

THE LIVE GIRAFFE.

Published Weekly by H. HARPER WHITAKER.

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One square, (14 lines or less), first insertion, \$1.00. Each subsequent insertion, 50 cents.

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Selected.

BY ETTA SUTTON.

"Put a little more coal in the grate, Susie, it is so very cold to-night," said old M. S. Lacy, at the same time laying down her knitting, and drawing a little closer to the fire.

"What about it, grandma?" said Susie, eyes brightening at the prospect of a story. "Almost enough for a book, or a story at any rate—I mean a witt-n-story. Pick up my ball, dear," and the old lady heaved a sigh, and removing her spectacles, wiped them with the corner of her silk apron.

"You can't get me now; ha! ha!" said she, glancing wildly at the door. "I'm glad they chased me in here; it's so warm like. What is that?" she asked, approaching me, who was holding the baby.

"I never believed much in fortune-telling," continued Mrs. Lacy; "but somehow I felt a shudder come over me, and I was glad Judy did not hear it. I drew her away and whispered to your uncle Nathan to send the old woman to the kitchen; but before he had time to speak, she had rushed out of the house, and was gone. Nathan and the doctor went in search of her, but she might perchance be in the storm; but as they could not find her, they believed that she had entered a neighbor's house, and would be protected.

The next day she was found by a road-side frozen a sick and stiff.

"When Judy awoke from her long slumber, she asked me for her child. 'O! my dear child,' I said, 'it is dead and buried. I never saw anything so beautiful as that baby was the whitest and purest I ever saw, growing in a pot by the side of that geranium there in the window; and I never saw anything so beautiful. And, in the wild confusion of my dream, I fancied a house full of guests—I seem to like Thanksgiving Day—and I was so afraid that somebody would touch the lovely plant that I set it down by you for protection; but while your aunt was diverted to collecting else, a stranger came near and plucked it close to the root. Then it all came to me that it was my darling baby, my first-born; and oh, the agony of that moment! How glad I am it was all a dream!"

"No darling, unless just such a little creature as you, with your white round face, and merry blue eyes, like a living; laughing, chattering lily. Sister Judy's dream summed to her the fruit of a pre-entiment, and, before the baby had a name, she used to call it 'Lily.' Gradually his strength returned, and he grew up as usual, but his mother was around, she said to Nathan: 'I have got so used to calling the baby Lily, that I cannot break off at once. Now you wait for me, Eliza; and, supposing we place Lina before it then I can yet call her by my per name, Lina Eliza Lee—that is a pretty name; is it not?"

"Oh, yes, pretty enough to be sure! But Lily sounds a little flat to me; yet, if you like it, I can get used to it very well." "Thirteen years flew quickly by. Nathan Lee was then the richest man in Mecklenburg. The old house was torn away, and a grand one of brown stone stood in its place.

"It is nothing but a childish whim," said Judy. "She will never think of him again, now that she knows it is against our wishes." "Don't you think," said Nathan, "and I will not have her in the city longer than Christmas." "So she came back to stay until Christmas. It so happened that her birthday came that year upon Saturday; and in the morning she said to me: 'There's no school to-day, Aunt

let me, I'll just take the 17th of December, and go home to spend a month."

"Here you are, little rogue, forever in grandma's room. I should think, no mother, you would get tired of her." "Here's another beggar in the kitchen, miss," said Chloe, peeping in at the door of grandma's room—a little boy so pale like—peeped in most a ghost.

"Come to-morrow, then, little boy; and here, take these flannels to keep her warm to-night, it is so cold; and Susie, just step into my closet, and bring out that brown calico; comfortable; it will do them no good than me. I have got enough without it. And the benevolent old lady lifted her spectacles to wipe away the moisture which had gathered there. 'Almost too heavy for you, little fellow; it is not!'"

"Come again!" said Chloe. "Pity missus gin you so much less night. It aches spiles legs to do for 'em. What d'ye want dis mornin'?" "I want to see the lady who said she would go and see my mother."

"Oh ye who have never known the crampings of cold, or the cravings of hunger, or any other misery which cannot poverty bring, thank God and do likewise!" Perchance by mission may be fraught with similar results. It was with much effort that the old lady was able to follow Nathan up the long rickety staircase. Upon arriving at the low garret which was his home, she found lying upon a bed of sage and straw a ghastly-looking woman, whom Nattie introduced as his mother. No article of comfort was there save the quilt she sent her the last night.

When Mrs. Lacy took her baby, she looked into her face, a cry, a sob, over in the unnatural brilliancy of the sunning place, and she found the baby dead.

"I am dying. Oh I thank my God that he has sent somebody to comfort my last moment! Will you be my friend?" continued the dying woman. "Then listen to my story of suffering. I must tell it to somebody before I die. I was not always the distressed creature I am now; but oh, I deserve it! yes! yes!" And her voice faltered.

"You are really growing child's mother, to send for a bigger-boy to come up stairs. What good can it do the child?" "Maybe not a bit; but I would like to see him."

"Come to-morrow, then, little boy; and here, take these flannels to keep her warm to-night, it is so cold; and Susie, just step into my closet, and bring out that brown calico; comfortable; it will do them no good than me. I have got enough without it. And the benevolent old lady lifted her spectacles to wipe away the moisture which had gathered there. 'Almost too heavy for you, little fellow; it is not!'"

"Come here sissy," said a young gentleman to a little girl whose sister he was paying his addresses; "you are the sweetest thing on earth." "No I ain't," she replied; "sister says you are the sweetest." The gentleman popped the question the next day.

Early Rising.

Health and long life are almost universally associated with early rising; and we are pointed to the numerous old people, in evidence of the effects of the general system. Can any of our readers give a good and conclusive reason why health should be attributed to this habit? We know that old people get up early; but it is simply because they can't sleep. Moderately old age does not require much sleep; hence, in the aged, early rising is a necessity, or a convenience, and is not a cause of health in itself.

Another important advantage of retiring early is, that the intense stillness of midnight and the early morning hours favor that unbroken repose which is the all powerful renovator of the tired system. Without then the accompaniment of retiring early, early rising is worse than useless, and is positively mischievous. Every person should be allowed to sleep as long as he can, otherwise the duration of his sleep will be necessarily shortened even by the most conscientious.

To all young persons, to students, to the sedentary, and to invalids, the fullest sleep that the system will take, without artificial means, is the balm of life—without it can be no restoration to health and activity again. Never wake up the sick or infirm, or young children of a morning—it is a barbarity; let them wake of themselves; let the care rather be to establish an hour for retiring, so early that their fullest sleep may be out before sunrise.

Another item of very great importance is: Do not hurry up the young and the weakly. It is no advantage to pull them out of bed as soon as their eyes are open, nor is it best for the studios, or even for the well, who have passed an unusually fatiguing day, to jump out of bed the moment they wake up; let them remain, without going to sleep again, until the sense of weariness passes from the limbs. Nature abhors two things: violence and a vacuum. The sun does not break out at once into the glare of the meridian. The diurnal flowers unfold themselves by slow degrees; nor fleetest beast, nor sprightliest bird, leaps at once from its resting-place. By all of which we mean to say, that as no physiological truth is more demonstrable, than that the brain, and with it the whole nervous system, is recuperated by sleep, it is of the first importance, as to the well-being of the human system, that it have its fullest measure of it; and to that end the habit of retiring early should be made imperative on all children, and no ordinary event should be allowed to interfere with it. Its moral healthfulness is not less important than its physical. Many a young man, many a young woman, has made the first step towards degradation, and crime, and disease, after ten o'clock at night; at which hour, the year round, the old, the middle-aged, and the young, should be in bed; and then the early rising will take care of itself, with the incalculable accompaniment of a fully-rested body and renovated brain. We repeat it, there is neither wisdom, nor safety, nor health, in early rising itself; but there is all of them in the persistent practice of retiring to bed at an early hour, winter and summer.—Hall's Journal of Health.