hands, which is no uncommon thing. As soon as insensibility was produced I commenced the operation. I extracted four teeth, and was about to remove the fifth when suddenly the breathing ceased, the pulse could not be felt, the face became deadly pale, the eyes vacant, the lips livid. Instant dissolution appeared inevitable. The face was wet, fresh air admitted by raising the windows; artificial respiration was immediately commenced, when she gave two or three short respirations; then to all at Sedamville, through which place the crest-fal- appearances life was extinct, without a struggle or motion of any part of the body, and all with-Pleasure can be supported by illusion, but forbear mentioning, shortly after passed on their in two or three minutes from the first symptoms of alarm. Still artificial respiration was continWHOLE NO. 134.

The physicians were called in, but all to no effect. Dr. Babbitt, the first one in, had no hesitation in pronouncing her dead at first sight, and no power on earth could raise her in about five minutes after the alarming symptoms came. Still, for the gratification of the friends and the people present, a battery and other means were resorted to, but without any possible hopes of raising her. Signs of death were too apparent to be mistaken."

WHAT CAN BE DONE BY STRONG

HINTING. Mrs. Hogan and her husband were neither of them over fond of work. They were perfectly willing to live upon the generosity of their neighbors, which they were by no means backward in

One day Mrs. Hogan dropped into Mrs. Farnham's her next door neighbor, just as the family were sitting down to supper.

Of course she was invited to sit down. "Your tea's very good," said she; "I wish Mr. Hogan was here. He's very fond of tea,

it's so expensive." This hint was considered rather a strong one, so Mrs. Farnham handed Mrs. Hogan, just as she was going, a pound parcel.

but we're very poor and can't afford to get it-

"Thank you," said Mrs. Hogan, "I'm glad to get the tea, but 'taint of much use without

A quart of milk was consigned to her charge. "Well," said she, "now if we had some sugar, we should be provided." Mrs. Farnham procured a pound and gave it

"Now," said Mrs. Hogan, "we shall stand a chance to have a good cup of tea. There's nothing felishes with tea like apple-pie, as Mr.

Hogan often says." This hint was strong enough to draw out the

"After all," said Mrs. Hogan, as she took the pie into her hands, "pie 'aint pie unless a body has cheese to eat with it. If there's anything I love, it's cheese."

It was impossible to resist such an appeal as this. An ample slice having been placed in her possession, she paused for a moment as if considering whether there was not something else she might call for. Failing to think of anything, she was about to move off, when a thought

"These things are rather heavy, and I ain't so strong as I used to be. I don't know as I

shall be able to get home.' Mrs. Farnham volunteered to send her son, John, to carry a part of the articles, an offer which Mrs. Hogan accepted without the least hesitation. When John had landed his load, Mrs. Hogan hinted that she had got some wood she should like to have split, but John didn't believe in hints, and left without taking

t .- Yankee Blade.

Feom the Scientific American

"YOUR PAPER DID NOT COME, SIR." WE recommend a careful perusal of the folowing plain statement, both to post-masters and to subscribers, it is from a paper called "The

Advance," published at Hernando, Miss. : "The uncertain arrival, or uncertain delivery of papers at country post offices, is often the ground of complaint against publishers and editors. Many of the offices are poorly supplied with conveniences for taking care of papers, no matter with what certainty they arrive. The papers are jumbled into a few little pigeon holes, or piled upon a desk, box or barrel, to await the call of subscribers-in the midst of boots, hats, bridles, horse collars, and other coarse wares. which may be called for during the day by customers. Country Postmasters, in most cases, being engaged in some mercantile business, manv newspapers find their way into some obscure corner, where they are hid for a time from human eyes, as completely as if buried in a mountain cave. In comes the man for his paper, and as it can't be found, of course it didn't come .-The indignant subscriber consequently abuses the rascally editor, and perhaps calls for pen, ink and paper, to write a letter of complaint about not sending his paper punctually, when, if the said paper were endowed with speech, it would cry out 'here I am, squeezed to death behind this box, or under this barrel.' We have seen just such things at many country post offices elsewhere as in this country. These remarks have no reference to any particular office, but meant for all where they will apply."

Wouldn't Bite.-A witty clergyman had een lecturing one evening in a country village on the subject of temperance, and as usual, after the lecture, the pledge was passed around for

"Pass it along that way," said the lecturer, pointing towards a gang of bloted and red nosed loafers near the door. "Pass it alongperhaps some of these gentlemen would join

"We don't bite at a bare hook," gruffly mutered one of the rummies. "Well," replied the ready clergyman, "I be-

lieve there is a kind of fish called sucker. that do not bite." We are all creatures of one Creator-who has

placed us upon this globe, and surrounded us with the means to sustain life and preserve health; or restore it when lost; and given us minds to investigate and ascertain the properties and effects upon our organization, of the various substances and elements within our reach and under our control.