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# Wilmington Journal.

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## STATE NEWS.

NORTH CAROLINA STATE FAIR.—At a meeting of the officers of the North Carolina State Fair, held on yesterday at their rooms over the store of Gully, Bynum & Co., the 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st of October were named as the days upon which the Annual Fair is to be held. The officers have gone regularly to work to make this the most attractive Fair ever held, and offer inducements to the public never offered before. Particulars will be given at some future day.—Raleigh *Standard.*

SUPERIOR COURT—*Wednesday, April* 20.—The whole of the evening was taken up on a motion to dissolve the injunction in the case of the First National Bank of Charlotte vs. David A. Jenkins, Public Treasurer, and the Wilmington Charlotte & Rutherford Railroad. The injunction was to enjoin the Public Treasurer from issuing a certain amount of bonds to the said Road. The motion was ably argued on behalf of the plaintiff by Hon. A. S. Merrimon, and on behalf of the defendants by Messrs. Fowle & Badger and Guion.—Whereupon the following order was made, to wit:

"Upon filing the answers at this term, defendants moved the Court for a dissolution of the injunction granted in the cause; but upon consideration that a motion in the cause has been referred to his Honor, Chief Justice Pearson, and is now pending before him to be heard by appointment on the 27th inst. this Court declines to take any action in regard thereto at this term, but directs that any decree or order that may be made by Chief Justice Pearson in this case shall be entered as the order or decree of this Court.

Neither party to be prejudiced hereby nor by the action of the Court at this term. This order is made by the consent of parties on both sides.

S. W. WATTS, J. S. C.
Raleigh *Standard.*

PENITENTIARY COMMISSION.—The Penitentiary Commission met on yesterday to receive bids for contracts for the building, and the contracts were awarded as follows: Stone Work, Coleman & Brothers, of Cinn., Ohio, for $341,986 66. Brick Work to the same for $77,328 29. Plastering, J. E. Kirby, of Baltimore, Md., for $11,869 32. Wrought and Cast Iron, J. P. Sledham & Co., of Philadelphia, for $70,584 03. Cellar Doors, M. Clements, $30,000. Carpenters' Work, Howard & Thomas, Cinn., Ohio, $37,222 84. Painting, Murdock & Lacy, Cinn., Ohio, $6,494 34, making in all $609,595 18, being $57,835 01 less than the estimate of the Architect. An aggregate of one hundred and seventy-two convicts will be employed by these contractors at an average of 65¾ cents per day, which labor is to be deducted from the contractors' bid. For the benefit of the Sheriffs of the different counties we will state that the Commissioners will receive convicts, who are sentenced for four years or more. Particular attention is called to the bid of Messrs. Coleman Brothers on the stone and brick work, which is $73,799 94 lower than the next lowest bid for the same work. We conversed with Mr. Coleman of the firm of Coleman Brothers, and he assured us it was their intention to throw all the work they could in the hands of home workmen.

Raleigh *Standard.*

HAIL, SNOW AND RAIN.—Rain commenced falling early on Sunday morning, and since that time we have seen but little of the sun's rays. On Monday there was a light fall of snow, and on Tuesday morning hail fell rapidly for a short time. The temperature has been unusually low for the season.—Warrenton *Gazette.*

JUDICIAL INFAMY.—There is no greater moral deformity than a corrupt Judge.—Judge Watts, after public association with felons on the State docket, closed Wake Court with an act of Judicial atrocity worthy of Jeffreys of old. That Watts is a corrupt Judge is proven by the evidence to be found in the Bragg-Phillips Committee. He has acknowledged that five thousand dollars was offered to him in the Railroad injunction case; and that is just the amount traced to his pockets before the Committee.

Two respectable young men—Utley and Holleman, living twenty miles from this city, were arrested on a bench warrant issued by Judge Watts, on Thursday; they were brought to the Court House about two o'clock yesterday; the Judge being on the Bench. Without hearing the cause, the officers committed the young men to a felon's jail by order of the Judge without giving them a hearing.

They remained in jail until 5 o'clock, when their Attorney Mr. Fab. H. Busbee, moved to have them brought into Court. The Judge denied that he had put them there, by saying the officer had not returned the papers before him. This is an outrage upon the liberties of every citizen of the State, which calls aloud for public condemnation.—Raleigh *Sentinel.*

## OUR MOUNTAIN CORRESPONDENCE.

The Beauty of Buncombe Floods—A Snow Storm Easter Sunday—All "Deadly Still"—A Radical Meeting—Signs of the Times, &c.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., April 18, 1870.

*Dear Journal:*—Before we bid adieu to this little town for a season, it will not be amiss to say a few sma' words of the angels of man's light and life. We are very sure that whatever that may be

"Whose glittering wings explore
Earth's loveliest bonds, and ocean's wildest shores,"

it could not find a town of the mountain, of the hill side, or the plain, with a lovelier or a more fascinating circle of the fair than is here found. Wilmington is represented. The Cape Fear region is represented. Saulsbury is charmingly represented. We will not speak of the native flowers, for then they might say we were speaking for Buncombe!

Thanks to them for the many pleasant rides; and the many joyous evenings which we have been permitted to pass in their delightful company. Those will be some of *the joys that we're tasted,* which it will ever be a pleasure to remember.

The week before last was ended by one of the greatest floods that has been known to have happened in twenty-five years.—Bridges were swept away, and everything else that was in reach of the rushing waters. The consequence of this was that we were kept without mails for sometime. Last week, however, seemed to make up for this. We thought that Summer had come upon us too soon. But lo! and behold! Saturday night and Sunday morning a fearful snow storm swept over the country. This was Summer with a vengeance. A cold north wind freezing everything before it was not an agreeable thing. We had a little hope of a nice Easter Sunday. But this was not the kind of salutation for which we looked. While in church it began pelting snow again. The flakes fell thick and heavy. All rosy nature was turned quickly into a shroud. Imagine a heavy snow fall on Easter Sunday at Wilmington!

The little town is wearing the aspect of deadly stillness. All is silent! The stopping the railroads was a crushing blow to the hopes of these Western people. It would take Grant and the grand army of the Potomac to elect Holden for another term. O demagogue of demagogues! O basely fell, and feeling basely ever! Here are engineers who have never received a cent of pay without money to carry them away. Here are contractors with their heads down, who have spent their all, and are in the same condition. Here are poor laborers walking about half starved and half naked, and all this misery owing to the governor of North Carolina and a carpet-bag Legislature! A radical meeting was called not a great while since. The respond was most patriotic! Not a representative man of either color was present. There were not fifty persons altogether. Were it not for the support of the radical Congress to the radical sheet here it would not live one week. As it is it is maintained by fraud and by falsehood. For the patronage it gets is fraudulent, and the most of its matter is false.—The times indicate a sharp contest when it begins. Both parties are slowly and noiselessly preparing for the "stump."

EVER.

Mr. Marshall, representing the Eleventh Congressional District of Illinois, has done his duty well against the tariff, and should receive a well-merited commendation were it not a sufficient testimonial of his ability to here reproduce his picture of the tariff, thus:

The farmer starting to his work has a shoe put on his horse with nails taxed 67 per cent., driven by a hammer taxed 54 per cent.; cuts a stick with a knife taxed 50 per cent.; hitches his horse to a plough taxed 50 per cent. with chains taxed 67 per cent. He returns to his home at night and lays his wearied limbs on a sheet taxed 58 per cent., and covers himself with a blanket that has paid 250 per cent. He rises in the morning, puts on his humble flannel shirt taxed 80 per cent., his coat taxed 50 per cent., shoes 35 per cent., and hat taxed 70 per cent.; opens family worship by a chapter from his Bible taxed 25 per cent., and kneels to his God on an humble carpet taxed 150 per cent. He sits down to his humble meal from a plate taxed 40 per cent., with knife and fork 35 per cent.; drinks his cup of coffee taxed 47 per cent., or tea 78 per cent., with sugar at 70 per cent.; seasons his food with salt taxed 100 per cent., pepper 297 per cent., or spice 379 per cent. He looks around upon his wife and children, all taxed in the same way; takes a chew of tobacco taxed 100 per cent., or lights a cigar taxed 120 per cent. and then, thanks his stars that he lives in the freest and best government under heaven. If on the Fourth of July he wants to have the star-spangled banner on real bunting he must pay the American Bunting Company of Massachusetts 100 per cent. for this glorious privilege. No wonder, sir, that the Western farmer is struggling with poverty, and conscious of a wrong somewhere, although he knows not whence the blow comes that is chaining him to a life of endless toil, and reducing his wife and children to beggary.

"I am Alone in the World."

The following touching appeal is extracted from the eloquent appeal for the Richmond Male Orphan Asylum, delivered on its 22d anniversary, by Major Styles:

One of the batteries of our old battalion was composed chiefly of Irishmen from a Southern city—gallant fellows, but reckless and wild. The captaincy becoming vacant, a backwoods Georgia preacher named C. was sent to command them. The men, at first half amused, half insulted, soon learned to idolize as well as fear their preacher captain, who proved to be all in all, such a man as one seldom sees, a combination of Praise-God-Barebones and Sir Phillip Sydney, and with a dash of Hendley Vicars about him. He had all the stern grit of the Puritan, with much of the chivalry of the Cavalier and the zeal of the Apostle. There was at that time but one other American in his battery, a gunner named Allen Moore, also a backwood Georgian, and a noble, enthusiastic man and soldier. The only other living member of Moore's family was with him, a boy of not more than twelve or thirteen years, and the devotion of the elder brother to the younger was as tender as that of a mother's. The little fellow was a strange, sad, premature old child, who seldom talked, and never smiled. He used to wear red zouave fez that ill befitted that peculiar, sallow, pallid complexion of the Piney woods Georgian; but he was a perfect hero in a fight. It was at Cold Harbor in '64. We had been all day shelling a working party of the enemy, and about sunset, as Adjutant of the battalion, I was visiting the batteries to arrange the guns for night firing. As I approached C's. position the sharp-shooting had almost ceased, and down the line I could see figures of the cannoneers standing out boldly against the sky. Moore at the trail, adjusting his piece for the night's work. His gunnery had been superb during the evening, and his blood was up. I descended into a little valley and lost sight of the group, but heard C.'s stern voice: "Set down; Moore, your gun is well enough; the sharp-shooting isn't over yet. Get down." I rose the hill. "One moment, Captain, my trail is a hair's breadth too much to the right," and the gunner bent eagerly over the handspike. A sharp report—that unmistakable crash of the bullet against the skull and all was over.—'Twas the last rifle shot on the line that night. The rushing together of the detachment obstructed my view; but as I came up the Sergeant stepped aside and said, "Look there, Adjutant." Moore had fallen over the trail, the blood gushing from his wound all over his face. His little brother was at his side instantly. No wildness; no tumult of grief. He knelt on the earth, and lifting Moore's head on his knee wiped the blood from his forward with the cuff of his own tattered shirt sleeve, and kissed the pale face again and again, but very quietly. Moore was evidently dead, and none of us cared to disturb the child. Presently he arose—quiet still, tearless still—gazed down on his dead brother, then around on us, and breathing the saddest sigh I ever heard, said just these words: "Well, I am alone in the world." The preacher captain instantly sprung forward and placing his hand on the poor boy's shoulder said solemnly but cheerfully: "No, my child, you are not alone; for the Bible says, 'when my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up;' and Allen was both father and mother to you; besides I am going to take you up too; you shall sleep under my blankets to-night." there was not a dry eye in the group; and when months afterwards the whole battalion gathered on a quiet Sabbath evening on the banks of the Appomattox to witness a baptism, and C. at the water's edge tenderly handed this child to the officiating minister, and receiving him again when the ceremony was over, threw a blanket about the shivering little form, carried him into the bushes, changed his clothes, and then reappeared, carrying the bundle of wet clothes, and he and the child walked away hand in hand to camp—then there were more tears, manly, purifying tears; and I heard the Sergeant say:—"Faith, the Captain has fulfilled his pledge to that boy." My friend, hear the plea of the orphans: "I am alone in the world." How will you answer it? What will you do with it? Will you pass my noble Georgian's pledge "to take him up?" Will you keep it as he kept it?

From the New York Times.

Court of Appeals of New York—Before a Full Bench—Confederate Money—Effect of the Rebellion—Important to Life Insurance Companies.

An important opinion has just been delivered in the Court of Appeals of the State of New York. It settles some of the vexed questions which have grown out of our late war in regard to insurance companies. The facts are sufficiently stated by the court:

Cowardin was regularly appointed the agent of the International Assurance Company of London to receive the premiums paid annually or quarterly at Richmond, Va., by persons to whom policies were issued. He was thus appointed by the New York board in 1858, and continued to act as such agent until the year 1865. There was no actual revocation of his powers until the spring of that year.—Macmurdo obtained his policy of life insurance in the year 1845. He paid his premiums quarterly to the agents of company in Richmond, Cowardin being such agent after 1858, appointed by the New York board. The premium then paid to Cowardin in June, 1861, is admitted by the company. Its validity is not questioned either on account of the existence at that time of a state of war arising from the rebellion or on account of the currency in which the payment was made. The objection of the defendant is this: that the existence of the war after June, 1861, arising from the rebellion of the Southern States, revoked, or suspended during the war, the agency of Cowardin, and that his action during that period was null and void.

The court says: It is to be remembered that it is proved in this case that up to September, 1861, Confederate currency was equal in value to the bank notes in circulation in Virginia; tha it was but five per cent. below gold; at a still later period, the battle of Five Forks, it was but sixteen per cent. below gold. Let it be observed, also, that our own circulating currency was so depressed that at some periods of the war one hundred in gold would buy two hundred and ninety in currency. In January of the present year, five years after the restoration of peace, the national bank currency in circulation by authority of the United States laws, and the legal tender notes of the United States, were at a discount from the standard of gold of more than twenty per cent. Under such circumstances it is quite unreasonable to say that Cowardin had no authority to receive the payment in Confederate money of the premiums due to the company, and that it was no better than counterfeit money. It was a currency issued by the authority of an existing *de facto* government, which had adopted a constitutional form of government, and was fully organized under it, which had in the field large armies, had won many battles, had invaded the States of the North, had besieged the national capital, was recognized as a belligerent power soon after by the British Government, and which had from the outset been treated as a belligerent by the Government of the United States, and which was itself confident of maintaining its existence. It is true that these notes are now valuable only as relics of a past existence. It was, however, nearly four years after the occurrences we are considering before this result became certain, and we cannot transport our knowledge backward and by its use condemn as base and worthless a currency which was then in general use and might become permanently valuable.

It is not necessary for us to go so far as the Supreme Court of United States have gone in the recent case of Thorington vs. Smith and Hartly. The present is the case of an executed contract, in which the parties acted upon the state of things as they existed. They were compelled so to act or not to act at all. The action is past and ended. The rights of the parties were fixed and settled years ago, and we are called upon by this defense to unsettle and destroy them. In case of a debt paid or property sold and paid for in Confederate money, it would be unreasonable to call upon the courts to rip up the transaction and compel the repayment of the money. The requests to charge, which were refused by the Judge, were based upon the theories which I have discussed, and if I am right in my views the refusals were properly made. Judgment should be affirmed.

[That is for the plaintiff.]

From the N. Y. Shipping and Commercial List, April.

The Cotton Outlook.

The receipts at the ports, though gradually falling off, are still quite high for the season, and from the commencement of the cotton year, stand about thirty-two per cent. above the corresponding period in 1868-'69. The highest price of the season in this market was thirty-five cents for Middling Upland, in the early part of September, from which it gradually declined to twenty-one and a quarter cents, under the heavy fall in the gold premium. From that point, there has been a recovery of about two cents, the current quotation being twenty-three and a half cents. The popular estimates of the current crop are two and three quarters to three million of bales, but should the receipts during the next three or four weeks fall off as heavily as anticipated by many, some modification from the top estimate is not improbable. The market during the last fortnight has derived considerable firmness from the unexpected strong tone at Liverpool which appears to have resulted from tardy arrivals of the Indian staple, and moderate stocks. As to the course of prices during the next few months, there is, as usual, a diversity of views, though the popular opinion seems to be that, until there shall be a full year's supply, and a considerable augmentation of reserve to carry over to the beginning of another year, for all the manufacturing world, a material permanent decline is not probable. Much, however, will depend upon the condition of industries, now at rather a low ebb on both sides of the Atlantic.

The planting season at the South is now at hand, and there is every indication that an increased breadth of land will be planted under the stimulus of good prices.—The cost of producing cotton under the present system, in the hands of good managing planters, it is said, does not exceed fifteen cents per pound; many of them, in a successful crop like this one, make it for twelve cents, including interest on their investment, at current value. As a price equal to twenty cents leaves a profit beyond that afforded by any other branch of agricultural industry, the Southern planters will be very apt to exert themselves to the utmost to get in a large area.

Meanwhile the English cotton manufacturers are making the most persistent efforts to increase the supply in British India, in order to successfully compete with the United States. The maximum exporting power of India with high prices is stated by a leading English authority at 1,900,000 bales; but now that the impediments which have for seven or eight years stood between the foreign spinner and his normal source of supply are gradually being removed, a point has probably been reached from which the Indian culture will retrograde, for it is a conceded fact that under a moderate scale of prices that country cannot compete. As to quality it is simply a physical impossibility for the Indian cultivator to grow cotton at all comparable with ours. The Indian staple is invariably short, harsh and troublesome in the processes of machinery. This is the indigenous sort. Attempts have been made to obviate the stubborn difficulty by the importation and naturalization of American seed. Even then the produce, though superior to the native one, is largely behind that in our Southern States. In the second year this degeneracy increases; and soon the growth is as unacceptable as the Surat. In fact, foreign manufacturers have no reliable sources but this country. The dependence may be galling, but it is unavoidable. Our climate and soil are fitted by nature to produce the peculiar variety of raw material which cannot be dispensed with in textile fabrics used for wearing apparel. All this has long been known, and if we now allude to facts so patent, it is because of the renewed efforts in a comparative hopeless rivalry. We shall not only reach the *ante bellum* production of cotton within a very few years, but the English spinners will not unlikely experience an additional shock from the transfer of British machinery and operatives to American soil, where the conditions for manufacturing are superior to any other part of the world. Mr. Cobden's significant utterance that British-Indo "Cotton growers must be prepared for a revival of American industry, and the competition of the world," is now in a fair way for a full realization.

Great Railroad Scheme.

The Christiansburg *Messenger* publishes two letters—one from Senator Johnston, of this State, and the other from the Hon. J. B. Donley, of Pennsylvania, accompanied by an excellent editorial in reference to the proposed project of building a railroad from Pittsburg, Pa., to Charleston, S. C., passing through the great mineral region in Montgomery county, by way of Charlotte, N. C. We extract the following comments from the *Messenger:*

"This enterprise is being energetically pushed by the people of Pittsburg and the Monongahela Valley, and we have not the least doubt but that it will be a success, and the road built in a very few years. Pittsburg is conspicuous for its wealth, and has the means to complete the enterprise independent of any outside help. As a great manufacturing city, she needs a Southern outlet for the products of her manufactories to enable her to compete successfully with the cities of the East for the trade of the States of the South in implements and machinery. Her business men have become fully aware of the importance of this direct means of communication, and have determined to have it at any cost. Since the slaves have been freed and the industry and enterprise of the South has been turned to manufacturing, the demand for improved agricultural implements and every description of machinery has increased, and will continue to increase, to an enormous extent. Nearly the whole business capital of that city is engaged in the production of these articles, and by building this road she becomes at once the chief source of supply for the five States through which it will pass, and will be placed on a footing to compete with her rivals for the trade of the entire South.—Besides this demand for an outlet for her articles of manufacture when ready for market Pittsburg is rapidly exhausting the supply of raw material in her vicinity, and will soon be in need of increased facilities for drawing them from new fields. The exhaustless quantity and great variety of minerals, and the abundance of excellent timber of West Virginia and the southwestern portion of Virginia, point these sections out as the fields from which our future supply of raw material is to be drawn. We may therefore safely predict that, despite the apparent insurmountable obstacles presented in lofty mountains, this road will be built. There are no difficulties that money and the engineering skill of the nineteenth century cannot overcome."

THE PERILS OF MATRIMONY.

A Young Woman Caught by the Wiles of City Sharks—A Bride Robbed and Abandoned—A Lesson to Admirers of Nice Young Men.

From the N. Y. Herald.

A sad story of love and villainy was related yesterday at the Detective Police Agency, No. 72 Broadway, to Superintendent Warrin. by a lady apparently about twenty-eight years of age. She was dressed with great taste, of very prepossessing appearance, and looked as if she had been weeping steadily for a week. From her statement it appears that she

CAME FROM THE SOUTH

about eight months ago, and having a few thousand dollars, thought to employ it best by renting a house and taking boarders. She soon became the mistress of a fine establishment on one of the principal streets, and her house rapidly filled up.—Among her boarders was a young man of pleasing address, who represented that he was connected with a down town bank.—Shortly after his arrival at the house he became an ardent lover of the lady, his attentions soon resulted in a noticeable intimacy and finally an engagement between them. In the meantime, however, in order to protect herself from any imposition on the part of her intended, the lady interviewed him as to who and what he was and received the following statements:—I am in no particular business; live on a stated income from my property; have at present some $17,000 deposited to my credit in a down town bank; own considerable real estate and mining claims in California, and to endorse my statement I refer you to such and such leading men in this city. So far so good, thought the lady. Inquiries were instituted but somehow or other the references always seemed to be out of town and expected home soon. Time flew on, the couple were happy and the demand on the part of the gentleman was constant for an

IMMEDIATE MARRIAGE.

Everything on the surface seemed right, and the fascinating youth was to her all that fancy painted him. Why have a suspicion? How could such a man be anything else but honest and straightforward? she argued, and the longer he continued his attentions the less the suspicions became, until finally the references were disregarded and unmeasured confidence filled her heart.

The day for the marriage arrived.—Friends were invited and had commenced to arrive; but when near the hour for the ceremony the bridegroom manifested great despondency, and finally said that he had been disappointed in not receiving a draft that morning, and he did not like to disturb his $17,000 deposited down town.—"If that is all," said the intended bride, "I can accommodate you. How much do you want?" Five hundred dollars would do now, as he desired to pay it to a friend whom he expected every moment with a small bill. The money was produced. Its effect on the face of the bridegroom was magical. A joyful smile shone upon his features and all was as merry as "a marriage bell" should be.

THE BRIDAL TOUR

was to Montreal, where they took rooms at a first-class hotel, and all went on in the most serene manner, until one day the lady had occasion to visit one of her trunks, in which she kept her money and jewelry. Six hundred dollars of her money had vanished. The servants were accused, but no trace of the money could be found, and here the matter for the time ended. At the termination of their sojourn in Montreal the lady requested her husband to settle the hotel bill and start for home. To this request he said he could not comply, for he had no money. This led to words, then to strong accusations, to the effect that he had stolen her money. At last he acknowledged he had opened the trunk with a false key and taken the money; he needed it; sent it to New York; asked to be forgiven; he would return it to her in New York as soon as he got to his bank, and would never do such an act again.

WOMAN LIKE, SHE FORGAVE HIM,

and even went so far as to pledge her jewelry with the hotel proprietor for the board. Back they started for New York, she having confidence in him again, and placing the three trunks she had in his charge. As they were approaching New York he gave the three checks to her, and in an innocent way said, "There are the three checks for your trunks, and you had better give them to the baggage man and let him take your trunks to the house, as I will not be able to go with you after placing you in a carriage as I have some important business to attend to." This seemed satisfactory enough to the wife, who repaired to her room and waited the appearance of her trunks and husband, but no trunks or husband appeared, the only arrival being that of the hat box, umbrella and bundle. Where are the trunks and the husband? is the question the lady would like solved. She waited five days, and now consults Superintendent Warrin's detectives to aid her in her distress. She has been robbed of $3,000, $600 being money stolen from her trunks, $500 loaned him on the day of the wedding, and $1,000 contained in the three trunks, consisting of clothing and jewelry, and, to make it still worse, she is left in this city with but few acquaintances and almost destitute circumstances. For the benefit of matrimonially inclined ladies of the marry-in-haste and repent-at-leisure order, we would state that the man goes by the name of George Livingston (his right name, however, is George Cook), and this is not his first or second offence of this nature. The detectives are on his trail, and there is some hope that he will be arrested and made an example of.

## "SHINE YOUR BOOTS, SIR?"

The voice was childish and sweet-toned, but a little unsteady. The man glanced down from under the brim of an old felt hat that had once been white, and a pair of soft, large eyes looked up into his.

"Shine your boots, sir?"

The man shook his head as he uttered a brief "No," and passed on.

But the tender face and soft asking eyes haunted him. After walking on for half a block, trying to forget the face and eyes of the boy, he stopped, turned round, and went back, he hardly knew why.

"Shine your boots, sir?" It was the same innocent voice, but a little firmer in tone. He looked down at the bare feet and worn old clothes, and a feeling of pity touched his heart.

"Not this morning, my lad," answered the man, "but here's the price of a shine," and he reached him ten cents.

"Haven't come to that yet." And the lad drew himself up a little proudly. "I'm not a beggar, but a boot black. Just let me shine them, sir. Won't keep you a minute."

There was no resisting this appeal. So the man placed his foot on the boy's rest, and in a little while the surface was like polished ebony.

"Thank you," said the little fellow, as on finishing the second boot he received his fee.

The man walked away, holding in his mind very distinctly an image of the boy, that did not fade.

On the next morning, while on his way to business, he was greeted by the same lad with—

"Shine your boots, sir?"

And in a voice steadier than the day before. The little boot black was gaining confidence in his new calling.

The man stopped, placed his boot on the boot-rest, and the boy set his brushes to work in the liveliest way.

"Where do you live, my little man?"

The boy brushed on, seeming not to have heard. As he finished one boot, and was about commencing the other, the man said, changing the form of his question, "Where is your home?"

"Haven't got any." As the boy made this answer, he looked up into the man's face for an instant, and then let his eyes fall upon his work.

"No home!"

"No, sir."

"Where do you sleep?"

"Most anywhere that I can creep in," replied the boy, as he brushed away with all his might. Then, as he rose up, he said, with a business air.

"That's a good shine sir!"

"First-rate," answered the man, whose interest in the boy was increasing. "Can't be beat. And now, what's the charge?"

"Ten cents, sir."

The ten cents were paid.

"Sleep most anywhere that you can creep in," said the man. "What do you mean by that?"

"Well, sir, it's so. Sometimes I get a bed in a cellar, and sometimes in a garret, just as it happens."

"Do you pay for it?"

"O, yes, indeed. They won't let you s'eep for nothing."

"How much do you pay for a bed?"

"Sixpence or a shilling, 'cording to where it is?"

"Why don't you stay in one place?" asked the man. "Why do you go from cellar to garret, as you say, just as it happens?"

"Cause, sir, they get drunk, and swear and fight so, most everywhere I get in, that I don't care to go again; and so I keep moving round. Shine your boots, sir?"

And, seeing a customer, off the boy ran, for he had his living to earn and couldn't stop to talk when there was business to do.

The man walked away more than ever interested in this brave little fellow, fighting, at so tender an age, the battle of life.

A few hours later in the day—it was midsummer and the air hot and sultry—as this man was passing the corner of a street where an apple-woman had her stand, he witnessed a scene that we will describe.

The apple-woman had fallen asleep. Two boys—a newsboy and the little boot-black just mentioned—were at the stand. The newsboy, who was larger and stouter than the boot-black, seeing a good chance to get apples without paying for them, was just seizing two or three of the largest, when the little boot-black pushed bravely in, and the man heard him say:

"That's stealing, and it can't be done!"

The newsboy grew red with anger as he turned fiercely upon the little fellow, raising his fist to strike him; but his well-aimed blow did not reach the soft, yet bravely indignant face, for an arm stronger than his caught the descending fist and held it for an instant with a firm grip. In the next moment, the scared newsboy had broken away, and was scampering down the street as fast as his legs could carry him.

"That was well done, my little fellow!" exclaimed the man, turning to the young boot black. "And now," he added, "you must come to my store."

"Where is it sir?" asked the boy.

"Not far away." "Come," said the man, as he moved on; and the boy followed him. They walked for a distance of two or three blocks, and then entered a store, the gentleman moving along through bales and boxes until he reached a counting room, at the rear end. Laying off his hat, he took a chair; turning to the lad, who now stood before him with a curious, wandering face—his foot rest, containing brushes and blacking, slung across his shoulders, he said.

"Take that thing off and set it out in the store, or throw it into the street, I don't care which," said the man pointing to the dirty box.

The lad took it off and set it outside of the door, then came back and stood gazing at the man earnestly.

"What is your name?"

"Jimmy Lyon, sir," answered the boy.

"Is your father living?"

"No, sir."

"Your mother?"

"She's dead."

"How long has she been dead?"

"Not long, sir."

"And there is no one to take care of you?"

"No, sir."

"How old are you?"

"Ten, last June, sir."

The man thought of his own little boy at home, just ten last June, and a shiver of pain crept through his heart.

"What are you going to do?"

"Take care of myself, sir. I've got to do it now." And Jimmy drew himself up and put on a brave look, which touched the man's heart.

"Was it in the city your mother died?" inquired the man.

"Yes, sir."

"How long ago?"

"It's only three weeks, sir." The brave look went out of his eyes.

"Where did she die?"

"Down in Water street. We lived in a garret. She was sick a good while, sir, and couldn't work. Father died last winter. But he didn't do anything for us." A shadow of pain was in the child's face, and the man saw him shudder.

Ah! he understood too well the sad story that little boy could tell—the story of a drunken father, and a sick, heart-broken mother, dying in want and neglect.

"Your mother was good, and you loved her," said the man.

Instantly the large, soft eyes gushed over with tears.

"What did she tell you before she died?" asked the man, speaking in a low, tender voice.

"She said," answered the boy sorrowfully yet with something brave and manly in his voice—"Never steal, never tell a lie, never swear, Jemmy, and God will be your friend; and I've never done any of em, sir, and never will."

"Your mother taught you to pray, Jimmy?"

"Yes, sir, and I say my prayers every night. Sometimes bad boys make fun of me; but I don't mind it. I just think it's God I'm saying 'em to, and then I feel all right."

The man felt a choaking in his throat, he was so moved by this, and would not trust himself to speak for some moments.

"God is our best friend, Jimmy," he said, after a little while; "and no one trusted him in vain. He has taken care of you since your mother died, and, if you will be a good boy, will always take care of you. Do you know that it was God who led me to the apple-woman's stand just in time to see your brave and honest act?"

The boy opened his large eyes wonderingly.

"We cannot see God, but God can see us; and what is more, can look into our hearts, and knows all we think or feel," replied the man.

"Oh yes, sir, my mother told me that. But I don't know how He led you."

"He leads by ways that we know not, my child. I think I can make you understand. God sees and knows everything. He knew that you would see the wicked boy try to steal apples, and that you would do all you could to stop him. Then he put it into my thoughts to go and see a man whose store I could not reach unless I went by the apple-stand, and this brought me to the spot just at the right moment. I call that God leading me. Now, do you understand?"

"Oh yes, sir. I see it just as clear as day," answered Jimmy, a new light breaking over his face.

"And God, who loves you and wants you to be good and happy, knew that if I saw how honest and brave you were, I would be your friend."

"Oh, sir! will you?" cried out little Jimmy, trembling all over, while his fine face lighted up suddenly with hope and joy.

"Yes, my poor boy," answered the poor man, whose heart was feeling very tender toward the child. "I will be your friend always, if you will be honest, truthful and obedient."

"I'll try to be as good as I can, sir," sobbed out Jimmy, losing all command of his feelings.

Then the man went with him to a store where they sold boys' clothing, and selected everything he needed to wear.—But before he let him dress up in his new garments he took him to a bath house, that he might wash himself clean all over, and comb the tangles out of his curly hair.

No one would have dreamed that the handsome, well-dressed boy, who, a little while afterward, walked beside his new friend, was the same whose voice, not an hour before, had been heard crying in the street, "Shine your boots, sir?" It was never heard there again. God had sent the brave child, who tried to be good, a friend in need; and he is now a happy boy, studying with all his might, and no doubt he will become a good and useful man.—*Children's Hour.*

Delicacies from the Pacific.

Here is a list of articles that arrived in Chicago on Sunday last in a refrigerator car, through from San Francisco in four days: Salmon weighing from fifteen to thirty-five pounds each; lobsters of immense size; soft-shell crabs, larger than any at the Atlantic coast; cauliflowers, each head from six to twelve inches in diamater; celery of mammoth size; new potatoes; ninety-two boxes of strawberries, which cost in California one dollar quart; green peas, fresh and very large, and asparagus. It is only during the month of April that strawberries are high and scarce in California. On Sunday even a portion of the car load was shipped to New York city.

Capture of a Bank Burglar.

COLUMBIA, April 20.—Michael McCartney, a discharged United States soldier, was arrested here to-day on suspicion of being one of the persons who broke into the banking house of Scott, Williams & Co., on Sunday last. Sheriff Frazee made the arrest.

Solomon Gaige, who was found locked up in the banking house when the burglary was discovered, identifies McCartney as one of the burglars.

The bold burglars had a camp near town in which some of the stolen papers have been found. This has given life to the pursuit, and several parties are out to-night hunting for the burglars in the Congaree swamp, about five miles below this city.—Charleston *News.*

Here are some of Howard Paul's aphorisms:

Be contented with your lot, especially at a public auction.

Avoid disputes; never be a wrangler except at Cambridge.

The darkest hour (as a rule) is just before the gas is lighted.

You cannot do without money; you may do without a mother-in-law.

Keep your temper and your carriage.