

The Tarboro' Southernner.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT; THEN GO AHEAD.—D. Crockett.

VOL. 55. TARBORO', N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 4, 1877. NO. 18.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

Mayor—Fred. Phillips.
Commissioners—Joseph A. Williamson, Jacob Feldenheimer, David W. Hart, Alex. McCabe, Joseph Cobb.
Secretary and Treasurer—Kob. Whitehurst.
Chief of Police—John W. Cotton.
Assessors—John T. Moo, John John Mads, Wood W. Johnson and Isaac Sydnium.
COURT.
Superior Court Clerk and Probate Judge—H. Stator, Jr.
Register of Deeds—M. G. Deane.
Sheriff—Joseph Cobb.
Treasurer—Robt. H. Austin.
Surrogate—J. B. Hicks.
School Commissioners—W. F. Malcom, Chairman, W. A. Deane, J. B. Hicks.
Commissioners of the Land Office—N. E. Bellamy, P. U. Walcott, Clinton P. Deane.
County Attorney—W. F. Malcom.
ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.
NORFOLK—Via W. & A. R. R. 10 A. M. arrive at Tarboro' (daily) at 1:30 P. M. WASHINGTON MAIL VIA GREENVILLE, FAYLELAND AND SPARTA.
Tarboro' (daily) at 6 A. M. arrive at Tarboro' (daily) at 6 A. M.
LOBBIES.
The Nights and the Pieces of Meeting.
Concord R. A. Chapter No. 5, N. M. L. W. Masonic Hall, meets first Thursday in every month at 10 o'clock A. M.
Concord Lodge No. 58, Thomas Gailin, Master, Masonic Hall, meets first Friday night at 7 o'clock P. M. and third Thursday at 10 o'clock A. M. in every month.
Repton Chapter No. 18, I. O. O. F., Joel H. Brown, Chief Patriarch, Odd Fellows Hall, meets every first and third Thursday of each month.
Edgewood Lodge No. 50, I. O. O. F., Ed. Pennington, N. G., Odd Fellows Hall, meets every Tuesday night.
Advance Lodge No. 28, I. O. O. F., meets every Wednesday night at 7 o'clock.
Zanah Lodge, No. 235, I. O. O. F., meet at first and third Monday night of every month at Good Temples Hall, J. B. Helbronner, President.
CHURCHES.
Episcopal Church—Services every Sunday at 10 o'clock A. M. and 5 P. M. Dr. J. B. Cochran, Rector.
Methodist Church—Services every Sunday at 10 o'clock, and at night, Rev. W. B. Roane, Pastor. Prayer Meeting on Monday evening.
Presbyterian Church—Services every 1st, 3rd and 5th Sabbath. Rev. T. J. Allison, Pastor. Weekly Prayer meeting, Thursday night.
Missionary Baptist Church—Services the 4th Sunday in every month, morning and night. Rev. T. R. Owen, Pastor.
Primitive Baptist Church—Services first Saturday and Sunday of each month at 11 o'clock.
HOTELS.
Adams' Hotel, corner Main and Pitt Sts. O. F. Adams, Proprietor.
Spier House, Main Street. S. E. Spier, Proprietor.
EXPRESS.
Southern Express Office, on Main Street, closes every morning at 10 o'clock.
N. M. LAWRENCE, Agent.
PROFESSIONAL CARDS.
FRANK POWELL,
Attorney and Counselor at Law, TARBORO', N. C.
Office next door to the Southern office, July 1876.
GEORGE HOWARD,
Attorney and Counselor at Law, TARBORO', N. C.
Practice in all the Courts, State and Federal.
FREDERICK PHILLIPS,
Attorney and Counselor at Law, TARBORO', N. C.
Practice in Courts of adjoining counties in the Federal and Supreme Courts, Nov. 8, 1876.
WALTER P. WILLIAMSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, TARBORO', N. C.
Will practice in the Courts of the 2nd Judicial District. Collections made in any part of the State.
Office in Adams' Hotel, corner Main and Pitt Streets.
Jan. 7, 1876.
JACOB BATTLE,
Counselor and Attorney at Law, ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.
Practice in all the State Courts, March 26, 1876.
DR. E. D. BARNES,
Surgeon Dentist,
Main Street,
TARBORO', N. C.
All work warranted to give entire satisfaction, Feb. 16-17.
J. H. & W. L. THORP,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law, ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.
PRACTICES in the counties of Edgecombe, Halifax, Nash and Wilson, and in the Supreme Court North Carolina, also in the United States District Court at Raleigh.
DR. J. B. GODWIN,
Surgeon Dentist,
Washington, N. C.
March 26, 1877.
H. K. NASH, JR.,
Engineer & Surveyor
OFFICE OVER
S. S. NASH & CO'S STORE,
Where he can always be found when not professionally absent,
Tarboro', March 2, 1877.
T. J. REAMY,
HOUSE MOVER
AND RAISER,
Rocky Mount, N. C.
JOBS done by the day or contract. Prompt attention to orders.
March 16, 1877.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms \$66 and \$50 off freight. H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.
GEORGE PAGE & CO
Patent Stationery, Printing, Engraving, and Bookbinding. 120 Water St., Boston, Mass.
\$55 a week to Agents. \$10 Off. Free. P. O. Vickery, Augusta, Maine.
12 days at home. Agents wanted. Send for terms free. "TRUE & CO." Augusta, Maine.
Extra Fine Mixed Cards, with name, for sale. Send for terms free. "TRUE & CO." Augusta, Maine.
The Maryland Eye & Ear Institute.
No. 66 North Charles St., Baltimore, Incorporated April 19, 1869.
President, Hon. J. W. Dabbin, Judge Superior Court.
The above Institution offers all the comforts of a home to patients suffering with eye or ear diseases. Skilled attention, in attendance, and the surgeon in charge resides in the home with the family, patients are seen by him several times during the day. For further information, apply to the surgeon in charge.
Dr. GEORGE REULING.
\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$100 sent free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.
PRICE, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.
NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING.
ONE HUNDRED & NINTH EDITION.
Containing a complete list of all the towns in the United States, the Territories, and the Dominion of Canada, having a population greater than 5,000, according to the last census, together with the names of the newspapers having the largest local circulation in each of the places named. Also, a catalogue of newspapers, which are recommended to advertisers as giving greatest value in proportion to prices charged. Also, all newspapers in the United States and Canada, printing over 5,000 copies each issue. Also, all the Religious, Agricultural, Scientific and Mechanical, Medical, Masonic, Juvenile, Educational, Commercial, Insurance, Real Estate, Law, Sporting, Musical, Fashion, and other special class journals; very complete lists, together with a complete list of over 300 German papers printed in the United States. Also, an account of advertising in various nations, showing the cost of advertising in various newspapers, and everything which a advertiser or advertiser would like to know. Address: GEO. F. HOWELL & CO., 41 Park Row, New York.
WILMINGTON ADVERTISEMENTS.
WILMINGTON,
MARBLE WORKS,
MARBLE AND SLATE MANTELS;
Tomb, Grave Stones and Monuments of every character and design.
STATUARY, &C.
JAMES WALKER, Proprietor,
Office on Front Street, between Princess and Chestnut Streets, WILMINGTON, N. C., Apr. 27-77.
H. BRUNHILD & BRO.,
Retailers and Wholesale Dealers in
RYE WHISKIES,
IMPORTED
LIQUORS AND CIGARS,
No. 3 Granite Row S. Front St.,
WILMINGTON, N. C.,
Apr. 27-77.
STOP AT THE
MANNING HOUSE,
COR MARKET AND SECOND STS.,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
BOARD PER DAY, \$2.50
ED. WILSON MANNING,
Proprietor.
P. HENSENBERGER,
BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER
And dealer in
Pianos, Organs, Sheet Music,
Chromos, &c.,
30 and 31 MARKET ST.,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
All orders promptly attended to.
ADRIAN & VOLLERS,
Wholesale Dealers in
GROCERIES AND LIQUORS,
German and Havana Cigars,
AND
Commission Merchants,
S. E. Cor. Dock and Front Streets,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Having the largest and best assorted stock of Groceries and Liquors in the City. Dealers will find it to their interest to give us a call before buying elsewhere.
Apr. 27-77-7y
J. H. MALLARD, H. M. BOWDER
MALLARD & CO.,
Successors to the firm of Mallard and J. S. Topham & Co.,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
Harness, Saddles, Trunks,
TRAVELING BAGS, LEATHER, &C.
Full Assortment—Very Low Price.
Give us a call before buying elsewhere, at
No. 8 South Front Street,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
April 27, 1877.
W. T. TAYLOR,
Manufacturer of
WINDOW FRAMES, DOORS,
Plain Panels of every style
DOOR FRAMES,
WINDOWS, SASHES, BLINDS,
MANTLES, MOULDINGS,
BRACKETS, SCROLL WORK
AND
Tobacco Box Patterns,
Whitaker's, N. C.
Also, contracts to put up buildings, furnishing all material, complete turn-key jobs, or otherwise, as parties may prefer, all with kind-hearted hands.
March 24, 1876.

NORFOLK BUSINESS CARDS.

Taylor, Elliott & Watters,
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in
HAROLD WARE,
CUTLERY, GUNS, &C.
Corner of Main Street and Market Square,
NORFOLK, VA.
Feb. 9, 1877. 3m
Hamburger Bros.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
TOBACCO
FACTORY, OFFICE & WAREHOUSE,
Second Street, 95 & 95 Water Street,
Petersburg, Va. NORFOLK, VA.
LOUIS HILLIARD, MARCELLUS MOORE,
Greenview, N. C. Formerly of N. C.
HILLIARD & MOORE,
COTTON FACTORS
AND
General Commission Merchants,
Norfolk, Virginia.
Keep constantly on hand a large and varied stock of Bagging and Ties.
General dealers in Standard Fertilizers.
Liberal cash advances made on consignments.
Feb. 9-1y
J. EASTHAM, E. T. POWELL
EASTHAM, POWELL & CO.,
Wholesale Grocers
90 Water St. & 41 Commerce St.
Norfolk, Va.
April 6, 1877. 3m.
GOODE HOUSE,
COR. COMMERCE & MAIN STS.,
Norfolk, Va.
A. J. Manning, Prop'r.
BOARD PER DAY, \$2.00.
April 8, 1877. 1f.
M. L. T. DAVIS, B. D. THOMAS
M. L. T. DAVIS & CO.,
WHOLESALE
GROCERS
Also, large stock of MEATS, PORK AND FLOUR, IRON ON HAND.
South East Cor. Water and Commerce Sts.,
Norfolk, Va.
Capt. D. BELL, Salesman in the House.
April 6, 1877. 3m
MARROW & CO.,
(Successors to Bottimore, Marrow & Co.)
WHOLESALE
SHOE HOUSE,
Nos. 120 & 122 Main St.,
Norfolk, Va.
April 6, 1877. 2m
1855. ESTABLISHED 1855.
W. A. MERRIGAN,
Manufacturer of
FINE CIGARS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Leaf & Manufactured Tobacco.
120 CHURCH STREET,
Norfolk, Va.
April 6, 1877. 1f.
New Designs in Pearl and Street Ornaments.
75 cents; Sailor Hats, 50 cents; Imported Cigars and Sherry Wines, 15 cents per doz.; German Sausages, 30 cents; or two business for 25 cents; Dealer's Killing Cotton, three balls for 25 cents.
"Side-Planting by steam machine."
MRS. ANNA J. VETLINES,
30 Bank Street, Norfolk, Va.
Battle, Dunn & Co.,
COTTON FACTORS,
AND
Commission Merchants,
TOWN POINT, (Gwashney's Building),
P. O. Box 588.
Norfolk, Va.
Bagging and Ties furnished parties who are sent consigning their Cotton to us.
Liberal cash advances made on shipments.
Aug. 1, 1876.
Established 1849.
DRUG, PAINT AND OIL STORE.
M. A. & C. A. SANTOS,
118 Atlantic Block,
NORFOLK, VA.
We offer large stock of
DRUGS, WINDOW-GLASS,
and all kinds of
at low prices for cash or approved credit.
Feb. 9, 1877. M. A. & C. A. SANTOS. 3m.
Buy Your
Agricultural Shell Lime
FROM
J. W. FULLER,
SUFFOLK, VA.
HE gives 12 bags, 3000 lbs., guaranteed weight, to the ton, and warrants it to be the best quality, being very dry and in a condition which cannot fail to give satisfaction. Very low rates to purchasers of 50 to 100 tons. Give him a trial.
Suffolk, Va., March 2, 1877. 1f.
WEBER'S BAKERY!
THIS OLD ESTABLISHED BAKERY is now ready to supply the people of Tarboro' and vicinity with all kinds of Bread, Cakes, French and Plain Cakes, etc., etc., etc., embracing every thing usually kept in a First-Class Establishment of the kind.
Thankful for the liberal patronage of the public, and desiring a continuation of the same, we have taken the precaution to put up our Cakes and Breads in such a manner as to keep them fresh and sweet for several days after they are baked.
Orders for Parties & Balls promptly filled. Call and see our stock, next door to Bank of New York.
Nov. 4-1y JACOB WEBER.

Tarboro' Southernner.

Friday, May 4, 1877.
THE LOST POCKET-BOOK; OR, THE FINDER'S REWARD!
BY J. R. N. BERRY.
Was it all a dream? Methought, ere this, herself would press that chair, Seated before me, while her sunny hair, Her eyes, that like stars at midnight beam, Would life-like on my radiant canvas gleam, And make a portraiture beyond compare, How could I fail, when Love would aid me there?
Why should I try Peril or chisel, when I need must err? I memory alone your moulds lie, And memory now is but one dream of her.
Thus man pursues his weary calling, And wrings the hard life from the sky, While happiness unseen is falling Down from God's bosom silently.
—Schiller.
"Wake up, old fellow! You have been napping for the past half hour. What's the matter, ha? Ain't in love?" rapidly exclaimed and interrogated Ned Gordon, at the same time giving his auditor a vigorous slap on his back.
"Since you have asked me that question, Ned, the thoughts that I have been entertaining for the past half hour, seem to have been stimulated by some such subtle power as love," laughingly replied Malcolm Crafton.
"Mal, the girl who could induce you to give her thirty minutes of your undivided thoughts, must be a very pretty. Tell me all about it, old fellow—who is she? What's her name? Jocosely asked Ned, at the same time drawing a chair alongside of Malcolm Crafton's, elevating his feet to the rounds of another chair; turning his head and quizzically looking into Malcolm's face. At the same time a smile played over his features, with fitful rapidity, reminding one of the swiftly succeeding flashes of summer lightning, which serves to light up, with peculiar vividness, the otherwise surrounding darkness.
Ned Gordon and Malcolm Crafton were seated at the bay-window of the "Alston," and to the casual promenade of Charles street, would be thought to be there for the twofold purpose of seeing and being seen by the beauty and fashion usually thronging this fashionable promenade.
Of all the members of this fashionable Club, Malcolm Crafton at least, was the one about whom such a remark could not be truthfully made, for he rarely visited the Club during the hours that fashion had fixed for the fair ones to take their daily exercises, his business claiming his constant thought, and to it he gave the closest attention. He had made the maintaining of the firm-name, as established by his father, his greatest ambition; and even during his younger days he evinced a talent and an application for the business, which were remarkable. The "Germans," "Kettle Drums," parties and other fashionable amusements knew him not. He refused all the polite invitations that for a time had been sent him, until at length he was considered a woman-hater, and treated accordingly by the gentile sex.
The girls knew that their smiles would be wasted on Malcolm Crafton, and took little trouble to dissemble whenever they passed him on the street, but displayed their "who-cares-for-you" looks to the fullest degree permissible.
Malcolm Crafton rarely ever loafed at the Club during the day, usually going there after business hours to read the papers, discuss the news of the day, or take a social hand at whist or chess. It was very unusual for him to be there at the hour Ned Gordon found him in pensive abstraction, and it was more unusual to find him so immersed in thought, for Malcolm usually left business at his counting-room—never thinking of the day's affair after he had departed from his store. It was so unusual a sight, that Ned Gordon was somewhat surprised, and knowing Malcolm very intimately, could not imagine anything more likely to make him wear such a serious expression, than imagining himself in love.
When Malcolm stated that the thoughts he was entertaining at the time of his interruption, must have been prompted by some such subtle power as love, Ned became more desirous of possessing the fullest particulars about anything so new and unexpected, and was a little impatient that Malcolm did not at once confide in him.
"Well, old fellow, tell me all about it—sub rosa. I don't mean for you to confide any secret, but it must be an awkward position for you to find yourself in. I won't tell the boys, you know. They might laugh and—and. You don't like to be laughed at, do you? [Ned Gordon knew all the fair ones of

the town, and he thought he must know Malcolm's memorata.] Oh, dog it, tell a fellow, won't you? You sit there like a sphinx, whilst I am a flame with a desire to know something of this strange occurrence," said Ned Gordon, endeavoring to impart a serious expression to his curiosity.
"Well, Ned, I was just thinking of the strange feelings which were thrusting themselves over me in spite of myself; trying to annihilate the cause of their springing into existence and holding possession of my mind, when I know so little of the object upon which these thoughts were dwelling," replied Malcolm.
"Malcolm, your meditation has made you too profound for me to comprehend. Can't you come down a little and be less pedantic? Ned interrupted.
"You asked me whether I was in love, no doubt thinking this a foolish question, and I should have thought so too, if I had not been trying to account for the reason of my thoughts turning to one object constantly, like the needle of the compass—love being the powerful magnet in my case."
"How so, Mal? seriously enquired Ned.
"Well, it's a story that will require some time to relate, but as you seem so much interested, I will tell you," answered Malcolm.
"Go on; if it takes all night, I will listen."
"Some six weeks since I found a pocket-book, containing a small sum of money, a gold pencil, and a check drawn by a gentleman named Randolph, on a bank in Richmond, Va., to the order of a Miss Addie Randolph. I waited several days, expecting it to be advertised, but finding that it was not, wrote to the drawer of the check. After some two weeks the letter was returned to me endorsed, "Not called for." I then addressed a letter to the bank, requesting the Cashier to notify Mr. Randolph of the fact I have related to you, and also to place himself in communication with me."
"In a day or so I received a letter from the gentleman, who lives in the suburbs of Richmond, to the effect that the pocket-book was lost by his daughter, who was then on a visit to a friend in Baltimore county, and that he would request her to write to me, giving a full description of the contents."
"The next day I received a note, the orthography of which, as well as the composition, plainly told that it had been written by a lady of culture."
"There was something about the letter—the few simple words being so placed as to express the refinement and culture of the writer—that I instantly conceived a desire to know the author, imagining her to be young, pretty, sensible and aristocratic."
"I sent the pocket-book, and to-day received the acknowledgement of its receipt, which has made the impression created by her first letter more indelible. I have been thinking of her all day; picturing her in my mind; conceiving her in my ideal of a lovely woman, and persuading myself that the hand of destiny is gradually drawing us to one another. I feel an insatiable desire to become acquainted with her, but no plan that I can conceive will bring about the desired result, except to write to her, requesting the pleasure of calling upon her, for the purpose of forming an acquaintance, which I know is perfectly foolish. Don't you think so, Ned?" enquired Malcolm.
"Yes," replied Ned, "especially if she would refuse. But if destiny is shaping this matter, why don't you wait?" he enquired.
"I will make a virtue of necessity and wait on destiny, Ned," replied Malcolm, "but mind no joking with me about this. I told you in confidence, because it was a strange fantasy, and unusual for me to think of such things, besides there was nothing else to talk about, and I gave you the benefit of the latest news."
For many days afterwards Malcolm continued to think of the lady who had addressed him the letters and attributes of an ideal character, the mental infatuation so pervading him as to render his heart susceptible—if the lady, upon a personal acquaintance, should realize his expectation. He had almost been tempted to write to her, introducing himself, and requesting the privilege of corresponding with her, but being an entire stranger, prudence suggested that this would not be altogether proper.
He had with some effort succeeded in diverting his thoughts into another channel, considering it perfectly useless to entertain any hope of ever meeting her, until one day, whilst at the Mt. Vernon, he espied her name, as also that of Mr. Randolph, on the register. He at once determined to send his card to Mr. and Miss Randolph, so calling a waiter, he bade him present his compliments and to say that he awaited them in the parlor. He occupied the interval in endeavor-

ing to shake off the nervous anxiety he found himself in, but before his usual calmness was restored, he heard the rustling of silk, the soft football upon the carpet, saw the door open, and Miss Randolph stood before him.
Malcolm's eyes surveyed her at a glance, nothing the contour of her face, the graceful outlines of her form, the tout ensemble of her appearance, and confessed to himself that in every detail his preconceived notions had been correct. Her carriage had that nameless grace which is not infrequently positive evidence of the beauty of the face: her mien was of that marked distinction which so much pleases the fastidiousness of the man of refinement. Her hair was of a flaxen golden tawny and color, and worn in the prevailing mode, which perhaps was not the least attraction, for it corresponded with his ideal, and made her look more harmonious, more youthful and more virginal in expression.
As Malcolm arose and introduced himself his eyes flashed upon her beauty, his eager gaze caused the blushes to suffuse neck, cheek and brow, which added a transcendent willingness to a faultless complexion. Her voice, as she replied to his few words of greeting, caused his heart to palpitate with a nervous pleasure which nearly brought him to her feet.
"Miss Randolph," spoke Malcolm, "seeing your name on the register, I embraced the opportunity of introducing myself. If this be a liberty that does not share approval, I beg your pardon for my intrusion. The fact is, I have been unable to prevent my mind dwelling upon the incidents of the lost pocket-book, and forming a picture of yourself; and I must confess that curiosity to see the real exponent of my ideal, was a slight ingredient in the desire to form your acquaintance. Without egotism, Miss Randolph; indeed with propriety, I may say, that my family occupy a leading position in society, and that I am a gentleman. This much at least is proper for you to know, since the acquaintance is offered by myself."
"Mr. Crafton, I am pleased to make your acquaintance, especially to thank you personally for the trouble you had in restoring the pocket-book; not for the intrinsic value of the book, but for the gold pencil—a memento of love from my mother, which is very, very dear to me. I have made some enquiry regarding you, and learn that you are a gentleman, whose acquaintance any lady could accept."
"I enquired for your father, and had hoped that he would have afforded me the pleasure of making his acquaintance," remarked Malcolm.
"My father has some matters in the city which will require his attention during business hours. He will be pleased to meet you, I am sure—to make your acquaintance, as well as to thank you for your kindness," answered Miss Randolph.
"How long will you remain in the city, Miss Randolph?" enquired Malcolm.
"We leave to-morrow for home; that is, if my father succeeds in finishing the business which has caused him to stop in Baltimore on his way home."
The conversation glided pleasantly on for half an hour. Each word, look and graceful movement but added to the pleasure of making his acquaintance, remarked Malcolm.
"I have long wished to see you in person, and I am sure that you will be pleased to see me," said Malcolm, "and I am sure that you will be pleased to see me."
"I had hoped, Miss Randolph, to have met your father, and to have obtained his permission to escort you to Ford's Grand Opera House to-night. With your consent I will call this evening to request that you and your father accept seats in my private box—Miss Neilson will appear as 'Juliet.' Have you ever seen this actress?" enquired Malcolm.
"No," replied Miss Randolph.
"You have no prior engagement, I hope?"
"None!" the lips slightly parting to utter the monosyllable, which was embellished with a graceful movement of the head and a glance from the brightest of eyes, which only a handsome and cultured woman knew how to give, to render the simplest and most inharmonious word seem euphonious.
When Malcolm returned to the hotel the same evening, for the purpose of escorting Mr. and Miss Randolph to the Opera House, he was presented to Mr. Randolph, whom he found to be an agreeable and well-informed gentleman, of the most unexceptional and pleasing manner.
Miss Randolph was soon joined by Mr. Randolph.
"My father has a prior engagement, Mr. Crafton, and will be unable to avail himself of your kind offer," remarked Miss Randolph.
"Yes, you must excuse me, Mr. Crafton. I regret that I will not have the opportunity of witnessing Miss Neilson in her celebrated impersonation of 'Juliet,' as well as inspecting Ford's Grand Opera House; but I wish to finish the business which caused me to stop in Baltimore, so as to return home to-morrow. I will be pleased to see you at my farm, near Richmond, Va., Mr. Crafton, and hope you will give us the opportunity of becoming better acquainted."
"Thanks! It will give me much pleasure to be received as a friend,

and I promise, if ever I should visit Richmond, to call. If Miss Randolph will permit me to escort her, I would be glad if you give your consent for her to accompany me to the Grand Opera House to-night."
Malcolm spoke his regrets that the father could not accompany them, and was soon on the way to Ford's, with Miss Randolph upon his arm.
The acting, the audience, the magnificent temple of the Muses, and, beyond all, the new-made acquaintance, placed Miss Randolph in the best of spirits. She felt for the nonce that she could wish her life were ever thus. The stiff formalities of a new acquaintanceship gradually gave place to the easy possibility of accepted friendship. This was an intelligent appreciation of the sentiments expressed by Malcolm, and at the same time her rejoinders were made with such purity of diction and occasional flashes of wit, that it was pleasure enjoyed with zest, which was a new experience to Malcolm.
That night as their hands met and the parting words were about to follow, Malcolm could not resist the desire to see Miss Randolph once more before bidding her a final adieu. It was a moment or so before he could determine whether or not he was bent on asking the privilege of calling in the morning to speak the parting words, or whether he should bid her good-night and goodbye now; but like nine-tenths of poor humanity, Malcolm yielded to his desires and asked the privilege of calling again in the morning.
"I won't bid you good night now, Miss Randolph, if you will grant me permission to do so on the morrow. We seldom have the courage to face unpleasant duties, but try to temper them by procrastinating as long as possible."
"If it will be a pleasure for you to call, I will be very glad to see you; especially well pleased to make—even though in a feeble manner—some return for the many kindnesses I have already experienced at your hands. I have no business matters to occupy my time, and will be pleased to share the nover heavily on my hands, in conversation with you."
Malcolm went his way home possessed of a haunting desire. He was thoroughly in love; the tender passion was in full possession of his thoughts, and clothed them with a glamour that concealed all her imperfections, and made prominent and pleasing all the attributes of character which had from the first so favorably impressed him.
He became impatient for the hour to arrive that he might see her again, feeling a decided preference for her society.
In the morning he endeavored to present as calm an exterior as usual, but the consuming passion had exerted its influence and stamped its effects upon his features, actions, and manners.
The time at length arrived when he could present himself at the hotel, and he hurried on with as much anxiety depicted in his face and movements as if the most momentous consequences depended upon his haste.
Amused at his impetuosity, as well as convinced by this sudden departure from a well-settled habit of taking things quietly that he had diagnosed his case correctly when he confessed to his enquiring thoughts that he was in love, he vainly endeavored to regain his composure in the interval between this announcement and Miss Randolph's appearance in the parlor.
Malcolm could not convince himself, even if others could not detect it, for struggle as he would, he felt an irresistible desire to tell her how much he had learned to love her; nor was it long before he began to drift towards the point where he would have the opportunity of telling her his love, if he discovered that it would prove acceptable to her.
"Do you know that I was constantly thinking of you after I received your first letter? Then it was I began to picture to myself the kind of woman you were, both as regards your personal appearance and disposition," remarked Malcolm.
"I hope you are not too much disappointed, Mr. Crafton; but I fear that you imagine me to be in accordance with your ideal woman, and that you have found me jejune in comparison," laughingly remarked Miss Randolph.
"I did endow you with the character of my ideal; in other words, I seemed to have an inspiration of what you were like, and formed my ideal by that standard. Strange to say, you are the counterpart or, more properly speaking, the original of that vision. I am not disappointed; but on the contrary, so much pleased, that the ideal image has indelibly engraven itself upon my heart, and it will never be erased. Addie, I must tell you that I love you, that I have learned the meaning of that word, which I only knew as the empty symbol of a weakness until you taught me its ennobling power."
The heaving bosom, down-cast

eyes and blush-suffused face told plainly that Addie, too, was enraptured in the meshes of love. Maiden modesty prevented her from speaking her thoughts as freely as she desired, and the brevity of the acquaintance was an additional cause for her hesitancy; not that she knew that in point of wealth and station Malcolm Crafton would be an acceptable suitor for any lady, nor that his character and disposition caused her any doubt, for she was a shrewd judge of human character, and believed Malcolm to be actuated by the purest principles of true affection for her. She felt sure that her heart never went out so entirely to the bidding of any other man as it did to the appeal of Malcolm, and in spite of the unexpected proposal, she believed implicitly in the honor of her new friend.
Malcolm waited for some consequence, some word that would tell him that he had not cast his first love upon an unappreciative being; that the new life that had been awakened in him was not to be smothered by an unrequited affection.
"Oh, Addie, give me your answer? I know that I have been precipitate; that I am too much a stranger to expect that you could know me and learn to love me in so short a time; but tell me if there is any hope of my future happiness, or whether I have spoken words which will blight the first bud of love that has ever blossomed from my heart," earnestly besought Malcolm.
"You have taken me by surprise. I did not anticipate that any such happiness was in store for me. You have taught me how to love truly and sincerely, for my heart has been yours since first we met."
The bond thus made was sealed with a kiss, and the lovers soon parted to calm their fluttering hearts and dwell in rapture over their new-found joy.
The affair had been kept a profound secret. Malcolm's friends had not the faintest idea of his attachment. His correspondence with Addie Randolph and his visits to her home near Richmond were not known. Some six months after the period of the opening of this story the *Alston* of the Alston were surprised at the reception of cards of invitation to the marriage ceremony of Mr. Malcolm Crafton, of Baltimore, and Miss Addie Randolph, of Henrico county, Virginia. The affair was a nine days' wonder; the slowness, as the girls called it, of that woman-hater, as Malcolm was termed by them, was a surprise that puzzled them, because their penetration was at fault, and their chagrin had availed them nothing.
The wedding was duly celebrated, an opportunity offered the acquaintances and friends to pay their compliments to the bride and groom, cards of invitation having been sent to Malcolm's friends, to a reception and dinner given at his residence in honor of his bride, after which a short tour of Europe was the programme.
The "Lost Pocket-Book; or, The Finder's Reward," as hastily sketched here, will serve as an illustration of what I have already considered an aphorism—that "accidents are sometimes the forerunners of fortune."—*Baltimorean.*
How a Jewess Married a Christian.
Mr. H. L. Oliver, a young lawyer of good standing at the Nashville bar, and of respectable family connections, was married to Miss Hannah Well, daughter of Mr. S. Well of that city, at her father's residence, Friday evening, by Justice Creighton. Feeling that her parents would oppose the match, as it is against the Jewish creed to intermarry with other people, she went to her father, and put to him the following insurmountable interrogatories:
Father—How old am I?
Daughter—When does a young lady become of lawful age?
Father—At the age of eighteen.
Daughter—Then I am free to act for myself, am I not, father?
Father—I see no objection to it.
Daughter—Well, then, Mr. Oliver loves me ever so much, and I love him ever so much. I want you to consent to our marriage, for if you do not I fear we will have to run away, and I'd much rather be married at home.
The father was very much astonished at her pointed inquiries, and more so when he found her betrothed to a Christian gentleman, but, after pondering the matter a while, gave the sensible response: "Well if you are bound to marry, I would rather you would be quietly married at home."
And so the young people were married and left for Huntsville that evening.
The London Truth has been sued for lying.
A Chicago play wright has produced "Ripe Apples"—a mellow drama.
Love, the toothache and tight boots are things which cannot be kept secret.
Gentlemen engaged to be married are now politely termed husbands by brevet.