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THE NORTH STATE PRESS.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE	1 WEEK.	2 WEEKS.	3 WEEKS.	1 MONTH.	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	1 YEAR.
1 inch	100	150	200	250	500	750	1000
2 1/2 in.	200	300	400	500	1000	1500	2000
3 in.	250	350	450	550	1100	1600	2100
4 in.	300	400	500	600	1200	1800	2400
5 in.	350	450	550	650	1300	2000	2700
6 in.	400	500	600	700	1400	2200	3000
7 in.	450	550	650	750	1500	2300	3100
8 in.	500	600	700	800	1600	2400	3200
9 in.	550	650	750	850	1700	2500	3300
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Oct. 15/77.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing Ever made by the Hand above—A woman's heart and a woman's life, And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing As a child might ask for a toy? Demanding that others have died to win, With the reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lesson of duty out, And like you have questioned me, Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul, Until I shall question thee.

You require your nation shall always be hot Your socks and your shirt shall be white; I require your heart to be true as God's stars, And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your nation and beef; I require a far better thing; A secretress 're waiting for stockings and shirts; I look for a man and a king.

A king for a beautiful realm called home, And a man that the maker, God, Shall look upon as he did the first, And say, 'tis very good.

I am fair and young, but the roses will fade From my soft, young cheek one day— Will you love me then, mid the falling leaves As you did 'mid the bloom of May.

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep I may launch my all on its tide? A loving woman find's heaven or hell On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true, All things that a man should be: If you give this all, I would stake my life To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this—a laundress and cook You can hire, with little to pay; But a woman's heart and a woman's life Are not to be won that way.

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

Nellie Palmer was lying on the lounge in her pretty bed room, crying and looking very unhappy. And yet she had been married only six months, and to such a nice, handsome man, as all the young ladies declared, that surely she ought to have been happy with him. And so she had been, until—until, to tell the truth—Mr. Bob Palmer forgetting, or seeming to forget, that he was a married man, had recently taken to flirting with these very young ladies, at all the fairs and parties of Middleton, leaving his wife to take care of herself. Surely it was enough to make any sensitive wife cry, especially one so sensitive as Nellie.

Not that Mr. Robert Palmer loved his little wife a bit less than on the day of his marriage, neither that Nellie suspected him of it, or for a moment doubted his constancy. But Mr. Palmer was a gay young man, and loved to amuse himself and to be amused. He liked the society of pretty and lively women both married and single, and, in a word, he liked to flirt, and saw no harm in it. So while he hung over the young ladies' chairs, laughing and paying compliments, or pronouncing the balls and piazzas with the young married ladies, his wife would be looking over a photograph album, or conversing solemnly, with some old gentleman, or noticing some shy and awkward child while pretending to be unconscious of her husband's proceedings. Not that she was compelled to employ herself in this dull way, she, usually so bright, pretty and agreeable, but she had no heart for anything else now. Of late all her liveliness and chattiness had left her, and she answered absently and smiled listlessly, and if compelled to dance or sing did so out of time and out of tune, to her husband's great vexation. It is thus that many a young wife settles down into a dull and faded old woman, while her husband grows handsomer and stronger and wonders what on earth could have so changed her.

'Hallo! been crying again, I declare,' exclaimed Mr. Bob Palmer, suddenly ceasing his little whistle, as he entered the room, on returning from his office.—'What's the trouble, now Nellie? Can't you refuse to sing, or Madame Violini not put flowers enough in your new bonnet?'

'Oh, Bob, how can you?' sobbed poor Nellie, beginning afresh.

'Look here, Ellen,' said her husband sitting down on the lounge, and speaking more seriously; 'I don't like this at all. I never come home that your eyes are not red and swollen with crying. What have you to cry about? I should like to know. It is an insult to me, to go sniveling about the house after this fashion, and moping away in corners, looking sullen and miserable, as you did last night, at Mrs. Maekins. Why people will think me a perfect domestic tyrant.'

'Ah, Bob, don't speak so. I cannot

help it, indeed. I do feel so miserable. You make me so Bob.'

'I? Well that's rich! Perhaps you'll be good enough to let me know of what enormity I have been guilty, that has turned you into a modern Niobe?'

'Nothing really wrong dear, but oh! if you knew how much a wife thinks of her husband's love and—here poor Nellie broke down again.

Mr. Palmer's eyes opened very wide.

'Whew!' whistled he, 'if this isn't really absurd. So she's jealous?'

'Indeed no, dear Bob; but—but—she could hardly speak for the choking in her throat—you cannot understand the pride a woman takes in having her husband treat her with affection and respect before every one, or how it humiliates and mortifies her to be neglected by him, and have other women consider themselves her rivals, like Isabel Vaden.'

Mr. Bob Palmer laughed outright, and then he grew angry.

'You are an absurd little fool, Nell,' he said. 'As if Isabel Vaden were anything to me beyond a lively and agreeable young woman to amuse one's self with at a party. Nonsense!'

'She don't think so,' said Nellie, and the others don't think so. They all think you are getting tired of your wife, and Isabel flatters herself, that she has cut me out, and is trying to let people see it.'

'Fiddlesticks!' said Bob rising impatiently from the lounge. 'I am astonished at you, Nellie, and had really given you credit for more sense, as well as temper.' He added more severely, 'I wish you'd amuse yourself in society as I do, instead of going moping about in this fashion. You cannot expect to have me tied to your apron strings; and I would much rather see you flirting a little yourself than skulking away in holes and corners, like a spider watching your butterfly of a husband, to see if you cannot detect him in wrong doing.'

'You make me ashamed of you, I declare.'

Mr. Palmer took his hat and walked out of the room with an air of mingled dignity and injured innocence. His wife sat up, wiped away her tears, and checked herself with wounded and indignant feelings.

'Yes,' she said to herself, 'since he has requested it, I will amuse myself as he does, and see how he likes it! Ashamed of me, is he? And he did not use to be so when I was gay and happy. Oh, Bob, if you only knew how I loved. And once more, despite her, resolutely closing her eyes and pressing her fingers upon them, she hot tears would come.

There was to be that very evening, a party at Col. Johnston's, and Nellie took particular pains in dressing herself for it. She had been of late rather careless on this point, and was now rewarded for her extra care by her husband's glance of approval, and his remark was that that pink silk was very becoming to her. In consequence her eyes and cheeks were brighter, and her spirits more buoyant, as she entered Mrs. Johnston's drawing rooms.

Scarcely had they paid their respects to the hostess, when Mr. Palmer accosted, or rather was accosted by Miss Vaden, a brilliant, confident girl, who tried to ensnare him before his marriage, and at the same time a gentleman addressed Mrs. Palmer. She answered mechanically, unable to withdraw her attention entirely from her husband and his companion, until seeing something in Miss Vaden's glance at herself which she did not like, her pride again awoke and she turned, as with a sudden determination to the gentleman at her side. He was a recent comer to town, very pleasant, and handsome, and Nellie Palmer forthwith began to try to make herself agreeable to him, he looked so pleased, and was himself so agreeable that it soon cost her no effort to converse; and then her old lively spirits returned, and to her own surprise she found that she was enjoying herself.

Her husband didn't much notice this but Miss Vaden did; and her flirtations with Mr. Palmer lost much of their charm, now that the wife did not appear mortified and jealous, and that people could not see that she was so. Wherefore, Miss Vaden grew indifferent, and Mr. Palmer bethought himself to look after his wife. Not finding her looking over photograph albums, nor talking to deaf old Mr. Brown, neither in any of the

holes and corners which she was wont of late, to frequent, he became rather puzzled.

'She's got in the dumps again, I suppose,' was his thought, and is trying to disguise it under pretense of being sick. Dare say I shall find her crying in the ladies' dressing room or fainting away in the conservatory, with fans and smelling bottles around her; or perhaps she's gone home.'

At that very instant, a little laugh at first, followed by a full one, which he saw Nellie bright and rosy, talking so very handsomely to a man, who appeared quite absorbed in her. Mr. Palmer stared a moment at the unconscious couple.

'Why, the deuce,' was his thought, 'what on earth can they have been talking about all this while? Then, suddenly meeting his wife's eyes, he smiled and whispered:

'Enjoying yourself Nell?'

'Oh, yes dear—delightfully. Don't trouble yourself about me pray.'

He passed on, but did not go far, and as he stood whispering soft nothings to sentimental Kate Marshall, his eyes occasionally wandered to his wife. How pretty she was looking, and how gay she was; and how coquettishly she was exchanging light regards with that flirting fellow, Tom Harrison. And all the while the handsome stranger never left her side. It was perfectly evident that he admired her. 'If she was not a married woman he would certainly fall in love with her, and she my wife,' and he felt a little resentful of the admiration.

Nellie Palmer had never sung more sweetly or danced more gracefully than upon this evening.

'Don't you think Nell, you have danced enough for one night?' said her husband, towards the close of the evening, 'for a married woman?' he added.

'Perhaps so,' she answered cheerfully; 'but I have enjoyed myself so much! Really, I almost regret, that I was a married woman, and felt like a girl again.'

'And behaved like one,' he said rather coolly. 'Who is that fellow that has been in attendance upon you all the evening?' he inquired, as she walked toward the dressing room.

'That remarkably handsome man, with the expressive dark eyes, do you mean?'

'I never noticed his eyes, or that he was at all handsome,' he answered stiffly.

'Oh, I thought you meant Captain Lovell, of the Fourth Artillery. Ah! here he is—just one moment, dear—I quite forgot—' And Nellie spoke a few words to the captain in passing, of which her husband could distinguish only something about 'distinction.'

'Upon my word,' he said sarcastically, 'you appear very intimate already.'

'Because, love, we have discovered that we're congenial spirits. We like the same things; books, music, scenery. He indeed everything, and have the same opinions on most subjects. You know how pleasant it is to meet with one who can comprehend you, not your other self merely, but with a sort of soul sympathy.'

'Soul fiddlesticks!'

'You never did have much sentiment Bob,' sighed Nellie in an injured tone.

'Sentiment be—Come, Nellie, be quick with your wrappings. It has been a stupid evening, and I shall be glad to get home and to bed.'

When Robert Palmer came home next day, he found his wife, not crying in her bed room, but in the parlor practicing a new song.

'Captain Lovell called this morning, she said and I have promised to sing this for him at Mrs. Campbell's.'

'Ah!' he answered with an expression of indifference; and as his wife again struck up with the first few notes, he muttered to himself, 'confound Captain Lovell!'

At Mrs. Campbell's Captain Lovell was again in attendance upon pretty Mrs. Palmer; and then other gentlemen discovered her attractions, her piquancy, and coquettishness, and flirtatiousness and so in a very few weeks, Mrs. Palmer was a belle. She didn't seem in the least to care who her husband was attending upon, and indeed he could rarely get a word with her at all, when at the gay assemblies which they constantly frequented. He sometimes gave her a hint that she was no longer a girl, and that

he was her husband; but she only laughed, and said there was no harm done and that she was enjoying herself so delightfully, and felt herself more a belle than ever when a girl; which was true, because she had not flirted then, being absorbed heart and soul in Bob Palmer.

But it was now Captain Lovell who appeared chiefly to occupy her thoughts, as well as a good part of her time. She sang and danced with him; she read the books he sent; and so frequent were his visits, so constant his attentions, that last Mr. Robert Palmer's wrath burst forth.

'Ellen,' he said, as he closed the door on the departing captain and his imposing uniform, 'I really cannot permit this to go on any longer. Your conduct to me is most astounding. You are by far too intimate with this fellow, Lovell. He is constantly in my house, and last evening he scarcely left your side, while you stood for two hours the centre of a group of chattering, grinning popinjays, like himself.'

'Why Bob, you yourself, blamed me for playing wallflower and spider, and said you were ashamed of me.'

'I am more ashamed of you now,' he retorted severely.

'Now dear, that is quite unreasonable of you. Didn't you tell me that, I would please you by enjoying myself, and flirting a little? You know you did add Nellie reproachfully, 'and now, if I am obeying you, you get jealous.'

'Jealous? not I! but I am offended and insulted; yes, and disgusted as well. If only you could hear the remarks about yourself and that Lovell—'

'Similar to those that I heard in regard to you and Miss Vaden, I presume,' said his wife.

'What was Miss Vaden to me?' he demanded angrily.

'And what is Captain Lovell to me?'

'You encourage him, madam. You flirt with him.'

'As you do with Isabel Vaden.'

'A man may be what is not permissible in a woman.'

'Ah, that is it,' said Nellie, with her old sigh. 'You men may neglect a wife—may wear out her heart and life with anguish, may expose her to the pity or ridicule of all her acquaintances by showing devotion to another, and she, poor slave, must not presume to turn, but must bear all in meek silence, never even imploring mercy, lest she offend her lord. But I have had enough of this Bob; and now as you do to me will I do to you. If you will go on flirting so will I. I know you don't care a bit more for Isabel Vaden than I do for Captain Lovell, but I will not be neglected and humiliated in the sight of the whole world. I am not a slave, but a wife, and demand the honor due to me.'

Her mood was a new one to her husband. She sat erect and proud, looking him steadily in the face with bright clear eyes, in whose depths he could still read great tenderness; and he at once comprehended the whole matter. He looked at her a moment, as steadily as she at him, and then he rose and took a seat by her side.

'And you really care nothing for this Lovell, Nellie?'

'No more than I ought to do for my cousin Laura's affianced husband,' she replied.

'Affianced?'

'This six months, before I met him; and I would have told you of it, but—'

She stopped and looked half archly in his face. He understood her, and taking her in his arms, kissed her tenderly.

'Oh, Bob, how could you ever doubt me?'

'I will do so no more, love!'

'Never flirt any more?'

'Never!'

'Harper's "Drawer" tells of a little three-year-old whose mother was mixing a simple cough remedy for him— He watched the process, and asked if it was "good." He was permitted to taste, and exclaimed, "It's awful good, mamma. Let's keep it all for papa."

The Printer and his Types.

Perhaps there is no department of enterprise whose details are less understood, by intelligent people, than the 'art preservative,' the achievements of the types.

Every day their life long people are accustomed to read the newspaper and find fault with its statements; its arrangements; its looks; to plume themselves upon the discovery of some rough, or ungrammatical type; that goes into a frown and stands upon its head; or of some waste letter, or two in its; but of the process by which the newspaper is made of myriads of mills and the thousand of pieces necessary to its compositions, they know little, and generally think less.

They imagine the discourse of a wonder induced, when they speak of the fair white carpet, worn for thought to walk on the rags that fluttered on the back of the beggar yesterday.

But there is something more wonderful still. When we look at the hundred and fifty-two little boxes somewhat shaded with the touch of inky fingers, that compose the printer's 'case,' noiseless, except the click of the types, as one by one they take their places in the growing line—we think we have found the marvel of art.

We think how many fancies in fragments there are in boxes; how many atoms of poetry and eloquence the printer can make here and there if he had only a little chart to work by; how many facts in a small 'handful'; how much truth in chaos.

How he picks up the scattered elements, until he holds in his hand a stanza of 'Gray's Elegy,' or monody upon Grimes, All Buttoned up Before. Now sets Puppy Missing, and now Paradise Lost; he arrays a blade in small caps, and a sonnet in nonpareil; he announces the languishing 'live' in one plores the days that are few and 'evil in the next.

A poor jest ticks its way slowly into the printer's hand, like the clock just running down, and its strains of eloquence marching into line letter by letter. We fancy we can tell the difference by hearing the ear, but perhaps not.

The types that told a wedding yesterday announces a burial to-morrow; perhaps the same letters.

They are the elements to make a world of. Those types are a world with something in it as beautiful as Spring, as summer, and as imperishable as autumn flowers, frost cannot wilt—fruit that shall ripen for all time.

Kind Inquiries.

Cousin Kate was a sweet wide-awake beauty of about seventeen, and she took it into her head to go down on Long Island to see some relations of hers who had the misfortune to live there.— Among those relations there chanced to be a young swain who had seen Kate on a previous occasion, and seeing, fell deeply in love with her. He called at the house on the evening of his arrival and she met him on the piazza where she was enjoying the evening air in company with two or three of her friends.

The poor fellow was so bashful that he could not find his tongue for some time. At length he stammered out: 'How's your mother?'

'Quite well, thank you.'

Another silence on the part of Josh, during which Kate and her friends did the best they could to relieve the monotony. After waiting about fifteen minutes for him to commence to make himself agreeable, he again broke the spell by—

'How's your father? which was answered much in the same manner as the first one, and then followed another silence like the other.

'How's your father and mother?' again put in the bashful lover.

'Quite well, both of them.' This was followed by an exchange of glances and suppressed smiles.

This lasted some ten minutes more, during which, Josh was fidgeting in his seat stroking his Sunday hat. But at length another question came—

'How's your parents?'

This produced an explosion that made the woods ring.

HUMOROUS.

A speech from the throne—'Rama that rule.'

'What's in a name?' About twenty-seven letters, if its a Russian name.

Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure that there is one rascal less in the world.

Woman was never made to whistle, and when she tries it, makes her whole contents to look as if it had been a war.

'Gracious me!' exclaimed a lady in a witness-box 'how should I know anything about anything I don't know anything about?'

'Why do you use so much tobacco?' said an Englishman to an American the other evening at a whist party; 'because I chew,' was the reply.

A lady just arrived in Washington espied the dome of the capital, and inquired if it were the gas works. 'Yes,' said a bystander 'for the nation.'

What's the difference, asked the teacher in arithmetic, between one yard and two yards? 'A frown,' said Johnny Holt. Then Johnny sat on the ruler fourteen times.

A wife will hardly notice whether her husband has had his hair cut or not, but let him go home with a strange hair-do in his overcoat and she'll see it before he reaches the gate.

That Tennessee preacher forgot himself who, while addressing a ladies' charitable society, said: 'My brethren, I now urge on all of ye to dive down into your breeches-pockets and haul out sunthin' for the poor.'

An infidel said sarcastically to a clergyman; 'I always spend Sunday in settling my accounts. The reverend gentleman did not wince as expected, but simply replied: And you will probably spend the day of judgment in the same way.'

A gentleman traveling on a Hudson river steamer, one day at dinner was making away with a large pudding close by, when he was told by a servant that it was dessert. 'It matters not to me,' said he; 'I would eat it if it were a wilderness.'

A Kansas farmer purchased a revolver for his wife, and insisted on target practice, so that she could defend her house during his absence. After the bullet was dug out of his leg, and the cow was buried, he thought she had better defend herself with an axe.

I wish you would give me that gold ring on your finger, said a village dandy to a country girl, for it resembles the duration of my love for you; it has no end. Excuse me, sir, she said. I choose to keep it, for it is like my love for you; it has no beginning.

'I love you like anything,' said a young gardener to his sweetheart, praising her hand. 'Ditto,' said she, returning the pressure. The student lover was sorely puzzled to understand the meaning of ditto. The next day being at work with his father, he said, 'Daddy, what is the meaning of ditto?'

'Why,' said the old man, 'this is one cabbage head, ain't it?'

'Yes, daddy.'

'Well, that ere's ditto.' 'Dad it,' ejaculated the indignant son, 'thee she called me a cabbage-head!'

THE FIRST WEDDING.—We like the short courtships, and in this Adam acted like a sensible man—fell asleep a bachelor, and awoke to find himself a married man. It appears to have popped the question almost immediately after meeting Miss Eve, and she without flirtation or shyness, gave him a kiss and herself. Of that first kiss in the world we have had our thoughts, however, and sometimes in a poetical mood wished we were the man that did it.— But the deed is done, the chance was Adam's, and he improved it. We like the notion of getting married in a garden. Adam's was private. No envious aunts and grunting grandmothers. The birds of the heavens were the witnesses, and the glad sky flung its light on the scene. One thing about the first wedding brings queer things to us in spite of its scriptural truth. Adam and his wife were rather young to marry; some two or three days old, according to the sagest elder; without experience, without a house, a pot or kettle; nothing but love and Etes.