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TWO LITTLE HAY-MAKERS.

BY GARRIE BRANDE.

In the sifted gold of the sweet sunshine,
All in the merry summer weather,
Under a bowery trumpet-vine,
Two little hay-makers talked together;
Brown as a berry was one—and one
Was a pale little blossom that sat in the sun.

Slender and dainty, with brows of pearl,
And eyes like violets after a shower,
For locks' full of sunshine, her face like a
flower;

A vagrant wild rose, with a lover like air,
Leant out of the thicket to kiss her hair.

Dolly was dimpled, and roguish, and brown,
With a dear little dot of a mouth, like a
cherry;

Her cheeks were twin roses, her locks tumbled
down,
Her laughter was sweet as the brook's,
and as merry.

And black as her tresses her eyes were, and
bright
As the stars peeping out from the curtains of
night.

Margaret watched the blithe mowers—with
one,
The tallest and sturdiest, far in the van—
And Dolly shook down her black locks in
the sun,
And chatted as only a giddy girl can.

Picnics and parties, and new furbelows,
Were bewilderingly mixed with her bonnets
and beaus.

Margie, from watching the mowers a space,
Turned, with a sigh, half of pleasure, half
pain;

A fleeting pink shadow fled over her face,
As her neighbor, the rose, stooped to kiss
her again:

"Dolly, you love, and your lover is true;
But if he were false, dearest, what would
you do?"

"If idle, inconstant, and light as the breath
Of a balm-scented zephyr your dear one
should prove,
Or if the grim spoiler—the Angel of Death—
Should snatch him away from your pas-
sionate love?"

"Why, with a gay laugh, and toss of her
head,
"I'd straight set my cap for another!" she
said.

GRIZZLY BEAR.

MADGE ELLIOTT.

There never was such a boy for get-
ting into scrapes and having strange
adventures as Griswold Burr. (Of
course all the boys, and most of the
girls, called him "Grizzly Bear.")

"Wish I'd been as big as I am now
when they christened me," the funny
little blue-eyed chap used to say,
"but I'd kicked against 'Griswold' for
a name mighty quick anybody with
half an eye ought to have seen what
that would turn into with 'Burr' after
it." And the most wonderful part
of it all was that he never was a bit
worse for the queer things that
happened to him, but, if anything,
jollier than ever.

The very first time he climbed a
tree—he was only seven years old,
and Frank Fowler and Vin Maher,
both three years older, had been up
the same tree trying to get at a branch
which was loaded down with delicious
large black cherries, and hadn't suc-
ceeded—he tumbled from the very top;
but he brought the heavily-laden
bough with him, it breaking with his
weight, and letting him down much
easier than he could have come with-
out its help—with a shock, it is true,
but not shock enough to prevent his
scrambling to his feet a moment after,
with a wild halloo, and eating cherries
enough in the next ten minutes to
have made at least half a dozen de-
lish cherry-pies.

The autumn following the cherry-
branch affair, he fell out of the second
story window while trying to reach a
bird's nest that a dear little brown-
winged bird had made in the old
apple-tree that stood by the back
porch.

"Oh! dear, oh! dear," cried his
mother, who was sitting in the room
sewing, and who looked up just as his
heels were disappearing, "my child!
my child!" And while she was quiet-
ly fainting away, poor thing, not being
very strong, Grizzly was rolling about
on the top of a load of hay that had
been passing below the window on its
way to the barn, as he fell out, and
shouting, "H-a-a-y! ain't this fun?"

And one winter morning when all
the boys were sledding down hill—a
very steep hill it was, and if their
fathers had known they were there, I
am afraid some of them would have
gone to bed supperless, and the rest
had their jackets dusted—Griswold's
sled shot out from under him, and
away he went, turning summersets
(though I think, in this case, they
might more appropriately be called
wintersets) until out of sight of his
frightened chums. And when they—
his chums—I mean—had slid, hopped,
sledded, and scrambled down to the
foot of the hill, to pick up what was
left of him, there sat Grizzly Bear,
his sleeves torn open to the elbows,
and holes where the knees of his trou-
sers should have been, and a lump
about the size of a walnut on his fore-
head, looking with a delighted grin at
an old-fashioned silver dollar which
he had spied, the moment he had
found himself right side up, in a wide
crevice of the tree-stump that had
stopped him in his wild career.

But all these things are nothing to
what happened to Griswold Burr one
Christmas Eve, when he was about
twelve years old.

At that time his mother—she was a
widow—lived in a very small cottage
on the extreme bank of Wild-duck
Bay. Indeed, it was so near the water,
that often when the big waves felt
uncommonly frolicsome, they would
run up to the front door and throw a
spray of salt-water under the sill,
but when the waves then run away
they came pushing into the little
house as though they were frightened,

HOW HE DID IT.

BY E. S. KENNETH.

"If Guy marries Madge Demar, I
will cut him off without a cent," said
my father.

My father invariably met what
he said. The trouble was that for
me and for Madge Demar.

To say that we were fond of each
other was no word for it. We loved
each other better than anything on
the earth, or under the earth, or in
the heavens above the earth.

So we vowed, and we meant it.
Therefore for us to leave and forget
each other was a thing simply impos-
sible. And, as I have said, thequire,
my father, was a man who never went
back on his word. Consequently, you
see what a trouble there was.

My mother always was sorry, for
she loved Madge. She did not care
about my marrying the banker's
daughter—which was a wonder, for
women are often more ambitious than
men. You see—and it was very un-
fortunate—my father had made up
his mind, years before, that I should
marry Rose Forsyth, a beauty and an
heiress.

He introduced us purposely; but
then Madge and I had been to school
together. I knew her through and
through, like a familiar book; and,
appreciating her as I did, how could
I make another woman my wife?

At my announcement of my engage-
ment, my father burst into a storm of
rage.

"How dare you, sir, engage your-
self without my permission?" he de-
manded.

"A man doesn't usually love a girl
by permission," I replied.

"Love a white kitten!" he cried.

"What are you thinking of by at-
taching yourself to Madge Demar,
when there is a woman like Miss Rose
Forsyth to be had?"

"Miss Forsyth is a very fine young
lady, father—I have no doubt of it."
"But I saw her in the parlour, at
least for her, and I saw you looking
at Madge."

"But I don't consent to my mar-
rying a drover's daughter, sir!"

I was silent. My head was whirl-
ing a little. For the first time it
struck me that my sweetheart was not
to others what she was to me. My
heart was full of the sweetness of her
eyes and the charm of her voice; but
to others, though pretty enough, she
was, perhaps, a very commonplace
young lady.

I was a little staggered at hearing
her called a drover's daughter, and
thought that my father would not
have spoken so at another time.

John Demar was a very respectable
man, and his means were good. It
is true that I had heard he had made
money, when young, by buying and
selling cattle; but what a man does
at twenty-one has little to do with
what he is at sixty; and I thought my
sire very unkind in speaking thus of
Madge's father.

As for my girl—being a "white
kitten," if she was a pretty, purring
little thing, was that against her?

As if reading my thoughts, my
father said:

"I have nothing against Madge
Demar or her father; but I have
picked out a wife every way desirable
for you, and I want you to marry
her."

I was wise enough not to speak
again. My father, perhaps, thought
me subdued; but I never was further
from it, for I went straight to Madge,
and, kissing the dimple in her right
cheek, urged her to marry me in a
month.

When she pronounced, I told her what
my father had said.

"But what will you do, dear? How
can we live?" asked she.

"Easily enough. I'll teach school,
give boxing lessons, join a negro
minstrel company. It won't take
much to support you and me, dear
Madge."

"No, Guy."

You see what a couple of short-
sighted children we were.

When I told my mother, she looked
very grave, and the next day sounded
me on giving up Madge. When she
found that I would not give her up,
she did a better thing—helped me to
marry comfortably.

She went to the head partner of a
large wholesale firm, and engaged me
a remunerative situation as book-
keeper. Then she presented Madge
with a wedding dress of lilac silk,
though she refused to be present at
our wedding, for fear of my father's
displeasure.

So we were married very quietly at

Madge's home, her father giving away
the bride like a gentleman—having
presented his daughter with a very
nice outfit and a cheque for five hun-
dred dollars. I hired a comfortable
house up town, and we went to house-
keeping.

Well, we had our books and our
pictures, our company at home and
our evenings out, and the first year
passed very happily. It wasn't pos-
sible for us to be mistaken in each
other, and we had our comfort to-
gether, as we had expected.

But there were times when I was
very sad at having offended my father.
He had always been tender, indul-
gent and generous. The subject of
my marriage was the first matter on
which we had been at variance. Of
course I could not marry Rose For-
syth, but I felt that I had been too
stiff-necked in my manner of marrying
Madge.

So, after many hours of remorseful
thought, and many conversations with
my dear wife, who knew all my mind,
I wrote a letter to him, begging his
forgiveness for having offended him,
though I did not, and never would,
regret my marriage.

My mother, whom I saw sometimes,
said that he trembled like a leaf when
he got it, but that he bade her say to
me that he had told me the conse-
quences of my marrying Miss Demar.

Then there was silence between us
for another year.

I knew my father. I knew that he
still loved me tenderly; but he was
firm to stubbornness, and it was im-
possible for him to retract a threat he
had made. After my attempt to con-
ciliate him, I gave up the matter in
despair.

In that second year, our little boy
was born. He was a magnificent
child, with a massive head, close-set
with tiny rings of gold, brilliant eyes,
and a voice like a trumpet.

My mother was bent herself with
pride, and though my father had
forbidden her speaking of me, some-
how the story got out to him.

"Oh! child—a boy?" said my father,
his face and changing color.

"A large, beautiful boy! On his
head, won't you see him?" begged
my mother, shedding tears.

An obdurate shake of the head was
the only answer.

It was that very night that my
father was seized with an attack of
the complaint which ended his life.
The physician told him of his danger.

"Have you made your will, squire?
We are old hands. It is my advice
to you to do so, if it is not done."

"It is done," was my father's reply.

"A cruel will!" cried my mother,
sobbing. "I had rather you would
leave me penniless than to treat Guy
so! Oh, husband, leave him some-
thing to soften his heart against your
harshness! Leave him the ebony
cradle in which he lay when a baby,
to rock his child in—Guy's innocent
child."

"The ebony cradle?" said my
father, starting.

A few days later, when he was bet-
ter and able to be about the house,
he said to my mother:

"Mary, I have considered your
wish, added a codicil to my will, and
left Guy that ebony cradle; and I
hope the child he rocks in it may
never disappoint him as mine has
done."

A month later, my father died.

My feelings were the most painful
as I attended his funeral. I would
have given worlds if he could have
forgiven me and we could have been
reconciled. Yet a voice in my heart
whispered that my father's heart was
not quite hardened against me, and
that he would have seen me once
more but for the peculiar stubborn-
ness of his nature, which made it im-
possible for him to acknowledge him-
self in the wrong.

When the ebony cradle came to my
house, I shed tears over it. It was a
beautiful thing, of foreign design and
workmanship, and worthy to be the
resting place of an infant prince.

My boy's broad brow looked in
place beneath the wreath of myrtle
and ivy leaves which was carved
across the top, and as I watched him,
I recalled how luxuriously my nursery
had been fitted up, how lavishly my
father had spent his wealth upon my
childhood and youth. It was strange,
passing strange, that he should have
left me, his only son, penniless.

Just then little Guy, tossed his
chubby hands apart, and one of them
struck the cradle. There was a slight
click, and an aperture was revealed.

"Is the cradle broken?" cried my
wife.

"No; there is a spring lid, and here
is a folded paper."

I drew it out. A cheque for twenty
thousand dollars fell into my hand.

The paper read as follows:

"For my son's child. May my son
never suffer as I have suffered for my
harshness to him. In the weakness
of my stubborn heart, I place this
money where the hand of the little
one may discover it—a slight recom-
pense for my injustice to his father."
PHILIP RAYMOND.

I burst into tears. It was not the
money I cared for, but the revelation
of my father's sorrow that overcame
me. But Madge seized the money
joyfully.

"Oh, Guy! we can educate him
now to be a gentleman, like all the
Raymonds."

I have the ebony cradle still, though
baby Guy is now student Guy, at
Harvard; and it will ever be kept as
an heirloom in the family.

We are glad to see (says the *True
Citizen*.) that our effort to open peo-
ple's eyes to the consuming power of
extravagant interest is bearing its de-
sired fruit. Among other evidences
we notice a little paragraph going the
rounds of the press from a Massa-
chusetts register-in-bankruptcy, who
has evidently studied our little table
of the accumulations of one dollar,
placed at interest at different rates,
for one hundred years. We wish re-
gisters-in-bankruptcy everywhere,
would study the same table with
equal effect and help us keep the re-
sults before the people. The para-
graph referred to is as follows:

"Mr. Register-in-Bankruptcy No-
yes, of Boston, holds that one of the
causes of bankruptcy is, that so few
persons properly estimate the differ-
ence between a high and low rate of
interest, and therefore often borrow
money at so ruinous a rate that no
legitimate business can stand it. But
few have figured on the difference be-
tween six and eight per cent. One
dollar loaned for one hundred years,
at six per cent., with interest collect-
ed annually and added to the principal,
will amount to \$340. At eight
per cent. it will amount to \$2,209, or
nearly seven times as much. At three
per cent. the usual rate of interest in
England, it amounts to the sum of
\$13. In the United States it is \$13-
800, or nearly one thousand times
greater. At twelve per cent. it amounts
to \$4,095, or more than four
thousand times as much. At twenty
five per cent. (which we sometimes
hear talked of,) it reaches the enor-
mous sum of \$2,551,699,404."

A Philadelphia expert informs the
Secretary of the Treasury that there
are only four counterfeit plates in the
hands of counterfeiters at the
present time, namely: \$5 on the First
National Bank of Tamaqua, Penn.;
\$5 on the Central National Bank of
New York, altered to the third Na-
tional Bank of Buffalo; \$500 legal-
tender plate, and \$100 legal-tender
plate. He claims that all other plates
have been captured, and that many
so-called counterfeiters never in fact
existed.

SENATOR BLAINE'S CONDITION.—The
Boston Journal states that "Reports
of Senator Blaine's condition repre-
sent him as a very sick man. Last
week he was attacked with dysentery
and on Friday had become so weak
that it was feared he would not sur-
vive. The distress of mind caused by
recent domestic troubles has tended
to aggravate his bodily illness."

A MOST IMPORTANT ENTERPRIZE.—
The *Ald & Presbyterian*, of Cincin-
nati, expresses the opinion that
"One of the most important enter-
prizes now on foot is the building of
a railway through Texas to the Pacific.
It will at once open up a route
Mexico to emigration. When the
road is completed to the Rio Grande
a tide of people will flow in and take
possession of those regions, which
are exhaustless in natural wealth,
and capable of sustaining a vast pop-
ulation."

AN AGED MATRON GONE.—The *Con-
cord Register* reports that, "On the
10th instant, Mrs. Margaret Gray
died in Bethel Township, aged 116
years. She was raised in the vicinity
of Cabarrus county. She never saw
a railroad in her life. She was, per-
haps, the oldest person in the State,
being 15 years of age at the outbreak
of the revolutionary war."

JUDGE BOND, who earned the con-
tempt of the entire legal profession
last fall by his infamous *habeas cor-
pus* decision in behalf of the South
Carolina Returning officers, is ex-
pected to do a similar job for the release
of Congressman Smalls, of South Car-
olina, now awaiting the enforcement
of a sentence of ten years in the pen-
itentiary and \$10,000 fine for con-
rupt practices while a member of the
South Carolina Legislature.

THE FAVORITE AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA.

Through a Programme, and a Cir-
cular the offering of "GRACE GREEN-
WOOD," we are advised that Miss EM-
MA ABBOTT, with her "Grand Con-
cert Company," will make a tour the
ensuing season, commencing in Feb-
ruary next, visiting the prominent
cities of the South.

Miss ABBOTT is justly regarded the
"Favorite American Prima Donna,"
and the citizens of Charlotte and the
surrounding country, may congrat-
ulate themselves that they will be fa-
vored by a visit of this accomplished
lady Artist.

In a charming sketch of the early
life and trials of Miss ABBOTT, in Eu-
rope, GRACE GREENWOOD describes
the success which attended her re-
turn to America:

"Miss Abbott appeared first in New
York, in a grand concert, the pro-
ceeds of which she gave to a charity
of the church whose beneficiary she
had been. From this time through-
out the season, her career was one of
the most gratifying, abundant suc-
cess—a veritable triumph. She sung
repeatedly in New York, in Opera
and in Concert, and every time, as
the leading journals declared, the
enthusiasm was intense, the applause
absolutely tempestuous. She after-
wards traveled with an admirable
company of famous artists through
the greater part of the Union, and
sung in most of the principal cities,
winning golden opinions. No other
artists, with the exception of the
Swedish Nittingale, Jenny Lind, have
ever aroused such enthusiasm among
the American people, or so comple-
tely won their hearts."

"It was in Europe, in a beautiful
English home, that I first met the
little American *Prima Donna*, and
first heard her wonderful voice, fervid
as passion, pure as prayer, one
quiet Sabbath evening, in hymns
once familiar, now scarcely recogniz-
able in their glorified form. The
grand old invocation, "Guide Me, O
Thou Great Jehovah!" was a musical
transfiguration. In her attitude,
her expression, her rapt, uplifted
face, she reminded me of the devout
Christian maidens, singing glad
hymns of triumph in those shadowy
portals of Heaven, the catacombs,
and of Miriam the Prophetess, and
her voice was evidently but the
and worship of the God of love
for all good people; and God love
inspired apostles. In the
of Bellini, Handel and
in simple English lan-
which breathe the senti-
ple patriotism and home affec-
Emma Abbott always proves herself
the same great artist."

Judge Davis and the Commis- sion.

The Washington correspondent of
the *New Orleans Democrat*, in a re-
cent letter touching the Electoral
Commission, and the opinions of cer-
tain members, gives the following in-
reference to Judge DAVIS:

"Some days ago I was conversing
with a prominent Illinois Democrat,
who is intimate with Judge Davis,
and he told me some very interesting
things, which, though they belong to
history, have a certain bearing upon
important matters now pending in
your midst. He said that Judge Da-
vis would have done precisely what
Judge Bradley did, had he been cho-
sen one of the Electoral Commission.
"The judge," said my informant, "held
in his private conversations at that
time, that the commission could not
inquire beyond the *prima facie* certi-
ficates, without completely subvert-
ing the constitutional rights of the
States; that while he believed that
the votes as they came out of the bal-
lot-box elected the United Electors,
beyond question, yet the only autho-
rities of the States which Congress or
the Commission could constitutionally
or legally take cognizance of had
been certified otherwise; that if fraud
had been committed; of which there was
no doubt, it was for the people of
Missouri, through their own and
the fault of Congress, and it was
created by Congress, could not be
a Grand Jury of itself to investigate
alleged crimes against the law of any
State. It was competent for either
House of Congress to inquire into
the facts touching the election of any
one claiming to have credentials to
that effect, because every legislative
body was the constitutional
of the qualifications of its own mem-
bers. But, electors were chosen by
the States, according to their own
methods, and Congress was the
judge of their qualifications, and could
not proceed on its own mission to do
the whole matter was in the hands of
the people of the State, who were ap-
pointed, by the spirit of the constitution,
to be capable of enforcing proper
representation of their views and pre-
ferences in all matters pertaining to
the Federal Government. His rule,
the Judge said, was the only protec-
tion guaranteed to the legitimate au-
thority of the States, and for all good
rules, it worked both ways—that is
to say, it prevented Congress from
interfering either to work a wrong
from the outside or to redress one
proceeding from within the State,
provided always, that the latter wrong
was accomplished without such armed
violence as would come under the
constitutional provision relating to
domestic insurrection."