

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
One Dollar a square for the first week, and
Twenty-five Cents for every week thereafter.
Sixteen lines or less will make a square.—
Reductions made in favor of standing adver-
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Advertisements for less than a square will be
charged at the rate of 50 cents per line per
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Poetry.

Perplexities of a Journalist's Wife.
The editor's wife has no peace of mind.
For trouble and care that involve her.
"Oh, heaven!" she sighs, "the paper were dead."
While continual tears did dissolve her.
Never at dinner, never at tea,
Never a trifling at home was he.
And what was so very improper,
Left other work, to do, before and how,
To take her to church and the opera,
Then, what was still worse—was generally worse!
Did she not walk in the park, to walk with her
His countenance fell,
Nor in look, but in wit.
While he would be had nothing, not even a dollar,
To spend upon crinoline, finery or collar—
That is, not today! though this he would say,
When the paper began to pay,
To his darling's demands he would never say nay!
Then, as to the paper he would never say nay!
It took to itself such alarming shape,
One journal had spoken of him as "a shakelap,"
While another had dubbed him "a shakelap,"
And some, when the bell rang for long had rung,
And also peeped from her room at the head of the stairs.
She saw a man who was a horseplay fellow—
A man seen first high, she was ready to swear—
Who looked, with a strangely frowny air,
"Was the editor there?"
"And if he was not at home, where?"
"As he had a little one to gaze at."
Giving her such a fright, that after a night,
Her bosom was in a continual flutter,
Till her husband appeared, as she constantly feared,
To see him brought home on a boat or a shutter.
No more of the paper,
No more of the paper,
But only the ghost of the man whom she married—
A pale, laggard creature,
With care on each feature,
Dealing under the weight she carried.
His mouth was as dead,
His eyes were as dead,
When one day he came home and lay down on the bed,
And groaned, as he smothered in pillows his head,
"The paper, my darling, the paper is dead!"
That sweet little wife must carry a life,
"My own love," she murmured, "I'm so glad of it."
And then, there, with a hysterical fit,
She laughed and wept alternately.

Correspondence.

For the "Ire-Idell Express."
ABORD THE DICKET,
April 22, 2 o'clock, P. M.
Dear Express: Yesterday at half past two,
P. M., I went aboard the DICKET at Cape
Giardano, Mo., and in the course of an hour
afterward set sail down the river. Ascending
to the hurricane deck, I seated myself
and mournfully watched the dim, receding
Missouri hills; among which I had dwelt so
long in peace and quiet; where I lived many
of my happiest days; and with whom I
had spent many happy days and nights.
But visions of happy greetings in the Old
North State danced fresh and wild, through
my brain, impelling me homeward with a
heart that would not withstanding the reluctance
with which I leave my western friends.
Steamboat life on the Mississippi would
certainly be a novelty to many of the readers
of the "Express." So far our trip has been
quite pleasant. We have met with no acci-
dents, and nothing beyond the usual routine
of incidents has occurred. True a man tumbled
overboard last night at Cairo—that was not
a matter of much consequence—but was
rescued after fishing around some time.
Bachre playing is carried on with as much
zeal as ever; this I remark for the edification
of those who traveled on the river some two
years ago, about which time a reform was
talked of. Last evening at four o'clock some
gentle took their seats at the card-table, and
without losing more than just enough time
to bolt their suppers, tossed the cards until
six o'clock this morning; even the cry of
"man overboard" did not disturb them in the
least; intent on their game, they were
dumb to everything else, and by this morning
somebody was right heavy loser, judg-
ing from the pile of bills and specie on the
table. This is Sunday; still there is no di-
minution in the amusements of the passen-
gers, or the labors of the officers and crew—
indeed there is no affinity existing between
the floating population of the Mississippi and
the Sabbath. At New Madrid we were treated
to a rich scene, gratis, in the shape of a
fight between one of the boat hands and a
loafer, in which both were equally victorious,
and bore away great bunches of hair as palm-
of-triumph. We are a merry set of passen-
gers—highly pleased with our fare and ac-
commodations, and best of all, with the af-
fable officers. WESTERN.

Miscellaneous.

Company Manners.
A well-bred man has always the
same manners at home and in society,
and what is bad in the former is only
worse in the latter. It can never be
pardonable to swagger and lounge,
nor to carry even into the family circle
the actions proper to the dressing-
room. Even where familiarity has
nothing shocking in itself, it attacks
the respect due to the society of others,
whenever they may be, and pre-
sents the danger of a farther breach of it.
From familiarity to indecency is
but one step. Thus no part of the
dress, not a shoe-string even, should
be arranged in the presence of ladies.
The Hindos, remarkable for the delicacy
of their manners, would not allow
kissing, scratching, pinching, or
lying down to be represented on the
stage, and at least the last three
should never be permitted in a mixed
society of men and women. There
are attitudes, too, which are a transi-
tion from ease to familiarity, and
should never be indulged. A man
may cross his legs in the present day,
but should never stretch them apart.
To wipe the forehead, gape, yawn,
and so forth, are only a shade less ob-
noxious than the American habit of
expectoration.

The Phantom Bride.

"Will you love me even beyond
the tomb?"
The question came from the ver-
million lips of a young girl at a fancy-
ball in Paris during the reign of Louis
XV. She was a brilliant brunette,
with abundant raven hair, and wore
the Spanish veil and mantilla, which
she had assumed for the occasion, with
all the grace of a daughter of Andalu-
sia. Her interlocutor, a young vis-
count of twenty, arrayed as a page of
Mary Stuart, in Scotch plaid and
Highland bonnet and feathers, had
been pursuing the fair unknown all
the evening with protestations of love
and eternal fidelity. His answer was
prompt and unhesitating.
"Yes, I swear it. If I die I will
dream of you in the sepulchre, and a
thrill of joy will welcome you if your
foot but press the grass over my head."
"And if I should die?" inquired
the young girl, in a sad tone.
"If you should die, I will be as
faithful to you dead as living; and if
you should be permitted to visit me I
will kiss your cold hand with as much
love as at this moment—and he pressed
to his lips the little white hand of the
beautiful Spaniard.
"Ah, well! I permit you, then, to
love me? We shall see if you are
constant. Farewell; we shall meet
again."
"But where?—when?" demanded
the viscount, anxious.
"I cannot tell. Perhaps here—
perhaps elsewhere—but you will see
me."
And with a gesture which forbade
him to follow her, she disappeared in
the crowd.
Two years passed, during which
Viscount Fulmen sought vainly at
Marly, at Versailles—in every place
of public resort—for his beautiful un-
known. He was a Scotchman by
birth, and like many of his country-
men, had entered the service of the
King of France. But a court life did
not comport very well with his slender
fortune, and he became, ere long,
deeply involved in debt.
"You must find some rich heiress,"
said his sympathizing friends—it was
the usual resource of embarrassed gen-
tlemen of that day. But the viscount
had not forgotten the bewitching Andalu-
sian, and was in no mood for the
search. He was spared the trouble,
however. His uncle, who was arch-
bishop in partibus of an Assyrian city
destroyed by the Romans, informed him
one day that it was time for him
to marry, and that he had found a
wife for him.
"Is she rich?" inquired Ralph. "I
do not ask if she is pretty—it is all
the same to me."
"Very rich and very pretty," re-
plied the viscount, thought of his un-
known, and sighed; then thought of
his creditors and consented. The mar-
riage arranged everything, and when all
was settled he gave his nephew a
benefaction and two hundred pistoles,
and sent him off to Burgundy to pay
his respects to Mlle de Roche Noire,
whom he was to marry in a fortnight.
A gloomy journey of several days,
duration brought him at length to the
ancient feudal manor-house of Roche
Noire, situated in the heart of a forest,
on a lofty rock from which it derives
its name. He was expected.
The grand door of the mansion was open,
and the aged servant met him at the
threshold, and conducted him to a large
hall, at the extremity of which sat an
old man and a young girl. The former,
whom he divined at once to be the
Baron of Roche Noire, rose at his
entrance and saluting him in the some-
what formal fashion of the day, pre-
sented him to his daughter Hermine.
The latter had the delicate beauty of
the flower which has unfolded under a
northern sun. She was pale, with fair
hair, and eyes of the deep blue of an
Italian sky. Her figure was slight
but graceful, her hands exquisitely
shaped, and transparent as alabaster.
So much the viscount saw as he bent
low before his betrothed, and in spite
of his indifference, he inwardly con-
gratulated himself on his good fortune.
The baron and viscount exchanged
the usual reciprocal compliments and
inquiries. Ralph was accustomed to
society, and understood the art of
making himself agreeable; the baron,
spite of his seventy winters, had not
forgotten how to be a courtier, and
Hermine had the simple grace, the
dignity, the modesty without prudery,
of a young girl of high birth, religio-
usly educated, but without any rigidity.
The conversation soon became
animated and sparkling, while Ralph
watched Hermine, and now and then
murmured to himself, "She is charm-
ing! blessings on my uncle for finding
me a wife at once so pretty and so rich."
When supper was announced he ef-
fected his hand to the young girl, who
accepted it with a blush, while the baron
led the way to the dining-room. It
was a lofty apartment, furnished in
the massive style of Louis XIV, and
upon the walls were suspended ancient
family portraits. As Ralph's eyes
glanced over these he was attracted
by one whose freshness formed a strik-
ing contrast to the smoky canvases
of the defunct Barons of Roche Noire.
It represented a young girl of dai-

zing, but foreign beauty, such as is
only found under southern skies. A
more brilliant daughter of Spain never
danced the bolero in the perfumed gar-
dens of the Alhambra. The eyes of
Ralph were fixed immovably upon the
cavass; the first glance had told him
that it was his long-lost unknown of
the fancy-ball.
"Come, my dear viscount," said
the baron, "let us be seated."
Ralph started and obeyed; then
turned his eyes from the portrait to
Hermine. In contrast with that glow-
ing beauty she appeared to him utterly
insipid. He made some remark
about the picture. The baron did not
reply; but a cloud passed over his face,
and Hermine turned pale, and sat
silent with downcast eyes. A chill
seemed to be thrown over these three
persons; just now talking so joyously.
Brief remarks were made occasionally
in a constrained tone, and the supper
ended almost in silence. At its close
the viscount made the fatigue of his
journey an excuse for retiring early.
As the servant was conducting him to
his apartment, they passed again
through the dining-hall.
"Whose portrait is this?" he asked,
pointing to the picture of the lady.
The servant hesitated.
"Speak!" said the viscount, imperi-
ously.
"It is the portrait of Mlle Fulmen,"
said the old man trembling.
"And who is she?"
"The elder sister of Mlle Her-
mine."
"But she is dressed in Spanish costume."
"Yes, her mother was a Spanish
lady."
"And Fulmen, where is she now?"
"She is dead," said the old man, sol-
emnly. "She lies at the left of the
altar in the chapel of the Chateau."
Fatigue had no power that night to
bring sleep to Ralph's eyelids. It
was in vain that he extinguished the
candles, and buried his head under the
blankets; the image of Fulmen still
pursued him. Now it was Fulmen
dressed with beauty, as she was re-
presented in the picture, and as he had
seen her at the fancy-ball; again, it
was Fulmen, pale and cold, extended
in her coffin under the pavement of
the chapel. Then he remembered his
oath, to love her as well dead as liv-
ing; and a cold sweat bathed his brow.
At that moment a light at the oppo-
site extremity of the apartment at-
tracted his attention; a door, whose
existence he had not suspected, turned
noiselessly on its hinges; the candles
re-lighted themselves spontaneously,
and a figure draped in a winding-
sheet entered the room and approached
his bed. It advanced slowly; the
moon-beam could have detected no
sound of footsteps. Brave as he was,
the viscount trembled at the apparition.
When the figure was within a
few feet of the bed the winding sheet
was thrown back, and revealed a young
girl dressed in Spanish costume.
"Fulmen!" he murmured; "the pic-
ture has descended from its frame."
It was indeed Fulmen, just as she
was painted, save that the lips were
pale, the eye mournful, the whole ex-
pression unrecognizable.
"Fulmen! repeated the viscount,
with a tone of terror, in which was
mingled a sort of feverish joy.
"It is I," she said. "Do you re-
member your oath? They have of-
ten told you that I am dead."
The teeth of Ralph chattered; but
the voice was so pure, so melodious,
that it aided him to shake off the ter-
ror which was creeping over him.
"No, you are not dead," he exclaimed,
with an effort.
"I have been dead a year," replied
Fulmen, sadly. "They buried me in
the chapel. You can read my epitaph
on the marble slab, the third from the
high altar."
Ralph could not detach his eyes
from this singular creature, whose
marvellous beauty contracted in
some degree the terror which the ap-
parition would otherwise have caused.
"Alas!" resumed the spectre—wrap-
ping the shroud about her form with
all the coquetry with which a living belle
might wrap an opera cloak around
about her—I am dead, really dead,
at seventeen, when life was full of
light, and perfume, and music; when
tears, even, were so sweet that they
resembled smiles; when the present
was so happy that the future was quite
forgotten. And then, I loved you
I trusted on your oath; but you did
not care for me. You have come here
to marry my sister."
"Fulmen!" murmured Ralph, who
felt a pang of remorse at his heart, "I
have loved you; I love you still."
She shook her head.
"The dead are never loved," she
said mournfully.
Ralph trembled. He felt his blood
curdle in his veins. He remembered
his oath. Yet Fulmen did not com-
plain. She did not overwhelm him
with reproaches. She seemed resign-
ed. He saw her lean her head upon
her hand; a tear shone in her eye, and
a sigh passed through her frame.
"I am pohl," she said, and, rising
from the chair in which she had seated
herself, she approached the fire-place,
and bent as if to warm herself by the
half-extinguished brands. The dead
are always cold," she murmured.

Heaven! exclaimed Ralph, "you
are not dead; but, dead or living, you
are beautiful, more beautiful than any
living woman, and I love you as on
the day I first saw you."
"The dead are never loved," she re-
peated, mournfully.
"But you are not dead. The limbs
of the dead are rigid; the flesh cor-
rupt; they are insensible; they can-
not walk; they cannot speak; you are
not dead; it is impossible."
"I am dead," repeated Fulmen, in a
tone of authority which admitted of
no question, "dead—and yet I suffer."
"You suffer!" the viscount ex-
claimed.
"Yes. Because I died with a guilty
thought in my heart. I remembered
the ball where I met you. It was
earthly love, not penitence, that en-
grossed my last hours. Yet if you
who are alive can love me still, God
will perhaps pardon me, and I shall
suffer no longer."
"I do love you," cried Ralph, gaz-
ing at the young girl so beautiful in
her sadness. Yet a secret voice said
within him, "Ah! if she were only
alive!"
A pale smile passed over the face of
the phantom. It rose and advanced
toward him. Ralph involuntarily
shrank back at its approach.
"You see," she said, mournfully, "it
is always so. The living fear the
dead."
"No, no!" said he, eagerly, ashamed
of his momentary terror; "no, Fulmen,
my beloved, come!"
She extended her hand, and took
that of the young man. Ralph uttered
a cry. His hand was pressed by the
cold, clammy fingers of a corpse. She
let his hand fall.
"No," she repeated, in a half-sol-
emn voice, "you see it cannot be—I
shall suffer always."
And she fled, while Ralph was so
overwhelmed that he had no power to
speak or move. The candles went out
suddenly; silence reigned again in the
chamber; the phantom had vanished.
The next day dawned bright and
beautiful. The Baron de Roche Noire,
who did not appear to notice the
pallor and abstraction of his guest,
proposed a hunt. The day was spent
in the open air; and if, amid the ex-
citement of the chase, the viscount
thought of the occurrences of the last
night, they seemed to him only as a
bewildering dream. But with the re-
turn of darkness, and especially at
the sight of the picture, the apparition
again seemed to him a reality, and
he determined to ascertain the
truth. Pleading a headache he re-
tired to his room, and extinguishing
the candles, he called softly:
"Fulmen! Fulmen!"
There was no answer. Again he
called:
"Fulmen! I love you though dead!"
Immediately the candles were re-
lighted and Fulmen again appeared.
She threw off her winding-sheet and
seated herself in a chair by his side.
Her face had the cadaverous paleness
of the tomb; her eye was sad; her
step slow and painful; yet her exqui-
site beauty exerted the same fascina-
tion over Ralph as when sparkling with
life and vivacity.
"Fulmen, I love you!" he repeated,
gazing at her with admiration.
"Yet if my hands should touch yours,"
she replied, with a sad smile, "you
would utter a cry as you did last night;
the dead are always cold."
"Give me your hand, and you will
see," said Ralph, extending resolutely
his own. She took it, and again there
came over him the same terrible sen-
sation as before; but he had self-con-
trol enough to conquer it, and again
to repeat:
"I love you!"
A bright smile illumined the fea-
tures of Fulmen.
"My poor friend," she said, "I would
gladly believe you; but if your love
would end my sufferings, it must be so
profound, so ardent, that it can con-
quer even the desire to live. A tomb
with me must have attractions for you.
And you are but twenty-two, Ralph.
At your age life is sweet."
The viscount shook his head.
"To live without you would be death,
to be united to you, even in the tomb,
would be life."
"Take care, my friend."
"Of what, dear Fulmen?" exclaimed
Ralph, over whom the smile of the
young girl seemed to exercise an over-
whelming fascination.
"Do you know," she said, "that if
you utter such a wish, God may hear
your prayer?"
"Ah! if he would! An eternity by
your side would be infinite happiness!"
"Ralph, my friend," interrupted Ful-
men, while a smile of celestial joy shone
in her face, "take care, you will die if
you love me."
"I wish to die."
"But you are betrothed to my sis-
ter."
An exclamation of anger escaped
him.
"I hate her!" he said vehemently.
"Why?"
"Because she is alive, while you are
dead. What has she done that she
should enjoy the light of the sun, the
perfume of the flowers, the melody of
the birds? Was she any younger or more
beautiful than I?"
"Ralph, you are unjust. My sister

had no control over her destiny or
mine."
"You are right, perhaps, but I swear
to you that I will never marry Her-
mine. I wish to be yours, and yours
only, forever."
"You are mad, my friend; I cannot
accept happiness at such a sacrifice."
She rose slowly.
"Adieu, Ralph," she said. "Marry
Hermine and pray for me."
"Fulmen! Fulmen!" exclaimed Ralph,
falling on his knees at her feet. "Do
not abandon me—I love you!"
"But your love is death."
"It is happiness! It is life!"
His tone was so earnest, so touch-
ing, that the young girl hesitated.
"Let me live eternally with you!"
he persisted.
"Listen, my friend," she said at
length, as if she could no longer resist
his entreaties, "in this casket," point-
ing to a richly carved box which stood
on the table, "there is a phial contain-
ing a dark liquid."
"And that liquid?"
"It is death."
"It is happiness," exclaimed Ralph,
seizing the casket.
Fulmen stopped him by a gesture.
"Not yet," she said; "by-and-by—at
midnight—but first—reflect."
Immediately the candles were ex-
tinguished, and he found himself in
complete darkness.
If viscount Ralph had been a French-
man, as soon as Fulmen disappeared
he would have opened the window,
and let the cool night air play upon
his brow. Then, the fever-fit being
over, he would have said to himself:
"All this is folly. I am twenty-two
years old, an officer in the king's ser-
vice, and am about to marry a young
girl, bland as a Madonna, fair as a lily,
who will bring me an income of a
hundred thousand livres. I have only
to be quiet and let things take their
own course."
After which he would have slept
quietly, and dreamed no more of Ful-
men. But Ralph was a Scotchman,
with an imagination as susceptible of
exaltation as most of his countrymen
of the land of mountain and mist. As
soon as the phantom vanished, he re-
lighted the candle by the aid of a half-
extinguished firebrand, and opening
the casket, he took out the phial.
"Fulmen! Fulmen! wait for me! I
am coming!" he murmured, and swal-
lowed the contents at a draught.
For a moment he experienced a
strange and inexplicable sensation;
a coldness in the chest, a heat in the
head; then his eyes became heavy;
his limbs trembled, an extreme lan-
guor crept over him, and he sank up-
on the floor still murmuring faintly:
"Fulmen wait for me—I love you."
When Ralph swallowed the contents
of the phial he expected to awake in
the other world. He was mistaken.
The phial contained only a narcotic,
and he was very much astonished on
opening his eyes to find himself in
bed, and to see the sun shining through
the curtained window. A woman sat
by the bed-side. It was Fulmen! but
no longer the pale, sad Fulmen, with
livid lips, and form enveloped in a
winding-sheet; but Fulmen, fresh, ra-
diant, joyous, in the same costume
she wore at the fancy-ball.
The reader will understand the ex-
planation of all this more readily than
the young viscount, whose head was
still somewhat confused from the ef-
fect of the narcotic. The young girl
had wished to put the sudden passion
of her ball-room lover to the test; and
with some difficulty she had persuad-
ed her fond old father and her cousin
Hermine to lend themselves to the
mystification. A little ingenuity,
some invisible assistance; a transpa-
rent glove of serpent skin, aided by
the native superstition of the young
Scotchman, were all that was neces-
sary to the success of the scheme.
We need not say that the viscount,
when he recovered his senses was very
glad to exchange his phantom bride
for a living one.

rested on the bottom of the well—
other feet about four feet above the
surface of the water.
The poor lad shouted for help on all
sides, but all in vain; it was impossi-
ble for him to make himself heard at
such a depth, and at such a distance
from any house. So at last he de-
cided that if he was to be saved at
all he must save himself, and begat
at once, as he was getting extremely
cold in the water. So he went to
work.
First, he drew himself up the plank
and braced himself against the top of
it, and the wall of the well, which was
of brick and quite smooth. Then he
pulled off his coat, and taking out of
his pocket a knife, cut off his boots, and
then, with his feet against one side
of the wall and his shoulders against
the other, he worked his way up, by
the most fearful exertion, about half
the distance to the top. Here he was
obliged to pause, take breath, and gather
up his energies for the work yet to be
done. For harder was it than he
had gone through, for the side of the
well, being from that point comple-
ly covered with ice, he must cut with
his knife, grasping places for his feet,
slowly and carefully all the way up.
It was almost a hopeless attempt,
but it was all that he could do. And
here the little hero lifted up his heart
to God and prayed fervently for his
even, fearing he could never get out alive.
Doubtless the Lord heard his prayer,
for he called from the depths, and pitied
him. He wrought no miracle to save him,
but breathed in his heart a yet larger
measure of calmness and courage,
strengthening him to work out his own
deliverance. It is in this way that
God oftentimes answers our prayers,
when we call upon him in time of trou-
ble.
After this the little hero cut his
way upward, inch by inch. His wet
stockings froze to the ice and kept his
feet from slipping, but his shirt was
quite worn from his shoulders, ere he
reached the top.
He did reach it at last—scarcely
out into the snow, and lay down for a
moment to rest—panting out his breath
in little white clouds, on the clear frosty
air.
He had been two hours and a half
in the well!
His clothes soon froze to his body,
but he no longer suffered with the
cold, as, full of joy and thankfulness,
he ran to the factory, where his good
father was waiting and wondering.
The poor man was obliged to go
without his dinner that day, but you
may be sure he cared little about that,
while listening, with tears in his eyes,
to the thrilling story his son had to
relate to him.
He must have been very proud of
the boy that day, as he wrapped him
up in his own warm overcoat, and took
him home to "mother."
And how that mother must have
wept and smiled over the lad, and
kissed him, and thanked God for him!
I have not heard of the "little hero"
for two or three years, but I trust he
is growing up into a brave heroic man,
and I hope he will never forget the
heavenly friend who did not forget
him in the hour of his great need.
There is an old saying that truth
lies at the bottom of a well.
I trust that this brave boy found
and brought up from there this truth:
God helps those who help themselves.
Selfish Life.

Early Indenture.
There can be no greater blessing
than to be born in the light and air of
a cheerful, loving home. It not only
insures a happy childhood—if there
be health and a good constitution—
but it binds a sacred bond around a virtuous
and happy childhood, and a fresh young
heart's duty to try to make their chil-
dren a childhood full of love and
childhood's proper righteousness; and I
trust so much of our nation's youth
through the poverty, family temptations,
or wrong notions of their parents,
without a heavenly blessing. Not that all the
apartments which wealth can buy are
necessarily so free and happy. Un-
fortunate childhood is too many; and
many a child is born into a world of
love inside the house, and fresh air
and good play and some good com-
panionship outside—otherwise young
life runs the greatest danger in the
world of withering or growing stunted,
or sour and wrong, or at best prom-
ptly old and turned inward on itself.
Good Manners and Morals.
Our Saviour himself has taught us
that modesty is the true spirit of de-
cent behavior, and was not ashamed
to notice and rebuke the forward man-
ners of his fellow guests in taking the
upper seats at banquets, while he has
chosen the etiquettes of marriage as
illustrations in several of his parables.
Even in speaking of the scrupulous
habits of the Pharisees, he did not
condemn their cleanliness itself, but
the folly which attached so much val-
ue to mere form. He conformed him-
self to these habits, and in the wash-
ing of feet at meals, drew a practical
lesson of beautiful humility. His
greatest follower has left as many in-
junctions to gentleness and courtes-
ness of manner, and the passages on
women's dress, which should be pain-
ed over every lady's toilet table in the
land.
Respect to the Sex.
It should be the boast of every man
that he had never put modesty to the
blush, nor encouraged immodesty to
remove her mask. But we fear there
is far too little civility in the present
day. If young men do not check their
partners under the chain, they are of-
ten guilty of pressing their hands
when the dance affords an opportu-
nity. There is a calm dignity with
which to show that the offense has
been noticed, but if a lady condescends
to reprove it in words, she forces the
culprit to defend himself, and often
ends by making the breach worse.
On the other hand, let a woman once
overlook the slightest familiarity, and
fall to show her surprise in her man-
ner, and she can never be certain that
it will not be repeated.
A young lady returning late from a
concert, as it was raining, ordered the
coachman to drive close to the side-
walk, but was still unable to step across
the gutter.
"I can lift you over it," said Coach-
man.
"Oh, no; I am too heavy," said
she.
"Lord, marm, I am used to lifting
barrels of sugar!" replied John.
Bren in North Carolina—perhaps
one of the most sober States of the
Union—hence there is less extrava-
gance, waste and crime—there is a
enough money spent for "rum"—actu-
ally consumed in alcoholic drinks—
to cover her in twenty years with rail-
roads—to provide an asylum for every
lunatic—to educate every male or
blind child, and all the children of the
State—to fill out State with Churches,
and Colleges, and Schools, and to pro-
vide a comfortable support to every
pauper. Enough to make North Carolina
the Empire State of the Union.
As it is she is crippled and hampered
by intemperance and its consequent
evils, and who can be for it? Raleigh
Age.

A Mother in Sport Kills Her Child.
The Hamilton (O.) Telegraph says:
Last Tuesday, a little child of Mrs.
Shaffer, (sister of Mr. Campbell, who
resides in the First ward,) who lives
in Germantown, got possession of an
old pistol and snuffed several times,
after which she handed it to her moth-
er, and said in a playful manner,
"Shoot me mother." Mrs. Shaffer
took the pistol and pointed the muzzle
towards her child, and pulled the
trigger, exploding the cap, and send-
ing a ball through her child's head,
killing it instantly. The pistol had
not been fired for more than a year,
and was supposed not to be loaded.
Humburg Exposed.
A correspondent of the "Merion
Commonwealth" gives an exposition of
the light book enterprise, or hum-
bug, adopted by many houses in the
Northern cities to swindle unsuspect-
ing persons out of their money. He
shows how it is done, and how they are
paying enormous prices for worthless
articles. We would advise all to cease
supporting such enterprises.
Say and Seal.
"A pretty girl whispers 'Yes.' Her
frantic Accepted kisses her. That's
our present idea on the subject of 'Say
and Seal'—and sealed and to remain there
forever."