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ESTABLISHED 1844. S. T. DAVIS, WITH T. J. MAGRUDER & CO., Manufacturers and Dealers in BOOTS, SHOES AND BROGANS.

The Last Relic.

It is told of a young girl, some seven-teen years of age, who, clad in deep mourning, knocked at the door of a rich man's house in one of our large cities, and asked eagerly for the owner. The servant, who, no doubt, partaking of the demeanor of his master, who was deemed a harsh and severe man by all who knew him, was about to turn the suppliant from the door when her im- portunities touched a lingering chord of sympathy in his heart, and he announced her to the lordly owner of the mansion. He was indeed, a very stern man, and apparently hard and unfeeling in his nature. There were deep wrinkles on his brow, which seemed to denote that he had not passed through life without partaking of some of its sorrows and many of its cares. He was in a deep reverie when the servant entered; per- haps he was counting his gains, or it may be, bringing back the past before him as in a glass, and counting up his hours from childhood to his weary age. Who knows? How few care! But strange it was even to the servant, who knew so well the forbidding nature of his masters, when after a moment's hesitation the rich man said, "Let her come in."

In a moment the poor girl was in his presence. It was a strange contrast; that weak, trembling being treading up on soft carpets in the meek habiliments of poverty in the presence of the owner of millions—she in her deep humility and he in the lordliness of wealth. She stood before him, and in a low, trembling voice, that were full of melancholy sweet-ness said:

"Sir, I am a stranger in distress; I am a fatherless child, and my loved mother is now severely ill. For many months I have labored hard to sustain her, but poverty comes too fast upon us. We are poor, but we are not beggars; we come from a far country, and are stran- gers. One by one we have parted with all our little valuables, and here is the last relic of a loved father. He gave it to me as a keepsake—Something to keep for his dear memory; but also! starvation is a stern thing, and necessity knows no law. You are rich—some say you are unkind, and yet I have ventur- ed; will you buy it Sir?"

She ceased speaking, and the rich man appeared touched; he looked at the speaker with a glance in which tenderness seemed struggling with the morose feeling which had for so many years congealed into ice the more tender emotions of his nature.

"Look up, young lady," said he. His voice had in it a tone of sym- pathy that gave her confidence; and she raised her eyes timidly to the penetra- tion glance of him in whose presence she stood.

"Let me examine the article you wish me to buy, and although not doing busi- ness, yet perhaps I may be induced to help your present necessities."

The girl, with trembling hands, took from her neck a black ribbon, at the end of which there was attached a rich jewel of gold. It was of singular shape, and upon its two sides were engraved certain characters of which its pleading possessor knew not the meaning; and yet she prized it much as the gift of a dear- ly loved father; and as she almost re- luctantly placed it in the hands of him whom she sought to be its purchaser, she pleaded:

"When times get good again, sir, I can buy it back; but oh! buy it now sir, that I may get bread for my mother and procure that medicine that her mal- ady requires."

The rich man had taken the jewel in his hand, he passed the ribbon through his fingers, and at last looked upon the article he was solicited to buy. Why does he start? Why turn ghastly pale and sink into the richly cushioned chair that was behind, cover his hands, and weep like a child! Why press that jewel to his lips, and then to his heart and again weep?

Reader, do you ask why? The jewel the last relic of that poor unfriended girl and her afflicted mother, was that of a Mark Master, and it belonged to the only brother of him to whom it was offered for sale. Oh! how deep was the struggle within that man's breast! He was rich in all this world can afford of worldly goods, but meagre in those deep and dear affections which made life desirable. He had lived for himself,

The Spoopendyke's A-Fishing.

"Say, my dear," said Mr Spoopendyke, with a social sort of a grin, "how would you like to go a fishing?" "Wouldn't that be perfectly lovely," squeaked Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I never was fishing in my life, and I always wanted to try it. Where can we go?" "Well, there are lots of places around Brooklyn. Last summer I saw the boys catch a good many fish off the dock at the foot of State street. We might go there."

"Just the place," conceded Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Perhaps we can catch some sardines. I'll bet a spool of thread I get the first shad!" and in her glee Mrs. Spoopendyke waltzed across the room and back again. Mr. Spoopendyke smiled pleasantly upon his wife and started out into the yard to get some worms, while Mrs. Spoopendyke rigged herself up for the pending excursion.

"Got any fish sacks?" she asked, as Mr. Spoopendyke returned rather warm from his exercise. "I've got some fishing rods, if that's what you mean," replied Mr. Spoopendyke, "but I could only find four worms." "Can't we break 'em in two?" inquired Mrs. Spoopendyke, anxiously. "Could if we had a buzz saw," grunted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Come along if you're coming!" and thoroughly equip- ped for the expedition, Mr. and Mrs. Spoopendyke set out for the State street pier.

Shade and Shelter for Stock.

It is no use, when the cold north wind is howling through the crevices of the stable, or the boiling sun is roast- ing the miserable fly-plagued cattle, to say that we wished we had planted something to make things more comfort- able, unless we attend to such things now. It is really surprising to note how many miserable places there are in the country which a few dollars or a few hours at this season would make quite pleasant. A few Norway or sugar maples spruces, cherry trees or willows, planted around buildings cost very lit- tle and yet help wonderfully to make winter pass pleasantly away.

In regard to cattle in the summer time left to roam about suburban pas- tures, a few shade trees are a positive luxury. It is a real pleasure to see the cows lying under the shade after hav- ing, perhaps, just passed some in the vicinity roasted and fied to death in the open field. It is, however, not so pro- vide for this as it is to shelter one's build- ings. A tree in the middle of a pas- ture field is all very well while it is in pos- sere; but so good farmer has any faith, in these days, in permanent pas- ture, and when the time comes for grain or root crops in that piece of ground there is no greater nuisance than to have trees about. It interferes with the plowing, and then it robs the ground of food. It is astonishing what an extent a root will push in search of food when the tree to which it is attached stands in the open ground. Still there are gener- ally odd corners where trees may be left to advantage, especially a wet place, perhaps, near a spring, where a willow would grow, which might as well be planted with something as not.

It is not always necessary to send a long distance to the nursery for trees, though it never does any harm to patronize those public benefactors, the nur- serymen, when one can afford to do so; but even those good people do not object to others planting anything they can get for nothing rather than to have them not plant at all. Trees from the woods, if any are at command, can be made to do tolerably, if care be taken in plant- ing, and if they be severely pruned at left to advantage, especially a wet place, perhaps, near a spring, where a willow would grow, which might as well be planted with something as not.

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A number of settlers from the North, who have recently purchased land near Petersburg, came by road, bringing their teams and household effects with them, all ready to take possession of their farms and go to work.

How to Dress Our Babies.

We dress our babies much more sen- sibly than our mothers did, but there is still a wide margin for improvement. The old idea that an infant's skirts must be one yard long, that there must be three or four of them to tire and harass them by their weight, and that bands and waists should be fastened tightly round their bodies, has entirely gone by. Shirts are now made not more than a quarter or three eighths of a yard below their feet, when they are finished. One flannel skirt, one light muslin skirt, with the skirt of the dress, is now considered sufficient. These are made with bands and shoulder straps, so as to relieve the waist and hips of all weight. The shoulder-strap should not be a mere bit of tape, to cut into the tender flesh, but at least an inch broad, and come well up over the shoulder. The flannel bands worn by all babies for at least two months after birth, are now fastened on with tapes. It is not considered necessary to wind them two or three times around the body, drawing them as snugly as possible, and then fastening them with pins, which were always loosening and sticking into the little victim. After cutting them the required length, the two corners of each end should be fold- ed over towards the centre and fastened there, leaving the ends in a pointed shape to which broad tapes should be attached. On one side, about half way to the centre, make and bind a slit lengthwise of the band. Put the band on over the abdomen, pass it round the body, and slip the under end through the slit, thus bringing both tapes to the outside to be tied in front. The advantage of this band is, that they can readily be loosened if the child becomes uncomfortable after eating. Many mothers prefer the knit bands, which are knit of soft Sax- on wool on four needles, like a stocking leg—three stitches plain and three seam- ed—thus making it very elastic. The pinning-blanket is now made, waist and all, of flannel, and is more needed by some children than others. Its chief use is to wrap around the feet to keep them warm, and as soon as the child has vitality enough of his own to accomplish this purpose, the garment should be dis- carded. It prevents the use of leggings, in which a child so much delights, as is shown by its vigorous kicking when the chance is given it. The highly orna- mented little skirts are thrown aside now as useless, ladies preferring to trim the waist of the white petticoat instead. As the little slips are all made high-necked and long-sleeved, it permits the flannel shirts to be made in the same way, thus ensuring warmth, without the addition of the unsightly looking knit sacques, so essential a few years since.

Babies' garments are very trim- med with heavy lace and insertion. The double circle cloaks for summer wear, of white pique or Turkish towel- ing, are made quite dressy with full ruf- fles of four inch wide lace, sometimes caught up, at regular intervals, in a small festoon, with a little bow of bright ribbon at each fastening; or slits are made the depth of the lace, and one end turned back with a bow, the space being filled with a full ruffling of lace.

The South courts labor. She has a steadily growing need of it. She invites the honest workman of all lands to come and help her reclaim her waste places, develop her resources and share in the prosperity that industry must achieve. She is fasted to be great. She was great in her past, and will be greater in her future. Day by day her at- tractions to industry are becoming bet- ter known. Her agricultural develop- ment is but in its infancy. Her man- ufactures, though in a great measure but experimental, demonstrate the golden harvest that awaits the capital that may be invested in them. Soon the products of the Orient will be shipped in bulk to her seaboard cities, and di- rect trade with the great trade centres of Europe must be established.—Savannah morning News (Dem.)

Turkeys. It does not cost any more, or much more, to raise a pound of turkey than a pound of hen flesh. In the summer they require to be fed less, being mas- terly campaigners on their own account while in the winter very likely their nervous disposition demands somewhat more stimulant than other fowls. If well fed, they do not require nearly as careful housing as the hen, although it is a good policy to make them roost indoors; but left to themselves they prefer to weather out the widest storm in the tree-tops. Finally, when brought to market, their flesh is worth much more than that of the hen, so that, other things being equal, it is economy to keep them instead. Also—and this is well worth considering—allowing that the percentage of loss of young turkey chicks under most perfect management is greater than the loss of chicks of the common fowl, still turkeys that survive reach such a great weight that a given number of pounds of turkey may, perhaps be raised with less labor than the same quantity of flesh of the common fowl. —Poultry Monthly.

Repelling the charge that Virginians are indolent the Alexandria Gazette says: Of our own personal knowledge we know men who were raised in affluence and who never did a stroke of work in their lives until impoverished by the war, who with their own unaided hands have sown and reaped the crops that have sus- tained their families; and what may seem incredible in the North, there are Virginia ladies, educated at the most fashionable boarding schools, and who had made to do their every bidding before the war who have, since that time, plowed the ground for and planted and gathered corn crops with no assistance.

The Charlotte, N. C., Democrat says: "A farmer who well remembers the drought of 1845, tells us that it was as bad, if not worse than the present one, and that the succeeding year (1846) was one of the best crop years he ever saw. He thinks that all the manures applied this year will be good and available next year, as the essences have not been taken from the ground by any sort of vegeta- tion."

From a communication in Newberne News: As to Governor Vance's stupi- dity as a railroad commissioner, we do most sincerely wish, for the honor of the Old North State, that all of our rail- road men were touched with it. If they were North Carolina would no longer be in the grasp of a merciles corporation, sucking the very life-blood out of her and we congratulate the people of North Carolina that we have Governor Vance for a railroad commissioner.

"Lift your pole straight up in the air!" shouted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Hoist the dog-nastig thing right up!" Mrs. Spoopendyke exerted herself and disclosed an eel, dangling. "It's a rattlesnake!" she yelled. "Do'nt go near him! fire! fire! murder! police! police-o-o!" "Hold your yawp, will ye?" bawled

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"How long before they bite?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, hoisting her hook out of the water, and examining the point of a worm her husband had im- paired there. "They'll probably bite at that as soon as they can borrow a step ladder," re- ported Mr. Spoopendyke, eyeing the dangling hook. "If you calculate to get any fish, you'd better let the thing dangle in the water."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Spoopendyke, drop- ping the hook. "Do you think I could catch a gold fish?" she inquired, after a pause. "Hi! hold on! There, I lost him!" ejaculated Mr. Spoopendyke, firing his hook up towards the Heights. "So did I!" chimed in Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she fell over backward and shot her sinker into Mr. Spoopendyke's ear; "I declare we both lost him!"

"What ye doing?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "What did ye lose?" "I'm pulling in fish, you just sit still, will ye? Think my heads a fish pond! Drop it, I tell ye! drop it in the water. There! Now sit still and fish. Another time I'm pulling in a Spanish mackerel, you let things alone. You made me lose that fish."

"You ought to have caught him," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, so things; "you fished splendidly for him." "I understand the business," rejoined Mr. Spoopendyke, somewhat mollified. "You see he didn't even get the bait, big as he was."

"I'm glad of that, because we've only got three worms left. How I'd like to catch an oyster! Do you know I—?" "Hist! Sh-h-h! Quiet now. I've got him. See me play him! Now, I'll fetch him," and Mr. Spoopendyke reeled in until he landed an old boot. "I didn't know that fish had burrs on, like a chestnut," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, quivering with excitement. "Crack him, and let's see what he is."

"Crack your grandmother," scorted Mr. Spoopendyke, shying the boot up the pier. "He wasn't good to eat, any- way. I'll get something."

"What's the matter with my stick? Let go, you nasty thing? 'Here's an- other one! Quick!" "Pull him in, can't ye!" "You've got a bite. Haul up!" cried Mr. Spoopen- dyke, trying to untangle himself from his line and help his wife. "Lift him out of the water."

"He won't let me," squeaked Mrs. Spoopendyke, holding both arms out full length. "Take him off! Scot! Go 'way, you monster!" "Lift your pole straight up in the air!" shouted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Hoist the dog-nastig thing right up!" Mrs. Spoopendyke exerted herself and disclosed an eel, dangling. "It's a rattlesnake!" she yelled. "Do'nt go near him! fire! fire! murder! police! police-o-o!" "Hold your yawp, will ye?" bawled