POETRY.

The Three Little Chairs.

They sat alone by the bright wood fire,
The gray-haired dame and the aged sire,
Dreaming of days gone by;
The tear-drops fell on each wrinkled cheek,
They both had thoughts that they could not speak,
And each heart uttered a sigh.

For their sad and tearful eyes descried
Three little chairs placed side by side,
Against the sitting-room wall;
Old fashioned enough as there they stood,
Their seats of flag and their frames of wood,
With their backs so straight and tall.

Then the sire shook his silvery head,
And with trembling voice he gently said,—
"Mother, those empty chairs!
They bring us such sad, sad thoughts to-night,
We'll put them forever out of sight,
In the small room up stairs."

But she answered, "Father, no, not yet,
For I look at them and I forget
That the children are away:
The boys come back, and our Mary, too,
With her apron on, of checkered blue,
And sit here every day.

Johnny still whittles a ship's tall masts,
And Willie his leaden bullets casts,
While Mary her patch-work sews;
At evening time three childish prayers
Go up to God from those little chairs,
So softly that no one knows.

Johnny comes back from the billow deep,
Willie wakes from his battle-field sleep,
To say good-night to me;
Mary's a wife and a mother no more,
But a tired child whose playtime is o'er,
And comes to rest on my knee.

So let them stand there, though empty now,
And every time when alone we bow,
At the Father's throne to pray,
We'll ask to meet the children above,
In our Saviour's home of rest and love,
Where no child goeth away."

SELECTED STORIES.

A Case with a Lady in it.

I had just taken possession of the worst room in Diggs' tavern—I was a young lawyer on my first circuit, and Diggs kept his best accommodations for the old stagers—when the words, "I say Bill," and Tom Mansfield burst upon me at the same instant.

Tom and I had been cronies from the time we committed our first juvenile trespass on Deacon Boxley's watermelon patch, till we afterwards studied the action of that name together in Judge Thompson's office.

"I say, Bill, I've got a case, and want you to assist me in it."

"Ah!" said I in a consulting tone.

"A will case," he continued, "full of the nicest kind of points, and the prettiest woman in the world for a client!"

"What about fees?" I inquired by way of keeping up professional appearances.

"Hear the mercenary wretch!" he exclaimed. "If we succeed there will be plenty of money; if we don't it will be a noble cause to fall in."

"That's what they said of the dashing young chap that broke his neck in trying to make two-forty time with the chariot of the sun, but it did'nt mend his neck."

"Confound your mythology; business is business. Let me state the case."

"Well, state away."

This was it.

John Andrews had settled in the country when it was young. He had grown with its growth, and was the proprietor of a half dozen farms, and "one fair daughter, the which he loved passing well."

His wife, the partner of the earliest and severest portion of his struggles, had died many years before, and his daughter had become the mistress of his house while yet a child.

As Effie increased in years, her father prospered; and when at length he found himself the possessor of wealth, the ambition, so common under such cicumstances, of elevating his daughter to a station in life above that in which she had been reared became a ruling passion. The first thing was to buy her a splendid education; and like other not over good judges of the article, he was governed in his choice more by the gaudiness of the coloring than by the quality of the texture.

At the end of the usual period, Effie was sent home "finished"—that is, in every respect in which she could be, totally spoiled. In one thing only she remained the same; her love for her father had defied the power even of a fashionable education.

A house was purchased in town, of which Effie was made the mistress, and at which Mr. Belden, a young gentleman of city antecedents, and far too nice to have anything so vulgar as a visible calling, became a frequent and not unwelcome visitor. He had just brains enough to think of providing for the future by a scheme of which Miss Andrews and her appurtenances constituted the central feature. Accordingly he sighed and lied and fawned and flattered, till Effie's foolish little heart relented.

But one difficulty remained to be encountered. How to conciliate the rough old woodsman—there was the rub. He had permitted his daughter to amuse herself with the young dandy, much as he would have allowed her to play with a monkey or a poodle. But could he have brought himself to tolerate the idea of her marrying any body, yet awhile—for the possibility of such a remote future contingency may have occasionally suggested himself—Horace Belden was about the last person on earth, in connection with whom it would have been entertained.

When that gentleman, therefore, reported at headquarters, and implored the paternal sanction of his suit, he received no such thing; "on the contrary, quite the reverse." Indeed, he only escaped being kicked out of doors, by a speedy voluntary departure.

When Effie tried to talk her father over, for the first time in his life, he flew into a passion with her, and she dared not renew the subject.

But Love, the little pagan, pays no respect to the fifth commandment. The officious interference of parents and guardians only renders him the more impatient and unruly; and the present instance was no exception. Clandestine interviews were arranged; accidental meetings took place at the houses of mutual friends, till the whole ended in the gentleman proposing an elopement.

Effie, after protesting she couldn't possibly think of such a thing, and after many vain attempts to conjecture what people would say, at last, with graceful hesitancy consented.

Rage, frenzy, despair, are weak words to describe the emotions of John Andrews, when he found his house had been robbed of its chiefest treasure. His first impulse was pursuit. It was night when he set out accompanied by a trusty Scotchman, long in his employ and confidence. As the two galloped along, Mr. Andrews's horse stumbled, precipitating his rider to the ground, and falling heavily upon him. He was taken up insensible, and carried to the nearest house. A physician was called, who pronounced the injuries of a most serious, if not necessarily fatal character.

As soon as consciousness returned he dispatched a messenger for a nephew of his, a lawyer of not very good repute, residing in a neighboring town.

When Mr. Jackson, the nephew arrived, he was left alone with his uncle, at the latter's request. At the end of an hour the doctor was summoned, and requested by Mr. Andrews to note his signature to a paper to which he then affixed his name, declaring it to be his will, and asking the doctor to subscribe it as a witness, which was done.

On his nephew's suggestion that another witness was requisite, Mr. Andrews named Macpherson the Scotchman, and requested the doctor to send him in.

Macpherson it seems had been sent on some errand; but as soon as he returned, the doctor communicated Mr. Andrews' message, and went himself to attend a sick call in the neighborhood, not deeming his presence there immediately necessary.

When he came back, he was astonished to find his patient dead. Such a result had not indeed been anticipated, but its suddenness took him by surprise.

By Mr. Andrews' will, which was published some days after his death, the entirety of his property was devised to his nephew who had attended him in his last moments. Everything was in due form. True, Macpherson, one of the witnesses, pursuant to a previous intention, had sailed to Scotland shortly after the funeral, and was not present before the Judge of Probate. But his handwriting was proved, and the evidence of the remaining witness was quite satisfactory. He had seen the testator append his signature, had heard him declare that the paper was his will, and was positive that, at that time, he was sound of mind and memory.

Poor Effie's grief, when she received the intelligence of her father's death, was too profound to be depended by the news of her own disinherison.

Under all the circumstances, one would have thought that the young husband would have been unremitting in tenderness, and sympathy toward his sorrowing bride, who had sacrificed so much for his sake. And so he would, had he devotedly loved her, but he did not.

The fact is, his whole heart and soul and mind were occupied with a previous attachment—not from another; the farthest possible from that—its object was himself. This affection, which was of the most ardent description, had been met with a blighting disappointment in his wife's loss of fortune; and with her unceasing grief and continual self accusation—she suffered no reproaches to him—he had but little patience, and soon gave her to understand as much. The man who a month before, would have been ready to put on mourning had she lost her favorite canary, turned his back upon her in the hour of real affliction.

When at length he was found dead, in his bed, one morning, after a night of carousal, the coroner's jury said it was "the act of God"—his blessing you call it.

Effie's cousin, instead of making any provisions for her whose rights he had most unrighteously supplanted, left her wholly dependent on others, and had she not found a home in the house of an old and tried friend of her father's, she might have gone forth a shelterless wanderer.

Tom Mansfield, who had casually made the acquaintance of the young widow, became warmly interested in her cause, and guided probably more by sympathy than judgment had commenced an action to contest the will made under the circumstances just related.

And this was the case in which he wished my assistance.

We sat up nearly all night in consultation. There was a point which we both thought a "beautiful" one, and we devoted our principal efforts to strengthen it.

Ours was the first cause on in the morning. Arrayed against us was three of the oldest and ablest practitioners in the State. Jackson had plenty of money now, and was himself no fool in "putting up" a case.

I felt a little nervous. It was my first case of any importance. I, too, as well as John Andrew's will, was about to be placed on trial.

My courage revived a little when our client came in, escorted by Tom, who introduced me as his associate, and handed her to her seat near our table. Pretty as a pink, as she sat facing the jury, where Tom had placed her, I felt that our cause had another "beautiful point" in it.

Almost immediately the trial began.

The evidence varied but little from that already detailed. The attending physician was very decided in his opinion that the testator at the time of signing the paper in question, was in the full possession of his mental faculties.

The signature of the absent witness was sworn to by Mr. Jackson himself, who further testified that the deceased had requested Macpherson to witness the instrument, at the same time declaring it to be will.

At Tom's instance, I subjected this witness to a searching cross-examination; but he stood fire like a salamander. He swore that the testator not only dictated every line of the will, but had heard it read, and had twice read it over himself, before executing it. I gave him up in despair.

At length the evidence closed, and I rose to present our point.

It was put in the shape of a motion to direct a verdict for the contestant, on the ground that the witnesses had not subscribed in the presence of each other.

I was about to adduce arguments and authorities, when the judge interposed:

"The rule you claim undoubtedly was the law, and should be so still, but a recent statute has changed it. The witnesses need not now sign in each others presence."

A hasty examination proved his Honor was right, and our main point was done for.

To our great relief, the court adjourned for dinner. We were to sum up in the afternoon. That task, on our side, was assigned to me, but I felt it was hopeless. I was determined, however, to take what satisfaction I could out of Jackson, by abusing him as soundly as the rules of the court would allow. And, after all, who could tell? The jury might take the bit in their mouth, and give a verdict in spite of the law and the evidence. Responsibilities becomes amazingly light when divided by twelve.

On the reassembling of court, I was a little surprised as well as annoyed at Tom's absence. Could it be that he was leaving me in the lurch, and staying away to avoid the mortification of one final defeat?

I had just risen to address the jury, when somebody plucked me by the coat.

It was Tom, his eyes fairly gleaming, and his whole frame in a tremor of excitement.

"What's the matter?" I whispered.

"Macpherson's here."

"What! the other witness?"

"Yes, just arrived, not an hour ago."

"But will it help us to call him?"

"Trust me for that. Put him on the stand at once."

"What shall I ask him?"

"No matter; you can't go far from wrong; if you miss anything, I'll prompt you."

Tom was evidently full of some mystery with which he was bent on taking everybody by surprise including myself.

In a few words I explained to the court our reasons for wishing to re-open the testimony. Jackson turned pale, and whispered nervously to his counsel but they shook their head; our application was one that would be granted, of course.

"Call you witness," said the Judge.

"Donald Macpherson!" shouted Tom.

The witness, a brawny honest-faced Scot, advanced to the stand, and was sworn.

"Go ahead!" Tom whispered.

"Mr. Macpherson, look at that signature and tell us if it is yours."

"It is."

"Do you know the signature to the right of it?"

"Yes; that's the signature of Mr. Andrews."

"Did you see him write it?"

"No; but I am weel acquent with his hand."

"Were you requested to witness that paper?"

"Yes."

"By whom?"

"By Mr. Jackson."

"Did Mr. Andrews say anything about it?"

"No; *he was dead when I came in.*"

There was no cross examination.

"I submit the case without argument," I said, resuming my seat.

Our senior opponent was one of those lawyers with whom it is a matter of conscience to show fight to the last. In a brief speech he admitted it to be essential that both the witnesses should have signed their names before the testator's death, but claimed that, in as much as the testimony of Jackson and Macpherson was in direct conflict on this question it must be left to the jury.

"Certainly," answered his Honor. But when he had concluded his charge, there wasn't much of Mr. Jackson or his testimony left.

The jury gave a verdict without leaving the box.

Tom, I am sorry to say, behaved very unhandsomely in the division of the spoils.

Although I was liberally paid, he took the widow and her whole fortune for his share.

As for Jackson, not being quite as conscientious as Judas, he didn't go out and hang himself. But at the rate he is going, it will take more law than he knows to keep him from the penitentiary.

The Scout's Rescue.

Seated in one of the adobe houses that abound in and around Fort Kearney, were two persons who were employed in the capacity of scouts by the commandant of that post.

"Jack," spoke one, "how long do yer s'pose we've got to hang round this shebang? I'm gettin' rusty for want of exercise; and so is Spencer," patting his carbine.

"Well, Bill," replied the other, "can't exactly say; but I reckon the old man'll have something for us to do before long.

As if to give strength to this opinion, an orderly at this moment presented himself, and informed the speakers that their presence was desired at headquarters. Nothing loth, both rose to accompany the messenger, and were soon ushered into the presence of the Major commanding.

"Boys," said he, "I have some despatches here that I wish to forward to our new post on the Solomon Forks. As you are both old plainsmen, and have such a thorough knowledge of this section of the country, I have selected you as the bearer of these despatches. Let me see—it is now Wednesday, and as it is important that they be delivered within the week, I need not ask if I can depend upon your promptness. How soon will you we ready to set out?"

"Well, Major, I reckon as we kin go right away, bein' the matter is of sich consequence. Hey, Jack?"

"I rather 'speck we kin," responded his companion.

"One word more, before you go," said the Major. "You are aware that the red skins are abroad, and at their old work again, so a little caution will be necessary."

"We know that well enough, Major, and you can bet you bottom dollar they'll have to scratch hard afore they finger our h'ar."

"Well, boys, I wish you a safe journey. Report to me as soon as you return. Good day."

The scouts, after this interview, proceeded to prepare for their departure. Everything being in proper trim, they were speedily on their way to the place of destination.

Nothing worthy of remark occurred on the first day out. As evening approached, our friends encamped among a grove of cotton-wood trees situated upon the skirts of a ravine. After passing the night there, the journey was resumed.

"Jack, keep your eye skinned, fur if I'm not mistaken we're somewhar in the wacinity of the reds, an' as the Major sed, we must use a little extra caution. Whips and weasels! if there ain't a fresh trail a'ready. Wow! them fellows as made that ain't fur off."

"By ginger! Bill, yer right. Just look yonder, cummin, round the cliff! I kinder think the best thing we can do is to up and git."

Suiting the action to the word, both turned their horses about; but not before the savages had sighted them. Then commenced a race for life. The enemy urging forward their ponies and yelling like infuriated demons, the scouts putting their steeds to their best mettle. The race could not long continue at this rate, domesticated American horses being no match, in the long run, for lassoed mustang of the plains.

"I say, Jack, we're are in for it. How duz you feel about the ha'r?"

"I feel as how it are a too precious article to lose, an' may I be horned by a bufferler if they git it yet a while"

On they sped, the pursued and the pursuer. Matters began to look gloomy for the friends; the Indians were gaining rapidly upon them, and unless something out of the ordinary way should turn up, their capture, if not death, seemed almost certain.

"I say, Jack, if we kin hold out long enough to reach Meyer's old ranche, we'll stand some show. It can't be more'n a mile from here."

Spurring their foaming horses to an almost incredible rate of speed, the ranche spoken of was providentially reached. After leading their horses within what was left of the enclosure, the scouts secured themselves as circumstances would permit, and made well ready for a closer acquaintance with the red rascals.

Nor had they long to wait. The Indians, who numbered a score or more, feeling confident of an easy victory, rode bravely to the charge, but were suddenly brought to a halt by seeing two of their number fall gracefully from their ponies, then quickly wheeling around, placed their precious persons beyond range, not, however, before two more braves paid their respects to mother earth.

"Hallo, Jack, there's four on 'em we've cured a'ready."

"Yes, Bill, Spencer's pills will cure most any disease; but I reckon they'll need a few more doses afore thye're convalescent, as the doctor's say."

In the meantime, the savages, though repulsed in the first instance, were maturing their plans for another attack. The situation of the scouts was perilous in the extreme. The ranche in which they had taken refuge served but as a partial defence, having been recently visited by the marauders of the plains, and left in anything but a sound condition. It was evident to the minds of our heroes that, although they might be able to hold out for a short time, the odds were too heavy against them, and that eventually they would be compelled to succumb to superior force.

The savages had as yet made no further demonstration, other than sending an occasional shot in the charred logs of the ranche, But this inaction on their part boded no good to the inmates of the rude structure. It was apparently the intention of the savages to await the coming of night, and then under cover of darkness attempt the capture of our friends. Just as the sun was shedding his last rays over the broad prairie, the suspicious movements of the savages proclaimed that the time of action had arrived.

"It 'pears to me, Jack, as how the reds have got a new idea in their painted skulls. I kinder thought they might leave us alone till dark set in, an' we might have a chance to creep outer this."

"That was my idee, too, Bill, but they seem to be anxious for our valuable society, an' I don't know how to prevent them 'em."

"It does look dubersome, Jack, but we'll stick to the shanty and let daylight through some on 'em afore we go under.

The savages at this moment gave a terrific whoop, circled round the enclosure, and poured in their fire from all sides. The conflict was now terribly in earnest, more than one brave fell to rise no more; but a contest so unequal could not long continue.

The ammunition of the scouts was nearly spent. The wiley foe kept up the attack with unabated fierceness.

"My last shot, Jack."

"And mine too, Bill."

"Heaven help us!"

"Amen!"

The prayer was simple, but effectual.

"Man's extremity is God's opportunity."

The savages were to deeply intent upon the destruction of our heroes to notice a company of horsemen rapidly approaching, drawn thither by the noise of battle. The surprise of the dusky foe was complete. The horsemen charged through their ranks, striking down all before them. A few made good their escape upon their fleet footed ponies. But far the greater number had sung their last song and fought their last battle.

"Ranche ahoy!" shouted the captain of the troop. "Come out there, if there's anything left of you."

The scouts, hearing a friendly voice, gladly availed themselves of the invitation.

"Well, my men, who are you? and how came you here? You had pretty warm work, judging from appearances."

"Yes, Capting, Jack and me here was on our way to Solomon Forks, with despatches for Captain Thompson, but the reds came across, and penned us in this shanty, an' was trying to raise our ha'r when you come along."

"Well, my men, I'm Captain Thompson, on my way to Kearney, so hand over the despatches. Ah! orders to return to headquarters. Well, I've somewhat anticipated them, but, under the circumstances, I could do nothing else. My rations and ammunitions were running low, and the position untenable. However, no great harm is done. Mount, men, and forward."

Kearney was reached in safety; the scouts went immediately to the commandant and told the story of their rescue.

A Tale Told Out of School.

"First person I love, second person thou lovest, third person he loves," drawled the head boy in the class. The next, a little girl took it up promptly: "Plural—First person we love, second person you love, third person they love."

"All we all love."

The interruption came in a whisper, loud enough to be heard all over the room, causing the older boys and girls to smile and giggle; and the teacher, Miss Olive Burnett, looked up quickly, glancing along the row of scholars on the back seat—young men and women—for this was a country school, and in the winter. She had come to look for trouble in that quarter. Every day some fresh aggravation, some new infringement of the rules and offence against the discipline made it hard work for her, a girl of eighteen, to maintain her authority over those forty turbulent spirits constantly incited to insubordination by the example of their acknowledged leader, Scott Goldrick.

He sat there, at the further end of the bench, quite in the corner, a good looking young man of twenty, with curly chestnut hair and mutinous curve of the lip, with head bent low over his slate, and fingers busy in figuring out some difficult problem in arithmetic. But Miss Burnett was not deceived by the apparently studious air. And there was an undertone of resolute determination in her voice as she said, looking quietly over the forty faces before her:

"These interruptions must come to an end at once. There is a point where forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and I think it has been passed. From this time out I shall enforce every rule of the school. The penalty for the next interruption of this kind will be twelve strokes of the ruler," carelessly balancing the slip of cherry wood in her hand.

The clear, bright face in the corner was lifted for a moment, the dark hazel eye looked steadily into Miss Burnett's blue eyes; only for a moment, the space of a breath; then the hand went on again steadily with that endless maze of figures, Miss Burnett went on with her work.

Hard work it was, especially hard work to-day. All day long the vivid scarlet had burned in her cheeks, making her passing lovely, while her temples throbbed with pain, and one of the children feeling her feverish touch, wondered "what made Miss Burnett's hands so hot." She must not give up though. There was too much depending on her for that. A helpless mother and two little sisters, hardly more than babies yet, all dependent for the bread they ate upon the overworked young teacher. Truly, failure here would be her disaster.

But she must not fail. Would these interminable lessons never be finished? She wanted to go home and rest.

Two hours of tolerable quiet and order and the day's work was nearly ended, when in the midst of the last recitation came again that interrupting whisper, plainly heard all over the room.

For an instant Olive Burnett's heart failed her. Could she muster courage enough to furrule Scott Goldrick, the oldest and largest boy in the school—a man grown! The thought came at once that it was unmanly in him to try her so. But right or wrong, her word was passed and must be kept; her authority was assailed and must be maintained now or lost altogether. To falter now was to give up all. So, calling up all her nerve, though her head throbbed dizzily, she closed her book quietly, dismissed the class and faced the school as she said slowly:

"The scholar who whispered that last time will please step forward."

There was a dead silence for an instant. Then Scott Goldrick left his seat and walked up to where the young teacher stood. No boyish mischief in his manner now; no mocking deference; no shade of defiance, but, instead, a quiet manliness that was harder to meet than any bravado would have done.

"You can understand, Mr. Goldrick, that this is not a pleasant duty to me," her voice steady, but lower than usual, so low that some who were listening, did not catch the words at all. "You can understand that it is not pleasant to me to do this, but my rules must be respected."

For an answer he bowed and held out his hand. They were counted out faithfully—twelve strokes—no more, no less. Did he know how every one hurt her? Perhaps he did, for his eyes were on her face all the while, and when the last one was given he walked back to his seat, a little graver than before, that was all. And the rest of the scholars opened eyes of amazement. They had expected high words and open defiance at the first. This new gentleness was not fear; they knew that well. Fear and Scott Goldrick's name never went together, If it was voluntary submission to discipline, why they might as well all yield too.

Miss Burnett heard him talking to some of the older scholars outside the door after the roll was called and the school dismissed, "What! resist a lady? You'll never see me do that. Besides, I deserved the feruling for breaking the rules. I didn't mean to interrupt the last time, though. I'm going away to-morrow to my uncle's counting house in C——. Then the door closed, and Miss Burnett heard no more.

Going away! She said the words over and over to herself, sitting there with her head laid down on the table before her. Going away! What would she do, missing day by day the bright face in the corner, and the voice that, spite of aggravations, without number, was still the pleasantest voice in the world to her. What should she do?

The great pile of copy books there on the table still untouched, when, half an hour later some one opened the door and came in; some one whose step she knew so well. Scott Goldrick had come back for his books and slate. But she did not lift her head. He stood before her presently with the books on his arm and his hat in hand.

"I am going away, Miss Burnett, to stay. Will you bid me good bye?"

Still she did not look up or speak. He persisted gently.

"Have I offended you beyond all hope of forgiveness?"

She gave him her hand at that.

"No, but——"

"But you are sick, Miss Burnett?" as he saw her face plainly. "You are really sick. What can I do for you?"

"It's only a headache—I have had it all day—and a touch of fever with it, perhaps, nothing more."

"You have been sick all day, and I have been aggravating the life out of you," he said, remorsefessly, in his carnestness; down on one knee beside her chair, with a half bold, half easy grace. "I have made you trouble constantly, not to day only, but ever since you came here to teach. What a brute you must think me! It was unmanly and cowardly to act as I did. No, you must let me make full confessiun now," kissing the hand she laid over his mouth to stop him. "But, Miss Burnett, you are very ill," seriously alarmed now at the sight of her white face and closed eyes; for the self-control maintained by main force all day, and up to this moment, had given way suddenly, and and weaker than a child she sat there, her breath coming in little short gasps.

Unused to woman's moods and "ways," he was at a loss what to do. He had an idea though, that when a lady fainted, cold water was the thing, so he sprinkled her face with the cup standing on the table within reach of his hand, and manlike, he drew her down upon his shoulder.

She was not altogether unconscious, for she made a weak movement to withdraw herself from his arm, but he whispered, "Trust me, and lie still, will you not, till you are better?" conscious the while of an odd, pleasant thrill at his heart, as her face lay so near his own that he could have touched it with his lips.

If he had been a dozen years older, he would most likely have yielded to the temptation and kissed the roses back to her cheeks, but there was just the least bit of boyish timidity about him; and besides he could not forget that he had been the cause of this very illness, and his heart smote him regretfully every time he looked at her.

She sent him away by-and-by—as soon as she was able to sit up without support. She would not let him go home with her either, though he begged her to let him do so; she would do better by herself she said. But seeing the troubled look in his eyes as he turned away, she relented so far as to say—

"I trust we part friends."

He came back to her at this, saying earnestly:

"Can you be my friend after what you have known of me the past two months?"

"I can be—I am sincerely your friend."

"Thank you for that. Knowing it, I shall not carry such a sorely troubled conscience away with me."

Ah! he never guessed that instead of a troubled conscience, he was carrying Olive Burnett's heart away with him.

It was seven years before they looked up on each other's faces again. Such a long, long interval. These seven years had changed Scott Goldrick into a successful business man, steadily amassing his thousands, and alive to the brilliant, courted young widow, Mrs. Logan.

She had grown heart sick of teaching, and one day in a desperate mood gave it up, and married Paul Logan, the rich land owner. Scott Goldrick, hearing of it in the distant city where he was living, said, "Such a pity! She was one woman of a thousand, and deserves a better man than that!"

Well, Paul Logan was a better man than Scott Goldrick's words would seem to imply, and better still, his gold brought all comforts to the helpless mother until she died, and a home with all the advantages of wealth to the little sisters. And now with her husband two years in the grave, Mrs. Logan went freely into society again.

"Such a lovely woman," men always said speaking of her. And Scott Goldrick endorsed the verdict when he met her at a reception one evening, and the hostess, supposing them to be unacquainted, presented him.

It was the Olive Burnett of seven years ago, who smiled up at him as she said to Mrs. Lake, "Mr. Goldrick and I are very old friends."

"You remember me, then," he said, as he led her away.

"I never forget," was the sweetly grave reply.

But somehow, even with this flattering beginning, they did not seem to make much progress in the renewal of their old acquaintanceship. Meeting often as they did, at party and ball receptions, at concert and theatre and opera, there was always an undeniable something, a distance between them; and it was quite at the close of the winter, that, calling one morning on Mrs. Logan, to make his adieu before leaving the town, Scott Goldrick lingered a moment as he bowed his head at parting, to say, half jestingly, but yet in earnest, too:

"Do you remember the old school house?"

"Yes, I remember. I am going out there to see it this coming summer."

"And I too. Who knows but what we shall meet."

It was in the midst of the August heats that Mrs. Logan, paid a flying visit to Ryefield, procured the key of the old schoolhouse—empty now for summer vacation—and walked down there alone one afternoon to take a look at it.

The door swung rustily upon its hinges as she entered and looked curiously about. It was not the cleanest place in the world, for a coat of dust, raised by the last sweeping, had settled over everything; but the roughcoated walls looked as familiar as ever, and the glazed maps hanging there, and the unpainted wooden benches. It was in that corner that Scott Goldrick used to sit—and remembering, a tide of recollections rushed over her, and she sat down in the low-backed chair, and laid her head down upon the pine-table just as she had done that evening more than seven years before.

Sitting there buried in thought, she did not hear the footsteps that crossed the threshold—that paused there at the door, and then came to the door, while a voice said:

"Miss Burnett, I am going away. Will you bid me good bye?"

She looked up with a little cry—to meet a pair of clear hazel eyes, to see before her a bright handsome face, and heavy waves of chestnut hair.

"You are really here Mr. Goldrick! I could almost believe that the old days had come back again."

"You used to call me Scott, then, he said significantly, coming round and kneeling on one knee beside her chair. "You are not pale now, so I shall not sprinkle your face with water," glancing at the empty cup standing on the table, "but I should like to have your head on my shoulder again."

She made a movement to rise, but he detained her.

"Don't be offended, Olive," he said earnestly; "I made confession of my sins that night, let me make another confession now. I think I began to love you that evening, but I was a boy; I know now that I love you. Your face has always been before me as the sweetest and finest in the world. You sent me away from you then. Don't be so cruel again. I want to stay with you always. Olive. I want to be your husband. May I?"

For answer she put up her white hand drew his head down upon her shoulder. And the brown walls must have opened eyes of astonishment, if eyes they had, to see Scott Goldrick kissing the blushing little woman. You see when a man falls in love for the first time at twenty-seven, he is apt to be desperately in earnest.

And in the gathering gloom of twilight they locked the door of the old school house behind them, and turned their steps homeward, not teacher and pupil now, but plighted husband and wife.

From N. Y. Corr. Mobile Register.

That Horrible Chicago—Will the Women read this Story?—Worse than a Chronic Mother-in-Law—The Heartrending Experience of a Lawyer—How they Marry in the Garden City of the West.

I think I remarked in my last letter that I once met a Chicago lawyer who warmly advocated marriage, and who explained to me his reason for so doing. For such a man to do such a thing was, to say the least, surprising. I listened with breathless interest while he gave me a brief history of his experience during the first ten years of his residence in that celebrated city.

Said he: "I first came to Chicago fifteen years ago. Then I was young and innocent, which it is hardly necessary for me to say that I am not at present. I had a friend living here whom I had known while he resided in New York, and conducted himself like a civilized man in a civilized community. As he had written to me to visit himself and his wife when I came to Chicago, I remembered the invitation when I did visit that city, and immediately on my arrival proceeded to his house. He was not at home just at that moment, so I asked to see his wife, whom I had known only a year before in New York. In answer to my inquiry for Mrs. De Vorse, a pretty, black-eyed girl came into the drawing-room and received me quite warmly.

"Well, we chatted very pleasantly together until my friend came in, and I really felt myself beginning to experience a very affectionate impulse towards her, supposing of course she was his neice or cousin, or uncle or something of that sort. But in the course of the evening I asked him whether his wife was at home, and if so, when he proposed to let me see her.

"To my astonishment, he replied, 'This lady is Mrs. De Vorse! I thought you were already aware of the fact.'

"Of course I blushed and felt horribly uncomfortable, and said that I was not aware that he had lost poor Emily.

"'Oh,' said he, 'Emily is very well, and has married a partner of mine. We were divorced, you know, about six months ago, and I married my present wife only last week.'

"Well! I didn't feel quite so affectionate toward her after that, for I had been warmly attached to Emily; but we said no more about the matter, and I went away, vowing never to get myself into such a scrape again by asking after anybody's wife. I did not see my friend's new wife for about a month afterward, until I one day met her in the house of a mutual acquaintance, and in the course of conversation said to her: 'By the way, might I ask you to say to your husband that I want him to come to my office some day next week?'

"'I don't think you know my husband,' she replied smilingly.

"'What do you mean?' says I, getting rather nervous.

"Why, my new husband is named Smith,' she answered. I was separated from Mr. De Vorse yesterday morning, and married Mr. Smith last night.'

"I left that house pretty rapidly, and registered a second vow to the effect that I would never, to my dying day, ask a Chicago lady about her husband again. The two mistakes I had already made, as to Chicago wives and husband, made me decidedly shy of them. But the very next day I went to De Vorse's store (corn, pork, and provision,) and found him engaged in conversation with a terribly angular female, who looked like a compound of a NewEngland old maid, a Western woman's rights lecturer, and an Arkansas squatter's wife.

"Of course I pitied my friend, and when the terrible female had remarked, 'I congratulate you on you escape; that horrible female would have exhausted any man's patience in ten moment's conversation.' What What was my horror when he replied: 'I must beg you to speak more respectfully of that lady; she is at present my wife—a fact of which you are of course, unaware, as we were married very privately last night."

"I never said a word, but fled abruptly from his presence. Once more I swore—and I went before a notary, who had the biggest kind of a Bible, so as to make the oath more binding—that never, never would I speak disparagingly of any Chicago woman to any man. After that I felt better, and for two weeks avoided making any more mistakes.

"At the end of that time, however, I met the new and angular Mrs. De Vorse, to whom I had in the meantime been introduced, having the loveliest kind of a quarrel with a big, prize-fighting looking fellow who was apparently on the point of knocking her down. Of course I flew to her rescue, and demanded to know of the fellow what he meant; also, if he was aware who that lady was, and who her husband was? To which he briefly, sententiously, but as it struck me, irrelevantly remarked, "Hell!"

"I paid no further attention to him, but turning to Mrs. De Vorse, said: 'Madam, permit me to protect you from that ruffian's insolence.'

"Instead of thanking me, she actually slapped my face, and said, 'I'll teach you to interfere between man and wife. That's my husband, and we've been married three days. It's a pretty hard thing if a wife can't stop in the street to speak to her husband without having some idiot come and make a muss about it.'

"Now," continued the lawyer, "this is not only a true story, but it is a fair example of the continued trouble that a man gets into who lives in Chicago and doesn't know how to hold his tongue. You now understand why I hate the Chicago customs, and why I go in for indissoluble marriages. I never made a mistake in asking a man about his wife the whole time I lived in New York, but here I have got into more awkward places and had more fights than I can count, just because no man or woman stays married more than a month at furthest."

We drank weak lemonade together in solemn thoughtfulness, and I parted from him with the feeling that, bad as it is to be indissolubly connected with an unpleasant mother-in-law, it is better than to be constantly bothered by a change of wife.

The Eloquence of Deeds.—Said Thoreau, "If you would convince a man that he does wrong, do right." A great truth well put. Error is often attempted to be put down by argument. Live it down. Prove the superiority of truth by acting the truth. Let it speak for itself. This is just the Book of Evidences of Christianity which the world most needs. We have learned and powerful treatises, but holy and loving lives are more convincing than whole libraries of logic. A faithful devoted, sympathizing, consistent Christian is an unanswerable argument. Infidelity cannot confute it. There are many in our churches who excuse themselves from active labor in the cause of Christ, on the ground that they have no talent for talking. Then cultivate a talent for doing. Do Christianity. Pastor and brethren will all let you off from "speaking in meeting," if you'll live bettter than those who talk.

The Chances for Population.

It was stated in the discussions at Memphis that the eleven Southern States would sustain a population of 183,242,000, if populated as densely as Holland; 129,313,916, if populated like France; 262,242,000, after the density of England, or 190,000,000 copying China. Mississippi could accommodate and sustain 12,000,000 easily; Arkansas 14,000,000, and Texas 74,000,000. These assertion are easily proved, startling as they may seem. But they are very far from covering the ground. These eleven States are a small fraction of the whole. All of the territory west of the Mississippi, from Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico and California to British America—this territory that is now cut by one great railway, and soon to be cut by more—is really almost untouched by population, and is roamed by Indian and buffalo. Its climate is salubrious, its soil is rich, its mines are various and inexhaustible. If populated it would pour an incalculable flood of wealth to the east and west, and make the country superior to all others combined. The area is vastly in excess of that of the eleven Southern States, so that the two hundred and odd millions for whom there is yet place and support in the South must be greatly increased—quadrupled—before the Union, as the Union is now, is fully populated.

Dr. Blanc, one of the released Abyssinian prisoners, writing to a London paper, says of the Amharas, a tribe inhabiting near Magdala: "The women are generally fair; and, when not exposed to the sun, their long, black, and neatly braided hair, their little feet and hands, their graceful and well-rounded forms, make them comparable to the fairest daughters of Spain or Italy. The Amhara's life is one round of sensual debauchery. His conversation seldom wanders to pure and innocent subjects; and whereas no title is so envied by the men as that of libertine, the women are all ambitions of a like distinction. What is called shame in the Amhara country is often called virtue in ours. An 'unfortunate' is not understood to be unfortunate there by any means. The richest, the noblest, the highest in the land are prodigals in love, or mercenaries, or more frequently both. And nothing is so disagreeable to an Abyssinian lady's ear as an insinuation that she is virtuous, for that would be taken to mean that she is either bad looking or for some other reason is not favored with many lovers. In some parts of the Galla country the family exists in the old patriarchal form. The father is in his humble hut as absolute as the chief is over the tribe. If a man marries and is afterwards obliged to leave his village on a distant foray, his wife is immediately taken under the close protection of his brother, who is her husband until the elder's return. The stranger invited under the roof of a Galla chief will find in the large smoky hut individuals of several generations. The heavy straw roof rests on some ten or twelve wooden pillars, having in the centre an open space, where the matrons, sitting near the fire, prepare the evening meal, while a swarm of children play around them. Opposite the rude door of smalls twigs, held together by nothing but a few branches cut from the nearest tree, stands the simple alga of the "lord of the manor." Near his bed neighs his favorite horse, the pet of young and old. In other partitioned places are his stores of barley or wheat. When the evening meal is over, and the children sleep where they last fell in their romping games, the chief first sees that the champion of his forays is well littered, and then conducts his guest to the spot where some sweet smelling straw has been spread under a dried cowhide. And that is not the end of his hospitality, which at this point becomes rather embarrassing to the married traveler. But the strange way in which the guest is honored must not be set down to licentiousness; it really is simplicity."

How to Keep Cool.—The following simple hints from the *Scientific American*, are useful to remember during the warm weather of the present season:

"Be sparing in your diet, which should consist principally of fruits, berries and vegetables. Avoid everything of a greasy nature; also spices, condiments and sweets. Drink nothing but water. Chew nothing but food, chew that well, but do not chew too much of it. Excess in eating is one of the principal causes of that lazy, listless, relaxing feeling experienced by so many persons in hot weather. Dress lightly and change often. Wear nothing at night which is worn during the day. Bathe the body every morning with cool or cold water. Keep a clean conscience as well as a clean body and clothing, and dont get excited. If uncomfortably warm at any time, immerse the hands or feet, or both, in cold water for a short time, or let a stream of cold water run upon the wrist and ankles. This will cool the whole body in a short time."

A Jersey genius has invented a device for watering horses when traveling or at work, by which their thirst may be assuaged without stopping. It appears to be more particularly designed for the benefit of draft animals of city street cars. The bit of the bridle or head-stall is made hollow, and has attached to it a flexible tube connected with a tank carried in or on the vehicle. By pulling a string, the water is caused to flow into the bit, and thence through a suitable orifice in the horse's mouth. This beats the apparatus for filling locomotive tanks without stopping.

A Western politician, in speaking of a rival, said: "Pilkins is of great use to observing men. Straw shows which way the wind blows, and *as a straw*, Pilkins has no equal in the country!"

Marriages.

Married, at Chapel Hill, on the 15th inst., by Rev. R. S. Webb, Mr. Alvis Pendergrass to Miss Celina Gattis, daughter of John M. Gattis, Esq. All of the vicinity of Chapel Hill.

Married on the evening of the 25th inst., at the African Methodist Episcopal church in this city, by Rev. Robert Lucas, Austin Dunston to Miss Lou Haywood, all of this city.

Married, in Salisbury, on the 23rd inst., by the Rev. J. C. Thomas, Mr. Horatio N. Woodson to Miss Maggie, E., daughter of Mr. G. E. and Elizabeth Bostian.

Married, in Salisbury, on the 12th inst, at the residence of John A. Snyder, Esq., by the Rev. C. Plyer, Mr. J. H. Krider, of Rowan county, to Miss Laura Weant, of Salisbury.

Deaths.

Died, in this City, on Tuesday night 24th inst., Charles Percival, infant son of Rev. W. E. and Mrs. V. C. Pell, aged six months and two days.

Died, in Wilmington, of consumption, on the 17th instant, at the residence of Dr. Thomas D. Carr, Julia Bell, wife of Dr. William E. Carr, aged 33 years.

Died, at Kinston, N. C., on Sunday August 22nd., Cæsar Bryan, colored, aged one hundred and ten years.

Died, at his residence in Wayne County, on Monday the 23d inst., Col. Aaron F. Moses, in the 78th year of his age.

Died, on the evening of the 19th inst., at his residence near Joyners, N. C., in the 22nd year of his age, of typhoid fever, Mr. Christopher Columbus Barnes.

Died, in Kinston, N. C., on Saturday morning, August 21st, Mrs. Ann Eliza., wife of Reuben Wallace, aged 52 years.

NOTICE.

Johnston County.—Before Shepherd Snead, J. P.

J. J. Overby, against C. M. Propes. } Attachment.

THE above named Plaintiff complains, and alleges, that the Defendant, C. M. Propes, is indebted to him in the sum of Eleven Dollars and Ninety Cents ($11.90), due for goods sold and delivered, and costs and expenses of Warrant of Attachment, issued and returnable before Shepherd Snead, Esq., a Justice of the Peace for Johnston county, at his office in the town of Smithfield, on the 20th day of September next, when and where the Defendant is required to appear and answer the complaint.

Dated 23d day of August, 1869.
J. J. OVERBY, Plaintiff.
aug 26 502—w4w

MEDICAL COLLEGE OF VIRGINIA, AT RICHMOND.

THE next Annual Course of Lectures will commence on the FIRST MONDAY in October, 1869, and continue until the 1st of March following. The organization of the school is now more complete than at any former period, with ample means for the illustration of the lectures in the several departments. CLINICAL INSTRUCTION at the College Infirmary, Howard's Grove Hospital, and City Alms-houses.

Fees:—Matriculation, $5; full course of lectures, $120; demonstrator of anatomy, $10; graduation, $30.

Board, $20 to $30 per month. For a copy of the annual announcement, containing full particulars, address L. S. JOYNES, M. D., Dean of the Faculty.
aug 7—w6w

THE PATENT

PALMER ARM AND LEG.

THESE celebrated artificial limbs are again brought to the attention of the Medical Faculty and people of the South by the Original Inventor. They have been twenty-three years before the public, and have secured, both in this country and Europe, the unqualified endorsement of the most distinguished surgeons of the world, more than a hundred of whom have given public testimony.

The Society de Chirurgie of Paris, perhaps the first surgical tribunal of the world, after twelve years investigation, pronounced decidedly in favor of the unquestioned superiority of the Palmer Limbs.

Fifty Gold and Silver Medals (or "first prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS, have been awarded to Dr. Palmer.

Dr. Palmer directs the manufacture of his Patent Leg and Arm, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the Government, and has the patronage of the prominent Officers of the Army and Navy. TWENTY GENERALS, North and South, and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers of both Armies, have worn the Palmer Limbs on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually concealing their misfortune—the whole number reaching ten thousand persons wearing Palmer Limbs.

Office Sup. U. S. A. General Hospitals, Cincinnati, Ohio, March 15th, 1866.

Having acted as *Medical Director* during three years of the war, it became my duty to give orders for artificial limbs to mutilated soldiers, and as DR. B. F. PALMER'S LIMBS *were greatly preferred, a large majority of the orders were given on him* to furnish the necessary limbs. So far as my knowledge extends, the limbs furnished by Dr. Palmer have given most satisfaction, and this also is the *testimony of hospital stewards* and *non-commissioned officers* on duty at the various hospitals in my charge, who have had opportunities of seeing the men after they had received and used the limbs furnished to them; and I have therefore no hesitation in saying that, *in my opinion, they are preferable to all others.*

WM. S. KING,
Brevet Colonel and Surgeon, U. S. A.

Raleigh, N. C., April 4, 1866.

Dr. B. Frank Palmer—*Dear Sir:*—It affords me much pleasure to acknowledge the great success of your professional treatment in my case, which is one of the most difficult kind to treat, my foot being amputated by the Chopart method. The mechanism is complete in all respects—light, comfortable and strong—*and I walk perfectly.* I am convinced, after careful examination of a great number of patents, that *the Palmer limbs are superior to all others*, and strongly recommend the adoption of them by my mutilated comrades of the South, feeling assured that no other manufacturer can produce a limb so perfect.

Very respectfully,
J. G. MORRISON,
A. D. C. to the late Genl. T. J. Jackson.

Amputation three inches below Knee—Leg worn Twelve Years without Repairs—Side Knee-Joints not worn out in that time.

Boykin's Depot, Southampton Co., Va.

Dr. B. Frank Palmer—*Dear Sir:*—It affords me the utmost pleasure to inform you that I have worn one of your Patent Legs during the last *twelve years*, with a satisfaction that has been wholly beyond my expectations. The limb has given no pain or trouble in all that time. I walk with perfect ease and comfort, without a cane, and a person not acquainted would not notice lameness. It is a remarkable fact that the limb *has had no repairs*, except a little attention given to it by myself, in twelve years; and it is now in such good state of preservation, that I think expending ten dollars on it will put it into good walking condition. The new limb which you have just supplied I find *even more perfect* in its action.

Your very ob't servant,
E. ARTHUR HART.

Pendleton, Anderson Co., S. C., April 24, '66.

Dr. B. Frank Palmer—*Dear Sir:*—I am happy to inform you that the trial I have now given your Patent Leg, leaves me no reason to doubt that it deserves all that has been said in its praise. I am convinced that it is the best Patent Leg in the world, and I shall be glad to learn that my mutilated friends in the South are so fortunate as to select this incomparable substitute. My limb was amputated within two inches of the knee, in consequence of a wound received in battle in front of Richmond. On the *first trial of the Palmer Leg*, I was able to walk without a cane, and with the utmost comfort and facility. I shall avail myself of an early opportunity to show the limb to Governor Orr, from whom I had the honor to receive an introduction to you, and I am sure the Governor will gladly recognize the great superiority of your beneficent invention, and send others to you for relief

Very truly, your obedient servant,
RICHARD LEWIS,
Capt. Co. B. Palmetto (S. C.) Sharpshooters.

PALMER ARM.

Charleston, S. C., Feb. 24, 1866.

B. Frank Palmer, LL. D.,
No. 1609 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Dear Sir:—When about to leave your city in December last, you desired me to communicate the degree of success I should attain in the use of your "Artificial Arm." I now do so with pleasure; first, because it is but just that you should enjoy the benefits which properly ought to accrue to the exertion of ingenuity so humane in its designs and beneficial in its results to the maimed; and because the benefit I continue to enjoy from its use, places me under obligations to the author of *so great a boon to man.* I am free, therefore, to say in all candor that *your Arm is a decided success*, and affords me conveniences and comforts quite beyond my most sanguine expectations. I was a staff officer in the late Confederate States army; was wounded in the left arm on 3d April, 1865, and suffered its amputation on May 8th following. My stump is only two and a half inches long. Your Arm was attached December 22d, since which time I have worn it every day, and frequently at night while asleep, without the slightest inconvenience or annoyance. I believe it to be superior to any which I have yet heard of. With its aid I manage easily a round rule in keeping a set of books, and the ordinary silver fork at table. It serves to keep my paper in position while writing, and grasps a watch with sufficient firmness when winding it up. It is easily gloved and ungloved. In fine, I enjoy many uses from it which, to the untutored, would seem impossible. You are at entire liberty to use this letter in such manner as you desire.

With much personal good-will,
I remain, truly yours,
ARTHUR PARKER,
Captain, &c., &c.

[We know, from experience, the value of this limb, and have no hesitation in recommending it to the public as the best now in use.—Ed. of Standard.]

To avoid Fraudulent Imitations (many of which are now offered to the public,) apply only to the Inventor

B. FRANK PALMER, LL. D.,
1609 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
july 30 497d2aw—&w3m

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

It is authentically stated that one-fifth of the inhabitants of this country and Europe die of Consumption. No disease has been more thoroughly studied, and its nature less understood; there is no disease upon which exists a greater diversity of opinion and no disease which has more completely baffled all medical skill and remedial agencies.

Some of the prominent symptoms are Cough, Expectoration, Shortness of Breath Irritation about the Lungs and Chest, darting, Pains in the Sides and Back, Emaciation, and general negative condition of the whole system.

Persons suffering with this dread disease, or any of its concomitants, should lose no time in possessing themselves of the proper Remedy, be restored to health. The

REV. E. A. WILSON'S
Prepared Prescription for the Cure of
Cnsumption, Asthma, Bronchitis
Coughs, Colds,
AND
ALL THROAT AND LUNG AFFECTIONS,

by the use of which he was restored to health in a few weeks, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection and that dread disease, Consumption, has now been in use over ten years with the most marked success.

This Remedy is prepared from the original Recipe chemically pure, by the Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, 165 South 2d Street, Williamsburg, Kings Co., New York.

A Pamphlet containing the original Prescription with full and explicit directions for preparation and use, together with a short history of his case with symptoms, experience and cure, can be obtained (free of charge) of Mr. Wilson, as above or by calling on or addressing

WILLIAMS & HAYWOOD,
Druggists, Raleigh, N. C.
Dec. 15, 186 570—wly.

BOOKS! BOOKS!!

COME AND GET YOUR SPELLING BOOKS.
Seventy-two Dozen Webster's Elementary Spellers just received and for sale at $1.50 per dozen, at the Bookstore of
ALFRED WILLIAMS.
aug 23 499—3m

SUPERIOR COURT CLERK'S BLANKS FOR sale at this office.

A PROCLAMATION,
BY HIS EXCELLENCY GOV. HOLDEN.

Executive Department of North Carolina,
Raleigh, August 20th, 1869.

WHEREAS, Official information has been received at this Department that a vacancy exists in the representation from the 30th Senatorial District in the Senate of North Carolina;

Now, therefore I, W. W. HOLDEN, Governor of the State of North Carolina, by virtue of authority vested in me by Section 15, Article 2 of the State Constitution, do issue this Proclamation, ordering an election to be held on Thursday, October 7th, 1869, for the purpose of choosing a Senator from the said District in place of J. W. Osborne, deceased.

[L. S.] Done at our City of Raleigh this the 20th day of August, 1869, and in the ninety-fourth year of our Independence.
W. W. HOLDEN, Governor.

By the Governor:
W. R. Richardson, Private Secretary.
aug 21 498—1tawtdwtd

A PROCLAMATION,
BY HIS EXCELLENCY GOV. HOLDEN.

Executive Department of North Carolina,
Raleigh, August 20th, 1869.

WHEREAS, Official information has been received at this Department that a vacancy exists in the representation from the 8th Senatorial District in the Senate of North Carolina;

Now, therefore I, W. W. HOLDEN, Governor of the State of North Carolina, by virtue of authority vested in me by Section 15, Article 2 of the State Constitution, do issue this Proclamation, ordering an election to be held on Thursday, October 7th, 1869, for the purpose of choosing a Senator from the said District in place of D. J. Rich, deceased.

[L. S.] Done at our City of Raleigh this 20th day of August, 1869, and in the ninety-fourth year of our Independence.
W. W. HOLDEN, Governor.

By the Governor:
W. R. Richardson, Private Secetary.
aug 21 1awdtdwtd

ALFRED WILLIAMS
WILL CONTINUE THE
BOOK AND STATIONERY BUSINESS
ON his own account, and will keep constantly on hand a large stock of
School, Standard and Miscellaneous Books, Music, Account and Blank Books, Fine Pulpit and Family Photograph Bibles, Testaments, Prayer and Hymn Books, Albums, Photographs and splendid
CHROMO PICTURES,
Stationery in great variety, Perfumery, Soap and Fancy Articles,
Together with every article usually kept in the Book and Stationery line.
His stock is
ALL NEW AND DESIRABLE,
(having no old stock,) and suited to the present wants of the trade, all of which will be sold at prices as low as can be had of any house in the State.
He will furnish any book at
PUBLISHER'S PRICES,
and will procure any book not on hand on the shortest notice.
Orders are solicited and will meet with promp attention.
ALFRED WILLIAMS,
Successor to
WILLIAMS & LAMBETH.
Agent for Wilcox & Gibbs' Sewing Machines.
june 9 36—w&d3m

NORTH CAROLINA
LAND COMPANY,
FOR THE LOCATION OF
Northern and European Settlers,
FOR THE SALE OF
Improved Farms, Timber and Mineral Lands, Houses, Mines, Water Powers, &c.
Also of
Cotton, Tobacco, and Naval Stores,
On consignment, and advances made on same.
MANUFACTURERS' AGENTS
For Improved Agricultural Implements, Fertilizers, Machinery, &c.
Also,
NEGOTIATE LOANS,
ON
Mortgage or other Securities.
Those having Lands or Farms for sale, will find it to their interest to communicate with this Company.
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Col. Geo. Little, " U. S. Marshal
Geo. W. Swepson, Raleigh National Bank.
R. Kingsland, late of New York City.
Directors at New York:
A. J. Bleecker, Agent at New York and Boston, 77 Cedar Street, New York City.
aug 3 404—d&w3m

H. W. Dixon, S. Dixon,
T. C. Dixon, C. Dixon.

SNOW CAMP FOUNDRY.
S. DIXON & CO.,
Iron-Founders, Mill-Wrights and Machinists,
Snow Camp P. O., Alamance Co., N. C.,
Are Manufacturing
Improved Horse-Powers and Threshers, Straw-Cutters, Corn-Shellers, Cane Mills, Saw and Grist Mill Irons of every Description, Shafting, Pulleys, Gearing, &c.
Also, are Manufacturing an
Improved Turbine Water Wheel,
Which at no distant day, it is believed will supercede the Overshot-Wheel in most situations, where economy, durability and efficiency are properly considered.

☞ Mill owners and others who use water for the propulsion of machinery, are particularly requested to give this Wheel an examination before sending their money North for one not so good.

This Company is an association of Practical Mechanics, who have been engaged in this particular business for more than twenty-five years, and are qualified from long training, and practical experience, to make thorough work of any job entrusted to their care; together with the LOW PRICES at which work has been put under the ready-pay system, lately inaugurated in this country, will make it to the interest of those wanting any thing in our line to give us a call.
aug 11—w4w

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, } CHOWAN COUNTY.
Superior Court.

Jno. M. Goodwin, by Plaintiff, Elisha J. Barkot Guardian, against M. D. Hathaway, Defendas, —Attachment.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that a cause of action exists in favor of the plaintiff and against the defendant, for the sum of Eleven Hundred and Eleven dollars and one cent, due by bond dated 1st July, 1860, and payable one day after date; that summons in said cause has been issued against said defendant, returnable to this Court, and that said Hathaway is a non-resident of this State, ordered that publication be made four successive weeks in the Raleigh Standard, notifying said defendant to appear and answer at the Court House in Edenton on the 1st September next, or judgment will then and there be taken against him.

Witness Wm. R. Skinner, Clerk of said Court at office in Edenton, this 1st day of Aug., 1869
WM. R. SKINNER, Clerk.
aug 16. 92—w4w.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA } BERTIE COUNTY.
Superior Court.—To Fall Term.

Sarah W. Jarvis against Louis N. Jarvis—Action for Divorce.

IN THIS CASE it appears that defendant is not a resident of the State of North Carolina. It is ordered by the Court that advertisement be made for six months in the North Carolina Standard notifying the defendent Lewis N. Jarvis to appear at October Term of Bertie Superior Court 1869, begining the first monday in October and then and there appear and answer and show cause to the contrary or a decree for divorce from the bonds of matrimony will be entered against him.

Witness Wm. P. Gurley, Clerk of said Court. 16th August 1869.
WILLIAM P. GURLEY, Clerk.
aug 20. 497—w4w.*

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(Successor to J. H. Baker & Co.) Proprietary Agent and Wholesale dealer in Patent Medicines, Norfolk, Virginia. jy 21—wly

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Feb 13 337—d&w6m

Raleigh National Bank of North Carolina.

THE Directors have resolved to increase the Capital Stock of this Bank to FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS. Persons wishing to subscribe to the same will please communicate with C. DEWEY, Pres't.
mar 1 450—1aw6m