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Scotland Neck, - - N. C.

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Baptist—J. D. Hufham, D. D., Pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 o'clock, A. M., and at 7, P. M. Also on Saturday before the first Sunday at 11 o'clock, A. M. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday School on Sabbath morning.

Primitive Baptist—Eld. Andrew Moore, Pastor Services every third Saturday and Sunday morning.

Methodist—Rev. C. W. Byrd, Pastor. Services at 3 o'clock, P. M. on the second and fourth Sundays. Sunday School on Sabbath morning.

Episcopal—Rev. H. G. Hilton, Rector. Services every first, second and third Sundays at 10½ o'clock, A. M. Sunday School every Sabbath morning.

Meeting of Bible class on Thursday night at the residence of Mr. P. E. Smith.

Baptist—(colored.) George Norwood, Pastor. Services every second Sunday at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7, P. M. Sunday School on Sabbath morning.

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Inferior Court—Every third Monday in February, May, August and November.

Judge of Inferior Court—T. N. Hill.

BLUE AND GRAY.

"Oh, mother, what do they mean by blue?
And what do they mean by gray?"
Was heard from the lips of a little child
As she bounded in from play.
The mother's eyes filled up with tears;
She turned to her darling fair,
And smoothed away from the sunny brow
Its treasures of golden hair.

"Why, mother's eyes are blue, my sweet,
And grandpa's hair is gray,
And the love we bear our darling child
Grows stronger every day."
"But what did they mean?" persisted the child;
"For I saw two cripples to-day,
And one of them said he fought for the blue;
The other, he fought for the gray.

"Now, he of the blue had lost a leg,
And the other had but one arm,
And both seemed worn and weary and sad,
Yet their greeting was kind and warm.
They told of battles in days gone by,
Till it made my young blood thrill;
The leg was lost in the Wilderness fight,
And the arm on Malvern Hill.

"They sat on the stone by the farmyard gate
And talked for an hour or more,
Till their eyes grew bright and their hearts seemed warm
With fighting their battles o'er.
And parting at last, with a friendly grasp,
In a kindly, brotherly way,
Each calling on God to speed the time
Uniting the blue and the gray."

Then the mother thought of other days—
Two stalwart boys from her riven;
How they knelt at her side and, lisping, prayed
"Our Father which art in heaven;"
How one wore the gray and the other the blue;
How they passed away from sight,
And had gone to the land where gray and blue
Are merged in colors of light.

And she answered her darling with golden hair,
While her heart was sadly wrung
With the thoughts awakened in that sad hour
By her innocent, prattling tongue:
"The blue and the gray are the colors of God,
They are seen in the sky at even,
And many a noble, gallant soul
Has found them passports to heaven."

MONTESQUIEU.

Montesquieu being at Marseilles, finds in the harbor on Sunday a boat managed by a youth of prepossessing appearance. He enters it for a ride in the bay. But soon, astonished at the want of skill of the sailor:

"What is the matter?" said Montesquieu to him, "you do not seem to understand your business."

"My business!" replies the youth blushing, "Excuse me, sir, but I am not a boatman; I am a jeweler."

"And why do you meddle with what you do not know how to do?"

"To pass my time on Sunday and to earn some money."

"You love money, then, much?"

"Not for myself."

"For whom, then?"

"Alas! sir, my dear father has been cast in prison; he is this moment a slave at Tetuan; and it is to gain the price of his ransom which is 5,000 fancs, that my mother, my two sisters and I labor day and night. As my exployer closes his shops on Sunday, I try to make available this lost time by rowing travellers in the port and bay, and what they are pleased to give me lessens the number of days before my father will be restored to us."

"And what is your father's name?"

"Robert."

"And his owner at Tetuan?"

"The Judge, Aclimet."

"Well then, put me on shore. Here are 15 louis to keep you hereafter from exposing your own life and the lives of others."

Saying this, Montesquieu throws his purse to the youth, and leaps to land, not giving him time to express gratitude.

Two months after, the slave Robert is restored to his family, and brings back also 50 louis which the generosity of his liberator had added to the sum paid for his ransom.

But who is the liberator?

It would doubtless never have been known, if among the papers of the author of the "Genius of Law," there had not been found, after his death, an entry in his own writing recording the sending of 7,500 francs to a Banker at Cadiz, for the emancipation of a man named Robert, a slave at Tetuan.

Such is the man who was called avaricious.

This great man died at Paris, Feb. 10, 1755.

J. A. D.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF BAVARIA.

[Youth's Companion.]

Looking out of my window I can see a large yellow stone building, scarcely to be called a palace, yet certainly more imposing than an ordinary town-mansion. It is four stories high, and has heavy windows on each side of a stone-paved carriage entrance. To the right, looking in this doorway, one can see a flight of steps leading into the house; to the left, glass doors swing open on a similar staircase; beyond is a wide, sunny court in which servants are constantly to be seen running hither and thither.

Sometime a footman in pale blue livery stands at the foot of the staircase; every day a very striking figure appears in the doorway. This is an official wearing a cocked hat and a long blue cloth coat elaborately trimmed with fur and silver, who carries a huge silver rod which glitters in the sun. There are two soldiers stationed at each side of the doorway in sentry-boxes, who look at the magnificently-dressed official from time to time, as if waiting to detect in his expression some command.

A little American girl who walked past the house one day was most curious to know who the man in the furs and silver was; why he stood so long in the door. So she waited to see what would happen. It was a fine day in early spring; the sun was shining and the pigeons gathered in swarms on the eaves of the old yellow-stone house.*

Presently an open carriage turned the corner. In it sat a plump, sweet-faced lady of about thirty, and two little girls, pretty children, who had thir dolls beside them. A tall, fine-looking gentleman rode by them on a black horse. Instantly the sentinels presented arms; the man in the cocked hat stood very upright, bowing as the carriage and the rider passed in, while everybody standing about bowed, the lady and gentleman and little girls returned the salutations, right and left.

When the party had disappeared behind the glass doors, and the servants driven the horses into the court yard, the man at the door vanished also. His duty for the hour was over, for he had been waiting according to Bavarian etiquette for the return of the master and mistress, who are Prince Ludwig and his lovely wife, Princess Maria Therese.

Prince Ludwig is the King's cousin and in the event of the King dying childless, will succeed to the throne.

This prince is one of the most popular members of the Bavarian royal family. While the King is never seen and never interests himself in his public, Prince Ludwig is constantly among the people. One meets him nearly every fine Sunday walking in one of the principal streets with his wife on his arm, and sometimes one or two of their children with them. They go about in this way with perfect simplicity, the only attention exacted from passers-by being a civil bow, which they always return, although frequently gentlemen who passing move back, bowing until the royal couple have gone by.

The prince is a plain, cleaver looking man, with a light beard, near-sighted eyes and a most kindly smile. His wife is handsome and very genial looking, and their children have the most brilliant complexion and beautiful eyes and hair.

These little royalites are most carefully educated, for Princess Marie Therese is known to be one of the most sensible mothers in Europe. They study hard, learning to cook, to sew, and even to do housework; and of course their accomplishments are varied. In winter they reside in the town house which I have described, going freely about Munich; if walking attended by a governess and a man servant; if driving, with their mother, and always ready to look up politely and nod to the people who salute them in the public streets.

In summer they live chiefly in the Tyrol; sometimes at a beautiful villa on Lake Constance. There they continue their studies, but their home life is even freer than in Munich. The princess superintends their education very strictly, spending hours in their school room or nursery, and in spite of much necessary formality, engaging their instructors and nurses, and directing such herself. A moderate sum is allowed them for pocket money, but this is only to be spent judiciously, and I am told that the little princesses enjoy the free expenditure of twenty-five cents quite as much, if not more, than would any small person under ten on Beacon Street or Madison Avenue!

Up to a certain age the Bavarian princesses are entirely subject to their governess, who are not allowed to treat them as if their rank was royal. In going or coming, leaving the house, a church, shop, etc., the governess takes the lead, the prince or princess following her as any ordinary child would an older person, and they are obliged to treat their little guest with similar deference.

Not long ago one of the princesses invited a young friend of mine to drive. The carriage was waiting and on the governess leading the way to it, the princess jumped in first and took the front seat. The governess stood still, and calmly ordered her royal pupil to get out again! This was done with rather a bad grace, and her little highness murmured something to the effect that she did not see why Mlle. Von B——should go in ahead of her! The governess thereupon insisted upon her pupil's waiting until every one was seated, and then allowed her to get in unaided and take the back seat, a discipline which her mother strongly commended on their return to the palace!

Sometimes, however, etiquette interferes with their amusements Once, at Lake Constance, when one of the princesses wished to give a picnic party, it was found that not above half-a-dozen children of sufficient rank for so impromptu an affair could be found! And on another equally sudden occasion, the little guests could not assemble because etiquette demanded a special kind of dress which there was no time to procure.

A very charming member of the Bavarian royal family is the Princess Gisela. She was the very young bride whose arrival in Munich created such a sensation a few years ago. She was the daughter of the Emperor of Austria, and was married to Prince Leopold, of Bavaria, when she was little more than fifteen. Being of a very gay, vivacious disposition, loving school girlish "fun" as well as social amusements, you can imagine that her appearance in the dreariest of foreign courts caused no little flutter; and Princess Gisela has never lost her brilliancy and gay good humor. If court life were what she would make it, Munich would be a very changed place. She is not only known for her liveliness of manner, but for an extraordinary sweet temper, and for being the wisest of little mothers and one of the best wives. It is pretty to see her with her tiny children, herself little more than a girl, and yet watching them with all the fond solitude of middle age. She has no claim to positive beauty, but her face is radiant when she speaks, and at all times has a charm of its own—a piquant sort of loveliness which is often more attractive than regularity of feature.

This princess is a particular favorite with the gentle looking lady whom we see very often, and who is known as the "Queen Mother." King Ludwig has never married, so that his father's widow receives every consideration as the Queen of Bavaria. She leads a quiet, peaceful life. When she is in Munich she lives in the big yellow palace in the centre of the town, part of which is constantly shown the public. She receives visitors and makes calls herself from time to time.

The other day her stage carriage created quite a sensation in a small street through which we were passing. She was going to make a call upon some one who lived there; and the big carriage, with footmen swinging behind and two men on the heavily draped box, rattled up to the door, while several bystanders whispered among themselves, "The Heaven be praised—the Queen!"

The footmen jumped down and unfolded the steps of the carriage, whereupon a very quiet looking little lady, in a black velvet pelisse and close fitting black velvet bonnet, descended, and bowing to the people on either side, passed into the house, followed by her lady in waiting and two footmen.

The duty of the latter was to wait outside the inner door until the Queen reappeared, when they would follow her down stairs again.

When she walks about, it is with very little ceremony. Her lady in waiting accompanies her, and she is followed by two footmen. As she passes through the streets it is customary for people to stand aside; gentlemen lifting their hats, and ladies bowing as she goes by.

Only once did I see the Queen appear with any splendor. The day was very fine, brilliantly so, indeed, and we went down to one of the public squares to hear the military band play. Every day at one o'clock a detachment of soldiers marches through certain streets of the town, halting before the old palace where a double line of soldiers are drawn up, who present arms and go through a very effective bit of drill, the commanding officers riding up and down in their shining uniforms,—blue and white, with silver lace and splendid helmets and plumes. This over, the band take their places on the portico of a large building, where they play for an hour, while half of Munich walks about listening.

The drill was over; the band was crashing away at the march from *Tannhauser*, when there came riding down the street a soldier on a fine horse, whom we knew preceded the Queen on a state occasion, and then followed her glass chariot, a most curious affair nearly all of glass, within which she was plainly to be seen, bowing right and left—returning the salutations of the crowd. The chariot was drawn by four horses, on two of which were postilions who loudly cracked their whips, while one man blew a horn.

As we walked away, rather dazzled by this shining spectacle, I remembered how very like a prince in a fairy tale the King of Bavaria used to seem in his boyish days—and had this little lady driven by with all the air of a magical god-mother!

MRS. JOHN LITTLE.

SOUND SENSE.

The *Philadelphia Times* gives expressions to some eminently wise sentiments in regard to popular education: "There is very much talk about the higher education," it says, "but it is the lower education that is really important to most of us, and there is no more gratifying evidence of progress than the gradually developed recognition, among those who have charge of our public educational system, of the essential importance of the primary schools. The work of the primary schools is the foundation and the main structure of all public education. Many children never go beyond this, and in every case it is the first bending of the twig that determines the inclination of the tree. We have been giving attention in Philadelphia to high schools and grammar schools, which are for the few; the primary and secondary schools, which are for the many, have been left too much to chance and to the ignorant blundering of imperfectly educated teachers. It is at the bottom, therefore, not at the top, that our public school system needs reforming."

There is as much truth packed in these sentences as in any essay on the same subject we have ever read, and if the Legislature of North Carolina will only act on the theory embraced in the last sentence quoted, viz: that it is at the bottom, not at the top, that our public school system needs reformation, there will be no just grounds for adverse criticism so far as they are concerned. And the part of the bottom where the reformation should begin is the teachers. If they are incompetent, education is necessarily out of the question, *and competent teachers cannot be procured for incompetent salaries* A cheap school master is a very dear luxury. "Poor pay, poor teach," and poor teach is educational paralysis and death.—*Journal-Observer.*

"I LOVE YOU."

A tired woman hushed to sleep her nestling babe. Beauty once made her face radient, perhaps, but all that beauty is gone now. The blue eye is dim and faded, the pale brow covered with lines of care. Perhaps, with that far off look of hers, she sees three little graves, green with as many summers. Her home is very humble. All day she has toiled, and the fainting spirit almost surrenders to fatigue; the down-cast eyes tremble in tears, she is so weary and every nerve tingles when the 'boys' come home hungry from school, some with a tale of sorrow that a mother must hear.

After they are hushed with kisses or chidings, it is time to get supper for hungry mouths, and the accustomed, never-ending routine of putting away and cleaning up, till the worn out creature wonders with a sigh if there really will come a rest to her—an eternal rest.

At last she can seat her weary limbs in the old corner rocking-chair. The babe, whose eyes close fitfully to a lullaby, lies in its father's lap. He is a plain man, that good father, with an honest face and a great heart, that would take in all the cares and sorrows of the household.

The babe sleeps. With a rude gentleness he lays it on its mother's bosom; and as the ruddy firelight plays over her careworn features, he looks upon her with eyes suddenly grown lustrous and beautiful. He lifts his great hand softly till it rests on her shoulder, as he says;

"I love you, Mary."

How the poor heart leaps into love, light rest! How vanish the cares that trod upon her very soul. She reflects not now that the pretty babe with pink-flushed cheeks against her breast had worn her patience thread bare with its constant fears and unrest. She forgets that the fire would smoke, the broth burn, that the children teased her, that the clothes line broke, and that every limb in her frame ached with fatigue.

What are those in comparison with the steadfast love that has burned for eighteen years—in the sunlight of happiness, through the clouds of despair, when beauty made her winning, and when her charm of loveliness, had gone, and freshness of youth departed forever? What care she for aught outside her home, though she had many sorrows, while such words thrilled her whole being?

"I love you, Mary."

Ah! you long, long married, repining husbands who exact every attention and duty, how much would it cost to make your home thus beantiful, with all its cares? I tell you, one word will loosen great burdens from the shoulders of the woman you call wife. Try it. Go home some night and look upon her with the eyes of long ago. For one moment think how great trials she took into her heart when she married you. Then tenderly clasp her hand, and as she looks with wonder-opened eyes say to her in a low and steady voice, not carelessly and sportively, but earnestly:

"I love you."

Trust me, it will be to her and to you both better than diamonds.

WHAT IS LIFE?

The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, drink, and sleep; to be exposed to darkness and the light; to pace around in the mill of habit, and turn the wheel of wealth; to make reason our book-keeper and turn thought into an implement of trade—that is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened, and the sanctities slumber which make it most worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence; the laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart, the tears that freshen the day waste within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the doubt which makes us meditate, the death which startles us with mystery, the hardship which forces us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in trust are the true nourishments of our natural being.

SUNSHINY HUSBANDS.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

We read so much about the obligation laid upon the wife to be a perpetual sunbeam in the house, that a word to husbands on the same topic may not be amiss.

A cheerful atmosphere is important to happy home life. It is very hard for children to be good, when they are exposed to an incessant hailstorm of fault-finding from their parents. It is very difficult for a wife to maintain a calm and charmingly sweet demeanor when her husband is critical, cynical or sullen, and takes all her tender efforts with indifferent appreciation.

I know full well the air of polite amazement, or amiable incredulity with which men receive the statement of a woman's opinion that, in the house partnership, wife and not husband pulls the laboring oar. Still it is true that, let a man's business be ever so engrossing, ever so wearisome, ever so laborious, the mere fact that he goes to it in the morning, and returns from it at night, sets him above his wife in ease and comfort. For him, the slavery of routine has its intervals and its breaks. He gets a breath of the world outside; he has change of scene daily; he sees people and hears them talk, and his home is distinctly his refuge and shelter.

Let a wife and mother love her home and her children with the most absolute, unswerving devotion, and serve them with the most unselfish fidelity, there are, nevertheless, times when she is very weary.

She knows, better than any one else, the steps and the stitches, the same things done over and over, and the pettiness of the trials that come to nursery and kitchin. They are so insignificant that she is ashamed to talk about them, and I fear she sometimes forgets to tell her saviour how hard they press her, and so, bearing the cross alone, its weight becomes crushing.

A sunshiny husband makes a merry, beautiful home, worth having, worth working in and for. If the man is breezy, cheery, considerate, and sympathetic, his wife sings in her heart over her puddings and her mending-basket, counts the hours till he returns at night, and renews her youth in the security she feels of his approbation and admiration.

You may think it weak or childish if you please, but it is the admired wife, the wife who hears words of praise and receives smiles or commendation, who is capable, discreet, and executive. I have seen a timid, meek, self-distrusting little body fairly bloom into strong, self-reliant womanhood, under tonic and the cordial of companionship with a husband who really went out of his way to find occasion for showing her how fully he trusted her judgement, and how tenderly he deferred to her opinion.

In home life there should be no jar, no striving for place, no insisting on prerogatives, or divisions of interests. The husband and wife are each the complement of the other. And it is just as much his duty to be cheerful, as it is hers to be patient; his right to bring joy into the door, as it is hers to sweep and garnish the pleasant interior. A family where the daily walk of the father makes life a festival is filled with something like a heavenly benediction.—*Ex.*

There are flaws in diamonds, flies in amber, and faults in every man.

Beauty is the first present nature gives a woman, and the first it takes away.

"You are a girl after my own heart," he said. "You are a fellow after my own hand," she replied.

A little kiss, a little bliss, a little ring; its ended. A little jaw, a little law, and, lo! the bonds are rended.

The Infidel tries to make the world useful to himself; the Christian tries to make himself useful to the world.

Courting is a natural blessing. It teaches young people to speak mildly, especially if the old folks are in the next room, with the door open.