Advertising is to Business what Steam is to Machinery—the GREAT PROPELLING POWER. If you want Business to go, STEAM UP by putting a good Advertisement in the GOLD LEAF.

GOLD LEAF.

Look at the Date on Your Address.
The figures indicate the time to which you have paid up. If in arrears, you are respectfully, but urgently, requested to PAY UP AT ONCE.

THAD R. MANNING, Publisher. | "CAROLINA, CAROLINA, HEAVEN'S BLESSINGS ATTEND HER." | SUBSCRIPTION $1.50 Cash.

VOL. XIII. HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1894. NO. 16.

TAKE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

The Old Friend

And the best friend, that never fails you, is Simmons Liver Regulator, (the Red Z)—that's what you hear at the mention of this excellent Liver medicine, and people should not be persuaded that anything else will do.

It is the King of Liver Medicines; is better than pills, and takes the place of Quinine and Calomel. It acts directly on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels and gives new life to the whole system. This is the medicine you want. Sold by all Druggists in Liquid, or in Powder to be taken dry or made into a tea.

☞EVERY PACKAGE Has the Z Stamp in red on wrapper. J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Phila., Pa.

THIS IS OUR SIDE

of it—we claim to have the best stock of seasonable goods in town, and at prices that will please you and your pocketbook. And we are confident that investigation will cause your view to coincide with ours. Will you look?

We carry a complete stock of everything in

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES,

Canned Goods, Confectioneries, Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Cheese, Crackers, Cakes, Butter, Eggs, Green Groceries, &c. Particular attention to family trade. Lowest prices.

☞ Large lot of ROYSTER'S CANDY left over from Christmas. Will sell at 25 cents a pound—just what it cost at wholesale. Call early. Next to W. S. Parker & Co.

W. H. WESTER & BRO.

HUMPHREYS'

Dr. Humphreys' Specifics are scientifically and carefully prepared Remedies, used for years in private practice and for over thirty years by the people with entire success. Every single Specific a special cure for the disease named.

They cure without drugging, purging or reducing the system and are in fact and deed the Sovereign Remedies of the World.

		PRICES.
1	Fevers, Congestions, Inflammations	.25
2	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic	.25
3	Teething, Colic, Crying, Wakefulness	.25
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7	Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis	.25
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9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25
10	Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation	.25
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13	Croup, Laryngitis, Hoarseness	.25
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15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains	.25
16	Malaria, Chills, Fever and Ague	.25
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20	Whooping Cough	.25
27	Kidney Diseases	.25
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Sold by Druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Dr. Humphreys' Manual (100 pages), mailed free.

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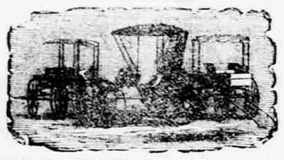

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Crow & Marston's

Carriage and Wagon Works

HENDERSON, N. C.,

As anywhere. No matter whether you want a vehicle made out and out, or want repairing done, we are prepared to accommodate you on short notice and in the most workmanlike and satisfactory manner. Having thoroughly fitted up our shops with all necessary tools and implements, and employing only the best workmen, we are better prepared than ever to supply Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Carts, &c., at lowest prices. We make a specialty of manufacturing the celebrated

Alliance Wagon,

one of the best wagons sold. It cannot be excelled. We are prepared to do all kinds of work with neatness and dispatch, and make a specialty of carriage painting,

REPAIRING AND HORSESHOEING,

Thankful for past patronage, we hope by good work and strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.

Very Respectfully,
CROW & MARSTON,
Jan. 24-1 y. Henderson, N. C.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

PEAS AND POTATOES.

MONEY IN RAISING THESE CROPS FOR SEED.

Two Promising Lines of Effort for Southern Farmers--North Carolina Grown Potatoes Shipped to Michigan for Planting--Widespread Interest Among Northern Agriculturists in the Field or Cow-pea for a Green Manure --Their Great Value as an Improver of the Soil, &c.

[Prof. W. F. Massey in Progressive South.]

Repeated experiments have demonstrated the fact that late crop Irish potatoes, as grown in South, not only furnish the best seed for planting for the early crop at home, but Northern market gardeners are realizing that they are superior for early crops in the North. Many gardeners near the Northern cities now buy Southern grown potatoes regularly for planting, and find them better for this purpose than those from the far North. During the winter potatoes have been shipped from North Carolina as far North as Michigan for planting this spring. This is a complete reversal of the old practice, when Southern growers thought it essential to get Northern grown seed for planting, and in recent years all the dealers in Northern seed potatoes report an immense falling off in their trade Southward.

The success attending the use of our late crop of potatoes for seed opens up a new line of effort for our Southern farmers, which they should not be slow to take advantage of, as the demand for these potatoes is beginning and will extend as their superiority becomes known in other sections. This late potato crop is also advantageous in another respect, because the best preparation for them is a crop of cow-peas mown for hay in August, and the stubble at once prepared for the potato crop. Thus we get a valuable forage crop and at the same time improve the land for the potatoes, and leave the soil in the best condition for cotton the following year.

Another crop which is becoming of increased importance is the Southern field or cow-pea. There is a widespread interest in this plant at the North for a green manure crop. Farmers away up on the great lakes have tried them, and report favorably. Only this week we had a letter from a large farmer in Northern Illinois asking at what price he could buy here 100 or more bushels of seed peas. He stated that he had tried them there for two years and finds them very valuable for cow hay and for pasture, and as a soil improver equal to clover. But in that latitude, farmers must depend upon the South for seed since the crop fails to ripen seed there.

In experiments made last year at Cornell (N. Y.) Experiment Station two or three varieties of these peas from North Carolina ripened seed, while those from Louisiana failed to ripen. The New York farmers are therefore advised to get seed from the Northern belt of the South. Few if any of these peas will ripen upon the shores of Lake Erie and westward, yet in this region dairymen are finding them of great value for feed and as a means of manuring their hard, clayey soil and adding needed fertility. Our own farmers are appreciating their value for improvement more and more every year. A leading farmer in one of our Piedmont counties of North Carolina told me some time ago that formerly several car loads of peas were shipped to Louisiana every spring, but now, while many more are being grown there, not so many are shipped, because the home demand is such that it pays better to sell at home. The sugar planters of Louisiana are large buyers of peas for green manuring on their sugar lands. At the prices these peas sell for seed it ought to pay well to grow and cultivate them in rows especially for seed. With our efficient machines for growing the crop and more rapid methods of threshing and cleaning, this crop ought to pay well. One of our wide awake farmers in Eastern North Carolina advertised the seed for sale in the Northern papers last spring, and will be on hand again this season with a big crop. Those who grow for Northern planting should plant only the black and the clay peas, since these have been shown to be best for the North. Hundreds of bushels of these peas were shipped North from Raleigh last spring, and from all over the North we get reports testifying to their value. The demand for the seed is sure to increase there and at home. There is not a tenth, no not a hundreth part of peas sown in the South that should be sown. But our farmers are fast waking up to their value. It is one great advantage that just in those sections where clover will not thrive the field pea is most at home. No farmer in the coast plain of the South has any reason to regret that clover does not thrive in his soil and climate, for the Southern pea will do for him more than clover does for the Northern farmer and do it in half the time. Aside from their great value as a soil improver, and aside from the profit that may be made by growing these peas for seed, they have another and special value as the cheapest and best of hog pastures, and they furnish material for hay and ensilage that has no superior as forage for milch cows. Edgecombe county, N. C., once devoted exclusively to cotton, and buying all supplies North, now produces as fine butter as is made in the best dairy districts, solely because of the enterprise of Governor Carr in advocating ensilage feeding there. Edgecombe now makes most, if not all, of its butter supply, and of a gilt edge standard.

Northern farmers are rapidly calling for our seed potatoes and cow peas, and it behooves our growers to bestir themselves to meet the demand and at the same time improve their land in doing it.

ARISE MY SOUL.

Arise, my soul! nor dream the hours
Of life away;
Arise! and do thy being's work
While yet 'tis day.

The doer, not the dreamer, breaks
The baleful spell,
Which binds with iron hand the earth
On which we dwell.

Up, soul! or war, with fiery feet,
Will tread down men;
Up! or his bloody hands will reap
The earth again.

Oh, dreamer, wake! your brother man
Is still a slave;
And thousands go heart-crushed this morn
Unto the grave.

The brow of wrong is laurel-crowned,
Not girt with shame;
And love and truth and right as yet
Are but a name.

BUSINESS IN FARMING,

[Richmond Progressive South.]

Those who would achieve something beyond a mere existence through agriculture must systematize the work. They must know the cost of production of their several crops, and when the selling price does not afford a satisfactory margin, such products should be dropped and others substituted that would pay. Farming is a peculiar avocation. It is generally charged with being unprofitable as a business, yet thousands manage to make a living without incurring debts beyond their ability to pay. One man will cultivate a field of corn and claim to realize a good profit, while another says he can buy corn cheaper than he can produce it. We have known men who thought twenty-five bushels of corn to the acre raised at a loss; others who believed that a yield of only fifteen bushels could be made with profit. Each class being sincere in the belief, shows that something is wrong. The same is true with other crops. Now the probability is that these statements are mere surmises, because very few farmers have even an approximately correct idea of the cost of production. In 1880 we raised a crop of corn that averaged eight and one-half barrels (42½ bushels) to the acre. The cost delivered in the barn, including pulling blade fodder, was less than one dollar a barrel, exclusive of rent. No fertilizer was used on the corn, but a light dressing of bone (200 pounds to the acre) had been applied to the preceding crop of wheat. As the corn sold brought an average of four dollars per barrel, the profit is apparent. Thorough cultivation with improved appliances would probably reduce the cost for the same yield. By reducing the average it is possible to increase the yield per acre of any crop. By keeping a rough account the farmer is enabled to know just what he can raise and whether or not it pays.

Another important matter is that of capital. Too many are imbued with the idea that a team, plow and muscle are the only requisites to commence farming outside of the land. But this is a serious mistake. To farm successfully in competition with present day methods the man must work with his head as well as his hands, and must invest his means judiciously. The man who attempts to farm extensively on limited capital is almost certain to arrive at unsatisfactory results. There is a fascination in cultivating large areas that it is hard to tear loose from, but it is the salvation of the Southern farmers to throw off the shackles; it is comparatively easy for the young man to do so. It is not how many acres are cultivated, but how much profit is realized that makes the successful farmer. By studious application and judicious management of labor and money it is possible to obtain a good living from a small farm and increases its productiveness and value from year to year. It is the neglect of this principle that has furnished the South with so many worn out and abandoned farms, which in return have placed their owners in the unenviable position of being land poor.

Breckinridge Should be Retired.

[Warrenton Record.]

Whatever may be the finding of the court in the Pollard-Breckinridge case, one thing is pretty sure to follow, and that is the relegation of the Congressman to private life. We think the time has come when the purity of a man's life should be considered, in determining his fitness to occupy positions of honor and trust, as well as, mental brilliancy. We have, as a people, been too careless about this matter and have sent too many men to Congress, who have left their wives and children at home and contributed the bulk of their salaries to supporting the brothels and gambling saloons of Washington. It is time for reform in this matter. Such men are unfit to represent a virtuous and Christian constituency, and more than that, such men—men untrue to their own wives—can not be trusted with looking after the welfare of the people they represent, or maintaining the honor of the country.

Tried and true is the verdict of people who take Hood's Sarsaparilla. The good effects of this medicine are soon felt in nerve strength restored, appetite created and health given.

Hood's pills do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them.

DISMAL SWAMP.

BRIEF HISTORY OF ITS EARLY DAYS.

Lake Drummond and the Locality Made Famous by Tom Moore's Beautiful Poem---An Interesting Description of This Weird, and Picturesque Region of Which Little is Known to the Outside World.

The President's recent hunting expedition along the coast of North Carolina has awakened new interest in that region, the most notable feature of which is the great Dismal Swamp. This vast morass is called a paradise for huntsmen. In the Library of Congress is a copy of a unique report of a partial survey made of this swamp in 1725, by Col. William Byrd of Westover, Virginia. The original of this report was sent to George III with a petition signed by a number of Virginia planters, asking the King to give them permission to drain the swamp and to give them the reclaimed land which was to be free from taxes for ten years.

Col. Byrd gives a terrible description of the place to the King. He wrote that all sorts of wild beasts roamed at will through it and that members of his exploring party often sank to their waists and necks in the boggy soil. He said "the unwholesome damps" made it necessary to take along plenty of that "best consoler in life, rum," which they did.

He wrote that when he got to the North Carolina line he found the "laziest lot of men" he ever saw, "that they made their wives get up and make the fire for them every morning and they snored in the bed until the sun was one third of the way across the Heavens," etc., all of which prompts me to write that I hope he had too much of his "best consoler" abroad. Later, the eminent geologist, Sir Charles Lyell of England, came over and gave a very different account. He measured the swamp. He found it to be forty-five miles in extent. He visited Lake Drummond which he found was seven by five miles in extent and one of the most beautiful lakes he had ever seen. He describes the tall forests of cypresses and juniper with their fairy like draperies of silver grey moss, most charmingly. Lord Lyell also found out the most peculiar thing about the Great Dismal, viz: it is twelve feet higher than the firm outlying country. The altitude is most at the centre. There are many romantic Indian legends connected within this swamp.

When the poet, Thomas Moore, was in this country he visited this mysterious and beautiful marsh, heard the story of the Indian girl and her crazy lover, and wrote the popular poem which embodied the legend. Many people who live near believe Lake Drummond is a rendezvous for the ghosts which are supposed to haunt the swamp. This superstition arose from the number of *ignes fatuvs* which are really seen every night in almost every part of the Dismal Swamp.

The negroes are especially afraid of this extensive bog, and partly for this reason, the place abounds with opossums, coons, rabbits, squirrels, and all sorts of small game, with an occasional deer or bear. It is useless to tell them the flitting mysterious lights they see at night are burning gases which rise from the fens and marshes. They would not believe it. I have tried to convince them of this and the result was a pitying reproof for my scepticism. They have all heard the story of the Indian hunter and his lady love who are supposed to cross Lake Drummond at midnight in a "white canoe" and the myriads of the will o' the wisps who escort them. The "white canoe" they claim to have seen at midnight on the bosom of the dark lake was perhaps a flock of white swan, birds which with wild ducks and turkeys and marsh hens are found in great numbers in this locality.

I recall a picture of the Dismal Swamp I once enjoyed. It was in August and I was riding through part of it skirting Lake Drummond. A glowing sunset was fading into a hot moonless twilight; no breeze stirred the gossamer tendrils of the graceful moss or dark glistening leaves of the cypress trees.

The black water was as silent and motionless as if a magician's spell rested where the crested ripples should have been. Its surface reflected a few stars which shone out of the murky liquid with as sinister and uncertain a gleam as if every one was a baneful and ill omened Algol. And air was heavy with the odors of the yellow jessamine, the mimosa, the magnolia and aroma of countless shrubs which grow in profusion in the dark rich soil. It seemed like a vast cathedral in which restless spirits of evil might worship. The incense from "censers swuns by unseen hands" bore perfumes too heavy for the nostrils of healthy mortals.

The twilight deepened. Through the aisles of the forest and massive trunks of the cypress and juniper trees looked like columns of duncolored marble, arched with a dome of dark foliage, frescoed with a delicate tracery of pale grey moss through which not a star or fleck of blue sky shone.

Adown these dusky aisles balls of fire would flash and fade as if the will o' the wisp had employed a band of impish acolytes to light hundreds of uncertain tapers on countless movable alters. Decaying trees covered with gleaming phosphorus, either stood erect or bent prostrate along and adown these mysterious vistas like goblin priests or spirits of white robed Carmelite nuns celebrating a vesper service in this weired minster of exquisite workmanship. The lake with its starry reflections was like a teselated floor of black marble; the grained arches bore the fairy like tracery of the silver moss over a thick canopy of dark green leaves.

No sound came from the marshes, no whisper from the motionless trees, no song from the drowsy birds, no ripple from the waveless water. Silence was supreme for moments, until the ear caught a far off monotone one like the note of a bass pedal of a mighty organ at a great distance, and recognized the roar of the ocean's surf breaking on the first of a chain of rocky reefs which culminate in the thunders and terrors of storm-tossed and wreck-strewn Hatteras.

It was fitting music for this unique temple of nature. The softer disapason of singing birds and whispering leaves, of noisy brooks and rustling reeds would have been out of place in this vast shadowed amphitheatre where some Circe or kind of the Gnomes might have assembled their followers and celebrated their sinister orgies. Or, where the spirits of the usepulchered dead who have been wrecked off the treacherous coast since earth's seismic throes gave birth to the hidden sand dunes and monster boulders, might hold a mightly carnival.

I suddenly realized that I did not blame the negroes so much to be as willing as I was at that hour of the evening to run away from the Lake of the Dismal Swamp.

"TALK UP YOUR TOWN."

[Manufacturers' Record.]

In a recent public meeting at Cincinnati Mr. Thoms P. Egan made a speech that might well be studied by the business people of every city and town of the South. He pointed out the injury that had resulted to Cincinnati from the lack of that kind of public spirit which makes every citizen interested in speaking a good word for his town and for the business concerns of the town. What he said of Cincinnati applies with equal force to all other places, but especially to many in the South. Probably the best illustration that this country affords, better even than Chicago, are the remarkable results of "talking up your town," as seen in the history of Atlanta. Every man, woman and child in Atlanta considers it almost a religious duty to speak well of the city. Meet an Atlanta man wherever you may, and he will tell you that Atlanta is the best place in the world: that it has the best climate, the most enterprising citizens, the best and biggest factories, and everything else that is good. You never hear him criticise other Atlanta concerns. Everybody unites in praising the city. The result is that Atlanta moves steadily and progressively ahead and accomplishes things that no other city in the South seems best to do. The Cincinnati speaker pointed out the good work that could be done in any city by such a spirit of loyality to its best interests. He gave several illustrations of how outside people had been influenced by talk against local interests. Many cities in the South need to learn the lesson which has been so well learned in Atlanta, and that is the hearty co-operation of everybody in everything that tends to advance the business interests of the place. "In unity there is strength" was never better illustrated than in the progress that is made wherever the business men of any community unite in a steady, persistent work in behalf of their city. The results are always satisfactory, and any town or city that will cultivate such a spirit, and with it adopt every means of making known to the world the attractions of the place, will be sure to reap satisfactory results. "Talk up your town," tell of its good climate, if it has a good one, or of its advantages for manufacturing, or as a place of residence, or of its educational facilities. Whatever it has good tell the world about it; and not only tell it through the newspapers, but tell it in private conversation, tell it in your business letters, tell it in condensed circulars that you can send out in every letter that you mail to outside people, tell it day in and day out, year after, and as sure as the sun shines you will see the results.

"Talk up your town."

Newspaper and Party.

As to Senator Ransom, if it be the duty of the Democratic press to keep silent when the party's will has been defied by one of its servants, as it has been by him, then we have misinterpreted the obligation which a party newspaper owes to the party. That would be the course of a personal, not a party, organ. And if it be "warfare upon Senator Ransom or any other prominent Democrat" entrusted by the Democratic party of North Carolina with the carrying out of it's wishes in Congress, to condemn those who, like that Senator, have slapped the North Carolina part of the party in the face by voting to repeal the purchase clause of the Sherman law and to confirm the nondescript Van Allen, the mugwump Hornblower and the bolter Peckham—if that be "warfare," then the "enemy" will have to make the most of it.—Fayetteville *Observer.*

Art is the education and refinement of all the five material senses.

BATTLE OF ANTIET'M

A THRILLING ACCOUNT BY A UNION SOLDIER.

The Fight Which McClellan Meant to be the Battle of His Life---"Fighting Joe" Hooker and "Little Mack"--Lee and Jackson---The Shock of a Bullet as Described by One Who Was Hit.

Hooker opened the fight on Lee's left at Antietam. McClellan meant that to be the battle of his life. His scouts had brought him information that Lee's army was strung out from Sharpsburg to Harper's Ferry, and that the force in gray on the line of hills above him numbered only a few thousand hungry and foot-sore men, most of whom had marched all night. Lee had to halt at Sharpsburg. He had to fight there. When he looked down on those moving masses of blue his heart must have grown faint. He had sent word to Jackson the day before to close up. He had sent him word at dark that haste was urgent. Another courier had departed at midnight with the message: "If you do not reach me before noon this army will be prisoners or exterminated!"

Jackson was coming and praying that the federals would delay. Every horse was carrying double—every vehicle filled with his infantry—every thirsting, hungry, halting man was entreated to hurry. While Hooker was opening the fight on McClellan's right, Jackson's men were coming up. There could be no halt for rest or food. Lee's left was being held by three or four skeleton brigades, and the musketry had hardly begun to volley before they were forced to give ground. Jackson rode on ahead—his men followed in twos and threes and groups. At last as they came up they formed a battle-line. Some were killed before they knew the position of the federals dashing at them.

It was hardly daylight when we, under Hooker, pushed forward. Every private in the ranks realized the object—to smash Lee's left, and take his center in flank; that would roll him away from the ford, and the center and left would wipe him off the face of the earth. Hooker was a fighter and a rusher. Half an hour more and we should have doubled that flank back. It was falling back—falling back, but fighting for life—when Jackson came up. We heard the cheering and suspected the cause. The advance had disarranged our lines. The order came to cease firing and dress for another forward movement. That cornfield made famous by the historians was on our brigade front as we moved. Every man who was there that day will remember how the cornstalks waved and rustled as we pushed through them—how the silken tassels became detached and floated into our faces like spider webs on a dewy summer's morning. They were waiting for us—the men who had come up from Harper's Ferry without a halt, ready to die to save Lee's left wing. At first a scattering fire—a man falling out here and there. The pop! pop! pop! increases in rapidity—now it becomes a continued roar—here comes the command to charge! There is a cheer—a rush, and we are checked. Men cannot dodge bullets, but we dodge nevertheless, as they zip and spit and whistle by our ears. A storm of bullets can not be breasted like a gale of wind laden with snowflakes, but we bend our heads and advance.

What had happened? I am down among the cornstalks? Did I stumble and fall as the line swept forward? It is like waking out of a deep sleep—like coming back to earth after a physician has administered chloroform. Ah! Now I get a twinge of pain—I have been hit! A bullet has crashed into my shoulder, spun me around like a top and then dashed me to earth in a heap. Men struck that way lose consciousness for minutes or hours. The roar swells out again. I hear men cursing and cheering, and I finally understand that our lines have been driven back. I lift my head for a hasty look around, and I find that I have lots of company. The dead and wounded are as numerous as the cornhills.

A bullet in the shoulder is nothing. A gill or two of blood lost from the body is of no account. I turn over, seize a dead man by the arm and pull myself up, but everything dances before my eyes and I sink down in a heap. It isn't the wound itself but the shock to the nervous system. I've seen a six-footer drop in a heap and cry like a woman because a bullet had made one of his fingers an inch shorter, and he was never charged with being a coward, either.

There is no such thing as time on a battlefield. A general may watch its flight, but a private soldier has no thought of it. The sun may have been at meridian when the battle opened. All of a sudden he is amazed that the orb has gone from sight. He has fought on and given no heed to time.

Only half conscious—only half realizing that I was hit, I by and by felt the cool breezes of evening, and lost the glare of the sun. Some one gave water, but I felt too dreamy to open my eyes. Some one pulled a dead man off my legs—a wounded comrade who had crept over to me in search of water, and died. But I did not open my eyes. I could not. It seemed as if great weights had been placed on my eyelids to keep them shut. There was a babel of sounds around me, but I heard only one voice. That sounded miles away, as it said:

"Here is an 'F' company man who was hit this morning, and he must have got it hard, or he would have crawled back to us!"

WOMAN'S AMBITION.

A Lesson From the Life of Madeline Pollard.

[Richmond State.]

Madeline Pollard, at this time the most conspicuous woman in America, is a living warning to girls. From her childhood she was filled with an inordinate ambition to "cut a dash" in the world and that was the rock upon which her life was wrecked. To execute her purpose, she made a disgusting bargain with the man who loved her—pledging her troth for a money consideration! And the shame of it was that her own mother was a party to the vicious agreement!

She never intended to marry this man, but she was willing to profit by his affection and to trifle with the most sacred of all human ties for a selfish and worldly purpose.

She took this man's money, a thing of itself abhorrent to any pure minded woman, and used it to fit her for her "career" and then when the time of settlement came, she was false to the bargain she had made and chose a life of shame and deception instead—living as a harlot and palming herself off on decent and trusting people as a pure woman.

We do not mean, of course, to palliate the offence of Mr. Breckinridge, but we shall not consent to the effort that is being made to pose Miss Pollard as a slaughtered innocent and a martyr. She began life with bad principles and with the wrong aim in view. She chose her own path and the end thereof is disgrace.

Her life, we say, is a warning to young women. The noblest ambition of woman is to be pure and chaste and to adorn the social circle as an exemplar of modesty and virtue. Any ambition which fails to compass this purpose is sure to lead to infamy.

A Chance for the Poets.

What a theme for the poets in the wreck of the old *Kearsarge*! How it calls up memories the great past! How it appeals to the national pride! The—the reef—the gallant old ship straining—her timbers parting—her hold filling—she careens—a shiver—a mighty plunge—a mad swirl of rushing waters, and naught is left of the old *Kearsarge* but the splendid record of her mighty deeds! The poets will think of more than this, of course, and something very much better, but here is a suggestion that may help them:

aghast
ashore,
at last
no more—
the mast
of yore,
avast!
the reef of Roncador.

The way being made so easy, it will not be hard to do. It is astonishing how smoothly these things go when you have a good start.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

The Story of the Thorns.

Once, on a darkened night, upon a hill called Calvary there stood a cross; and on that cross white hands were nailed, and a brow with a crown of thorns drooped o'er a wounded breast.

Sharp were those thorns and cruel; and from the brow they circled crimson drops fell down on the King's white raiment at the foot of the cross.

Cruel thorns!

But cruel hands had placed them there; had wreathed them in that circle as the mocking coronet of a dying king.

But ere the life had left his moaning lips, the thorns, relenting, whispered:

"Master, we pray Thee to forgive us! Forgive us for this bleeding brow, and for this wounded breast. We would not wound the Master; but the soldiers sought us in the wilderness and placed us on Thy brow!"

Poor, pitiful thorns!

But when the King was dead, and they were taking that strange crown from His brow, a wonder was revealed!

Over the sad, sharp thorns there was a canopy of flowers—roses, whiter than whitest snow, that spread their sheltering petals over the weeping thorns.

And the Thorns said: "Hide us, oh, Roses! hide us from the light; for we have wounded the King, and we are red with the drops that trickled from His forehead; hide us, oh, Roses! beneath the shadow of your leaves, where no eye may behold us, no gentle hand be hurt by us!"

And the Thorns said again: "But whence came these beautiful flowers, and by what name shall we know them?"

And the Roses, weeping, answered: "We blossomed on this hill tonight, and our name is Love; Love that was wounded by you, whose brow you crowned and pierced!"

Then said the Thorns: "Since the King hath so forgiven us, let us not perish, but let us dwell near the roses forever!"

And still they live, remembering that night, under the shadow of the Rose whose name is Love, the love that is wounded and forgives, that kisses the hand that smites, and makes earth and heaven beautiful!

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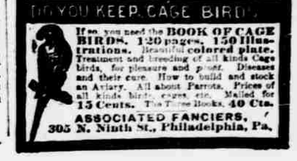

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