Enquirer Southerner.

"ALL POWERS, NOT HEREIN DELEGATED, REMAIN WITH THE PEOPLE."—Constitution of N. C.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 50 ? NEW SERIES, VOL. 1. ? TARBORO', N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1874. NO. 48.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

TARBORO'.

Mayor—John Norfleet.

Commissioners—Benj. Norfleet, Joseph Cobb, H. C. Cherry and George Mathewson.

Secretary and Treasurer—Robert Whitehurst.

Constable—J. B. Hyatt.

Town Warden—Harry Redmond, Bill Battle and Henry E. Simpson.

COUNTY.

Superior Court Clerk and Probate Judge—H. L. Staton, Jr.

Register of Deeds—Alex. McCabe.

Sheriff—Joseph Cobb.

Coroner—

Treasurer—Robt. H. Austin.

Surveyor—John E. Baker.

School Examiners.—H. H. Shaw, Wm. A. Duggan and R. S. Williams.

Keeper Poor House—Wm. A. Duggan.

Commissioners—Jno. Lancaster, Chairman, Willey Well, J. B. W. Norville, Frank Dew, M. Exum. A. McCabe, Clerk.

MAILS.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS NORTH AND SOUTH VIA W. & W. R. R.

Leave Tarboro' (daily) at	10 A. M.
Arrive at Tarboro' (daily) at	3:30 P. M.

WASHINGTON MAIL VIA GREENVILLE, FALKLAND AND SPARTA.

Leave Tarboro' (daily) at	6 A. M.
Arrive at Tarboro' (daily) at	6 P. M.

LODGES.

The Nights and the Places of Meeting.

Concord R. A. Chapter No. 5, N. M. Lawrence, High Priest, Masonic Hall, monthly convocations first Thursday in every month at 10 o'clock A. M.

Concord Lodge No. 58, Thomas Gatlin, Master, Masonic Hall, meets first Friday night at 7 o'clock P. M. and third Saturday at 10 o'clock A. M. in every month.

Benton Encampment No. 13, I. O. O. F., Dr. Jos. H. Baker, Chief Patriarch, Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every first and third Thursday of each month.

Edgecombe Lodge No. 50, I. O. O. F., J. H. Baker, N. G., Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every Tuesday night.

Edgecombe Council No. 122, Friends of Temperance, meet every Friday night at the Odd Fellows' Hall.

Advance Lodge No. 28, I. O. G. T., meets every Wednesday night at Odd Fellows' Hall

CHURCHES.

Episcopal Church—Services every Sunday at 10 1-2 o'clock A. M. and 5 P. M. Dr. J. B. Cheshire, Rector.

Methodist Church—Services every third, Sunday at 11 o'clock. Rev. C. C. Dodson Pastor.

Presbyterian Church—Services every Sunday, Rev. T. J. Allison, Stated supply. Weekly Prayer meeting, Wednesday night.

Missionary Baptist Church—Services the 2nd Sunday in every month, at 11 o'clock. Rev. T. R. Owen, Pastor.

Primitive Baptist Church—Services first Saturday and Sunday of each month at 11 o'clock.

HOTELS.

Adams' Hotel, corner Main and Pitt Sts. O. F. Adams, Proprietor.

Mrs. Pender's, formerly Gregory Hotel, Main Street, opposite "Enquirer" office. Mrs. M. Pender, Proprietress.

BANKS.

Bank of New Hanover, on Main Street, next door to Mr. M. Weddell. Capt. J. D. Cumming, Cashier. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

EXPRESS.

Southern Express Office, on Main Street, closes every morning at 8½ o'clock.

N. M. Lawrence, Agent.

ADAMS' HOTEL.

Main Street,

Tarboro', N. C.

O. F. ADAMS, Proprietor.

THIS HOTEL IS NOW OPEN FOR THE accomodation of the traveling public, and no pains will be spared to make all who stop at this Hotel comfortable and pleasant. The table will be supplied with the best the market affords, and served up by experienced hands. The proprietor only ask a trial, for the public to be convinced.

O. F. ADAMS.

Jan. 2, 1874. tf.

WEBER'S BAKERY!

THIS OLD ESTABLISHED BAKERY IS now ready to supply the people of Tarboro and vicinity with all kinds of

Bread, Cakes, French and Plain Candies, Nuts, Fruits, &c., &c., &c.,

embracing every thing usually kept in a First Class Establishment of the kind.

Thankful for the liberal patronage of the past the undersigned asks a continuation, with the promise of satisfaction.

Private Families can always have their Cakes Baked here at shortest notice.

Orders for Parties & Balls promptly filled. Call and examine our stock, next door to Bank of New Hanover.

Nov. 4-1y. JACOB WEBER.

CHAMBERLAIN & RAWLS

PRACTICAL

WATCH MAKERS

AND

JEWELERS.

DEALERS IN FINE JEWELRY, FINE Watches—Sterling Silver Ware—Silver Plated Ware,

SPECTACLES,

☞ Fine Watches Repaired Faithfully and Scientifically, and Warranted ☜

TARBORO, N. C.

Jan. 5, 1872. 1-tf

STIEFF

GRAND, SQUARE & UPRIGHT

PIANOS

Have received upwards of FIFTY FIRST PREMIUMS, and are among the best now made. Every Instrument fully warranted for five years. Prices as low as the exclusive use of the very best materials and the most thorough workmanship will permit. The principal pianists and composers, and the piano-purchasing public of the South especially, unite in the unanimous verdict of the superiority of the STIEFF PIANO. The DURABILITY of our instruments is fully established by over SIXTY SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES in the South, using over 300 of our Pianos.

Sole Wholesale Agents for several of the oldest manufacturers of Cabinet and Parlor Organs; prices from $50 to $600. A liberal discount to Clergymen and Sabbath Schools.

A large assortment of second-hand Pianos, at prices ranging from $75 to $300, always on hand.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue, containing the names of over 2,000 Southerners who have bought and are using the Stieff Piano.

CHAS. M. STIEFF,

Warerooms, No. 9 North Liberty St., BALTIMORE, M. D.

Factories, 84 & 86 Camden St., and 45 & 47 Perry St. June 12,-tf.

MISCELLANEOUS.

VINEGAR BITTERS

VEGETABLE · FREE FROM · ALCOHOL · PURELY · CALIFORNIA · DR. WALKER'S · EUREKA · VINEGAR BITTERS

Dr. J. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters are a purely Vegetable preparation, made chiefly from the native herbs found on the lower ranges of the Sierra Nevada mountains of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol. The question is almost daily asked, "What is the cause of the unparalleled success of VINEGAR BITTERS?" Our answer is, that they remove the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health. They are the great blood purifier and a life-giving principle, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the remarkable qualities of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease man is heir to. They are a gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs in Bilious Diseases.

The properties of Dr. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Diuretic, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Sudorific, Alterative, and Anti-Bilious.

Great and thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and vital organs wasted beyond repair.

Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many others, with their Auxiliaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and more fatal in their ravages than the Pestilence, are mainly caused by extensive derangements of the Stomach and Liver, and other abdominal Viscera. In their treatment, a gentle cathartic should precede the use of VINEGAR BITTERS, as no cathartic exerts a more happy influence upon Bilious Fever than Walker's Vinegar Bitters. There is no cathartic in the world that can be taken in combination with VINEGAR BITTERS, that will not be found to act kindly with them. Dr. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as a purgative, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the alimentary canal.

Fortify the body against disease by purifying all impurities with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus fore-armed.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the Regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

Scrofula, or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Dropsy, Swelled Neck, Goitre, Scrofulous Inflammations, Indolent Inflammations, Mercurial Affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Scald Head, etc. In these, as in all other constitutional Diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS have shown their great curative powers in the most obstinate and malignant cases.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Bilious, Intermittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have no equals. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood.

Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Typesetters, Gold Beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS occasionally.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt-Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ringworms, Scald-head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters.

Pin, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No system of medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics will rid the system from worms like these Bitters.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that improvement is soon perceptible.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

Druggists and Gen. Agts., San Francisco, California, and cor. of Washington and Charlton Sts., N. Y.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

Druggists and Gen. Agts., San Francisco, California, and cor. of Washington and Charlton Sts., N. Y.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

NEW BOOKS! NEW BOOKS!!

Just received at the

Tarboro Book Store

a supply of

New Novels,

by

Standard Authors.

Also quite an assortment of

Miscellaneous Books,

at New York retail prices,

April 10, 1874. tf.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TAKE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

THE FAVORITE HOME REMEDY.

It is mildly a Family Medicine; and by being kept ready for immediate resort will save many an hour of suffering and many a dollar in time and doctors' bills.

After over Forty Years' trial it is still receiving the most unqualified testimonials to its virtues from persons of the highest character and responsibility. Eminent physicians commend it as the most

EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC

For all diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Spleen.

THE SYMPTOMS of Liver Complaint are a bitter or bad taste in the mouth; Pain in the Back, Sides or Joints, often mistaken for Rheumatism; Sour Stomach; Loss of Appetite; Bowels alternately costive and lax; Headache; Loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; Debility, Low Spirits, a thick yellow appearance of the Skin and Eyes, a dry Cough often mistaken for Consumption.

Sometimes many of these symptoms attend the disease, at others very few; but the Liver, the largest organ in the body, is generally the seat of the disease, and if not Regulated in time, great suffering, wretchedness and Death will ensue.

For Dyspepsia, Constipation, Jaundice, Bilious attacks, Sick Headache, Colic, Depression of Spirits, Sour Stomach, Heart Burn, &c., &c.

The Cheapest, Purest and Best Family Medicine in the World!

Manufactured only by

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,

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Price, $1.00. Sold by all Druggists.

Piedmont Air-Line Railway.

RICHMOND & DANVILLE, RICHMOND & DANVILLE R. W., N. C. DIVISION, AND NORTH WESTERN N. C. R. W.

CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

In effect on and after Monday, Aug. 10, 1874.

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	Mail.	Express.
Leave Charlotte	7.45 P. M.	8.35 A. M.
" Air-Line Jct'n.	8.15 "	8.56 "
" Salisbury.	10.44 "	10.54 "
" Greensboro'	2.15 A. M.	1.15 P. M.
" Danville.	5.13 "	3.36 "
" Dundee.	5.25 "	3.48 "
" Burkville,	11.30	
Arrive at Richmond	2.22 P. M.	11.04 "

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	Mail.	Express.
Leave Richmond,	1.38 P. M.	11.04 P. M.
" Burkville,	4.41 "	2.07 A. M.
" Dundee.	9.25 "	7.40 "
" Danville,	9.37 "	7.44 "
" Greensboro',	2.20 A. M.	11.00 "
" Salisbury,	3.15	1.21 P. M.
" Air-Line Jct'n	6.15 "	3.25 "
Arrive at Charlotte,	6.22 "	3.30 "

GOING EAST.		Mail.		GOING WEST.	Mail.
Leave Greensboro',	Raleigh & Gaston R. R.	2.15 A. M.	Arr.	11.15 A. M.	Raleigh & Gaston R. R.
" Co. Shops,		4.00 "		10.00 "	
" Raleigh,		8.10 A. M.		5.41 "	
Arr. at Goldsboro,		10.50 "	Leave	2.30 P. M.	

NORTH WESTERN N. C. R. R.

(SALEM BRANCH.)

Leave Greensboro	2.00 A M
Arrive at Salem	3.30 "
Leave Salem	9.20 P M
Arrive at Greensboro	11.15 "

Passenger train leaving Raleigh at 5.41 A. M., connects at Greensboro' with the Northern bound train; making the quickest time to all Northern cities. Price of Tickets same as via other routes.

Trains to and from points East of Greensboro' connect at Greensboro' with Mail Trains to or from points North or South.

Trains daily, both ways.

On Sundays Lynchburg Accommodation leave Richmond at 9.00 A. M., arrive at Burkeville 12.43 P. M., leave Burkeville 4.35 A. M., arrive at Richmond 7.58 A. M.

Pullman Palace Cars on all night trains between Charlotte and Richmond, (without change.)

For further information address

S. E. ALLEN,

Gen'l Ticket Agent,

Greensboro, N. C.

T. M. R. TALCOTT,

Engineer & Gen'l Superintendent.

J. A. WILLIAMSON

GENERAL GROCER

AND DEALER IN

PROVISIONS,

Boots & Shoes, Tin and Wooden Ware, &c.

Main St., - Tarboro', N. C.

April 10. 1y

CONFECTIONARIES,

CIGARS, &C.,

For sale by J. M. SPRAGINS.

Tarboro', Mar. 13, 1874. tf.

THE Enquirer-Southerner.

FRIDAY, : : : NOV. 27. 1874

AUNT CHARLOTTE'S YARN.

'Now, *Ida*, my dear girl, take my advice,' said Aunt Charlotte to her giddy young neice, "and don't imperil your future happiness nor be guilty of injustice by slighting the man to whom you have given your troth, or by foolishly teasing him in order to test his affections. There is a story in my own memory that I have never told you; and I could not now bring myself to do so only that I see you do not like me to lecture you, and I wish you to learn wisdom by an easier method than that of bitter experience.

'When I was a young girl we lived, as you know, in Canada, in one of the small lake-shore towns between Toronto and Kingston. your father was a man of note in the town, and I was a good deal sought after. I was giddy, too, and selfish, though I did not then consider myself so. I had many admirers and suitors, among whom the one I liked best was Harry Vane. From my very infancy Harry had been my gallant, and though I sometimes pretended to be, and sometimes really was, jealous of him or otherwise offended, and he the same with regard to me, we always made up again and were better friend than ever. There was not really any engagement between us, though Harry had asked me to form one; but my parents objected to long engagements, and we were not ready to marry. Matters stood thus when, early one spring, we had an addition to our list of beaux in the form of a dashing young fellow, an Englishman, sent out by a wealthy firm of the mother country for the purpose of establishing an agency in their line of business. His headquarters had been in Montreal, but he how announced his intention of making our town his home during the summer.

'He had a good deal of leisure, and spent no inconsiderable part of it at our house, or in promenading the streets with me. I could scarcely set my feet on the sidewalk without encountering him. His name was Bowns, and he claimed to be of aristocratic parentage. He was handsome and affable, though rather supercilious, withal very distinguished in appearance; so no wonder the girls of our set wished to attract his attention. and were envious of me. Of course I was proud of my conquest, and perhaps carried myself a little haughtily in consequence. For same time Harry pouted, then openly remonstrated, even pleaded; but as I angrily asserted my independence, he finally desisted from all apparent notice of the matter; and whenever we met he treated me with indifferent courtesy, and altogether showed a manly self-command which I did not fail to note and admire. Still I must confess that at that time I gave very little thought to Harry or to any of my old admirers; it seems wonderful to me how completely I was fascinated by the prepossessing stranger.

'To be sure he flattered my vanity not a little, and my empty head was turned by his lavish, adulatory style of compliments. He raved about my eyes of heavenly blue, the golden glory of my mermaid locks, my swan-like neck, and an endless flow of bathos that ought to have disgusted me, but did not; and so I listened and he ranted. About the middle of August we made up among our set a picnic party to drive out to Rice Lake Plains and spend the day in boating on the lake, gathering huckleberries, wild flowers, etc., and generally amusing ourselves.

'You must know that there is an irregular chain of small lakes extending transversely from the Bay of Quinte, near the eastern end of Lake Ontario, to the eastern end of Lake Superior. Rice Lake is the first of the chain counting from Ontario, and it lies at a distance of from two to three hours' drive from several small towns on the frontier. We had an early breakfast, and set off at eight o'clock, so that we need not be on the road during the heat of the day. There were several carriages; the one in which *I* rode was a handsome barouche hired from a livery stable for the occasion, and by my side sat the all conquering Mr. Bowns.

'For some unexplained reason Harry Vane did not go in any of the carriages, but was mounted on horseback, and he rode gayly by the side of first one vehicle, then another. When we had gone a little distance out of town the country air, sights and sounds were so exhilarating that we in our carriage began to sing. Harry, hearing us, rode up and joined in the song, he being particularly fond of singing. Shortly we struck off into an old ditty which he and I had sung together countless times when we stood each first in the esteem of the other and no gay stranger had come between us. For a stanza or two Harry sang bravely, but when we came to the refrain suddenly his horse bolted and he rode of, catching at his hat with one hand and seeming to draw rein with the other. The remainder of the party thought his horse had shied and run away with him, but I saw thoroughly the whole manœuvre, and a sudden pang shot through my selfish heart.

'On reaching the lake at the point agreed upon, we separated into little companies, and wandered about at will, but keeping in the vicinity of the camp until the horn sounded for dinner. We were all, as is usual at picnics, in a hungry mood, and we did not dine mincingly.

'After dinner we lolled about on the grass for a while, then formed plans for the afternoon's campaign. There were near by several canoes or row-boats that were kept for hire, and a fair proportion of our band decided in favor of an excursion on the lake, some parties going in one direction, some in another. Three boat loads, twelve individuals in all, determined to pay a visit to the tower on the opposite shore of the lake, and about three miles farther up. As we divided ourselves into parties of four, *I* felt an irrepressible desire to have Harry Vane, who had declared for the tower, in our boat, so I called out:

"'Harry, are you coming with us?' meaning by us, Bowns and myself.

'I shall never forget the look of mingled pain and pleasure with which he replied: 'No, Charlotte; George Law is quartered in your boat.'

'It was half past three o'clock when we entered near the tower and drew the boats up on the beach. This tower was an octagon building three or four stories in height, consisting of only one room to each story, with a narrow spiral staircase leading from base to summit. At the top was an observatory not much larger than a good sized birdcage, which had once been furnished with a small telescope mounted on a pivot, but was now reduced to a very commonplace spy-glass. The basement was a deep dungeon-like hole, with a grated door through which one entered a subterranean passage leading out to the shore of the lake. This tower, with its lean to kitchen or, rather, cook-house, was built on a hill at the distance of about two hundred yards from the water's edge, and it was the product of a quixotic Englishman, an old bachelor's fancy. The whimsical man did not carry out his original intention of making a complete miniature castle of the feudal times, but suddenly abandoned the enterprise and went as he came, nobody knew whither. This odd little tower had been surrounded on all sides, save the deep bank next the water, by a dimutive moat, which was now a dry ditch filled with weeds and wild flowers; there, too, was the wreck of a toy-like drawbridge, and within the enclosure were several quaint looking garden-chairs cut into the stumps of trees. There was a family residing in the house, at least they made it an occasional residence during the summer, but that they were absent, and the garrulous old servant in charge showed us over the premises.

'We stole down by the light of a lantern through the underground passage to the opening on the lake; we climbed the steep stairs and peeped through the old spy-glass; sat in the grotesque chairs, and gathered boquets from the quondam moat. All these vagaries consumed so much time that, before we were aware, the sun was going down the westward slope in a way that, when we noticed it, sent us to our boats with speed. We were soon gliding over the water in jovial spirits and at a fair rate of motion toward the camping place on the shore next home. The three boats kept near together, and as we went we sang Tom Moore's Canadian boat song. Just as our voices were ringing out

"'Row, brothers, row, for the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight is past,'

a sudden breeze almost took the light umbrella with which I was screening myself and companion from sun and wind (we had left our bonnets at the camp) out of my hand. The breeze subsided for a moment, then came again more vigorously than before, and held on steadily. Generally or frequently a stiff breeze rises on those lakes about or soon after sunset, but now the sun was certainly half an hour high. Sudden squalls, especially when thunder clouds are hovering near, accompanied by dangerous disturbance of the water, are unpleasantly often the concomitants of boating on those shallow lakes.

'Looking around the horizon we discovered the cause of the suddenly rising wind. A heavy pale of black clouds coming up behind us in the northwest were spreading themselves along the northern horizon and extending upwaad almost to the zenith; and at the same time we began to hear the thunder mutter and see the lightning play, though not very near. The weather-wise ones of our party said the shower was spending itself north of us, but we might get a sprinkling from its skirts, and the wind was sure to be troublesome.

'Meanwhile we had crossed the lake and were making our way down to the landing adjoining, which was our camp, keeping close in shore to avoid the commotion of the water.

'There is a peculiarity in that lake. The wild rice, from which it takes its name, grows over almost the entire bottom of the basin, and when at its tallest the grain lies floating on the surface of the water, and the Indians, when it is ripe, paddle round and gather it into their canoes. This, however, makes navigation to ordinary rowers rather difficult; and where the basin is particularly shallow or when the waters are agitated by storms the passage is perilous.

'*I* soon perceived that Bowns and George Law were by no means masters of the situation; and oh, how I longed for the tried and trusty arm of Harry Vane to steer our giddy little skiff. Just then Harry, who was ahead, called out to us to make for an islet, a little way out in the lake, on one side of which there was not much rice, and which had been used by the Indians as a landing-place, as it sloped gradually into the water; he said we had better land there and wait for the squall to pass over.

'The rowers turned the boat toward the islet and pushed out vigorously. I meantime holding the umbrella low like a tent or awning over my own and Nellie Morton's heads, for now it was raining. Again Harry called to us to shut down the umbrella, lest it should catch the wind and upset our skiff, and the next moment, Bowns, who had not said one word to us girls since the wind sprung up, snapped out, 'Yes, certainly, down with that umbrella!'

'What with a sense of danger, and what with sudden consternation at being spoken to in such a tone and manner, I had no self-command, and in shutting the umbrella I somehow lost my balance and the next instant I was sinking in the blinding waters.

'I must have risen very quickly, for the boat was there and I laid my hand on its side, but quick as a flash Bown's hand came down on mine, and though he afterward said that he tried to lay hold of me to assist me, I know that he dislodged my hand. True, I should have upset the boat, and just as true he flung me off to perish. As I sank again, even through the gurgling in my ears, I heard the voice of Harry Vane, 'Courage, Charlotte, I'm coming.

'Again I rose and again sank. Then I ceased to struggle and the pain of suffocation was gone. I knew that *I* was dying, and like electricity all my past life flashed before me. I had no terror of death, but *I* longed to ask Harry's pardon. Bowns I seemed to have forgotten. The tall rice was all about me, and I knew no more until a deadly sickness and great pain woke me to consciousness. Was it the gurgling water or human speech that rumbled in my ears? I did not care; I only wished not to be disturbed—not to suffer.

'Slowly my comprehension returned and I found myself on a bed in the logcabin of the man who kept the boats on hire, and it was night, for candles were burning. Some of my companions of the picnic were there, but I was too ill and weary to ask questions.

'When next I opened my eyes it was daylight and my father and mother were bending over me.

'Suddenly I remembered something of the drowning and cried out, 'Where is Harry? He said he was coming.'

'They hushed and soothed me and *I* suppose administered a narcotic, for I have only a faint recollection of lying on a bed in a covered conveyance and of being annoyed by the jolting.

'The next time I awoke my mind was clear, I recollected all, and begged to be told how I was saved. My friends evaded this question, and my suspicions being aroused, I demanded to see Harry Vane. Finding they could no longer put me off, they told me that Harry rescued me and swam with me toward the islet, where one of the boats had just landed. Another gentleman waded out breast high to meet him, and drew me to the shore, supposing that Harry was following. But Harry did not follow, and in the excitement about me he was not missed until too late. Whether he was exhausted or whether he took a cramp no one could tell. This only I know and never shall forget: Harry Vane was drowned in saving my life. This also I know: I shall live and die Charlotte Camp. As for Bowns, *I* hated then, I hate still, the sound of his name. He left our town almost immediately after the occurrence and I never saw his face after the day of the picnic.'

The Nose.

This prominent organ, although a leading feature, yet few of us care to be led by, except in the direction of a good dinner. This need not prevent us from pursuing it as a subject, showing wherein the importance of the organ is not duly estimated.

As a feature of the face, it more than any other, changes its character, although not so capable of expression as the eyes and mouth. Its ideal beauty varies with different races. The Africans of Sierra Leone prize the flat nose, and the Egyptian dotes on the veritable, pure, and unadulterated pug. The Tartar races, having very small noses, consider them the very highest type of beauty. The most beautiful woman in all Tartary was considered so because she had only two holes where the nose ought to have been. There seems to be no universal standard of nasal beauty. The Romans adored the aquiline, the Greek the straight line—the latter, coming nearest our idea of the beautiful, is accepted as the standard in this latitude.

But there are other uses for the nose beyond its element of beauty or the reverse. The sense of smell is popularly supposed to be the only service it is called upon to perform, at least we should judge so from the number of open mouths we meet sailing along the streets. One of the main objects of the nostrils is for respiratory purposes. There is very little doubt that air passing through the nostrils is refined, purified and eliminated of all injurious gases, infection and dust, before being permitted access to the lungs. It is very easy to see how habitual respiration through the mouth is not only unnatural, but productive of disease. More especially at night we should accustom ourselves to sleep with the mouth closed. All the energies of the system are then at rest, and its power of resistance at the lowest ebb. If the mouth be open, the enemy is allowed to enter, and we may be sure he fastens upon the most delicate part of our organization.

In a recent lecture by Prof. Tyndall he demonstrates fully the danger of sleeping with the mouth open, a practice unknown to the lower animals. He says: 'If I were to endeavor to bequeath the most important motto which human language can convey, it should be these words:

—SHUT—YOUR—MOUTH.—

'In the transactions of life this might have its beneficial results, as the most friendly cautionary advice, or be received as the grossest of insults; but where I would print and engrave it—in every nursery and on every bed post in the universe—its meaning would not be mistaken, and if obeyed, its importance would soon be realized.'—*Exchange.*

Cut This Out.

The following table will be useful to those of our readers who may, at any time, deal in the articles enumerated. Every farmer should paste it in his scrap book:

Articles.	*Pounds.*
Firkin of butter,	56
Barrel of potatoes,	200
Barrel of onions,	112
Barrel of flour,	196
Barrel of gunpowder,	200
Barrel of beef,	206
Barrel of pork,	200
Barrel of salt (5½ bushels,)	280
Bag or sack of rice,	114
Barrel of fish,	56
Truss of hay,	56
Truss of straw,	36
Chest of tea,	68
Stone of iron,	14
Stone of shot,	14
Stone of flour,	14
Gallon of honey,	12
Quintal of fish,	100
Bushel of charcoal,	30
Cord of dry hickory,	4,464
Cord of dry white oak,	3,821
Cord of dry white ash,	3,450
Cord of dry maple,	2,868
Cord of dry black oak,	2,810

How to Make Money.

Let the business of everybody else alone, and attend to your own. Don't buy what you don't want. Use every hour to advantage, and study to make even leisure hours useful. Think twice before you throw away a dollar; remember you have another to make for it. Find recreation in looking after recreation. Buy low, sell fair and take care of the profits. Look over your books regularly, and if you find an error of only a cent, trace it out. Should a strose of misfortune come over you in trade, retrench, work harder, but never flinch. Confront difficulties with untiring perseverance, and they will ultimately disappear. Though you should even fall in the struggle, you will be respected; but shrink from the task, and you will bedespised. By the following of these rules, however you need 'never say fail.' Pay debts promptly, and so exact your dues. Keep your word most conscientiously and you have nothing to fear.

The Quakeress and the Borrower.

An exchange says the subject of borrowing and lending came up in the course of a conversation with one of its subscribers the other day, when he suddenly recollected a funny occurrence of that character that happened in his neighborhood. He said that he had a neighbor whose family were great borrowers, but seldom, if ever, returning the exact amount borrowed. An old Quaker lady, another neighbor, who had endured these invasions for a long time patiently, hit upon a very philosophical mode of eventually putting a stop to the nuisance. Keeping her own counsel, the next time her good old man went to town he had a separate and express order to purchase one pound of the best tea, and also a new canister to put it in. As he knew she already had plenty of tea, and also a canister, he was puzzled to determine what the old lady wanted of more tea and a new canister; but his questionings and reasonings elicited nothing more than a repetition of the order.

'Jim, did I not tell thee to get me a pound of the best tea and a new canister? Now go along, and do as I bid thee.'

And go along he did, and when he came home at night the tea and new canister were his companions. The old lady took them from him with an amused expression on her usually placid features, and depositing the tea in the canister, set it on the shelf for special use. It had not long to wait, for the borrowing neighbor had frequent use for the aromatic herb. The good old lady loaned generously, emptying back in the canister any remittance of borrowed teas which the neighbor's conscience inclined her to make.

Time went on, and after something less than the one hundredth time of borrowing, the neighbor again appeared for 'just another drawing of tea,' when the oft-visited tea-canister was brought out, and found to be empty. And the good old lady and obliging neighbor was just one pound of the poorer than when she bought the new canister, which now only remained to tell the story. Then she made a little characteristic speech, perhaps the first in her life. She said: 'Thou seest that empty canister. *I* filled it for thee with a pound of my best tea, and I have lent it all to thee in driblets, and put into it all thou hast sent me in return, and now but thyself hath taken therefrom or added into it, and now thou seest it empty; therefore I will say to thee, thou hast borrowed thyself out, and I can lend thee no more.'

'All Aboard.'

She remained talking with a friend on the platform till the cars were well under way, and then made a crazy rush to get on; caught hold of the railing of one car and had to let go, not being able to make the requisite jump; clutched at the side of the car as it passed, and executed a medley of hornpipe and breakdown; caught the hind rail of the car, didn't like it and let go; caught the forward railing of the next car, and being aided by the bystanders, who applied their hands, shoulders, knees, and canes to her back, finally landed on the car platform, one of the hottest and worst scared little fat women that ever journeyed. Such is the story told by a San Francisco paper of a woman who did not attend to her business.

RICH WITHOUT MONEY.—Many a man is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pockets are rich. A man born with a good, sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart, good limbs and a pretty good headpiece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold; tough muscles better than silver; and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function are better that houses or land. It is better than a landed estate to have the right kind of father or mother. Good breeds and bad breeds exist among men as really as among herds and horses. Education may do much to check bad tendences or to develop good ones, but it is a greater thing to inherit the right proportion of faculties to start with. The man is rich who has a good disposition who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful and hopeful.

POWER OF BEAUTY.—A lovely woman necessarily exercises a great deal of power; but the foolish girl that relies solely on her color and regularity of features, and neglects the cultivation of her mind, is a melancholy spectacle. Her selfish little heart, her barren little head, lord it already over her cheap superficial beauties, and will soon leave nothing behind but a dreary waste. Her little victories are temporary, her little failures lasting. She can never be a power. She can scarcely help from being a drag. Her companions must be among the common-place, not to say the vulgar, for she has nothing in common with the lofty and the grand. She would gasp on the heights. She can assimilate nothing beyond the material. There is danger that she will soon be unable to rise above the mean.