

TRYING TO PLEASE EVERYBODY.

"I wish you would turn me some other way," the weather-vane said to the wind one day. It turned to the north, and the people complain.

"That the wind is cold, that it brings no rain."

"Very well," said the wind, "to the south you shall go."

"From the opposite corner my breezes shall blow."

"The cold of the north shall give place to the helm."

"That comes from the region of care-and-of-of-pain."

"What say they?" was heard, as the wind returned.

"They say they are melted and boiled and burned."

"For the sun is so hot and the air so dry they can scarcely lift to my height their eyes."

"Then I'll give them a change—I will blow from the east."

"And see if their comfort is thereby increased."

"I breeze from that quarter so piercing I'll sweep."

"That they cannot complain of languor or sleep."

"Well, what do they say?" said the wind once more.

"Oh, dear, it is worse than it was before. For they all have colds, and they frown at me."

"As if I could cause the wind could be?"

"For a final resort, the west we will try."

"The wind muttered, mounting again on high."

"But I warn you, my dear, that it will not be strange."

"If nothing encouraging follows the change."

"What now?" said the wind, appearing again.

"And noting the face of the dubious vane; why they think all our plans are entirely wrong."

"For the sea is too high, and the wind is too strong."

"Well then," said the wind, coming round with a gust.

"This matter I don't see that we can adjust. Just turn where I tell you, and we shall please more."

"Then, with all our trying, we suited before."

A DEBT OF GRATITUDE.

BY EDITH M. NORRIS.

"But a flower, sir! Please buy a flower!"

It was a plaintive and musical voice which uttered these words in a crowded street of the great city. The person addressed passed by without a glance, but a hearty-looking farmer, who had come to the city for the first time in many years, looked pityingly at the slight figure of the little girl.

She was not more than eight years old. Her lovely dark eyes looked out from her pale, thin face with sorrowful appeal in their great depths, and she shivered as she drew closer the thin, ragged shawl which covered her untidy black hair.

Her wretched, broken shoes were sodden with the half-melted snow which the trampling of many feet had transmuted from its pristine beauty into icy slush. She had in one skinny little hand a few flowers, which were, to say the truth, almost faded.

"Look there, mother! look there! Poor little lass! Why, mother, just fancy our little Hetty with a look like that on her little face—instead of the baby smile, she wore in her last sleep. She'd have a look of Hetty, too, if her face was only fat and rosy."

Mrs. Miller looked at the child, and her motherly eyes filled with tears.

"Father," she said, "can't we do something for her?"

The child was walking along slowly before them, offering her flowers to this or that passer-by, but never selling any. They hastened their steps a little in order to come up with her, and when they did so Mrs. Miller addressed her in gentle tones.

"Are you not cold and tired, my child?"

She looked up, a rain of great tears running down her thin cheeks.

"Oh, I am so hungry!" she said, "and if I don't sell these flowers they will beat me, as they did yesterday." She sobbed in a subdued manner as though afraid lest somebody should hear her.

"Whip you! who would do that, my poor child!—not your father and mother?"

"I have no father or mother; I live with Beppo, the padrone, and it is he and Nims who are bad to me."

Approaching at this moment a humble but respectable eating-house, Mr. Miller entered, and ordered a comfortable meal for the half-famished child. While Mrs. Miller sat near her, and saw that she had all she needed, Mr. Miller, by the advice of the restaurant proprietor, went to the headquarters to ascertain how he might obtain legal possession of the girl, whom he had determined to adopt.

A couple of officers, were sent in search

of the Italian, whom they found belaboring, with a stout stick, one of his wretched little white slaves. He was taken to the station, and on hearing the evidence of the officers, the magistrate committed him for trial, and consigned his innocent victim to the care of various charitable institutions. He advised Mr. Miller to take Carmen, for that was her name, with him, and leave instructions with a lawyer to obtain the papers necessary for her adoption.

Carmen, properly washed and clad with her black hair cut close to her shapely head, was a very different looking object to the little ragged waif of the day before. As she sat in the warm car that was bearing her rapidly from the scene of her misery, her little heart was too full for words; though she now and then raised her dark eyes, full of grateful tears, to the faces of her kind benefactors.

In a few days she had made friends with every animal on the place; and good food and milk, and warmth, had begun to fill the hollow cheeks and clothe the slender limbs with a little of the charm of childhood.

She watched Mrs. Miller, and hung round her when at work, for opportunities to help her. She followed the farmer to the barn, fed the chickens, brought his pipe and slippers; in short, the deed of charity had brought its own reward. Never had parents a more grateful child; she filled the old house with sunshine.

Three years passed away, and Carry, as they preferred to call her, was a tall girl of eleven, when Mr. Miller, through the prevailing scarcity of help, found himself obliged to hire some Italian laborers who were seeking employment from the farmers.

"Father," said Mrs. Miller, "I don't like the looks of those men—I don't like to have them around."

"Well, ma," said the worthy farmer, "I can't say but what I'd a little rather hev' good American boys myself; but I guess they'll be all right, as far as hayin' goes, 'n' that's all we want of 'em."

Carry was used to take a special lunch to her father in the afternoon, and generally sat by him while he ate it, and then returned to the house. She, too, was half afraid of her swarty, dark-browed countrymen; she was as happy as a girl could be, but she had not forgotten the treatment received at the hands of Beppo and Nina.

Returning from her errand one day, she was on her way to the village to spend a night with her dearest school friend, when she slipped on the crossing stones of a little brook, and injured her ankle; she thought it was sprained, and bound it tightly with her handkerchief, but it pained her so acutely that before she had crossed the next field she was bound to sit down on the grass beneath the stone fence. For a few moments she must have lost consciousness, and as her senses returned she heard voices on the other side of the wall. At first she did not notice them, but gradually her attention was claimed. They were speaking in Italian, and her heart sank cold within her as she heard a villainous plot unfolded—nothing less than the murder and robbery of her adopted father.

It had become known in some way to the Italians that he had received a large sum of money the day before, and he had not taken it to the bank as yet, being anxious to get his hay under cover.

Their plans were laid with an accuracy that left no doubt as to their success, and they intended to execute them that very night. Indeed they had chosen it, because Isaac, the regular hired man had been called home to a distant village by the death of his mother. They would poison the dogs (Major and Tiger) and entering a ground-floor window, stab the farmer, and secure the plunder,—agreeing, if it were necessary, to also kill "the old woman and the girl."

Carmen sat petrified with horror. Her heart almost ceased to beat, with sickening fear. What should she do? she dared not stir, lest they should see her; and the rustling of every leaf seemed fraught with danger, so tensely were her nerves strung. It was four miles to the village, whence she could get plenty of assistance; and it was a mile and a half to the nearest house, but there, she knew, was only a feeble old man. Would they never go? It was already growing near to the supper hour. She dare not wait there for her father, and tell him, she knew that his every movement, and those of his household, would be watched. She would not be missed from the house, and indeed was not expected home. Clearly, she was the one to save him; but how could she do it! Her foot was agoniz-

ingly painful, sitting there, how could she travel the four miles of field and road that lay between her and the village! There was no hope of meeting anybody, for they had been expecting rain through the afternoon, and all the farmers were as anxious about their hay as was her father.

"I must save them!" she said to herself, "I will ask God to help me!" and great beads of agony bedewed her forehead. Would they never, never go! Each moment she dreaded to feel their clutches; if she were discovered, all was indeed over!

At last they arose, and went their way, happily, not looking over the wall. She waited till they were out of sight, and then she too arose. Poor child! that one effort made her sick and faint. But a great wave of gratitude and love surged above the fear and pain, and filled her young bosom with the fortitude of a martyr.

Sometimes running wildly for a few steps, then crawling on hands and knees, hopping now on one foot by the fences, then swinging herself along by means of an improvised leaping pole—always in horrible pain, she at length gained her journey's end. She had been almost three hours in reaching the village, and dropped half fainting at the first threshold.

In a few moments, she had told her story, and the good man of the house took instant measures to notify the authorities. In a short time the sheriff, with twenty or thirty men or boys, was on his way to Mr. Miller's farm. The time was short, for the good people retire at an early hour, and it was now long past eight. They took every available vehicle, and the tag-rag and bobtail followed on foot.

They were in time, however, and so well was the place surrounded that they captured the three Italians, and woke the farmer from his first sound sleep, to his no little astonishment.

They found the dogs, poisoned, under the barn, where they had crept in their death agonies.

But let us return to our little heroine. The doctor had been attending to the alleviation of her suffering while all this was going on. He found it impossible to ascertain what injury her foot had received until he could reduce the swelling and inflammation, which, it is needless to say, had been greatly aggravated by her long, enforced use of the injured member. At one time he feared that amputation would be necessary, and when the inflammation at last subsided he found that she was irreparably lame.

Some of the small bones about the ankle had been broken, and would not reknit.

Mr. Miller sat by her bedside on the morning after the event, holding her little hot hand in his; the tears were rolling down his honest face.

"Ah, Carry," he said, "not many young things would have done what you have, my brave, unselfish girl!"

"Dear papa, I am glad that God gave me strength to pay a little of the debt of gratitude I owe you and dear mamma," she said, with a faint, sweet smile.—*Yankee Blade.*

LADIES' COLUMN.

PROPER FOOT GEAR.

A woman with large feet should never wear a patent leather shoe. On this point it is best to be truthful with one's self and one's bootmaker. You need not tell your intimate friends that your feet are too large to look well in patent leather boots; wear an unobtrusive boot and they will discover how small your feet are. If, however, you have small feet wear the patent leather vamp and the black kid uppers, or of yellow or gray kid, according to the color of your gown. Then there is also a boot with cloth uppers, patent leather vamp and tip, with moderately high heel.

BOSTON'S LATEST FASHION.

The very latest fad, which has traveled about the country in the wake of the celebrated English Egyptologist, has struck Boston with full force. This is the adoption, by ladies of fashion, of Egyptian costumes at their afternoon teas. These costumes, which in many cases are said to be very "fetching," are modeled after the manner of the times of the Pharaohs. One of them, worn by a beautiful brunette, is described as of soft brown silk, with long, flowing sleeves, and yoke embroidered in silver. The petticoat is of striped Syrian silk in rose-color and silver, with a wide sash of the same color. The slappings of the outer gown show linings of Egyptian red. Over the shoulders hangs a brown gauze veil, embroidered in silver. Slippers in rose velvet, embroidered in silver and seed pearls, flesh-colored stockings, a brown pendant of dull gold and an antique necklace of cornelian and silver complete the costume. These gowns will no doubt be all the rage before the season is over.—*Boston Advertiser.*

WOMAN'S DRESS.

A great many people think that woman's dress, although radically different from the old Greek costume which is considered the height of grace and beauty, is, on the whole, as near perfection as it is ever likely to be. Mrs. Celia Whitehead, however, does not agree with them. In a little volume called "What's the Matter?" she says: "Let men and women change clothes for one year. Let all the men begin at their heads and tie up their hair into twists and braids, frizzes, crimps and bangs, and get a hat with a crown so small that long pins must be used to hold it in place, cut out the neck and cut off the sleeves of their shirts, get good, strong, glove-fitting corsets and draw them tight enough to cut off one-half their breathing power and leave an ugly, ungraceful depression at the waist-line, put on a garment reaching from waist to feet that hinders a natural step and requires unceasing care to keep it dry and clean, and finish up with shoes set up on little pegs in the middle of the foot. Let them adhere to this steadfastly for one year, except when they are sick in bed, and give the women their outfit and if you then call for proof that woman's dress is ruinous to health I'll muster the long array of doctors' testimony which I have on hand."

FASHION NOTES.

Favorite furs for trimming are seal, otter, beaver and Persian lamb.

White kid gloves are worn with white evening gowns, and bid fair to rival those of tan color to wear with colored gowns.

Selvages, which once served only as a firm edge to textile fabrics, and were often woven in a different color, are now as carefully finished as the rest of the fabric.

Velvet trains for women of average height are made of four breadths, and are round or oval at the end, with very straight sides. Their greatest length is seventy-five inches.

The fancy for boas is said to have developed into a mania with Parisiennes. Very dainty ones are made of soft lace or slightly tinted or white ostrich feathers, and worn with low dresses at the theatre.

A handsome costume of black marquisette lace has for its vest and side breadths jetted net, with two wide borders, like insertions, near the foot, and smaller wreaths of medallions of jet embroidery above.

Violet, gray and black, the colors of half-mourning, with white, are favorites this season with Parisiennes, who wear them out of mourning. It is predicted that those colors will be favored here for spring and summer gowns.

FUN.

The sewing girl is never what she seems.

Dignity is a good thing; but if you're in the rear of a big crowd and wish to see the procession, don't stand on it. Get on a barrel.—*Puck.*

"What makes you so lame to-day?" "I've got an accident policy for \$27 a week. Ain't that enough to make anybody lame?"—*Monsey's Weekly.*

"Did they treat you cordially?" "Indeed, yes. Why, about midnight her father came to the head of the stairs and called down to know if I wouldn't stay to breakfast."—*Monsey's Weekly.*

Patient (to unsuccessful physician)—"Doctor, you are not experimenting on me, are you?" Physician—"Certainly not, sir." "Well, then, doctor, won't you please experiment on me a little?"—*Time.*

"George," she said, "do you believe in the old saying: 'Out of sight, out of mind?'" "Well, no, not altogether," responded George, hesitatingly. "For instance, take a boil on the back of one's neck."

"How will you have it bound?" asked the binder of a man who had brought in a dictionary to have new covers put on. "I think it would be appropriate to have it spell bound," was the reply.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

She—"Charlie, you know you promised me something handsome on my birthday day." He—"Yes, I know." She—"Well, I saw a diamond brooch yesterday in a shop window that was perfectly heavenly." He—"Perfectly heavenly, was it? Say, Fanny, don't you have any earthly wishes? Do you think of nothing but heavenly things?"—*Yankee Blade.*

Grows the Grass From Which His Paper is Printed.

Writing about the leading London editors, a correspondent of the *New York Star* says:

Still another remarkable man is Edward Lloyd, the proprietor of the *Daily Chronicle* and *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, which latter has the largest circulation of any newspaper in the world. Mr. Lloyd is one of the most pushing, driving and enterprising journalists of this or any other land. He is no longer a young man, but his form is sturdy. He is as straight as an arrow, his forehead is broad and high, and he wears side whiskers, but his upper lip and chin are cleanly shaved. He has made journalism, or rather the publishing and selling of newspapers, the business of his life. He has brought into the service the latest inventions and the newest ideas. He does what no other newspaper in the world does; he not only makes the paper on which he prints his news, but he also grows the grass from which his paper is made. The visitor to his office is shown a large photograph of his Algerian grass farm with laborers busy gathering and packing esparto for his paper mills at Bow. Even the *Times* does not make its own paper. The *Telegraph* has a mill of its own, but the enterprise of Mr. Lloyd in growing the grass has no parallel in the world. It may interest you to know that the very vessels that carry this esparto are owned by Mr. Lloyd. The mills at which the paper is made employ the newest system of manufacture.

In these days of extravagant claims of circulation, American newspaper publishers, editors and even readers may seem astonished when I add that the circulation of Lloyd's newspaper, in a certified declaration from a firm of famous London accountants, is over 700,000 copies a week. The proprietor of this great property often spends as much as \$500 in billing and posting notices of forthcoming editions.

A Boat Sunk to Kill Insects.

An amusing and true story was reported from Toulon, France, when they caused the sinking of the torpedo boat, *Couleuvre*. The number of insects that swarmed in every part of the boat seemed to be endless. The celluloid of which the *Couleuvre* was built, was their favorite haunt; for all the surfaces of that material were black with bugs. The ordinary insect destroyers were powerless, and on the advice of the marine prefect, the Minister of Marine, Admiral Krantz gave orders for the *Couleuvre* to be sunk and kept under salt water three days.—*Osiris.*

A rat and a match set a steamboat on fire at Brunswick, Ga., the other night.

Last year there was an increase of only one savings bank in Massachusetts, while there was an increase of twenty-seven co-operative banks, a gain of more than forty per cent. over the total number in existence the year before. There are now ninety-three co-operative banks in the State, against 177 ordinary savings banks. This large increase in co-operative banks has led the Bank Commissioners to recommend legislation looking to their restriction, although they recognize their value when wisely managed.

A dark horse—The nightmare.— *Worcester Gazette.*

Richmond and Danville R. R. Co.

Condensed Schedule in Effect Jan. 5, 1890

Trains Run by 75° Meridian Time.

	SOUTHBOUND		DAILY	
	NO. 50.	NO. 52.		
Lv New York.	*12 15 a m	*4 30 p m		
Lv Philadelphia.	7 20 a m	6 37 p m		
Lv Baltimore.	9 45 a m	9 23 p m		
Lv Washington.	11 24 a m	11 00 p m		
Lv Charlottesville.	3 35 p m	2 55 a m		
Lv Lynchburg.	5 20 p m	5 07 a m		
Ar Danville.	8 20 p m	7 45 a m		
Lv Richmond.	*4 00 p m	*2 30 a m		
Lv Burkeville.	5 05 p m	4 30 a m		
Lv Keyesville.	5 45 p m	5 08 a m		
Lv Danville.	8 40 p m	8 05 a m		
Ar Greensboro.	10 27 p m	9 42 a m		
Lv Goldsboro.	*2 20 p m	*8 00 a m		
Ar Raleigh.	4 40 p m	9 00 p m		
Lv Raleigh.	*4 45 p m	*1 00 a m		
Lv Durham.	5 48 p m	2 55 a m		
Ar Greensboro.	8 29 p m	7 30 a m		
Lv Salem.	*5 30 p m	*6 15 a m		
Lv Greensboro.	*10 37 p m	*9 50 a m		
Ar Salisbury.	12 26 a m	11 18 a m		
Ar Statesville.	*9 01 a m	*12 13 p m		
Ar Asheville.	7 31 a m	4 20 p m		
Ar Hot Springs.	9 28 a m	6 10 p m		
Lv Salisbury.	*12 32 a m	*11 23 a m		
Ar Charlotte.	2 05 a m	13 40 p m		
Ar Spartanburg.	4 51 a m	3 38 p m		
Ar Greenville.	5 50 a m	4 46 p m		
Ar Atlanta.	11 00 a m	9 40 p m		
Lv Charlotte.	*2 30 a m	*1 00 p m		
Ar Columbia.	6 30 a m	3 10 p m		
Ar Augusta.	10 30 a m	9 00 p m		

DAILY

	NORTHBOUND.		DAILY	
	NO. 51.	NO. 52.		
Lv Augusta.	*8 10 p m	*3 30 a m		
Lv Columbia.	10 35 p m	12 50 p m		
Ar Charlotte.	3 13 a m	5 15 p m		
Lv Atlanta.	*6 00 p m	*7 10 a m		
Ar Asheville.	12 35 a m	1 34 p m		
Ar Statesville.	3 15 a m	5 58 p m		
Ar Salisbury.	4 20 a m	6 43 p m		
Ar Charlotte.	4 25 a m	5 30 p m		
Ar Salisbury.	6 02 a m	7 05 p m		
Lv Hot Springs.	*7 50 p m	*12 35 p m		
Ar Asheville.	9 40 p m	1 34 p m		
Ar Statesville.	3 15 a m	5 58 p m		
Ar Salisbury.	4 20 a m	6 43 p m		
Lv Salisbury.	*7 07 a m	*7 12 p m		
Ar Greensboro.	7 45 a m	8 40 p m		
Ar Salem.	*11 40 a m	*12 50 p m		
Lv Greensboro.	*9 45 a m	*1 00 p m		
Ar Durham.	12 01 p m	5 00 a m		
Ar Raleigh.	1 05 p m	7 45 a m		
Lv Raleigh.	*1 08 p m	*2 00 a m		
Ar Goldsboro.	3 00 p m	12 50 p m		
Lv Greensboro.	*7 50 a m	*3 30 p m		
Ar Danville.	9 32 a m	10 30 p m		
Ar Keyesville.	12 30 a m	1 30 p m		
Ar Burkeville.	1 13 p m	2 40 a m		
Ar Richmond.	3 30 a m	6 15 a m		
Lv Lynchburg.	*12 25 p m	*12 55 a m		
Ar Charlottesville.	2 40 p m	3 20 a m		
Ar Washington.	7 19 p m	7 08 a m		
Ar Baltimore.	8 19 p m	4 29 a m		
Ar Philadelphia.	3 00 a m	10 47 a m		
Ar New York.	6 30 a m	1 20 p m		

DAILY

*Daily. *Daily, except Sunday

Train for Raleigh via Clarksville leaves Richmond daily, 10 15 a m. Keyesville, 1 20 p m. arrives Clarksville, 2 41 p m. Oxford, 3 42 p m. Henderson, 5 03 p m. Durham, 6 08 p m. Raleigh, 6 18 p m.

Returning leaves Raleigh 9 10 a m daily; Durham 9 15 a m. Henderson 9 15 a m. Oxford 10 41 a m. Clarksville 11 41 a m. Keyesville 1 20 p m. arrives Richmond 4 25 p m.

Through passenger coach, daily between Richmond and Raleigh via Keyesville, leaving Richmond 4 00 p m. and returning leave Raleigh 7 55 a m.

Local mixed trains leaves Durham daily except Sunday 6 50 p m. arrives Keyesville 1 25 a m. returning leaves Keyesville 9 10 a m daily except Sunday; arrives Durham 5 22 p m. Raleigh 11 30 p m. Passenger coach attached.

No. 51 and 52 connect at Richmond daily except Sunday for West Point and Baltimore via York River Line.

No. 50 from West Point connects daily except Sunday at Richmond with No. 50 for the South.

No. 50 and 51 connect at Goldsboro with trains to and from Mendenhall City and Wilmington and to Selma to and from Fayetteville.

No. 52 connects at Greensboro or Fayetteville.

No. 53 connects at Selma for Wilson, N. C.

No. 50 and 51 make close connection at University Station with trains to and from Chapel Hill, except Sundays.

Sleeping Car Service.

On trains 50 and 51, Pullman Buffet Sleepers between Atlanta and New York, Greensboro and Augusta, Greensboro to Asheville, and Murfreesboro, Tenn.

On 50 and 52, Pullman Buffet Sleeper between Washington and New Orleans via Montgomery, Ala. and between Washington and Birmingham, Ala. Richmond and Greensboro, Raleigh and Greensboro, and Pullman Parlor Cars between Salisbury and Keyesville and between Charlotte and Augusta.

Through tickets on sale at principal Stations to all points.

For rates, local and through time tables, apply to any agent of the Company, or to the S. O. H. S. S., J. H. TAYLOR, Traffic Manager, Gen. Pass Agent, W. A. TURK, Dir. Pass Agent, RAILROAD, N. C.