North Carolina Gazette.

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Home Circle.

"Home is the Sacred Refuge of Our Life."

THE BACHELOR'S BRIDE.

He was an old bachelor, and his name was Cardell, and he was returning from a wedding-a wedding which was a love-

He had seen the tenderness in the face of the bridegroom-the beautiful lovesmile on the lips of the bride-and he had paid his congratulations; and had gone on his way with a feeling of bitter envy at his

"Oh, if some one would only love me as well, I should be happy. I have plenty of money, and numbers of 'friends,' who would not break their hearts or even lose their appetites if I were found dead in my bed any morning. But I want the peculiar affection which can only be given by the woman who loves a man, or whom a man loves." Why can I not feel it as well

He had reached his own door. He had stayed to dine at the house where the wedding took place, and-well, the wine was very good; and now it was late at night, and the moon was high. Not a soul was anywhere in sight; he could do as he pleased even in that great town. His own room offered no temptations to him, for he was not sleepy; so he sat down on the steps of his dwelling, and rested his head upon his

"If Caroline Croft and I had married twenty years ago, I might have been happy. But that dream died the death of all other dreams; she is married to another man, and I only remember that I loved her once. No, I have not remained single for Caroline's sake. No, no! Why have I not loved, then? Why have I thrilled no woman's heart? Men plainer than I do so every day-men not my peers in anything: It a woman loved me, and I knew it, should certainly love her. I have a heart buried somewhere."

He rose from his seat, and wandered on, taking little heed of his course, until he suddenly found himself before a gray church about which an oldschurch-vard, full of venerable stones, lav peacefully in the moon-

Long as he had dwelt here, he had nev er yet seen this spot, and it attracted his

Opening the I't le iron gate, he entered the silent cemetery, and read by the white moonbeams the quaint black letters on the

The dates which followed were, for the most part, those of years long gone by; and he knew he had not yet begun to live when those lives had ceased; but it seemed to him that all of them were married people-beloved wives, lamented husbands! And, in one case, two who had 'dwelt together in , life were not parted in death. They 'slept the last sleep,' resting side by

"It must be happier," he said, "to di with one's head upon a loving breast; it must be sweet to know some one will weep for us when we are gone; and, if we hope for heaven, to feel sure that we shall meet a true heart there at last, to live and love

Far away along the street, there came sic which is sweeter than any instrument can be-four voices well attuned; one, a boy's sweet soprano. Some homeward-

bound youths were singing: "No one to love, none to caress; Wandering alone in this life's wilderness; Sad is my heart, joy is nuknown, For in this wide world I'm wandering alone."

The tears started to his eyes: he had heard the song before; but now, sung by those clear young voices in the still midnight, it fell upon his ear with more mean-

ing than it had ever had before. Fainter and softer, as the singers went farther and farther and farther into the distance, their voices fell upon his ear: 'No one to love!' These were the last words he caught; after that only a faint drift of

music that died upon the breeze. What t low sigh: "ah! if some one only loved me. as that girl loves Denton, I would give

all I have on earth-nay, even my soul it- asked. "You would, ch?" said a voice close at

said Mr. Cardell; "I really don't know champagne has affected my head. I think it has, in fact. I never talked to myself tan.

"My dear sir," said the old gentleman, 'pray don't dissemble. The champagne has not affected your head; you are quite creature, holding him close with its great sober. Look you, sir—I am a man of claws. "You remember you thought love 10 copies (sent to one address) with an extra copy \$22 50 some penetration. I know you spoke from worth your soul; you've had love: now a your heart, and you said, remember, that have you." you would give your soul to be loved by 90 00 one whom you leved. Men have done so. and a premium of a fine curomo, value 23 one whom you leved. Men have done so.

There are many ways of giving one's soul besides the traditional signature on parchment. And so-hal ha!-you think one woman worth al! that? Let us talk it over -cast aside conventional forms as two

> "Well," said Cardell, "I've concluded that life without a good wife is a very dall

> "Well, well," exclaimed the old gentleman, "there are things worse than dullness; but I'm something of a fortune-teller, and I can easily tell you whether you'll ever be married or not. Now hold out your

"Bah!" eried the bachelor, but he obey-

"You'll see her in the course of an hour -that is, if you really think she's worth

And he suddenly started up and harried away, laughing aloud most discordant

"He is either mad, or he thinks I am," said Cardell, and be hastened out of the church-vard.

At the gate his foot struck against somewith an indefinable thrill running through his framens he saw that it was a woman. His face was so pale that she might have been dead; but when he touched the white cheek he found that it was too warm for that o death-and, oh! how beautiful she was! Kneeling down, he lifted the lovely head to his knee, and, taking the white hands in his, began to chafe them.

The moon was floating in the horizon the shadow of the church tower fell across the wide stretch of church-vard, black as nk; and just then the clock, that showed its face high up in the steeple, suddenly let fall into the silence one long, solemn

One! Day had begun, then; and what was this that had begun with it? What sweet emotions thrilled

dreamy, sensuous eyes? Why, moved by impulse that he could not resist, did he bend his face over hers,

He knew-he understood that with the new day a new life had come to him.

He did not know who this girl was, nor whence she came. He did not ask; he did

upon the passage; and she, friendless and subjected. ignorant of the usages of the country, had been robbed of every penny she had, and had fainted at last at the gate of the church-

The bachelor listened with tender sympathy. Then he left her in his elegant chambers, and sought a dwelling-place elsewhere, Every day he called on her; every day he loved her more. At last he told her so, and she confessed she loved him: so they were married in the church under the shadow of whose spire he had found

The wedding was over, and bride and bridegroom sat together in the fast thickening twilight. His arm was about her waist; her fair head lay on his loving bos-

"My love," he said, "I am happier than have ever been before."

"As happy as you thought you would be when you said you would give your soul for

"Indeed I am; but I had forgotten I ever told you that. In fact, I was ashamed of it. I have often wondered what the old gentleman thought of me.'

"Perhaps it was no old gentleman, at all; the evil one has very many disguises,

She laughed. The shadows had gathered so thickly that he could not see the face on his bosom, but something in the voice startled

"Have you caught cold, love?" he asked. "I am the last one in the world to catch cold," said she.

"But surely you are a little hoarse." "Oh, dear no!" "And what have you got on your head?

What trick are you playing me, you little

down the street with the magic wand with

The instant he did so he uttered a cry. man's thumb.

It was not the face of his fair young what you must think of me, sir; but I've wife, but that black and red one, adorned been to a wedding party, and perhaps the with horns, which tradition bestows on Sa-

> "What, in the name of all that is good, does this mean?" he exclaimed. "The devil has many shapes," said the creature, holding him close with its great

The lamplight glittered in the terrible

"Come, now." said the policeman; "come, now, Mr. Cardell. This ain't no time for you to be sitting out o' doors asleep. You have been to a party, I reckon. Come wake up sir; it's most two, and the night'

Mr. Cardell woke up. He had fallen asleep on his doorstep, and had never been to the church-vard at all; indeed, there was no such church-vard-it was all champagne, late hours and a fine dream. Mr. Cardell is to this day unmar-

goat at the other end, which she expected thing soft and heavy. He stooped over it to butt her at any moment. Then they talk over it :

'How will we get it off?' 'Ain't it pretty?' 'Look how it parts.'

Wonder if it ain't dry ! 'Poor little thing, let's put it back.' 'How will we get the book from it?' 'Pick it up,' says a girl, who backs rap-

Good gracious! I'm afraid of it. There, t's opening its mouth at me.' Just then the fish wiggles off the hook and disappears in'o the water, and the girls try for another bite.

BROWN BREAD AS A DETECTIVE .-Not far out in the suburbs of Boston is anancient burying-place, wherein are headstones that afford food for the antiquarian as the woman in his arms turned towards mind, and which are zealously guarded by him her voluptuous form, and opened her a faithful sexton. Recently this custodian missed one of the earliest dated of the mortuary memorials, and he put all his wits to discover its whereabouts, for some time withand kiss her on budding lips as soft as rose- out success. One Sunday morning he went to his baker for the customary Sunday breakfast of brown bread and beans. In serving the repast, his eyes fell upon something unusual on the under face of the loaf -"Here lyes ve"-in reverse order, which, after some study, he succeeded in deciphernot care. He knew nothing but that be ing. No breakfast passed the sexton's lips until the cause of this strange impress was Lifting the fair woman in Lis arms, he solved. He hastened to the baker's for a bore her homeward. She seemed to weigh solution. The bake-house adjoined the nothing; his tenderness made him strong cemetery. The floor of the baker's oven had given out, and the break had been This was the tale she told him when she covered with the ancient gravestone, which, recovered. She had crossed the ocean from happily for the sexton's peace of mind, was

> AN UNBEELING KING .- The French King Louis XIV., at one period of his reign, in addition to his other accomplishments, undertook to make verses, and resucceeding therein.

He made one day a little madrigal Marechal de Gramont:

"Marechal, I beg of you to be good enough to read this little madrigal, and see if you ever saw a more miserable affair; because people have lately learned that I am fond of verses, they bring them to me of all kinds."

The Marechal, after having read them, said to the King, "Sire, your Majesty indges divinely well of everything. It is true that this is the silliest and most ridiculous madrigal that I ever read."

The King began to laugh, and said to him, "Is it not true that the one who made it must have been a great coxcomb?" "Sire, it is impossible to give him any

other name." "Oh, well," said the King, "I am de lighted that you have spoken so honestly to me about it, for I am the one who made

"Ah! Sire, what treachery! Let your Majesty give it back to me, for I read it carelessly and in a hurry."

are always most natural. The King laughed a great deal at this little joke, and every one was of the opinion that it was the most cruel thing that

She laughed again—such an odd laugh!

Ax OLD QUILL.—A citizen of Lexinghomicide of Fisk, Edward S. Stokes had an aged father and two brothers younger to the homest be spied by Mr. B., who was walking on the condor which has a history. It was given to Henry Clay in 1824, with an injunction saving him with the most untiring zeal.

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Ax OLD QUILL.—A citizen of Lexinghomicide of Fisk, Edward S. Stokes had an aged father and two brothers younger than himself, who devoted themselves to the opposite side of the street, in the same to Henry Clay in 1824, with an injunction saving him with the most untiring zeal. never to cut it until he was elected Presi- One brother died of consumption, said to ance with Randolph, and, seeing him across

REMARKABLE DUEL. WHY I HATE SCHOOLMARMS.

An Incident of the Rebellion.

Fry was a man full six feet high, slenblack eyes, wearing a slouch hat and gray suit, and looking rather the demon than

There was nothing ferocious about him: out he had that self-sufficient nonchalance that said, "I will kill yout," Without a loubt, he was brave, cool, and collected, and although suffering from a terrible flesh wound in his left arm, received a week before, he manifested no symptoms of distress, but seemed ready for the fight.

The ground was stepped off by the seconds, pistols loaded and exchanged and the principals brought face to face. I never shall forget that meeting. Jones, in his military, boyish mood, as they shook hands remarked that—

A soldier braves death for a fanciful wreath Fry caught up the rest of the sentence, and answered by saving-

Yet he bends o'er the foe when in battle laid lov And bathes every wound with a tear. They turned around and walked back a foreign land with her father. He had died uninjured by the heat to which it had been to the point designated. Jones' second had the word "Fire," and as he slowly said, "One-two-three-fire!" they simultaneously turned at the word "One" and instantly fired. Neither was hurt. They cocked their pistols, and deliberately walked towards each other, firing as they went. At the fifth shot, Jones threw up his right ceived from two of the literary men of the hand, and, firing his pistol in the air, sank day instructions as to the best method for down. Fry was in the act of firing his last shot; but, seeing Jones fall, silently lowered his pistol, dropped it to the ground, which even he himself did not think any and sprang to Jones' side, taking his head too good of its kind, and then said to the in his lap as he sat down, and asking him

ing around that organ, and coming out to the left of the spinal column; besides he had received three other frightful flesh wounds in other portions of his body. I dressed his wounds, and gave him such stimulants as I had. He afterwards got

partners in a wholesale grocery business down South, doing a good business, and versoldier braves death," etc., etc.

and South, that stayed on the outside and slandering, and like vices are "not polite," yelled, "Seek dog!" and are still not satis-"No, M. le Marechal; first sentiments fied with the results of the war, let me subscribe myself a reconstructed CONFEDERATE SURGEON.

> only to themselves, but to the friends who he walked. On a keen, frosty morning he young miss, turning around as she spoke, in getting and husbanding money; but, as are attached to them. At the time of the was walking over to the House, and soon and discovering the lady proprietor stand- I am informed that you far exceed me, I

Yes, I do hate children and primary schools. I have cause to, though my dis- mother of John Clark, the murderer hang- c On the 12th day of June, 1863, I wit- like occurred rather later in life than usu- ed at Rochester, N. Y., is thus described: nessed a duel between Captain Jones, ally happens. I will tell you why, and Clark appeared to anxiously await the apcommanding a Federal scout, and Captain then you won't wonder at my deep-rooted pearance of his wife, and when she did Ing N D E Fry, commanding a Rebel scout, in Greene dislike. You see, when I lived in Salem come in the scene was very sad. She ec county, East Tennessee. These two men I used to meet nearly every morning the had been fighting each other for six sweetest young schoolmarm in all Yankee her arms, cried pitcously: "My darling, mental FURNITURE DEALER, months, with the fortunes of battle in faland, and that ain't saying a little. She
vor of one and then the other. Their
had such bright, black eyes, splendid comhard." He tried to comfort her, but she
bos. Common Contas of all kinds. commands were camped on either side of plexion, cherry lips, and were such killing would not be comforted, and meaned pit- pa Lick Creek. a large and sluggish stream, hats, perched on masses of dark brown cously. He took her upon his knee and of too deep to ford and too shallow for a ferry- hair, that I fell dead in love with her on clasped an arm around her waist, while dis urniture! boat; but there a bridge spanned the stream sight. How I used to watch for her every she clasped him in her arms. She confor the convenience of the traveling public. Each of them guarded this bridge that communication should go neither recognize her blocks away, in her grey sad, very sad. His counsel, Mr. Wile, The structure of the traveling public tinued to cry and mean: "It's too hard; will be sold at very low prices. It was that communication should go neither recognize her blocks away, in her grey sad, very sad. His counsel, Mr. Wile, The structure of the traveling public tinued to cry and mean: "It's too hard; will be sold at very low prices. The structure of the traveling public tinued to cry and mean: "It's too hard; will be sold at very low prices. The structure of the traveling public tinued to cry and mean: "It's too hard; will be sold at very low prices. The structure of the traveling public tinued to cry and mean: "It's too hard; will be sold at very low prices. The structure of the traveling public tinued to cry and mean: "It's too hard; will be sold at very low prices. The structure of the traveling public tinued to cry and mean: "It's too hard; will be sold at very low prices. The structure of the traveling public tinued to cry and mean: "It's too hard; will be sold at very low prices. The structure of the traveling public tinued to cry and mean: "It's too hard; will be sold at very low prices. The structure of the traveling public tinued to cry and mean: "It's too hard; will be sold at very low prices. The structure of the traveling public tinued to cry and mean: "It's too hard; will be sold at very low prices. The structure of the traveling public tinued to cry and mean: "It's too hard; will be sold at very low prices. The structure of the traveling public tinued to cry and mean: "It's too hard; will be sold at very low prices. The structure of the traveling public tinued to cry and mean: "It's too hard; will be sold at very low prices. The structure of the traveling public tinued to cry and mean: "It's too hard; will be sold at very low prices. The structure of the traveling public tinued to cry and mean: "It's that communication should go neither recognize her blocks away, in her grey sad, very sad. His counsel, Mr. Wile, The waterproof with the catepillar fringe on it. called during the interview, and had a conmen who meet in a graveyard may well do air ain't a good thing. Wake up! here's yer been broken up months before. After You see I am minute in my description, versation with him. His mother, old and wh fighting each other for several months, for the impression made on me was by no feeble, called upon him, threw her arms ex bbages! Cabbages! fighting each other for several months, and contesting the point as to which should hold the bridge, they agreed to fight a duel, the conqueror to hold the bridge undisputed for the time being.

Jones gave the challenge, and Fry accepted. The terms were, that they should ed. The terms were, that they should fight with payr pistols at twenty vards.

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The terms were that the terms will find the impression made on me was by no feeble, called upon him, threw her arms decided upon him, threw her arm Girls Fishing.—A. tells us how ladies fish. He said he saw four of them who had succeeded in lauding a little flounder. No sooner had the poor fish struck the ground than all exclaimed in one voice:

Ouch! Murder! take it away. Ugh, the nasty-thing!

Then Ley liftle up their skirts and gather around the fish, and all the time the one who caught the fish is holding the latter one who caught the fish is holding the little in both hands, with her foot on the pole, as though she had an evil-disposed pole, as though she had an evil-disposed in the pole, as though she had an evil-disposed in the pole in the pole in the pole in the content of the school as it was apart, deliberately walking towards each other, and firing until the last chamber of the other fell before all the discharges work minutes before the closing, and see my charmer home. Once the school hits neglect, and clung to him as only a mother could. This was the saddest of all, house some ten minutes before the closing and see my charmer home. Once only in place of the school house some ten minutes before the closing, and see my charmer home. Once oh! fatal day!—I reached the school house some ten minutes before the closing and supplied the school house some ten minutes before the closing their instal day!—I reached the school house some ten minutes before the closing and supplied with increasing adhouter that the other passed out again soon after. Her closing the school house some ten minutes before the closing the school house some ten minutes before the closing the school house some ten minutes before the closing the school house some ten minutes before the closing the school house some ten minutes before the closing the school of the school with increasing adhouter that the other pixtle and watched with increasing adhouter than the other pixtle and the closing the school of the school fight with navy pistols at twenty yards Then I would stop at the school as it was love she forgot it all, his waywardness and the man the soldiers would admire, and ladies offer to take his punishment myself, in or- ready to descend into the dark valley, and regarded with admiration. I never saw der to save his youthful hide. Alas! I this son, in his prime, making ready to las LUNS, PISTOLS & HARDWARE aman more cool, determined, and heroic fancied that the schoolmarm was as spoon-die upon the scaffold. Several others callunder such circumstances. I have read of ey as myself, and my self love and innate ed, shook hands and said a last farewell. and Cost - - - For Cash! the deeds of chivalry and knight-errantry vanity told me that she would but tap my Rev. Mr. Tucker, for whom he had anx- guently days my entire story in the middle ages, and of brave men em-balmed in modern poesy; but, when I saw mediatory efforts were successful. The ceived by the condemned man. With his this man Jones come to the duelists' sacrifice was accepted. James was re- wife beside him he listened to the scratch, fighting, not for real or supposed manded to his seat, and I, poor fool, took words of his spiritual guide. wrongs to himself, but, as he honestly his place. The children sat with wide-o- At ten minutes after eleven o'clock, emeyer (at Delmonico's at a cost of 89, thought, for his country and the glory of pen eyes watching this, to them, wonder- Mrs. Clark was compelled to take a last | 000), Mr. De Rivas, son-in-law of ex-Colthe flag, I could not help admiring the ful action on my part. Then came the or- farewell of the doomed man. She clung lector Murphy, Mr. Theodore Havemeyer, man, notwithstanding he fought for the der, "Take down your (I blushed and laid to him passionately, wildly kissed him, the Consul-General of Austria, Mr. L. P. freedom of the negro, to which I was oppos- my hands on my suspender fastenings) feet and mouned and cried in her agony: Morton, the banker, Mr. Cyrus Field to off of that desk, you, Millie Tuba!" Then "Won't some one save him! Can't they Lord Houghton, Mr. A. T. Stewart to turning to me my fair enslaver remarked, do it! It's too bad. I can't bear it." She President Grant, and the Patriarchs' cetder, with long, wavy, curling hair, jet "Hold out your hand, Sir!" I held it out, tottered away, sobbing bitterly, and moan- ebrated dinner at Delmonico's two winters and heard a whistling in the air, and felt ing: "It's too bad. It's too bad. I can't ago. The latter was under the auspices -oh! yes,-felt a band of red hot fire from the tips of my fingers to my wrist, as a A VERY MEAN SWINDLER .- In strap some four feet long and two inches church in Troy, N. Y., says the Times of wide left its mark on my dexter fin. The

> marms and primary schools. JAPANESE WOMEN .- The Japanese women are usually small and dumpy, vet are often very beautiful, with small hands and feet, and are exceedingly neat in dress and coiffure. Their hair is not, as is generally supposed, a true black, but is a very dark brown; in some instances it is a pronounced red. Its blackness, and, unfortunately, coarsness also, is promoted by the enstom of shaving the heads of children from their very birth. It is made to appear very black and glossy by the use of unguents and bandolin made from a mucilaginous plant. Like the other sex (and this custom is universal among people of every age in Japan) they bathe daily in hot water, a public bath costing only half a cent. Since 1868 the government has prohibited the promiscuous bathing of both sexes, formerly a common habit. The women above twenty years old, from time immemorial have blackened their teeth with a mixture of galls and powdered iron; but the Empress does not, and many ladies are now abandoning the fashion. former custom of married ladies shaving off their evebrows is also falling into disuse. The peculiar style of coiffure at once dis-I discovered that Jones was shot through tinguishes a Japanese maiden, wife, widow the region of the stomach, the bullet glane- or prostitute. All women are carefully edneated in household duties; but the lower classes acquire very little book learning, though nearly all women can read and write. The young women of the higher classes devote much time to fancy work, their bright-colored robes being embroidered with, gay silks and gold. They are Fry received three wounds-one break- carefully taught from various books devoting his left arm, one in the left, and the ed to the duties of a wife, mother and other in the right side. After months of housekeeper. The three principal duties suffering he got well, and fought the war as set forth in a large volume, entitled, out to the bitter end; and to-day they are "Woman's Great Study," are: 1. Obedience to parents when a child. 2. Obedience to her husband when a wife. 3. Oifying the sentiment of Byron, that "A bedience to her eldest son when a widow. Half their education is in books of etiquette. Trusting that the above truthful narra- There is no distinction between politeness tive will be a lesson to some people, North and morals. Lying, cheating, deceiving,

John Randolph boarded in Georgetown can I do for you, miss?"
while a member of Congress, and general"If you hold your tonguo I shall be dark, lighted a candle. Hopkins said: The way of transgressors is hard, not ly rode over to the capitol, but sometimes gratified above all things," replied the "You would, ell?" said a voice close at his ear. "My friend, I have had more to to do with women than you have, as a general think you offer too much for just one of them."

The pas-jets fiashed up one after the other. From the window at which they sat just one of them."

The bachelor turned with much confusion toward the speaker, and saw, close by him, leaning over an ancient tombstone, him elderly gentleman, dressed from head to foot in deep black, who was regarding him with a somewhat humorous expression, "Dear me! wins I talking to myself."

The just and have a sale with the magic wand with the said down the street with the magic wand with dent, when lie was elected President, when lie was elected President, when lie was to write his first uses anxiety which he suffered on Ned's account; thus, Now, Randolph had long legs, and so crossed over to walk with the street, thought it a good time to improve it, and so crossed over to walk with the street, thought it a good time to improve it, and so crossed over to walk with the street, thought it a good time to improve it, and so crossed over to walk with the street, thought it a good time to improve it, and so crossed over to walk with the street, thought it a good time to improve it, and so crossed over to walk with the street, thought it a good time to improve it, and so crossed over to walk with the street, thought it a good time to improve it, and so crossed over to walk with the street, thought it a good time to improve it, and so crossed over to walk with the street, thought it a good time to improve it, and so crossed over to walk with the street, thought it a good time to improve it, and so crossed over to walk with the street, thought it a good time to improve it, and so crossed over to walk with the street, thought it a good time to improve it, and so crossed over to walk with the street, thought it a good time to improve it, and so crossed over to walk with the street, thought it as good time to improve it, and so crossed over to walk with the street,

A WIFE'S AND MOTHER'S LOVE.

The last interview of the wife and

that city, a young man who occupied a laughter of those inps and their teacher seat near the pulpit was evidently greatly. rang in my ears as I tore out of that schoolembarrassed when the collection was taken house, and held a piece of ice in my flaming hand, while with the other raised to up. His pew was about the first into which the basket was thrust; and he plung-Heaven I swore eternal enmity to schooled his hand into his pocket, kept the collector waiting a moment, and then quickly thrust a bill-evidently the first he could get out of his wallet-into the basket. After the service the young man lingered, and, when the congregation had re-tired, approached the gentleman who had charge of the collection, and who was counting it at the time, and remarked that he was a stranger in the city, that he was a poor voing man, and had, in the hurry of the moment, put a \$10 bill into the collection basket by mistake for a \$1 bill. He inquired modestly if it would be unfair to ask for the return of \$9 to him. The collector, appreciating the stranger's evident'frankness and modesty, looked over the collection, and, finding the \$10 bill, offered to return it. The stranger declined, saying that he meant to contribute \$1, and that, as he had no small change, he would be satisfied if \$9 were refunded This was proof positive to the treasurer that the stranger was really honest, and he accordingly gave him \$9, nearly all that was in the basket, with the exception of the bill, and the stranger departed with many thanks and apologies. After the treasurer reached home he was struck by the appearance of the \$10, and examined it closely. It was counterfeit.

AN INCIDENT .- A very well-bred and falo entered a florist's to make a purchase, when she was accosted as follows by a shrill voice resembling that of an aged lady:

better? It's cold outside. Very much overcome with mortification and embarrassment, she looked about for chance of its rejection by the editor-inthe speaker, saying: "Pardon me, mad- chief, offered the disheartened author five am, but the wind blew so, I could hardly dollars for it, which was readily accepted.

"Well, mind your eyes, miss, and don't do it again," repeated the voice; when, to her great astonishment and amusement, the Edgar Allen Poe. close the door." young lady discovered that she had been conversing with a well educated and cer- A PAIR OF MISERS .- Guy, the founder There is no distinction between politeness and morals. Lying, cheating, deceiving, landering, and like vices are "not polite," and so are not permissible.

AN ANECDOTE OF JOHN RANDOLPH.—

AN ANECDOTE OF JOHN RANDOLPH.—

Called upon him to crave a lesson on the what seemed to be, said to her: "What art of saving. Being introduced into the content of the noble bospital in London which bears his name, was a bookseller. He was so complete a pattern of parsimony that the famous miser, Vulture Hopkins, once flowers. Suddenly the same voice, or what seemed to be, said to her: "What art of saving. Being introduced into the content of the noble bospital in London which bears his name, was a bookseller. He was so complete a pattern of parsimony that the famous miser, Vulture Hopkins, once flowers. Suddenly the same voice, or what seemed to be, said to her: "What art of saving. Being introduced into the

Chewing and Smoking Tobacces,

J. W. BAKER.



Mrs. Thomas Hicks, Mr. Edward Luck of several members of the Union Club, headed by Messrs. Belmont, Cutting, Astor, Morgan and Sanford, and cost some-

where in the neighborhood of \$15,000. HURTFUL READING .- A bad book, nagazine or newspaper is as dangerous to your child as a vicious companion, and will as surely corrupt his morals and lead him away from the paths of safety. Every parent should set this thought clearly be-fore his mind and ponder it well. Look to what your children read, and especially to the kind of papers that get into their of weekly papers, with attractive and sensuons illustrations, that are as hurtful to young and innocent souls as poison to a healthful body. Many of these papers have attained large circulations, and are sowing broadcast the seeds of vice and crime. Touching on the very borders of indecency, they corrupt the morals, taint the imagination, and allure the weak and unguarded from the paths of innecence. The danger to young persons from this cause was never so great as at this time. and every father and mother should be on guard against an enemy that is sure to

meet their child. Look to it then that your children are kept as free as possible from this taint. Never bring into your house a book or periodical that is not strictly pure.

THE REJECTED POEM .- One of the most beautiful poems in our language, and which has given its author an undying fame, was hawked about from place to place and rejected by numberless editors as something fit only to be thrown amongst exceedingly dignified young lady of Buf- the rubbish, before was found one who was willing to publish it. Finally it was taken to the Whig Review, published in the city of New York, and David W. Hol-"Shut the door; don't you know any ley, who was connected with the paper hough not the controlling editor, after reading it saw its merits, and taking the And thus the "Raven" at last found its

"Sir, I always thought myself perfect have taken the liberty of waiting upon you to be satisfied upon that subject."
"Oh, well," said Gny, "if that be all

your business we can as well talk it over in the dark."

got on stavingly since.