





To the Memory of Capt. Thos. E. King,  
Who fell while gallantly charging on the field of  
Chickamauga.

There were nine, but one is sleeping  
In the silent far away,  
Where angel guards are keeping  
Watch o'er the precious clay,  
While the others here are weeping  
For their brother night and day.

They were always so united  
That 'twere sad to have them part;  
Nearer home which all delighted,  
It was sunshine to the heart,  
And now it all is blighted!!  
Oh Death! how cruel thou art!

There are plenty who are waiting  
All whose earthly work is o'er,  
To whom life's a prison grating,  
Which exceeds the other shore,  
Who, without hesitating,  
Would have gladly gone before.

Aged ones whose hearts in sorrow  
Weep the friend and early lost,  
Whose only hope they borrow  
As the youth they are tempted to lose,  
From the thought that on the morrow  
Thy dark & room they will have cross'd.

Life to him was bright and glowing,  
With the sunny hopes of youth,  
His manly bearing showing  
As if all his ways forsooth,  
God's favor in bestowing  
On him a soul of worth.

He is gone! and desolation  
Fills a widowed heart with pain,  
A grief without cessation,  
For he comes no more again,  
For e'en a brief duration,  
Death, from thy dark domain.

There, at home, we always find her,  
With her little children, three,  
Who comfort yet remind her  
Of the joys that used to be,  
For there never was a kinder  
Or more genial man than he.

He found the field of battle;  
For brave and bold he was  
And never dream'd of flight;  
His country's noble cause  
But fell while he was fighting  
For his home and loved ones.

We are proud of him, but never  
Can the human heart forget;  
We have said good bye forever,  
And yet we still have not  
Lost again the death struggle  
Which he fought for the living.

There is a singular sentence:  
"Sator arepo tenet opera rotas"  
This spells backward and forward all the  
Then taking all the first letters of each  
line the first word.  
In all the second letters of each word  
and word.  
the third; and so on through the  
the last letter

Pa. Penny 31  
Dr. 8. wife  
38  
1 00  
5 11  
2 50  
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Dr. 8. wife  
44

Dr. 8. wife  
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12 57

Dr. 8. wife  
11 9 00

Where There's a Will, There's  
a Way.  
BY ELIZA COOK.  
We have faith in old proverbs full surely;  
For wisdom has traced what they tell,  
And truth may be drawn up as purely  
From them as it may from a "well."  
Let us question the thinkers and doers,  
And hear what they honestly say,  
And you'll find they believe like bold woodmen,  
In "where there's a will, there's a way."  
The hills have been high for man's mounting,  
The woods have been dense for his axes,  
The stars have been thick for his counting,  
The sands have been wide for his tracks;  
The sea has been deep for his diving,  
The poles have been broad for his sway,  
But bravely he's proved, in his striving,  
That "where there's a will there's a way."  
Have you vices that ask a destroyer?  
Or passions that need your control?  
Let reason become your employer,  
And your body be ruled by your soul,  
Fight on, though youth lead in the trial,  
Resist with all strength that ye may,  
You may conquer sin's host by denial,  
For "where there's a will there's a way."  
Have you poverty's pinching to cope with?  
Does suffering weigh down your mind?  
Only call up a spirit to cope with,  
And dawn may come out of the night,  
Oh, much may be done by denying,  
The ghost of despair and dismay;  
And much may be done by relying,  
On "where there's a will there's a way."  
Should you see afar'd that winter's day?  
Set out on the journey with courage,  
And ne'er heed your path, at the day,  
Should be among humbles and low,  
Though it is but by footsteps ye seek,  
And hardships may hinder and stay,  
Keep a heart, and be sure you'll get through,  
For "where there's a will there's a way."

Here is a singular sentence:  
"Sator arepo tenet opera rotas"  
This spells backward and forward all the  
Then taking all the first letters of each  
line the first word.  
In all the second letters of each word  
and word.  
the third; and so on through the  
the last letter

February 15 1861



# THE SPIRIT-BIRD.

BY M. A. RICE.

A child lay moaning on its mother's knee,  
Its soft cheek wasted through excess of pain;  
Its deep blue eyes were gazing mournfully,  
Or closed, as though they ne'er might close again;  
And then the mother mused—Can I give up  
This last fair blossom of my summer's day—  
This drop of sweetness in the trembling cup  
Of mortal love, oh, must it pass away?  
Sweet babes of mine are sleeping 'neath the sod—  
Grant me this latest darling, O my God!

wing, upon common principles of part  
tactics, will vote the Union ticket in those  
free States where there is no hope of bene-  
fitting their party otherwise than by thus  
aiding to defeat the Republican candidate.  
In this way, and in this worst aspect of re-  
sults, the election may be thrown before  
the House of Representatives, where the  
candidate of the most central and conserva-  
tive party must succeed.

The prospect is bright and cheering for  
breaking up these two pernicious sectional  
parties, whose interminable wrangles over  
mere abstractions about slavery brought in  
in '56 to the very verge of civil war, and  
whose best ultimate result would be the  
peaceful severance of the Union. Much  
depends upon the elections in Kentucky  
and Tennessee. Victory is before us  
the Union-loving men in those States will  
exert themselves as patriots should, while  
their country is in danger.

From the American Union.  
Of all that vainly fluttered o'er my head,  
Nor in that summer's day Convention,  
Then she remembered she had loved,  
The form or plumage of that mystic bird,  
Or seen it spread the wing, nor had it been  
In its deep tone like any she had heard.  
The mother rose, her household ways she trod,  
Saying, A spirit called the child—bless God.

From the *Graphic*, 1857.  
"Homeward Bound."  
BY ANNIE ANTON.  
One eve, when all was hushed and still,  
Musing leaped o'er my window sill,  
Then mine ear caught up a distant sound,  
The burden of which seemed "Homeward  
bound."

listened, listened, but all in vain,  
To catch some word of the low, sweet strain;  
Could only hear borne along with the sound  
The joyous refrain, we're "Homeward bound."  
We're homeward bound! we're homeward  
bound!  
Where shall words dear as these be found  
The heart of the mariner far at sea,  
Who longs with the loved one for the land to be?  
We're homeward bound! to the weary saint,  
When his eye grows dim and his pulse grows  
faint,  
How dear are these words, for he soon will rest  
In the saint's abode on Immanuel's breast  
We're homeward bound! to the child who  
weeps  
In the grass-grown grave where a mother  
sleeps,  
How doubly sweet must be the sound  
The joyful words, we're "Homeward bound."  
We're homeward bound! what words of cheer  
The weary, the sad and the suffering here,  
They seem to say where earth's ties are riven  
Here's rest and a home for the weary in  
heaven.

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME.  
Do they miss me at home, do they miss me  
'Twould be an assurance most dear,  
To know that this moment some loved one  
Were saying I wish he were here;  
To feel that the group at the fireside  
Were thinking of me as I roam,  
Or yet 'twould be joy beyond measure  
To know that they miss me at home.  
When twilight approaches, the season  
That ever is sacred to song,  
Does some one repeat my name over,  
And sigh that I tarry so long?  
And is there a chord in the music  
That's missed when my voice is away,  
And a chord in each heart that awaketh  
Regret at my wearisome stay?  
Do they set me a chair at the table,  
When evening's home pleasures are nigh?  
When the candles are lit in the hall,  
And the stars in the calm night  
And when the "good night"  
And all lay them down to sleep,  
Do they think of the absent and wait me  
A whispered good night whilst they weep.  
Do they miss me at home—do they miss me  
At morning, at noon or at night,  
And linger one gloomy shade round them  
That only my presence can light,  
Are joys less invitingly welcome  
And pleasures less hale than before;  
Because one is missed from the circle,  
Because I am with them no more?

at Sa. Feb 18 1857

Tender D.S.  
has 25  
Shocking 38  
Cambridge 44 B.O.  
Cham D.S.

She Understood It. A droll fellow was asked  
by an old lady to read the newspaper, and  
taking it, began as follows:

"Last night, yesterday morning about two  
in the afternoon before breakfast, a hungry boy  
about forty years old bought a big custard for  
a levy, and threw it through a brick wall nine  
feet thick, and jumping over it, broke his right  
ankle off above his left knee, fell into a dry  
pond and was drowned. About thirty years  
after that, on the same day, an old cat had  
twenty turkey gobblers; a high wind blew Yan-  
kee Doodle on a frying-pan, and knocked the  
old Dutch Church down, and killed a live sow  
and two dead pigs at Boston, where a deaf and  
dumb man was talking French to his Aunt Pe-  
ter."

The old lady, taking a long breath, gazed  
over her spectacles at the reader, and exclaim-  
ed:

"Du tell!"

Woman of property  
Almanac  
Simmons D.  
did Profit  
Carroll S. D.  
P. Glas

Carter Daugh D.  
P. Glas 25  
Salvatus 15

Simmons D. Bury  
P. Ashes 4 00  
P. Lacks 25

Shuman  
Lab Epsom  
Pico Waccos

CONNERED HIM.—"What has brought  
you here?" said a lone woman who was  
quite "flustered," the other morning, by  
an early call from a bachelor neighbor  
who lived opposite, and who she regard-  
ed with peculiar favor.

"I came to borrow matches."  
"Matches! that's a likely story! Why  
don't you make a n

know what you co-  
exasperated old virg  
old bachelor into  
came here to kiss me  
But you shan't  
longest, and





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From the Mercury.  
**Energy--A Parody.**

BY JOHN BROWN, Bsq.

What boots it thy talent,  
 What profits thy wealth,  
 What to me is thy virtue,  
 Thy beauty or health,

When one thing thou lackest,  
 The *SINE QUA NON*;  
 The ever essential,  
 The one thing--**THE ONE.**

The youth--a genius--  
 But a dreamer was he;  
 And apathy seized him  
 And took him from me.

Kind friends would arouse him--  
 They told him of fame--  
 That I could do for him  
 A bright, spotless name.

Unavail'd their efforts--  
 They ceased in despair;  
 Each went to his calling,  
 And left genius there.

So he dreamed till he died,  
 And the world knew him not,  
 And the place is unknown  
 Where the dreamer's bones rot.

Stand not upon talents,  
 The road to success  
 Is slow--but surely  
 By work--and address.

**"FLORENCE VANE."**

BY PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE.

"I loved thee long and dearly,  
 Florence Vane;  
 My life's bright dream, and early,  
 Hath come again;  
 I renew in my fond vision,  
 My heart's dear pain,  
 My hopes, and thy derision,  
 Florence Vane.

"The ruin loan and hoary,  
 The ruin old,  
 Where thou didst hark my story,  
 At even told--  
 That spot--the hues Elysian  
 Of sky and plain--  
 I treasure in my vision,  
 Florence Vane.

"Thou wast lovelier than the rose  
 In their prime;  
 Thy voice excelled the closes  
 Of the Sweetest rhyme;  
 Thy heart was as a river,  
 Without a main;  
 Would I had loved thee never,  
 Florence Vane.

"But fairest, couldst wonder!  
 Thy glorious clay  
 Lieth the green sod under--  
 Alas the day!  
 And it boots not to remember  
 Thy disdain--  
 To quicken love's pale ember,  
 Florence Vane.

"The lillies of the valley  
 By young graves weep,  
 The pansies love to dully  
 Where maidens sleep;  
 No, their bloom is beauty vied  
 Never  
 Where thine earthly part is lying  
 Florence Vane.

**My Mother's Grave.**

BY SAM. CAMERON.

Long years have flown, dear mother,  
 Since o'er thy voiceless grave  
 I've heard the night wind's requiem,  
 And the willow's pensive wave:  
 Where twines the tender cypress vine,  
 And blooms the violet fair,  
 And sweetest odors breathe around  
 Affection planted there.

I'll know thy love, dear mother,  
 No more whilst time moves round  
 Wropt in thy shroud thou sleepest now  
 Beneath the cold damp ground:  
 A solitary branch I drop  
 Above life's lessening stream,  
 And youth's bright time but seems to me  
 A lovely, fading dream.  
 O'er my return, dear mother,  
 To that lone, hallowed spot,  
 So sad and yet so soothing,  
 So far, yet unforget,  
 My fancy time is mingling  
 With the voices of the wind  
 For the lonely one,  
 Left weeping behind.

Oh how blest, when life is o'er,  
 The life which is but breath,  
 To sleep near thee the tranquil sleep,  
 Dreamless, but not of death;  
 With the sustained and sacred hope  
 That we shall meet once more  
 Amid the bowers and by the streams,  
 On Heaven's unclouded shore.

The  
 To bring  
 And cries and  
 When stranger has  
 Spea

The glowing days, the quiet nights,  
 Each season with its new delight,  
 Bring lessons of protecting care,  
 But still in this, in every sphere  
 'Tis love, dear love.

The tie that makes it hard to die,  
 When weeping friends are standing by,  
 And yet the hope that lifts the soul  
 And waits for the spirit's goal,  
 Is love, deep love.

Of mortal life the dearest dream,  
 Of angel's love the noblest theme;  
 When the white robes to us are given,  
 This is the song we'll sing in Heaven,  
 Redeeming love.

Tomlinson county. LINA.

**PEACE.**

A wisest one, on his deathbed,  
 Who, asked by all the stars and gods,  
 When in some most benignant mood,  
 What boon he chose--  
 From all their opulent power,  
 That trim'd the orb'd universe,  
 Gave answer--**"Peace!"**  
 Nor gold, nor wreath, nor diadem,  
 Nor popular applause,  
 Nor banner'd pomp:  
 But quiet in the spirit's lucid stream,  
 But stillness in the spirit's azure sky--  
 No sound but such as breathes  
 Amid the orchestra of flowers,  
 Led by a soft south wind,  
 Whose measures are brimful of memories,  
 That are sweet wrecks of Earth's old Paradise.

"I ask but Peace!"  
 And from the throned Powers above  
 That guardon breathed,  
 Soft as the waving of Eolian wings, in wind  
 On moonlight mission sent,  
 Over his brow.  
 What aspect then was his, and following bliss  
 What large content, what sovran smile at all  
 That jangle common life, to fast and eat  
 We know not, nor can know, we who in storm  
 Make a perpetual morbid  
 Yet hug the passions still that cause the misery  
 Ambition, fiery love, and crouching for revenge.

"I ask but Peace!"  
 Still to its music's perfect sweetness loan,  
 Still pray unto the stars God's former power  
 To scorn the passions yet  
 That shut us from the willow's sigh  
 He had who asked but for that Paradise  
 OF PEACE, ETERNAL PEACE!

"Married couples resemble a pair of shears,"  
 say Sidney Smith. "So joined that they cannot be  
 separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet  
 always punishing any one who comes between  
 them."

Why is a lovely young lady like a hinge?  
 Because she is something to adore.

**Sonnet to a Lady.**

BY JOHN A. SMITH.

You're very elegant, my lovely lady,  
 And have indeed a most bewitching face,  
 Which only wants a little modest grace  
 To make you beautiful as Byron's "Haidée."  
 A decent pride there's certainly no harm in;  
 The very best of us must still be human;  
 But though fine features charm us in a woman,  
 Beauty with modesty is twice as charming.  
 I knew a lady, fairer, colder, purer,  
 That any Ice on Nova Zembla's side,  
 Who grew so ugly with overweening pride,  
 It took a regular small-pox to cure her.  
 Proud, she was spurned, but Nature thus outwit-  
 ted.

The girl was loved the moment she was spit-  
 ted.

**A Model Love Letter.**

We have frequently seen literary genius  
 played in a variety of forms, but never in a  
 remarkable manner than in the following:

To Miss  
 The great love I have hitherto expressed for  
 you, is false, and I find my indifference towards  
 you increases daily. I shall never see you, and  
 you appear in my mind as an object of contempt.  
 I feel myself easily disposed and deter-  
 mined to hate you. Believe me, I never had an in-  
 teresting you, my hand. Our last conversation  
 left a tedious insipidity, which has by no means  
 given me the most exalted idea of your character.  
 Your temper would make me extremely weary,  
 and if we are united I shall experience nothing but  
 the hatred of my parents, added to everlasting dis-  
 pleasure in being with you. I have indeed a heart  
 to be true, but I do not desire you to imagine it  
 at your service. I would not give it to any one more  
 inconsistent and capricious than yourself, and I am  
 incapable to do honor to my choice and my family.  
 Yes, Miss, I hope you will be persuaded that  
 I speak sincerely, and you will never  
 see me again. I shall excuse you taking the trouble  
 to answer this. Your letters are always full of  
 nonsense, and you have not a shadow of  
 wit and good sense. Adieu! I don't believe you  
 so little to you, that it is impossible for me to be  
 your most affectionate friend and humble  
 servant.

The reader, after perusing this ingenious little  
 letter, will please read it again, commencing on  
 the first line, and then the third and fifth, and so  
 continue, reading each alternate line to the end.







# CHAPLAIN

DO NOT COMMIT YOUR PART TO MEMORY

My friend—Thou hast listened to the lesson of thy mortality. As to thy last end, question thine own interior spirit of its hopes beyond the grave.

Of all things, Wisdom is profitable to man;—that wisdom which cometh from above, first pure, then peaceable, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom. Tribulation and anguish shall come upon every son of man that doeth evil—but glory, and honor, and peace, to every man that worketh good.

Go not in the way of evil men, for it is as darkness; they eat the bread of wickedness, and drink the wine of violence; but the way of the just is as a shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Therefore, be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. If thine enemy hunger, feed him—if he thirst, give him drink.

Be diligent in business. In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand. Provide things honest in the sight of all men. Relieve the oppressed—comfort the widow—minister to the fatherless.

Every good and perfect gift cometh down from our Father in heaven.

We invoke thy blessing, O God, upon our services. Impart wisdom, courage, strength and every needed grace—and may this our friend be true and faithful to the vows about to be assumed, even unto death!

May the blessing of heaven rest upon our brother, and upon our Order, forever!

Response.—Love is the fulfilling of the law!

Response.—Blessed are the pure in heart!

Response.—Be ye faithful unto death!

[From the Montgomery Advertiser.]  
To Gen. N. B. Forrest.

BY ROSALIE;

Be ye Forrest like a storm-kid sweeps  
O'er the vile invader's path,  
In thunders of vengeance that echo afar;  
And he flashes like Freedom's orient star,  
Or Heaven's lightning of wrath!

And woe to the foe,  
When he dials the blow,  
For his heart is nerved anew,  
By the memory of those,  
Who in death repose—  
The faithful sons of a true!

Noble Forrest like a lion springs  
On prowling Goths who come  
With demon hands and hearts so black;  
To are, pulute and ruthless sack—  
Desolate our hearths and homes!

With vengeful sting  
He's "on the wing"  
And torrent he sweeps along;  
And his warriors brave,  
Like old sea-wave,  
Surge over the Hessian throng!

Brave Forrest, like a comet flash,  
Darts through the shades of eve,  
And his pathway you may trace  
By the foeman's livid face,  
Who snuff his coming in the breeze!

O, twine his name  
With the laurels of fame,  
Carve in letters radiating and bright—  
Embellish with glory,  
Each thread of the story,  
That eye may read and lip recite!

Noble Forrest like an eagle sweeps  
Down on the vandal prey,  
With glittering sword in noon-day's blaze;  
At dewy eve, "neath moonlight rays,  
Our "wage" of "peace" the way!

When in the East,  
The morn of Peace  
Breaks o'er our sunny land—  
Mid the heroes brave,  
And banners that wave,  
May we greet him and his patriot band!  
Montgomery, Ala., July, 1864.

For the Telegraph and Confederate.  
ONCE MORE.

Once more, once more bid the trumpet sound,  
With the signal of the free;  
Let the watchword pass like a vigil round,  
From the mountains to the sea:  
To arms! is the only way to peace—  
To arms! let the mandate rise;  
The host of the brave in the field increase,  
As the stars in the midnight skies.

Once more let the roll of the drum be heard,  
Rekindle the smouldering fire,  
Be the soul to the depth of its slumber stirred,  
With the spell of a burning lyre:  
Come forth! ye sons of the hill and plain,  
Why tarry ye longer there,  
When the cry, to arms, is abroad again,  
In each breath of the startled air!

Once more, from where the Potomac flows,  
Away to the Rio Grande,  
The war-shout raise as it first arose,  
With a thrill in our native land:  
A slave is he that would now retrace  
The past, in the right begun;  
Then swear that never a night of disgrace  
Shall obscure our Southern sun.

Go, join the roll of the true and brave;  
Pour forth to the battle array;  
Far better were each asleep in his grave,  
Than the foe should win the day:  
Once more bid the spell of the slumber  
For the night will soon be gone,  
When the east and the west like a golden sun  
Shall be tinged with Freedom's dawn.

J. R.

303 Moses G. Sutton & Co  
101 Permat cot-Bagging

1350



**PATERNAL DUTY.**—The father who plunges into business so deeply that he has no leisure for domestic duties and pleasures, and whose only intercourse with his children consists in a brief word of authority, or a surly lamentation over their intolerable expensiveness, is equally to be pitied and to be blamed. What right has he to devote to other pursuits the time which God has allotted to his children?—Nor is it any excuse to say that he cannot support his family in their present style of living without this effort. I ask by what right can his family demand to live in a manner which requires him to neglect the most important duties? Is it any advantage to them to be relieved from the necessity of labor? Beside, is money the only desirable bequest which a father can leave to his children? Surely, well cultivated intellects, hearts sensible to domestic affection; the love of parents, and brethren and sisters; a taste for home pleasures; habits of order, regularity and industry; a hatred of vice and vicious men, and a lively sensibility to the excellence of virtue; are as valuable a legacy as an inheritance of property,—simple property purchased by the loss of every habit which could render that property a blessing.—*Selected.*

**PLEASURES OF CONTENTMENT.**—I have a rich neighbor who is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, more money, that he may still get more and more money. He is still drudging on, saying what Solomon says: "The diligent hand maketh rich." And it is true, indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said, by a man of great observation, "That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them." And yet Heaven deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let us not repine, or so much as think that the gifts of God are unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches, when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silk worm, that, when she seems to pay, is at the same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself. And this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares to keep what they have already got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and competence, and, above all, for a quiet consequence.

**HABITS.**—There are habits, not only of drinking, swearing and lying, and of some other things which are commonly acknowledged to be habits, but of every modification of action, speech and thought. Man is a bundle of habits. There are habits of industry, attention, vigilance, advertency; of a prompt obedience to the judgment occurring, or of yielding to the first impulse of passion; of extending our views to the future, or of resting upon the present; of apprehending, methodizing, reasoning; of indolence, dilatoriness; of vanity, self-conceit, melancholy, partiality; of fretfulness, suspicion, captiousness, censoriousness; of pride, ambition, covetousness; of overreaching, intriguing, projecting. In a word, there is not a quality or function, either of body or mind, which does not feel the influence of this great law of animated nature.

#### A SOLDIER'S DEATH.

BY W. L. R., SIGNAL CORPS.

I am dying, comrade, dying—  
Life's tide is ebbing fast;  
My wound doth ache, my eyes grow dim,  
This breath may be my last.

Comrades, I have no mother dear  
To soothe my dying pillow,  
But bury me in a soldier's grave,  
Beneath yon weeping willow.

Patriots gather round and swear,  
By yon radiant setting sun,  
You'll cleave the last armed vandal down,  
Until victory shall be won.

Do this, comrades, and I'll bless you  
With my last and dying breath;  
For my country's cause,  
I die.

My mother  
For the soul;  
And gentle words  
I love my God.

My mother I die,  
And lie to earth was given;  
I thought how soon we'd meet  
Jesus in His Heaven.

God of Heaven, look down on me,  
And take me to Thy breast;  
I wish to go where I can find  
Some eternal abode of rest.

Hark, comrades, hark I methinks I hear  
The vanguard's battle cry,  
Go drive the cursed invader back,  
And leave me alone—to die.

I have fought for my country's cause—  
With my face to the foe I fell;  
In the celestial realm we'll meet—  
Comrades, friends, fare well!

#### PHANTOM DAYS.

Sweet-heart, when the year turns back,  
And over her summer track  
Goes trailing in robes of mist,  
And holding her poor pale lips,  
Chill with their half eclipse,  
Up to the sun to be kissed—

Then over the parting line  
The dead days glimmering shine,  
With pitiful faces fair,  
They are perfect, all but breath,  
And I mind me of their death  
By the chill that is in the air.

Yet at the sight I yearn:  
And O, that they would return  
With the love that I forego!  
And I murmur, ah! how long?  
And sorrow takes up her song—  
"Till the rose blooms in the snow."

So all the story is told  
Cense, for the heart's a-cold,  
And the winter claims its own.  
In the first night of the frost  
Beauty and bloom were lost,  
And what is the stalk alone?

O, when will the rough winds blow,  
And when will the blank white snow  
Cover the dead from sight?  
For, like the haze on the hill,  
Lies on thought and will  
The spell of a past delight.

So, over the yellow leaves,  
And the empty place of sheaves,  
I follow my aimless feet,  
Oh! love that is lost to me,  
Are their ghosts that walked with thee  
In this time of the bitter-sweet?

Oh! what but the heart's desire  
Can you have seen in the fire  
Of the autumn woods ablaze!  
And what but an ended tale  
In the ashes few and pale  
Of these Indian Summer days!

**"THE HAPPY MAN."**—He who is strong, and does a man's work; he who is going out to his daily toil leaves at home a beloved creature who loves and thinks of him alone, is by that very fact inspired with cheerfulness, and is happy all the day. \* \* \* A blessed thing it is to have by your hearth-stove a trustworthy and loving woman, to whom you can open your heart, with whom you can suffer. She will prevent you from either dreaming or forgetting.



## A LOCK OF HAIR.

I HAVE a little lock of hair  
I've kept for long, long years—  
I may not say how oft I've dimmed  
Its lustre with my tears;  
Yet hear it lies before me now,  
All glittering in the light,  
For slender threads of burnished gold  
Are not so fair to sight.

I see him now—his loving eyes  
Are fondly bent on me,  
As light he clasps those hands of his,  
And laughs so heartily;  
But dust is on that fairy brow,  
And darkened are those eyes,  
Where dwelt in stainless purity  
The splendor of the skies!

And laid within Lake Erie deep,  
His form unconscious sleeps,  
While mem'ry o'er that sinless dust  
A sleepless vigil keeps;  
Within the windings of his tomb  
I see the sea-worm glide:  
Yet care not, if the spirit live,  
What doth the clay betide!

I've stood beside the boundless lake  
That forms his resting-place,  
And called to mind his winning ways,  
His beauty and his grace;  
And glancing upward to the skies,  
That glowed in summer sheen,  
I marked the blue and boundless space  
That rolled our souls between!

My gentle husband! when I gaze  
Upon thy brother's brow,  
I strive to think how thou wouldst look  
Wert thou but living now!  
But oh! the waves of mem'ry rush  
In darkness o'er my soul,  
And if I chide the gushing tears,  
They spurn my weak control!

This shining lock of silken hair  
To me more lovely seems  
Than all the gorgeous images  
That crowd the cloud of dreams!  
Were every little thread a pulse,  
That might respond to mine,  
It could to me no plainer speak—  
It would no brighter shine.

## THE WINTER NIGHT.

BY COROLLA H. CRISWELL.

STARS in heaven's blue are glowing  
With a brilliant light;  
Luna on the earth is throwing  
Rays serene and bright.  
White clouds through the sky are moving,  
Broken here and there;  
And I see a meteor roving  
Through the "ambient air."

Coldly now the winds are blowing—  
Wildly shriek they now;  
Trees beside our cottage growing,  
Creak in every bough.  
Frosts upon the window gather—  
Fasten on the pane;  
Soon, too soon, came wintry weather  
Back to us again.

On the hearth the fire is glowing  
Cheerfully and bright,  
While its flames around are throwing  
Warmth and dreamy light.  
Pleasantly the hours flit o'er me,  
As I sit alone  
Dreaming of the days before me,  
And of moments gone.

While without cold winds are blowing,  
All is warm within;  
And this heart, with peace o'erflowing,  
Wishes but to win  
God's approval—His rare blessing—  
His protection still;  
And, these precious boons possessing,  
I shall fear no ill.

## OTHER DAYS.

BY ANANIAS W. SAWYER.

OTHER days—their guileless pleasures  
Steal like shadows o'er my mind.  
Come their memories  
Whispering melodies,  
Telling sweet of life's lost treasures,  
Golden ruins strewn behind.

Memory wakes all recollections,  
Slumbering voices of the past;  
And they tell me,  
Slowly tell me  
Of my friends, their love and actions,  
Sleeping now of sleeps the last.

Childish forms with radiant faces  
Glide before and gaze in mine;  
Smiling sadly,  
And yet gladly,  
Bringing back their withered graces—  
Bringing back the olden time.

Then within me starts a syren,  
Chanting low of childhood's years;  
Breathing fire  
Through her lyre,  
Which soon opens a fount of iron,  
Setting free its 'prisoned tears,

Gathered there for those now sleeping  
Dreamless slumbers of the dead,  
In the churchyard,  
'Neath the greensward,  
Hearts once sunny, warm, and leaping,  
Cold and throbless as their bed.

Other days—their friends and pleasures  
Steal like shadows o'er my mind.  
Come their memories  
Whispering melodies,  
Telling sweet of life's lost treasures,  
Golden ruins strewn behind.

## TIME.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Friend of the wretch oppressed with grief,  
Whose lenient hand, though slow, supplies  
The balm that lends to care relief,  
That wipes her tears—that checks her sighs!

'Tis thine the wounded soul to heal  
That hopeless bleeds for sorrow's smart;  
From stern misfortune's shaft to steal  
The barb that rankles in the heart.

What though the roses with thee fly,  
And jocund youth's gay reign is o'er;  
Though dimmed the lustre of the eye,  
And hope's vain dreams enchant no more;

Yet in thy train comes soft-eyed peace.  
Indifference with her heart of show;  
At her cold touch, lo! sorrows cease,  
No thorns beneath her roses grow.

Oh, haste to grant the suppliant's prayer,  
To me thy torpid calm impart;  
Rend from my brow youth's garland fair,  
But take the thorn that's in my heart.

Ah, why do fabling poets tell  
That thy fleet wings outstrip the wind?  
Why feign thy course of joy the knell,  
And call thy slowest pace unkind?

To me thy feeble, tedious pace  
Comes laden with the weight of years—  
With sighs I view morn's blushing face,  
And hail mild evening with my tears.

From the Home Journal.

## "TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW."

A rosebud blossomed in my bower,  
A bird sang in my garden:  
The rosebud was its fairest flower,  
The bird its gentlest warden;  
And a child beside the linden tree  
Sang, "Think no more of sorrow;  
But let us smile and sing to-day,  
For we must weep to-morrow."

I asked the bird, "Oh, didst thou hear  
The song that she would sing thee?  
And can it be that thou shouldst fear  
What the next morn may bring thee?  
He answered with triumphant strain,  
Saying, "I know not sorrow;  
But I must sing my best to-day,  
For I may die to-morrow!"

I asked the rose, "Oh, tell me, sweet,  
In thy first beauty's dawning,  
Thou canst not fear, from this retreat,  
The coming of the morning?  
She flung her fragrant leaves apart,  
The lovelier for her sorrow,  
Saying, "Yet I must bloom to-day,  
For I may droop to-morrow."

I said, "The bloom upon my cheek  
Is fleeting as the roses;  
My voice no more shall sing or speak,  
When dust in dust rep  
And from the soulless m  
One lesson I may borro  
That we should smile and  
For we may weep to-m

PRIDE.—In beginning the world, if you don't wish to step out to air on grand occasions. Pride is a garment, all stiff and side, all grating sackcloth on the side next to the skin. Even kings wear the dalmaticum except at coronations.—*Bulwer.*

LOVE.—It is a singular fact that two of the most vigorous writers of the English language appear to be in total ignorance of all the feelings which take their rise from the passion of love. We know of no single line that has fallen from the pen of Swift, or from that of Macaulay, which indicates any sympathy with that passion which, in the greatest number of minds, affords the most powerful of all motives.—*Blackburn.*



## FAREWELL TO HOME.

FAREWELL, ye blest scenes, with peace ever smiling!  
Ye scenes of my pleasure—a lasting farewell!  
Comforters of grief! e'en to misery beguiling,  
No more in your shades I am destin'd to dwell.

Far, far I must wander, and, Oh! perhaps never  
May be by kind heaven blest with a return;  
Yet, yet, from my heart, no distance shall sever  
The scenes I so love, and for ever must mourn!

Here every charm of tender affection,  
Strikes fresh my fond bosom and tortures my breast;  
Those sighings of sorrow—tears of recollection—  
Speak a heart the most tender by anguish oppress'd.

Here love first began—by friendship united—  
And joys without number o'erflowed my soul;  
But friendship is blasted—affection is blighted—  
And hateful remembrance now fills up the whole.

How oft have I sighed, (when musingly straying,  
While flow'd the smooth river between the green trees,  
And while the young lambs on its rivages playing,  
Added grandeur to nature and pleasure to peace)—

"Oh! scenes of delight! how can I e'er leave you?  
Oh! how from these pleasures can I ever part?  
When the hand of compulsion of me shall bereave you,  
'Twill snatch the desire most dear to my heart!

"Should war's dread alarm e'er call me to wander,  
Or should fate destine me far from you to roam,  
On those joyful remembrances oft will I ponder,  
And sigh the fled pleasures once tasted at home."

And now I must go, and forsake all these blisses,  
(What thought had predicted too soon has come true)  
Must go—where no friendship shall tender its wishes—  
Must go—where no lover shall bid me adieu!

SCOURGE of mankind! whose all-destroying hand  
Has robb'd of bliss a plenteous smiling land,  
Say, to what fiend thou owest thy hated birth;  
Who sent thee forth to desolate the earth?

The blast thou art, that nips ere manhood blooms,  
Consigning noble hearts to early tombs.  
While shrinking nature daily, shuddering, reads  
Of some brave victim that for glory bleeds;  
Glory! misnam'd, 'tis madness, nearer far,  
Impels thy votaries! Oh! destructive War!  
Mercy must ever tremble at thy name,  
And wish oblivion rather than thy fame!  
To sing the horrors of thy dread array,  
Demands a bolder pen, an abler lay;  
My feeble efforts can but half reveal  
The pangs the widow and the orphan feel!

Woe to the land to War's dread power a prey;  
Its hand of desolation sweeps away  
Each home-felt joy fair industry doth yield;  
Destroys the produce of the waving field;  
And sends the hand, that rais'd the food of life,  
To slaughter brethren in the field of strife!  
The hand, embrown'd with honest useful toil,  
To deal destruction, and to live on spoil!

## ON SEEING A WITHERED ROSE-BUD.

Poor flow'ret! scarce had refreshing heav'n shed  
(When softly peeping from thy calix green)  
Its pearly moisture on thy scarlet head,  
Ere from thy stem dissever'd\*, thou wast seen  
A rose-bud faint, and weak, and withered.

Emblem of her whose virgin-spirit's flown  
On aerial wings to realms unfeign'd;  
Where, in th' splendour of th' eternal throne,  
As that her soul contain'd,  
Angels and saints, a rose unblown!

## Beautiful?

The maiden, the mother,  
The radiant beauty of its own,  
Can mar. Never yet was  
Perfect without the steady  
Intellect, wealth! they are  
The brightest day, unless the  
Religion throws her soft beam  
And then, to purify and exalt, making twice  
As glorious that which seemed all loveliness before.  
Religion is very beautiful—in health or in sick-  
ness, in wealth or poverty. We can never enter  
the sick chamber of the good, but soft music seems  
to float on the air, and the burden of the song is  
"Lo! peace is here."

Could we look into thousands of families to-day,  
where discontent fights sullenly with life, we should  
find the chief cause of unhappiness, want of religion  
in woman.

And in felons' cells—in places of crimes, misery,  
destruction, ignorance—we should behold in all its  
terrible deformity, the fruit of irreligion in woman.

Oh, Religion! benignant mystery, high on thy  
throne thou sittest, glorious and exalted. Not  
above the clouds, for earth-clouds come never be-  
tween thee and truly pious souls; not beneath the  
clouds, for above these is heaven, opening through  
a broad vista of exceeding beauty.

## The Loved and Lost.

Why do we call them lost,  
Because we miss them from our onward  
road?  
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway  
crossed,  
Looked on us all; and loving them the  
most  
Straightway relieved them from life's  
weary load.  
They are not lost; they are within the door  
That shuts out loss and every hurtful  
thing—  
With angels bright and loved ones gone  
before,  
In their Redeemer's presence evermore  
And God Himself, their Lord and Judge  
and King.  
And this we call a "loss!" O selfish sorrow  
Of selfish hearts! O, we of little faith!—  
Let us look round, some argument to  
borrow  
Why we in patience should await the  
morrow  
That surely must succeed this night of  
death.  
Ay, look upon this dreary desert path,  
The thorns and thistles whither we  
turn;  
What trials and what tears, what wrongs  
and wrath,  
What struggles and what strife the journey  
hath!  
They have escaped from these; and lo!  
we mourn.  
Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is  
done,  
A Who with his treasures strove the shore  
to reach;  
While with the raging waves he battled  
on,  
Was it not joy, where every joy seemed  
gone,  
To see his loved ones landed on the beach?  
A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand  
A little child, had halted by the well,  
To wash from off his feet the clinging  
sand,  
And tell the tired boy of that bright land  
Where, this long journey past, they hoped  
to dwell—  
When lo! the Lord who many mansions  
had,  
Drew near, and looked upon the suffering  
twain;  
Then, pitying spake, "Give me the little  
lad:  
In strength renewed and glorious beauty  
clad,  
I'll bring him with me when I com-  
again."  
Did she make answer, selfishly and wrong—  
"Nay, but the wees I feel, he too must  
share!"  
O, rather bursting into grateful song,  
She went her way rejoicing, and made  
strong  
To struggle on, since he was freed from  
care.  
We will do likewise. Death hath made no  
breach  
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;  
No outward sound or sign our ears may  
reach,  
But there's an inward, spiritual speech  
That greets us still, tho' mortal tongues  
be dumb.  
It bids us do the work that they laid down—  
Take up the song where they broke off  
the strain;  
So journeying till we reach the heavenly  
town  
Where are laid up our treasures and our  
crown,  
And our loved lost ones will be found  
again.

## Night and Day.

BY HELEN KEMITH.

What a beautiful thought is embodied in those  
words of Holy Writ, "and the evening and the  
morning were the first day," "and the evening and  
the morning were the second day." Morning has,  
and ever shall, follow the evening; and though our  
whole life may seem like one continued night, it  
shall be succeeded by the brightness of eternal day.

In our customary method of computing time,  
we reckon that day commences at twelve o'clock,  
and thus we have both its extremes shrouded in  
darkness. A similar idea have we of life, of morn-  
ing's childhood and evening's old age. But it  
need not be thus with the Christian's life, for the  
evening-time may be brightened with the radiance  
of our Heavenly Father's countenance; so that  
which seems to us like a beautiful sunset scene, is,  
really, but a single ray from the sun which ushers  
in the glorious resurrection morning.

We read of those in ancient time who died, be-  
ing "old and full of days," yet how many have  
died, being old and full of nights. Evil thoughts  
and deeds, unthankfulness and complaint, are such  
as make up our nights. Our days are made up of  
pure thoughts and righteous deeds, sorrows pa-  
tiently borne, words of loving sympathy to the  
poor, bereaved one, little acts and looks of kind-  
ness which bring back the glad sunshine to some  
weary soul, and are as balm to the wounded spirit.

They are the bright, precious gems, whose radi-  
ance sparkles throughout all time, and by whose  
clear light we can behold the highway cast up for  
the ransomed of the Lord. Then can we look be-  
yond to the "River of Life" and that city which  
hath no need of the sun nor of the moon.

And thus may life in this world be as the blessed  
dawning of eternal day.



# MADAME LOFTY.

Mrs. Lofty keeps a carriage,  
 She has dappled grays to draw it,  
 She's no prouder of her coachman  
 With my blue-eyed laughing baby  
 I hid his face, lest she should see  
 The cherub boy, and envy me.  
 Her fine husband has white fingers,  
 He can give his bride a palace,  
 Her's comes home beneath the starlight;  
 Mine comes in the purple twilight,  
 And prays that He who turns life's sands  
 Will hold His loved ones in His hands.  
 Mrs. Lofty has her jewels,  
 She wears hers upon her bosom,  
 She will leave hers at Death's portals,  
 I shall bear the treasures with me  
 For I have love, and she has gold—  
 She counts her wealth, mine can't be told.  
 She has those who love her station,  
 But I've one true heart beside me,  
 I'd not change it for a kingdom,  
 God will weigh it in the balance  
 And then the difference He'll define  
 'Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine.

## "NEVER MIND."

What's the use of always fretting  
 At the trials we shall find  
 Ever strewn along our pathway?  
 Travel on, and "never mind."  
 Travel onward; working, hoping,  
 Cast no lingering glance behind  
 At the trials once encountered,  
 Look ahead, and "never mind."  
 What is past is past forever;  
 Let all the fretting be resigned;  
 It will never help the matter—  
 Do your best, and "never mind."

And if those who might befriend you,  
 Whom the ties of nature bind,  
 Should refuse to do their duty,  
 Look to Heaven, and "never mind."  
 Friendly words are often spoken  
 When the feelings are unkind;  
 Take them for their real value,  
 Pass them by, and "never mind."  
 Fate may threaten, clouds may lower,  
 Enemies may be combined;  
 If your trust in God is steadfast,  
 He will help you, "never mind."

## Poetry.

### Evening Prayer.

Now the soft, warm gleam uncertain  
 In the little chamber stays,  
 On the spotless falling curtain,  
 By the bedside where she prays:  
 From the shadow round her kneeling  
 Slender hands are raised appealing.  
 Down below the shadow resteth,  
 O'er blush-alabaster feet,  
 Simple robe of white investeth  
 Up to where bows, child-like sweet,  
 Gentle head in hands half hidden,  
 Whence the shadow falls forbidden.  
 From our dusk her hands are lifting,  
 And the light, in answer bland,  
 Down her sleek brown tresses drifting,  
 Seems to smooth them with a hand;  
 Solemn hand from forth the splendor,  
 Where this child hath those that tend her!  
 These love-tears may cloud my vision;  
 Yet about this humble room  
 Do not faces dim, Elysian,  
 Yearn down o'er her through the gloom?  
 Even the shades were glory colder,  
 Warming softer as they told her!  
 Spirit music, souls of flowers,  
 Here luxuriate to shape,  
 Charming far the baleful powers:  
 Blessed moment, wherefore scape?  
 Hold her young, so griefless praying,  
 Hold these tranced eyes from straying!

Noel.

It is one of the worst of errors to suppose that there is any other path of safety except that of duty.

Difficulty excites the mind to the dignity which sustains and finally conquers misfortunes, and the ordeal refines while it chastens.

## DEATH.

Out of the sorrows of sadness,  
 Into the sunshine of gladness,  
 Into the light of the blest;  
 Out of a land ever dreary,  
 Out of the world of the weary,  
 Into the rapture of rest.  
 Out of to-day's sin and sorrow,  
 Into a blissful to-morrow,  
 Into a day without gloom;  
 Out of a land filled with sighing—  
 Land of the dead and the dying—  
 Into a land without tomb.  
 Out of a life of commotion,  
 Tempest-swept out as the ocean,  
 Dark with the wreck drifting o'er—  
 Into a land calm and quiet;  
 Never a storm cometh nigh it—  
 Never a wreck on its shore.  
 Out of the land in whose bowers  
 Perish and fade all the flowers—  
 Out of the land of decay—  
 Into the Eden where fairest  
 Of flowers, and sweetest and rarest,  
 Never shall wither away.  
 Out of the world of the ailing,  
 Thronged with the anguished and wailing,  
 Out of the world of the sad;  
 Into the world that rejoices,  
 World of bright visions and voices,  
 Into the world of the glad.  
 Out of a life ever lornful,  
 Out of a land ever mournful,  
 Where in bleak exile we roam—  
 Into a joy-land above us,  
 Where there's a Father to love us—  
 Into "Our Home, Sweet Home."

For the La Crosse Democrat.

### The Dying Wife to Her Husband.

BY MRS. H. A. MANVILLE.

Respectfully inscribed to Mr. JAMES H. LAMBERT.

Softly the shadows round me gather,  
 My sight, beloved, grows strangely dim;  
 Christ, knowing all our joys together,  
 Beckons me gently out to Him.  
 Ere long your loving hand will scatter  
 Sweet wild-wood blossoms o'er my breast;  
 But oh, my darling, will it matter  
 To her who takes her dreamless rest,  
 Whether they shine with dewy stars  
 Or sparkle with your beauty, a  
 What will it matter, when I  
 To her who slumbers, whether  
 Your lips will smile at me  
 That bend in love, or  
 And you will kiss me  
 With sad and gentle  
 For, as her footsteps  
 As though loth o'er to  
 You'll think, I know, of the  
 Over whose breast will face the flow  
 Over whose form the winter kindly  
 Will drape his mantle as a pall;  
 And as through tears you're looking blindly  
 Will hide the grave and grasses all.  
 What will it matter, lonely weeper?  
 Unless with faith your heart is strong  
 You will not joy that she still sleeps—  
 Has passed the realms of endless song.  
 Perhaps from out the great Eternal  
 I shall come back to meet you there;  
 Shall tread across the pastures vernal,  
 And linger near you like a prayer.  
 Oh, when in sorrow you are grieving,  
 And life seems all so dark and drear,  
 May you find comfort in believing  
 Though dead, yet am I ever near.

La Crosse, Wis.



Landis McGregor and Margaret Chester stood together upon the piazza of the Ocean House, leaning over the light railing, and idly watching the play of the moonbeams upon the silvery waves beyond the beach.

"What are the wild waves saying?" quoted Miss Chester, with a light sigh. "Landis, don't you ever wish you knew what they were saying?"

"I do, very often," replied McGregor, "for they say various things to me, according to the mood I am in. To-night they are saying that our sweet summer is ended, and we must part to-morrow!"

"But after the summer comes the golden harvest," said Margaret, gently.

"Yes," But Landis sighed as he spoke, and presently added: "This has been such a bright, sweet summer! I have a foreboding that we shall not see its like again for many a year, if ever."

"Oh, fie! You are either superstitious, or a victim of the blues," said Miss Chester. "Which is it?"

"The blues, I believe," laughed McGregor. "But you can charm them away with the spirit of music. Will you sing?"

"Yes," readily answered Margaret.

Landis drew her hand through his arm, and turned to the parlor. And if he raised the slender fingers to his lips and kissed them, as they crossed the shadowy piazza, it was no one's affair but his own, and he had a right, for Margaret Chester was his betrothed bride.

"What shall it be?" asked Margaret, running her light fingers over the ivory keys of the piano. "Something lively to begin with," said Landis.

Miss Chester rippled over a lively prelude, and began to sing "It is better to laugh than to sigh," while Landis, leaning over the piano, watched every expression of the sweet, pure face, which he loved better than most men are capable of loving—for there were depths in the nature of this cool, easy Landis McGregor, not always apparent on the surface, or easily reached at any time.

Margaret sang three or four songs, and then would have risen, but Landis, with a gentle motion, stayed her.

"Not yet, dear, please! Sing 'Cantilina' once, won't you?"

Margaret struck the soft prelude, and then her voice drifted into the low melody, and lingered dreamily over the tender refrain—

"Dream on! Dream on!  
Nor breathe a single sigh  
To waft the gentle zephyrs  
Which fan the starlit sky."

"I wish we might 'dream on,'" said Landis, as she rose. "This happy summer has been like a beautiful dream to me, Margaret, and I wish we might never awaken. I don't want to hear any one sing that song, dearest, until I hear you again."

They strolled out on the verandah again, and he will not interrupt the last moments which those who were so dear to each other might spend together.

For on the morrow, with sad but brave hearts, they parted—Margaret, to return to her Philadelphia home, and Landis, to seek a distant city in the South, where he meant to contest for the golden prize of Fortune, and win the wealth which should fill Margaret's life with luxury.

"Blessed be the man that invented sleep," said the immortal Sancho Panza. "Lovers should be blessed be the man that invented letters," for what would be the dreary days of absence and separation to them without the consolation of saying, through the magic of the pen, what they have said so often by word of mouth—of repeating, over and over, the old story, which is ever new—the story of faithful love.

Margaret and Landis kept these little winged messengers flying busily at first. But, alas, and alas! Love, which is the essence of woman's life, is often but an episode in the existence of men—a brief page to be read, and then thrown carelessly aside for a new one.

Landis McGregor loved Margaret sincerely, but the crowding cares of business, for which he had an unusual capacity, filled his mind, until he grew cold and careless. Her letters were as warm and devoted as ever, but she saw with pain that his answers grew shorter and less fervent. She felt it keenly, but uttered no word of complaint—and only tried the more to make him feel that one heart always kept love's fire warm and glowing for him.

But one night Landis McGregor's heart was touched with a talisman which unsealed anew the fountains of love in his heart. He was passing, with a rapid step, through one of the handsomest streets in the city, when the sound of a piano and the notes of a soft, sweet soprano voice fell upon his ear. Landis paused, in spite of himself, for the melody had a familiar tone, and the words floated out through the moonlit air, and reached him where he stood.

"Then sweetly dream!  
Dream on! dream on!  
Nor breathe a single sigh,  
To wake the gentle zephyrs  
Which fan the starlit sky."

"Poor Margaret! my own Margaret!" broke from McGregor's lips. "I have left her to 'dream on' while I—well, if I must be truthful with my—I have neglected and almost forgotten her. I deserve her pure love, for I have not proved worthy of it."

He walked on more slowly, musing deeply as he went. And a late hour that very night found him sitting in his own room, with Margaret's unanswered letter beside him, writing to her from the fullness of the love which had awakened anew in his heart.

A few weeks before, he had written a hasty word to her, saying he would like to see her, but business would render it impossible for him to leave the South for a long time.

There is an old saying: "where there's a will, there's a way." The truth of it I shall not attempt to argue here; but I am sure that where there is love, there is a will and a way, too; so now Landis McGregor wrote that he found he could leave the South, and that a few weeks more would see him at Margaret's side.

And if he could have seen the bright glow which suffused her pure, pale face, when she read his letter, or looked into the loving, passionate woman's heart, which beat tumultuously beneath her sicken bodice, he would have blessed the talisman which won him back to love and Margaret.

A few weeks later, Margaret Chester stood in her chamber, and tried with trembling fingers to clasp upon her white wrist a bracelet of woven hair, which had been Landis' gift to her. But it was several minutes before her nervous fingers succeeded, and she shook out the folds of garnet silk which fell about her slender figure.

One last glance at the mirror, where radiant eye and glowing cheek hinted of the happy heart beneath, and then Margaret went down to the parlor to await the coming of her returned lover.

She did not wait long, for scarcely had she time to compose herself, when she heard his ringing step in the hall, and the next moment she was folded to his breast, and clasped there as if he never meant to let her go.

'Tis not for us to intrude on the sacredness of the next hour. Those who have been lovers know already, and those who haven't will be, and 'tisn't for me to spoil the flavor of the feast beforehand, by telling you what will be served up.

An hour or so later, when they began to come down to realities again, Landis led Margaret to the piano, and asked her to sing "Cantilina" for him.

She sang, and when she had finished, he bent fondly over her, and asked:

"Margaret, darling, do you love that song?"

"It is one of my favorites—I like it better because you always liked it," she answered, wondering a little at the eagerness of his tone.

"I want you to love it, because once it almost saved me to you, my darling," he said.

"Tell me how?" she asked.

And then, with his arms encircling her, and her hand in his, Landis told her how the weeds of worldly care had sprung up in the garden of his heart, and almost smothered the tender plant of love, and how the spell of a song from a stranger's lips had saved and brought him back.

And as he entreated her to doubt him no more, Margaret kissed and forgave him; and when he pleaded with her to go back to the South with him, to be his sweet household angel, she proved true.

The old father and mother, feeble with age and grief, came to her, and watched by the stricken husband, who had loved their darling better than his own life.

But she was fast falling into the last long sleep that knows no earthly awakening.

Just before sunrise, on a chilly November day, she opened her eyes and smiled pleasantly in their weary faces.

"Dear mother," she said, softly, "I am going home now! I have only a few hours to wait."

And then slowly the white lids dropped over the radiant eyes, and they were left alone.

Ethel Petrie had gone home to her Father's house!

Is my story too sad? Do you regret its ending? Then think, you whose tears fall over new-made graves, how bright the awakening will be in that land of life and light where no parting comes, and look with cheerful eyes up to the everlasting hills.

## UNTIL DEATH.

BY ANN DEVAN.

The delicate green of the young birches had half changed to a golden hue, and the sweet briar was all abloom, filling the shadowy air with a subtle fragrance.

It was still early daylight when Kitty Lee stole quietly out of the old farm-house and walked hastily toward the woods.

The dew was yet on the meadow grass, but her light footstep crushed the tiny globes, and the green blades of glass lay broken behind her.

She went out to meet her lover, and to bid him good-by; for he was to sail for Germany in a month, and lonesome, loving little Kitty was to be left in the old farm-house with her step-mother, who surely was not her best friend.

The parting was like a thousand partings between lovers.

He was brave in his pride and in the strength of his manhood, and was looking forward to high honors, and, sometimes, to a home of his own, where his Kitty should shine like a star.

But Kitty was timid and shy. She loved him, yet the words she would have said trembled on her lips, and fell back in her heart unsaid.

But, sorrowful as it was, it only lasted for a few bitter moments, and then, with a fond kiss, and a promise to come soon for her, he had left her; and she stole back to the house over the same path, though, somehow, the brightness of it had all faded.

Until death, she had promised to be true; but she told herself over and over again that she hoped her life would be short, unless she could spend it with him she loved.

The months grew into years, and years fled away before Gilbert Owen came back to his old home.

His love for pretty Kitty Lee had died in his finished his studies, he settled down in one of the quaint old towns of Bavaria, married the rosy-cheeked daughter of one of the professors in the university, and painted exquisite landscapes to sell to the old inhabitants, who believed him to be the prince of artists.

When he had been married two years, he had made quite a snug little fortune, and was ready to see a little more of the world, when

truly, and been faithful to her

that he was faithless to her

one day he laid her to rest, in

she was on his way across the

one girl, and she did love me

one else has claimed my

and wear her myself!"

he said to himself, as he neared

house and saw Mrs. Lee standing on

have come for Kitty, Mrs. Lee. Can I see

"Oh!" she said, and then a cruel satisfaction shot

across her thin face. "Over there, in the home

lot, you will find her, under the big oak."

He went, with hasty steps and a little smile of

anticipation on his face, looking constantly for a

glimpse of her sweet face, which, somehow, he

thought would be just as fair as it was years before.

And this was what he found under the old oak

tree, where he parted from Kitty Lee:

Only a grassy mound, and a simple white stone,

with these words carved upon it:

KITTY LEE—AGED EIGHTEEN.  
FAITHFUL UNTIL DEATH.

To 1 Soc Ark



**THE GREAT ART.**—The greatest art is a sufficiently wide application to be appreciated by the married people of either sex:—

**Husband Travelling.**—Scene 1st. Room in hotel. Spacious full of eleg. groups. Roushon whiskey. Husband in a hurry to be off, writing home:—

**DEAR MY MOTHER:** My time is so occupied with business that I can hardly spare a moment to write to you. Oh! darling, how I love you, and the only thing that sustains me during my absence is the thought that every morning this special letter is the result of my dear mother's and children's love. Take good care of yourself, my dear. Feed the baby on one cow's milk. Adieu, haste, etc.

**Wife at Home.**—Scene 2d. Parlor. All the gas lit. Thirteen grass willows: Fred, from around the corner, with his violin; Jim, from across the way, with his banjo; Jack, from above, with his guitar; Sam, from below, with his flute; lots of other fellows, with their instruments. Dancing and singing; sideboard covered with nuts, fruit-cake, cream, wine, whiskey, etc. Wife in a hurry to dance, writing to husband:—

**DEAR HUSBAND:** How lonesome I am in your absence. The hours pass tediously. Nobody calls on me, and I am constantly thinking of the time when you will be home and your cheerful countenance light up the now dreary routine of everyday life. My household duties keep me constantly employed. I am living as economical as possible, knowing that your small income will not admit of frivolous expenses. But, now, dear, I will say good-by, or I will be too late for the monthly concert of prayer. In haste, yours, etc.

Give me three grains of corn, mother;  
Only three grains of corn,  
It will keep the little life I have,  
Till the coming of the morn,  
I am dying of hunger and cold, mother,  
Dying of hunger and cold,  
Any half the agony of such a death,  
My lips have never told.

It has gnawed like a wolf at my heart, mother,  
A wolf that is fierce for blood,  
All the livelong day, and the night beside,  
Gnawing for lack of food,  
I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother,  
And the sight was Heaven to see;  
I woke with an eager, famishing lip  
But you had no bread for me.

How could I look to you, mother,  
How could I look to you  
For bread to give your starving boy,  
When you are starving too?  
For I read the famine in your cheek,  
And in your eyes so wild,  
And I felt it in your bony hand,  
As you laid it on your child.

The North has lands and gold, mother,  
The North has lands and gold,  
While you are forced to your empty breast,  
A skeleton babe to hold—  
A babe that is dying of want, mother,  
As I am dying now,  
With a ghastly look in its sunken eye,  
And famine upon its brow.

What have we poor ones done, mother,  
What have we poor ones done,  
That the world looks on and sees us starve,  
Perishing one by one?  
Do Christian men care not, mother,  
The great men and the high,  
For the suffering sons of the Southern land,  
Whether they live or die?

There is many a brave heart here, mother,  
Dying of want and cold,  
While only across a few poor States,  
Are many that roll in gold.  
There are rich and great men there, mother,  
With a wondrous wealth to view,  
And the bread they fling to their dogs to-night  
Would give us life and you.

Come nearer to my side, mother,  
Come nearer to my side,  
And hold me fondly as you held  
My sister when she died.  
I cannot see you, mother,  
My breath is almost gone,  
Mother, dear mother, ever I  
Give me three grains.

### THE JOYS OF HOME.

A well-ordered home is a paradise on earth. No other earthly pleasure is equal to the calm contentment and rational joy felt at the family fireside. The excitement of even successful business is attended with vexation; the enjoyments of travel are associated with fatigue and danger; the pursuit of fame is distracting, and even the pleasures of knowledge are combined with bitterness. But the happiness of the fireside is unalloyed. No vexations disturb it; it never satiates or disgusts the mind; it is pure calm, unmixed delight.

What a charming picture is presented to the admiring eye of the virtuous and philanthropic, the lover of the beautiful and good! There is the father and husband in the prime of life, unbending his mind from the toil and pursuit of business, reading some favorite volume to the wife of his bosom, or playing with the delighted prattler on his knee. While the mother, with a countenance radiant with smiles, plies the needle for the accommodation and wants of her household, as she listens, and perhaps rocks the cradle with her busy foot, or softly administers a gentle word of rebuke when the little ones become too noisy.

From such pleasures there need be no exemption. With the possession of piety and reason, of gentleness and mutual love, the happiness of a true home may be possessed by every family.

Mutual love will lead to mutual forbearance; gentle kindness of manner will make toil itself delightful; reason will fortify the mind against the natural ills of life; while piety will crown the whole with a hallowing influence, which nothing can disturb.

The asperities of a mind poisoned by the daily toll will be smoothed away; the what vexations to which all our lives are subjected pass unnoticed, and be soon forgotten; instead of a burden, will be a delight; and the heart, though it may cast a shadow over the brightness of love, and the hearthstone, will only prompt to the ardor of love, and develop renewed resources of goodness and affection.

Even death cannot destroy the solid peace of

such a family, for it is not regarded as a final separation, but only a temporary parting from those we love. Affection stands heartbroken by the deathbed, and points, through falling tears, to a better land; and when all that is mortal is laid within the earth, she covers the grave with a green sod, and plants flowers around the headstone.

In the home above there is no death, no affliction, no separation; and, in the love of a true home on earth, we find the nearest approach to

### MAKE THEM HAPPY.

The great art in child-culture is to keep the little ones happy, having all things as pleasant and bright about them as possible. Children will have trials enough in spite of you. God will try them. And you yourself will be compelled to try them now and then. It cannot be helped. That is life. But the less the better. The worst men had tumults and angers and abuses when they were little, and when they ought to have been just laughing the days away. Homes of discontent, sour homes, cloudy homes, irritable, jawing, undivine homes, make rebellious, and restless, and unsuccessful lives. By always taking things by the smooth handle, a deal of trouble and vexation is saved.

### NEAREST AND DEAREST.

Never before have my soul's deep recesses  
Thrilled with such rapture as thou dost impart;  
Others have charmed with their tender caresses,  
But touched not the slumbering chords of my heart.

Now, all the loves of the years that are vanished,  
Pale in the beams of thy beautiful eyes;  
Joy floods the soul that from sunshine was banished,  
And lifts it from earth to the bliss of the skies.

Lo! on my life, once so full of repining,  
On its wild course, which in darkness had lonely  
run,  
True love is at last triumphantly shining,  
Thro' thy soft eyes, my beloved, my only one.

Come to this yearning heart, darling one, dearest  
one;  
Dwell in its temple, and absolute reign;  
Hold me entranced by thy loveliness, nearest one;  
Save me from worshipping idols in vain.

Sick of earth's folly and fruitless endeavor,  
One wish alone fills my unquiet breast;  
Only to live in thy presence forever,  
Only to lie at thy feet and find rest.

### EVEN ME.

"Bless me, even me also, O my Father."

Lord, I hear of showers of blessing  
Thou art scattering full and free;  
Showers the thirsty soul refreshing;  
Let some droppings fall on me—  
Even me.

Pass me not, oh gracious Father,  
Lost and sinful though I be;  
Thou might'st curse me, but the rather  
Let Thy mercy light on me—  
Even me.

Pass me not, oh tender Saviour,  
Let me love and cling to Thee;  
I am longing for thy favor:  
When Thou comest, call for me—  
Even me.

Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,  
Thou canst make the blind to see;  
Testify of Jesus' merit,  
Speak the word of power to me—  
Even me.

Have I long in sin been sleeping?  
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?  
Has the world my heart been keeping?  
O forgive and rescue me—  
Even me.

Love of God—so pure and changeless;  
Blood of God—so rich and free;  
Grace of God—so strong and boundless,  
Magnify it all to me—  
Even me.

Pass me not, Almighty Spirit,  
Draw this lifeless heart to Thee;  
Impute to me the Saviour's merit;  
Blessing others, O, bless me—  
Even me.  
(Juvenile Instructor.)

### One By One.

"As thy days, so shall thy strength."

One by one the sands are slipping away,  
One by one the moments are passing;  
Some are coming, some are going,  
Do not strive to grasp them.

One by one thy duties pass,  
Let thy whole strength be put to use;  
Let no future dreams elate thee,  
Learn thou first what these are.

One by one—bright gifts from heaven,  
Joys are sent thee here below;  
Take them readily when given,  
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy gifts shall meet thee;  
Do not fear an armed hand;  
One will fade as others greet thee—  
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;  
See how small each moment's pain;  
God will help thee far to-morrow;  
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly  
Has its task to do or bear;  
Luminous the crown, and holy,  
If thou set each gem with care.

Selected.



BY CORNELIA PERCIVAL.

"God is Good. I Ought to Love Him."

BY J. O. BASS.

It may encourage some who are called to work in hard and unpromising fields of Christian labor, to know how these words came to be written on the front edge of a Bible now in my possession.

In the month of May, 1869, after a week of excessive toil, in which body and mind were taxed to the utmost, the Lord's day found me in a condition (as I supposed) altogether unprepared and unfitted for my usual Sunday work. I tried, but without success, to get help. The service of the morning at the mission chapel passed without anything worthy of note. The afternoon service at the Penitentiary was at hand. The chapel was filled. Men and women, old and young, of all complexions and grades of society, were before me; met for one hour's worship.

For over four years I had stood every Sunday in the same place to preach the gospel to an ever-changing congregation, yet identical class of hearers. Men and women steeped in sin, the dread of the neighborhoods from which they had been taken, were there. By their side sat the prisoner for the first time accused or convicted of crime; and yet all, even the most hardened, had anticipated the hour, and had willingly left the lonely cell (to break the monotony of their prison life) for the chapel service. How much of wisdom and the sympathy of Jesus we need to minister to such as these!

On this afternoon I briefly spoke of my own religious experience. That in my boyhood an aged man had placed his hand on my head, and said to me, "My son, God is good. You ought to love him." I said that these words were the means, by the blessing of God, of my conversion, and that they still had a freshness and vitality in them to my heart, though spoken to me forty years ago. The service closed, and I returned to my home, saying, "Who hath believed my report?" and fearing that no good had been accomplished.

A year passed away. Then there came to my house a young man just from the penitentiary, where he had spent a twelvemonth.

He had come to tell me how in the prison he had sought and found and trusted in Jesus, the sinner's Friend.

He had left a comfortable home, and a Christian mother, a few miles from New York, to seek employment; had gone into bad company, and while under the influence of drink had struck a man with a bottle over the head, wounding him severely. He had been arrested and sentenced to a year's imprisonment. His first Sunday in prison was the day before alluded to. He heard the advice given, received a Bible, and returned to his cell to ponder on his ways.

He had very many reasons why he should love God; had many evidences of his goodness—a praying mother, kind friends, a good education and religious training, and even his present arrest he acknowledged from God; and as he thought of these, the goodness of God led him to repentance, faith and newness of life in Christ Jesus. He spent the term of his imprisonment in reading his Bible and seeking the grace and favor of God.

He returned to his home a Christian man, to cheer and comfort the heart of his mother. Nearly two years have passed since in the cell of a prison he found Jesus as his Saviour. I have heard from him to-day: "I am trusting in Jesus, and am kept." On his Bible, the companion of his prison life, as it now lies before me, I see written in bold letters, "God is good. I ought to love him."

PAPA'S COME!

Happy summer-time,  
And blossoms filled the bowers,  
The day's decline,  
To spend the hours,  
And pattering run,  
Shout, "Papa's tum!"  
Our darling boy  
For pleasure all day long  
Over, or leaf, or simple toy,  
Or humming whilst his mimic song.  
At eve the joyful feet would run,  
The glad voice shout, "Papa's tum!"  
But when the autumn-time drew on,  
And frost the trees in gold had drest,  
Our little flower, alas! was gone,  
By frost of death too rudely prest,  
And ceased the pattering feet to run,  
The gleeful shout of, "Papa's tum!"  
The little limbs are resting now,  
The sunny head, too, is at rest,  
And mother earth with placid brow  
The little form folds on her breast.  
No more the blithesome feet shall run,  
The silvery voice shout, "Papa's tum!"  
But when the day of life is o'er,  
And weary with its toil and strife,  
Oh, tell me! when at Heaven's door  
I seek the rest of endless life,  
Shall not I hear the welcome home,  
The joyous shout of, "Papa's come?"

Dallas Ford stood quite still, watching his sister, with his fine eyes full of vivid emotion.

She was dressed for a festival that night; her dress of gold colored satin fell about her in lustrous folds; the diamonds in her necklace sent back flashes of living light whenever she moved, and with that brilliant splendor shining in her dark eyes, and the little tremor on her red lips, she was more than beautiful.

Her brother's eyes softened as he watched her under the light.

Suddenly she felt that she was no longer alone, and turning her head she met her brother's gaze.

"You are very beautiful, Deloine. You will be the queen of the festival to-night."

"Why will you not go and share my triumph, Dallas?"

"I cannot," he replied, with a bitter sigh. "Do you dream that I will ever mingle in the fashionable throng again, knowing that some one of them hunted my darling out of her pleasant home—to death, for aught I know," he added, with a blaze of hatred in his eyes.

The beautiful woman before him bit her lips to restrain her wrath before she answered him.

"You cannot be sure of that, Dallas. She may have loved some one else better than she loved you. Such women are always light and fickle."

"This from you, Deloine! My darling was as proud as you are, and as true as the daylight. She loved me, and some one drove her away with scorn and falsehood!"

"I am sorry for your sorrow, Dallas; but it is, after all, the best thing that could have happened. You know you could not have made her your wife."

"But I would have done it, in the face of the world that scorned her! My pure-minded darling! Do you not think I know her to have been as far above every one of the crowd you will meet to-night as the stars are above the darkness?"

Deloine Ford turned away carelessly.

"I will give you six months to get rid of your delusion," she said, "and then I will introduce you to Ethel St. John."

But her brother had left the room before she finished her sentence.

"Rosina Petrie to be compared to my peerless Ethel!" she exclaimed. "As if I would have allowed my mother's son to have married an actress!"

And the haughty head was lifted from the casket in which she had been searching.

In her hand she held an exquisite little ring, set with opals, and one magnificent diamond blazing in the centre.

"I must get rid of it somehow!" And the red flush deepened on her cheek. "If he should ever see it, he would suspect my part in the little play that did not take place on the stage!"

She tried to look unconcerned as she replaced the jewel in the bottom of the gold casket, where it would be hidden amid the glow of rubies and amethysts, and the tender light of pearls.

But, under all her assumed gaiety, she carried an uneasy heart to the festival.

For she remembered the glow of a summer evening; and the pleasant little room, full of violet and amber hues; the fair face of the young singer lifted from her song; the violets fastened in her belt; and all the little nameless surroundings which had marked the place as an abode of innocence and purity.

Into that Paradise she had swept her silken garments, and with her own hands had torn down the household gods, and driven a young, despairing soul out into the world alone!

Yes, it had been her scorn that had brought the fruit of sorrow to her brother's lips; her falsehood that had sent Rosina Petrie out, a wanderer!

It was in Mobile that he had lost her; and in all these two years he had found no trace of her.

He had come to Baltimore at his sister's request, and for a month she had been the fair queen of a little coterie of friends; but into the gaiety of their festive nights he refused to go, and until to-night, he had been to no place of amusement.

"Freydisa sings again to-night. I will go and hear her, for if she has such genius as they say, perhaps she can exorcise this evil spirit in me!"

An hour later, he was sitting in the front tier of seats in the concert room.

The prelude was concluded, and the bright young singer, who had taken the aristocratic city by storm, with the magic of her pure, sweet voice, came on the stage.

There was an unutterable pathos in her voice that brought tears to many eyes. They did not care for the words—they only felt the music of the voice, as it died away in a whisper, like the last breath of a summer breeze.

Dallas Ford had started to his feet, and her eyes rested at length on his pale face.

The breath was broken on her lips, and stretching out her little hands, she sunk to the floor.

Before consciousness returned, her lover was beside her; and clasping her in his arms, carried her away to his carriage, in spite of the storm of reproaches which assailed him on every side.

He had wrapped a shawl about her, and with no other preparation, he took her to the house of a well-known minister, who, after listening to his hurried story, felt his brave, kind heart, warm with the holy fire of compassion. It needed no urging for him to do his duty, and in ten minutes they were married.

He took her home, to the house where they were living, and rang the bell.

There were hurried steps and frightened voices within, lights glancing up and down through the house, and at length the door was opened.

He paused a moment, undecided what the tumult meant.

"Your sister came back an hour ago," said one of the servants, approaching him; "and we fear she is dying."

With one bound he had reached the door of her room, and knelt beside her. They had brought a physician, but all effort was of no avail—she was dead!

Heart disease, they called it, and her brother believed it, for his mother had died in the same way. Rosetta, his wife, was by his side, and she reached down and picked up from the carpet—where it had fallen from her lifeless fingers—the ring which Dallas Ford had once given her, and which, in her misery, she had given back to his sister.

It was a sad coming home, but Dallas Ford smiled away the bitterness of his grief in his young wife's arms.

The world in which Deloine Ford had moved received her brother's wife with ovations, and Rosetta kept, till the day of her death, the secret which at the last had troubled Deloine Ford's dying hour.

MANY a man has ruined himself by being too often and too exclusively guided by the opinions of others. Ask the advice of twenty different persons on the same subject, ten to one you will receive as many different answers, each borne out with fitting argument. As it appears the better reason. A man that has no reliance on his own judgment becomes perplexed, endeavoring to take a sort of middle ground, assimilating as near possible with the various advices he has received; and as a matter of course fails in the undertaking he may have had in hand.—Pondorus.







"Who rises from a feast,  
With that keen appetite that he sits down!  
Where is the horse that doth untread again  
His tedious measures with the unbated fire  
That he did pace them first? All things that are,  
Are with more spirit chased than enjoyed.  
How like a younker, or a prodigal,  
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,  
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!  
How like the prodigal doth she return,  
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,  
Lean, rent and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!"—*Shakespeare.*

So ever is youthful manhood, and its decline into the scar and yellow leaf. Always to be blessed, but never is. From the cradle to the grave there is one constant struggle to reach the undiscovered land of bliss; but nevertheless, it is very unwise, because it makes us spendthrifts of the present time—the glorious present, that is always with us: all the rest is vague—the past, the future—both distant, like the two shores, at mid ocean, only with this variation—one we have reached, the other we must reach. I think there can be no sounder philosophy preached, than to enjoy the present. I do not mean to waste it in unnatural excitement; but to make the most of it in a natural way—not cast it aside as worthless, treating it as such, compared with the future you expect, for let me tell you, it is not your destiny to find what you seek: it is not the destiny of any human being, be he ever so gifted or fortunate. There is very little difference in the lot of man, except in their imagination, or mode of thought. The result of all human life is the same; we never reach that goal so vividly portrayed to the youthful imagination, or anything like it; so take advice and make the most of the glorious present: do not throw it aside as so much rubbish, while hunting for the far off diamond, that will never be found. Finally, let us make up our minds that we will never be happier (all things considered), than we are now, and make the most of the glorious present, for the past is lost and the future doubtful.

KIND WORDS are the brightest flowers of earth's existence; they make a very paradise of the humblest home that the world can show. Use them, and especially round the fireside circle. They are jewels beyond price, and more precious to heal the wounded heart, and make the weighed-down spirit glad, than all the other blessings the world can give.

THE VOICES OF THE PINES.—The pine sings, like the poet, with no everyday voice, but in a tone apart from all common sounds. It has the power to change the associations, and to quicken the poetic sensibility, as no other singing tree can do. Every one should have this old harper, like a seer or a priest among trees, about his dwelling. Under an old pine would naturally be found the young maiden, whose new lover was far across the seas. In the sounds that would descend she could not fail to hear the voices of the sea—the roar of winds, the plash of waves running in upon the shore. A young mother, whose first-born had returned to God, who gave it, would, at twilight, go to the pines; for, to her ear, the whole air must needs seem full of spirit voices. They would sing to her thoughts in just such sad strains as soothe sorrow. Nor would it be strange if, in the rise and fall of these sylvan syllables, she should imagine that she heard her babe again, calling to her from the air

### THE AUTUMN OF LIFE.

To be, or not to be, that is the question:—  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And, by opposing, end them?—To die, to sleep,—  
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep:—  
To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there's the rub;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause; there 's the respect,  
That makes calamity of so long life:  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,—  
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn  
No traveler returns,—puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.  
—*Shakespeare.*

How these lines must strike home to the man whose circle of the cycle of time has a little more than half run its earthly span, and who has been thoroughly baptized in the fire and blood of disappointment—each hope one by one having flitted away on tireless wings, until all at last is centered in one little bud; that bud, perchance, is the youngest and fairest daughter; and then, alas! this child is being daily taught to despise even your name. O, mortal man, what then? Why, remember this: first, the bud, then the tendril, the limb, decay and death. You will be at Compt<sup>o</sup> to receive her with outstretched arms—All will be explained—your spirits will expand into one. Your great joy will only have commenced when the seasons are no more.

that they, and doubles our joys.

light a gem, which shone like fire by night;  
left the sky, and gone to sleep on that moun-

and it soon—a lump of ice in the cold clear moon.  
impart? It's a cheerful look and a broken heart.

On! memory, thou mourner within joy's broken shell!  
Why have I not, in losing all, lost thee as well?

HAVE SUNSHINE AT HOME.—Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people. Don't shut up your houses lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the musty cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place in which to eat, drink, and sleep, the work is begun that ends in gambling-houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere. If they have it not at their own hearthstones it will be sought in other and less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the home ever delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment round the lamp and fire-light of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright domestic sanctuary.

### My Picture.

[The following is one of the sweetest poems from the pen of the late Alice Cary.]

Of all the beautiful pictures  
That hang on Memory's wall  
Is one of a dim old forest,  
That seemeth best of all;  
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,  
Dark with the mistletoe;  
Not for the violets golden  
That sprinkle the vale below;  
Not for the milk-white lilies  
That lean from the fragrant hedge,  
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,  
And stealing their golden edge;  
Not for the vines on the upland  
Where the bright red berries rest;  
Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,  
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother  
With eyes that were dark and deep;—  
In the lap of that olden forest  
He lieth in peace asleep;  
Light as the down of a thistle,  
Free as the winds that blow,  
We revel'd there the beautiful summers,  
The summers of long ago;  
But his feet on the hills grew weary,  
And one of the autumn eves  
I made for my little brother  
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded  
My neck in a meek embrace,  
As the light of immortal beauty  
Silently covered his face:  
And when the arrows of sunset  
Lodged in the tree-tops bright  
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,  
Asleep by the gates of light.  
Therefore, of all the pictures  
That hang on Memory's wall,  
The one of the dim old forest  
Seemeth best of all.

### Hereafter.

Love, when all these years are silent, van-  
ished quite and laid to rest,  
When we are sleeping, folded into one an-  
other's breast,  
When no morrow is before us, and the  
long grass tosses o'er us,  
And our grave remains forgotten, or by  
alien footsteps pressed—

Still that love of ours will linger, that  
great love enrich the earth,  
Sunshine in the heavenly azure, breezes  
blowing joyous mirth,  
Fragrance fanning off from flowers, mel-  
ody of summer showers,  
Sparkle of the splay wood-fires round the  
happy autumn hearth.

That's our love, But you and I, dear—shall  
we linger with it yet—  
Mingled in one dew-drop, tangled in one  
sunbeam's golden net,  
On the violet's purple bosom—I, the  
sheen, but you the blossom—  
Stream on sunset winds and be the haze  
with which some hill is wet?

Or, beloved—if ascending—when we have  
endowed the world  
With the best bloom of our being, whither  
will our way be whirled,  
Through what vast and starry spaces, to-  
ward what awful holy places,  
With a white light on our faces, spirit over  
spirit hurled?

Only this our yearning answers—where-  
soever that way defile.  
Not a film shall part us through the æons  
of that mighty while.  
In the fair eternal weather, even as  
phantoms still together,  
Floating, floating, one forever, in the light  
of God's great smile!

### Beautiful Things.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

A gentle voice, a heartfelt sigh,  
A modest blush, a speaking eye,  
A manner unaffected, free;  
These things are beautiful to me.

A ready hand, a loving heart,  
A sympathy that's free from art,  
A real friend among the few;  
These things are beautiful and true.

A mother's prayer, an answer mild,  
An aged sire, a little child,  
A happy home, a cheerful hearth;  
Those things are beautiful on earth.

A joyful song, a chorus sweet,  
An earnest soul and willing feet,  
A day of peace, a night of rest;  
These things are beautiful and blest.

A sister's love, a brother's care,  
A spotless name, a jewel rare,  
A cleanly tongue, that will not lie;  
These things are beautiful—and why?

Because they all are born of love,  
And emanate from God above;  
An earnest of the heavenly birth,  
These things are beautiful on earth.

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By the side of a rippling brook in one of the secluded glens of Scotland, there stands a low, mud-thatched cottage, with its neat honeysuckle porch facing the south. Beneath this humble roof, on a snow-white bed, lay not long ago old Nancy, the Scotchwoman, patiently and cheerfully awaiting the moment when her happy spirit would take its flight to "mansions in the skies," experiencing with holy Paul, "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." By her bedside, on a small table, lay her spectacles and her well-thumbed Bible—her "barrel and her cruse," as she used to call it—from which she daily, yea, hourly, spiritually fed on the "Bread of Life." A young minister frequently called to see her. He loved to listen to her simple expressions of Bible truths; for when she spoke of her "inheritance incorruptible undefiled, and that fadeth not away," it seemed but a little way off, and the listener almost fancied he heard the redeemed in heaven saying, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood."

One day the young minister put to the happy saint the following startling question: "Now, Nannie," said he, "what if, after all your prayers and watching and waiting, God should suffer your soul to be eternally lost?" Pious Nannie raised herself on her elbow, and turning to him a wistful look, laid her right hand on that "precious Bible," which lay open before her, and quietly replied: "Ae, dearie me, is that a' the length ye hae got yet, man?"—and then continued, her eyes sparkling with almost heavenly brightness, "God would hae the greatest loss. Poor Nannie would but lose her soul, and that would be a great loss indeed, but God would lose his honor and his character. Haven't I hung my soul upon his 'exceeding great and precious promises?' and if he break his word he would make himself a liar, and a' the universe would rush into confusion!"

#### At the Cross.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

Before thy cross, dear Lord, I fall;  
Out of the depths to Thee I call;  
Thou art my Hope, my Help, my All.

Search, search my heart, surcharged with woe,  
Till all its idols it forego,  
And Thee, Thee only learn to know.

A thorny path with flints bespread,  
With bleeding feet I fearless tread,  
For Thy dear hand upholds my head.

Oh, dearest Lord! Thy tender eye  
Rebukes, yet pities my lone cry,  
When staggering 'neath my cross I lie.

The broken cisterns, who shall count,  
The heart will fill at earth's dark fount,  
Ere upward unto God it mount!

Poor human heart with human needs!  
How many are its broken reeds,  
Grasped till the hand in torture bleeds!

How many gourds have felt the blight!  
How many stars have lost their light!  
How many suns gone down in night!

All, all are gone, like barques at sea  
Lost in the dread immensity!  
And now I stand alone with thee.

All prostrate at thy feet I kneel,  
For thou canst all our sorrows feel,  
And thy dear hand our wounds can heal.

No more I mark the dreary road  
My bleeding feet so long have trod,  
Since it doth lead to Thee, my God.

**CAUTIONSNESS.**—Shun evil speakers.—Deal tenderly with the absent; say nothing to inflict a wound on their reputation.—They may be wrong and wicked, yet your knowledge of it does not oblige you to disclose their character, except to save others from injury. Then do it in a way that bespeaks a spirit of kindness to the absent offender. Be not hasty to credit evil reports. They are often the result of misunderstanding, or evil design, or they proceed from an exaggerated or partial disclosure of facts. Wait and learn the whole history before you decide, then believe what evidence compels you to, and no more. But, even then, take heed not to indulge the least unkindness, else you dissipate all the spirit of your prayer for them, and unnerve yourself for doing them good.

**BORROWING TROUBLE.**—How many thousands are there, whose energies are paralyzed by borrowing trouble! If they are not very unfortunate to-morrow. They spend so much of their time groaning, that they have but little left for the performance of the duties of life. Such are not the men to whom the world commits important trusts, and whom it is ready to assist. If you tell the world that you are going to fail in any undertaking, it will be sure to take you at your word. And men are most ready to help those who appear to need it the least. If you are weak, do your best to be cheerful.

#### TIME IS MONEY.

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGH.

So said Doctor Franklin, and the observation been repeated by many sensible people. Just remark it is, and one that all classes will well to remember, not only for their own work, prosperity, but for that of others, who are, perhaps, less fortunate than themselves.

"Time is money," says the busy merchant, as he walks with rapid step through the crowded street, eager to reach his place of business, and commence the speculations of the day.

"Time is money," says the doctor, as he passes hurriedly from one sick-room to another, consults his tablets, asks a few brief questions, feels the pulse, gives hasty directions, and is gone—frequently before the feeble patient has collected himself sufficiently to recollect some important symptom which he had fully intended to have mentioned.

"Time is money," says the lawyer, as he takes a hasty peep into some ponderous volume, scratches rapidly with his pen, while, at the same moment, he questions one client and keenly scrutinizes another.

These are examples of the numerous class who not only say that "time is money," but have it fully in their power to make it so.

But there are those who can less easily do this. From the very bottom of their hearts they acknowledge the truth of the proposition, but their ability to carry it out depends less upon themselves than upon others.

"Time is money," murmured a young girl, as she sat in a handsomely-furnished apartment of a stately mansion, impatiently awaiting the appearance of its mistress. "I was told to be here at ten o'clock, and it is now nearly twelve. If I wait any longer, it will be impossible for me to finish the work which I have engaged to have done this evening; and yet, if I go away now, I suppose Mrs. Graham will be offended, and I shall lose her custom. What shall I do?"

Fifteen minutes passed in endeavoring to come to a right decision, and then Mrs. Graham entered. "I have kept you waiting some time, young woman, but I was engaged with a friend. Mrs. Milnor recommended you to me as a neat seamstress, and I have some plain work here which I am willing to trust to you. I have forgotten your name."

"Mary Winters, madam."

"Yes, I recollect now; that is what Mrs. Milnor called you. Well, Mary, here is the work. Do it as soon as possible; and, if it is well done, I will pay you the usual price for such garments."

Mary would have liked to have inquired what Mrs. Graham considered the usual price, but there was something in the lady's manner which forbade any questioning, and taking the bundle, she courted and withdrew.

Passing through the streets at a pace which was certainly far more like running than walking, she at length reached her home—an humble apartment in a tolerably respectable tenement house—where an invalid mother was anxiously awaiting her.

"What could have detained you so, my dear child? I have felt very anxious about you."

"I am sorry for that, mother, but I could not help it. Mrs. Graham kept me waiting until twelve o'clock, and now she has only given me a bundle of plain sewing, which will, I fear, bring us in but little. But, perhaps, if I suit her in this, she may give me something more profitable next time. I must try my best. But, oh, mother! I am so discouraged about the dress I am making for Mrs. Graham. I promised to have it all ready at six o'clock, and now I have lost nearly two hours. I must sit down to it at once."

"How much I wish I could help you, dear!" sighed the mother; "but my head pains me so violently that I could not see to take a stitch. But I will make you a cup of tea and toast you a slice of bread, while you are at work."

"Never mind the toast, mother. It will make your head worse to stand over the fire. Bread will do as well without toasting," replied Mary, as she hastily laid aside her outer garments, and seated herself at her work.

If diligence could have compensated for loss of time, it would undoubtedly have done so in this case; but it was all in vain—the work of six hours could not be done in four, and the weary girl looked despairingly at the clock as the hands pointed to the time at which she had ventured to promise that the dress should be completed.

"You cannot help it, dear; it is not your fault," said the mother, soothingly.

"I know that, mother," was the mournful reply; "but Mrs. Graham will take no excuse. She expects every one to be punctual."

And so it proved. By great exertions, the dress was finished and delivered a little more than an hour after the appointed time; but Mary was told at the door that Mrs. Graham had been much displeased at her want of punctuality. She was now engaged, and could not see her that evening, but she might call the next day for her money.

Mary did so, and received not only the money, but a lecture upon the sin and folly of breaking engagements.

Mrs. Graham "made it a rule to be punctual herself, and never to employ any one who was not so." She "hoped it would be a lesson to Mary. Young girls who had their living to make were very apt to waste their time in frivolous pursuits, and thus prevent themselves from keeping their engagements. They should remember the good old saying, that 'time is money.'"

"We do remember it but too well," commented poor Mary, as she told her troubles to her mother. "The difficulty is, that other people will not remember it for us."

And so, good reader, in remembering that "time is money," do not forget that those who are most in need of money should never be unnecessarily defrauded of even one minute of their valuable time.

#### LITTLE ATTENTIONS.

How much more we might make of our family life, of our friendships, if every secret thought of love blossomed into a deed. We are not now merely speaking of personal caresses. These may or may not be the best language of affection. Many are endowed with a delicacy, a fineness of physical organization, which is always from too much of the refined and polished. But there are some who are little observances, though they are not so rich in heart-words. It is a mistake to suppose that love must be cultivated, and that it is a judicious culture, as wild fruit, the more bearing under the hand of a gardener, can dwindle and die out by neglect, as flower seeds planted in poor soil dwindle and grow single.



# BESSIE'S SECRET.

BY ARTHUR E. CLESON.

Bessie Grandin and Willie Parker were sitting under the outspread branches of a giant oak, hand in hand their hearts filled with the bright inducements of love's young dream.

The harvest moon looked down with a peculiar beauty on the scene, and lighted up the landscape with its silvery rays.

"This is the happiest moment of my life, dearest Bessie," said the lover, as he held the delicate white hand in his own with gentle pressure. "I hope we may always be as happy as now."

"I hope so, dear Willie," was the reply. "The course of our love has run very smoothly thus far."

"It has, indeed," said Willie. "No rich father or miserly guardian to present an obstacle; no scheming rival to thwart. Will it always be so, darling?"

"No!" shrieked a shrill, cracked voice, so near the lovers that they started from their seats, to see a dark object rapidly pass near them, and plunge into a thicket, while a wild, almost unearthly laugh came to their ears in the clear air.

"Oh! it is only foolish Hagar," said Bessie. "How she frightened me!"

"I must confess that I was startled myself; but what could have been this poor creature's motive in thus playing eavesdropper, and then interrupting us, as she did?"

"It is very strange. I have heard that many years ago she had a lover, who proved false to his vows and promises, and that her present almost idiotic condition is the result of that great disappointment."

"Poor old soul!" said Willie. "But come, my dearest, you must no longer remain exposed to this damp night air. Let us return to your house. To-morrow I must leave you for two long weeks, as I have business in New York which requires immediate attention."

"Must you go so soon?" asked Bessie, with a little pout.

"Yes, darling; my business is imperative."

"But must you remain away so long?"

"I presume it will require at least two weeks to complete what I have undertaken; but if less time will answer, I shall gladly hasten to your side at an earlier date."

The lovers, having now arrived at the home of Bessie Grandin, parted with happy thoughts of a mutual love, saddened only by the reflection that they were to be separated for two long weeks.

Willie Parker had a long walk before him, over a rough country road; but his heart was light, and he rapidly approached his home as the village clock was striking ten.

He had some preparations to make for the journey of the next day, and was not well pleased when a shadow crossed his path, and a voice he recognized demanded that he should stop.

"Hagar again?" he asked, somewhat impatiently.

"Yes, Hagar again! You don't like to meet the old woman, by moonlight, as well as you do the young one, hey?"

"It is time we were both home now. Good-night, Hagar," and Willie gave the old woman some money, and was starting again, when she exclaimed:

"Willie Parker, stop! I don't want your money. You are a fool!"

"Very likely I might deserve the appellation, if I remained here to argue the question," said Willie.

"Oh, you're very witty and very wise, but I tell you that a little blue-eyed minx is cheating you. She is winding you around her finger. She is laughing at your simplicity, while you hover about her as a moth flies around a lighted candle."

"Cease your prating, Hagar, and go home before you get the rheumatism from this cool night air. I do not believe your idle words. You have been dreaming!"

"You are the one who is dreaming! I say, Willie Parker, I can prove what I have said. Hark! Do you hear anything?"

"I hear a horse approaching."

"Who is the rider?"

"I do not know him."

"Follow him, then, and you will see that my words are true."

Saying this, old Hagar took Willie by the arm, and, impelled by some irresistible power, he hastened along the moonlit road, with strangely mingled thoughts passing through his mind. The wild, earnest words of old Hagar had not been without effect.

The rider was closely followed by the now interested lover and the eager old woman; and, as had been predicted, stopped and dismounted at Bessie Grandin's door.

As the bell rung, Willie saw the door open, the stranger receiving a very cordial greeting; and as the listening man gazed in astonishment, the sound of a kiss came to his ear through the still open door.

"There, do you hear and see that, Willie Parker? It isn't the first time I have witnessed such scenes," said old Hagar, with an exultant tone of voice.

"Who is he?" whispered Willie, hoarsely.

"Go ask your innocent little dove—she can tell you, but I can't."

The stranger remained but a few moments, when he reappeared and stood a moment on the doorstep, holding Bessie's hand and speaking low-toned but earnest words, not audible to the anxious listeners.

Willie heard Bessie say: "I am so happy!" and then the horse and his rider returned rapidly over the road, in the direction from whence they came.

"What can it mean?" Willie asked himself.

"I leave you to solve the riddle," said a voice at his side, and old Hagar, with a look of importance, and her own peculiar laugh, passed with rapid strides out of the inclosure toward her cabin home.

Willie stood, like a statue of stone, one moment; the next found him ringing the door bell violently.

The moon had passed behind a thick cloud, and, as Bessie opened the door, she exclaimed:

"What, returned so soon, Edgar?"

But instantly recognizing the pale, anxious face of Willie Parker, she blushed, hesitated, and looked frightened, as Willie replied, hastily:

"I am sorry to disappoint you, but it is not Edgar."

The tone of voice, the angry, piercing look, brought all the pride of her nature to her command; but she still hesitated to speak, when Willie

witnessed a love scene between a stranger after what I had thought. Could you not have told me to-morrow?"

"I am sorry to see Mr. Parker in the position of a supper, under the guardian eye of Miss Minnie," replied Bessie, haughtily.

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Three months passed away, and a new appointment was made in the department of the banking house where Willie Parker was employed—Mr. Markham by name.

An intimate friendship sprang up between Mr. Parker and Mr. Markham, and they were almost constantly together, out of the office as well as in it.

"I have received some good news, friend Parker," said Mr. Markham, as he entered their room one bright morning, some weeks after the commencement of their acquaintance, "and I want you to rejoice with me."

"Accept my warmest congratulations, my friend. What is the nature of your good news? I judge, from your enthusiastic manner, it must be something out of the common course of human events."

"You judge rightly, too; it is quite like a romance, and I must relate the whole story, that you may understand the subject fully."

"You must know, then, in the first place, that about a year ago I was introduced to a young lady living in Springvale, with whom I very naturally fell in love, for she was very pretty and intelligent. Minnie also gave me proof that she entertained similar feelings toward me, but she was an orphan, not yet of age, and when I presented myself to her guardian, asking permission to woo and win the charming little beauty, I was flatly refused, and informed that my presence at his house, or attentions to Miss Minnie, would not, under any circumstances, be received with favor."

"I discovered the reason for this conduct toward me to be that Minnie's guardian had settled the matter of her marriage, to suit his own convenience, with a nephew of his own."

"But I was not to be thwarted in this way, believing I was beloved by the fair Minnie herself; so I managed to carry on a clandestine correspondence, through the assistance of an acquaintance who lived in a neighboring town."

"Many a night has my faithful steed carried me six miles over the rough road, to get a letter from my darling."

"But now all these things have changed; the nephew has married a lady with a large fortune, the guardian has discovered that Minnie is really devoted to me, and has become satisfied with my prospects and qualifications, and we are to be married in three months. You, my dear boy, shall be the first of the invited guests."

"Thank you," replied Willie. "Now, may I ask you the name of the young lady who assisted you in the correspondence with your betrothed?"

"Certainly you may! It was Miss Bessie Grandin, bless her true heart! She promised faithfully that she would assist us, and I fully believe there is one woman, at least, who can keep a secret."

"Well, Markham, while you are the happiest, I am the most miserable of men, and have made the most stupid of blunders."

Then Mr. Parker related the incident of that moonlight night, a few months previous, the particulars of which the reader is already acquainted with.

"But," said Willie, "did you not kiss Bessie, as you entered her house, on the night in question?"

"No, indeed!" answered his companion, laughing; "but I did kiss the little perfumed note she gave me."

"I have not the slightest cause for my unpardonably jealous conduct, and Bessie will never forgive me!"

"Oh, yes, she will! I will guarantee to restore this lost treasure to your possession, with love and faith undiminished, in two weeks' time."

The kind office was faithfully performed, and Willie Parker and Bessie Grandin were married at the same time Edgar Markham and Minnie Meade were united in happy wedlock.

Bessie never had another secret from Willie, and he never more trusted the words of a half-crazed old woman, or the uncertain shadows of a moonlight night.

## The Battle of Life.

The battle waging? Why, warrior, away  
Dost thou listlessly stand from the din of the fray,  
With thy head drooping low, and thy hand on thy brow,

As though Life and its conflict were naught to thee now?

Why motionless thou, whilst the gathering throng,  
In double-mailed armor, are rushing along,  
And the clangor of battle around thee is heard,  
And the trumpet's loud tone every spirit has stirred?

But lately, thy heart was absorbed in the fight;  
But lately, its trophies were viewed with delight;  
And the might of thy arm, and thy courage, could vie

With the strongest and bravest who now pass thee by.

Their serried ranks move; but the noise of their tread

Meets thy ear as it falls on the ear of the dead;

'Tis strange that a summons, once needless, should now

Wake no fire in thy eye, and no light on thy brow!

Can it be that, before half life's battle is done,  
Ere the contest is past and the victory won,  
Thy spirit has shrunk from the strife raging there,  
And been blighted, consumed by the touch of Despair?

Can it be that the ardor which once led thee on,  
In the van of great hosts, toward the prize to be won,

Has chilled and grown weak at the threats of the foe?  
Has thy arm become nerveless ere striking a blow?

Awake from thy stupor! Arouse thee again!

Take thy part in the strife—be a man amongst men?  
Let thy soul shame the impulse that prompted thy fear,

In the dark hour of trial, when danger was near.

Would'st thou list to the foeman exultingly cry,  
That his threats blanched thy cheek, his words forced thee to fly?

Would'st thou see thy friends mourning, in sorrow and shame,

O'er the wreck of thy glory, the brand on thy name?

Thou can'st not—thou dar'st not! Then up to the field!

Keep thy post in the ranks till the foeman shall yield!

Let no timid doubts shake thee, no terrors dismay—  
Stand firm for the truth, and thy valor display!

Be strong in the right! 'Tis a panoply sure,  
An axis to guard thee and keep thee secure;

Wear it ever; and then, 'mid the thickest of strife,  
Do thy part, as thou should'st, in the Battle of Life

mind filled with conflicting emotions, sought her sleepless couch, and the relief of tears.

"Oh!" she exclaimed to herself, "that I had never promised to keep the matter secret!"

The next day found Willie Parker on his way to the bustling, noisy metropolis, where, amid scenes of business, gaiety and novelty, he sought to forget the painful recollections of that one sad night.

Instead of returning home when the two weeks had expired, he sought excuses for remaining, and finally accepted a position in a large banking house, determined to return no more to the scenes of his former disappointment.

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**ECONOMY IN A FAMILY.**—There is nothing which goes so far toward placing young people beyond the reach of poverty as economy in the management of their domestic affairs. It matters not whether a man furnish little or much for his family, if there is a continual leakage in his kitchen or in the parlor; if runs away, he knows not how; and that doesn't waste time "more," like the house-hoach's daughter, until he that provided has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the duty of the wife to see that none goes wrongfully out of it—not the least article, however unimportant in itself, for it establishes a precedent; nor under any pretence, for it opens the door for ruin to sneak in, and he seldom leaves an opportunity unimproved. A man gets a wife to look after his affairs, and to assist him in his journey through life; to educate and prepare his children for a proper station in life, and not to dissipate his property. The husband's interest should be the wife's care, and her greatest ambition should carry her no farther than his welfare or happiness, together with that of her children. This should be her sole aim, and the theatre of her exploits in the bosom of her family, where she may do as much toward making a fortune as he can in the counting-house or the workshop. It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy—it is what he saves from his earnings. A good and prudent husband makes a deposit of the fruits of his labor with his best friend; and if that friend be not true to him, what has he to hope? If he dare not place confidence in the companion of his bosom, where is he to place it? A wife acts not for herself only, but she is the agent of many other loves, and she is bound to act for their good and not for her own gratification. Her husband's good is the end for which she should aim—his appreciation is her reward. Self-gratification in dress, or indulgence in appetite, or more company than his purse can well entertain, are equally pernicious. The first adds vanity to extravagance—the second fastens a doctor's bill to a long butcher's account—and the latter brings intemperance, the worst of all evils, in its train.

**OLD BACHELOR.**  
A new painful thing an old bachelor is,  
In his cheerless house and his rusty phiz;  
A better sight than when the breeze winds blow,  
Idly when all the earth is covered with snow,  
When his fire is out, and his silvering head,  
To slip the sheets of his lonely bed;  
How he draws up his thin,  
All crouched in yawn home,  
And he harkens his nose  
To catch the chilly breathings;  
That his nose and his toes,  
Still crouched in yawn home,  
May not chance to get from!  
Then he pulls and he blows, and he says that he knows  
No mortal on earth ever suffered such woes—  
And with Ah's and With Oh's,  
With his limbs to dispose,  
That neither his toes nor his nose may be froze,  
To his numbers in silence the bachelor goes.  
In the morn, when the cocks crow, and the sun is just  
Rise,  
From beneath the bedclothes  
Pops the bachelor's nose,  
And, as you may suppose, when he hears how the wind  
Blows,  
Sees the windows all from,  
Why, back 'neath the clothes pops the poor fellow's spouse;  
For full well he knows, if from that bed he rose  
To put on his clothes, that he'd surely be froze.

**GONE BEFORE.**

BY CLIO STANLEY.

The mellow light of evening falls  
Around me, as I dream away  
A lonely hour; and pensive thought  
Steals backward to another day.  
When you and I together dreamed  
The golden hours away—away!

Oh! soft and sweet the hours slipped  
Together, like the breath of flowers,  
Breathing to us of tender love,  
That erst could brighten saddest hours;  
And swift, though sweet, they slipped away,  
Like fading flowers, like fading flowers!

Your eyes were full of liquid light—  
Blue eyes that made my heaven on earth;  
And bright smiles flattered on your cheek—  
Smiles blooming now in hollower birth.  
Beneath those white and stieress lids  
Lie locked my hopes of joy on earth!

So sad, so still, you slumber now,  
White roses on your brow and breast;  
So near me, yet you cannot know  
The misery of my unrest—  
That, when you died, you left my heart  
Joyless within your frozen breast!

The stars shine o'er the silent hills,  
The south wind flies across the earth;  
I hear the drip-drop of the rain,  
Foretelling some brighter birth;  
Yet never shall my spirit know  
Such joy as once was on the earth!

Hedged in by roses or by thorns,  
It matters not how runs my path,  
For sorrow clouds the sunny earth,  
And brings me fears for what she hath  
Destroyed; and wistful, through the mist,  
I follow down the lonely path.

**OLD FRIENDS.**

Like some fair vision in a dream,  
The past will oft before me rise,  
Revealing childhood's happy home,  
And friends I once did highly prize;  
Their faces now are dimly seen,  
More dim as years doth onward flow.  
But I shall never quite forget  
Those dear old friends of long ago.

Divided in those happy days,  
And scattered all the wide world o'er,  
My eyes, with age now growing dim,  
On earth will ne'er see them more;  
But far above the gloomy clouds,  
Where cold storm-winds can never blow,  
I hope to meet, to kiss and greet,  
Those dear old friends of long ago.

**Good Night.**

The hour is getting late, my love—  
The moon is out of sight—  
And so, I think, I'd better go;  
Good night, my love, good night.

How fair your face is now, my love,  
Kissed by the pale starlight;  
I'm jealous of such kisses, and—  
I'll kiss you, so—good night.

There—let me twine this rose among  
Your curls;—ah, that is right!  
Send closer, love. Now, sweet, my rose  
One kiss more, and—good night!

How still the night is; not a bird  
Is singing, or in sight;  
And I am glad, for they'll not see  
How lovers say good night.

Ah, I must go! 'Twill never do!  
Sleep woo's your eyes so bright,—  
And so, for just the twentieth time,  
Let's kiss, and say good night!

**From the National Freemason.**  
**What do Masons Live For?**

What do we live for? Is't to be  
The sport of fortune's power?  
To launch our bark on pleasure's sea  
And float perhaps an hour?  
To waste our time in idle dreams  
Of what may be to-morrow,  
To glean with care from present scenes  
The source of future sorrow?

What do we live for? Is't to find  
The ties of friendship broken,  
That love's a sound to cheat mankind  
And dies as soon as spoken?  
To mark the woes on others hurled,  
Nor weep their hapless lot?  
To hate our fellows—curse the world—  
To die and be forgot?

No! we were formed to seek for truth  
Through paths made plain by reason;  
To hail that light in earliest youth  
Which shines in every season.  
Yes! we were made to win below  
The boon hereafter given;  
To calmly smile at earthly woe,  
And find our home in Heaven.

**The Cows are Coming.**

BY ALICE ROBINS.

The cows are coming, Jessie, dear, make haste and  
see the sight;  
There are twenty milky beauties to be housed and  
fed to-night.  
The first one with snow-white horns is just as old  
as May;  
She and my pet first saw the light the same soft  
summer day.

A tender creature was she, so weak, and cold, and  
thin!  
John said she was not fit to raise. I said it was a sin  
To cast her off, for Maybud's sake. John laughed,  
and asked me whether  
I thought it best, upon the whole, to rear free calves  
together.

But she was spared and so was May. It sometimes  
seems to me,  
In Starbright's soft and gentle eyes, May's plead-  
ing glance I see.  
I love the creature—you may smile—perhaps my  
fancies mock;  
She's the fairest of the herd, as May's the sweetest  
of the flock.

There's May, her arms round Starbright's neck;  
the girl is nine to-day;  
A frolicsome and genial thing at study or at play;  
The darling in our falling years, the spring our au-  
tumn set,  
A fair white jewel blazing in our faded coronet.

But see, John lets the bars down; in clover deep  
they stand  
With glossy flanks, and backs as straight as yonder  
table-land;  
The fragrance of their breath pours  
gris and myrrh;  
They're just the neatest cows to milk,  
they never stir.

They know his tone—'tis seldom loud; they know  
his touch—'tis kind;  
"John has a way," the neighbors say, to make  
dumb creatures mind;  
Perhaps—I only know that I, through all these  
blessed years,  
Have never seen the moment when his voice has  
brought me tears.

dared to utter in her presence, and that  
there might be a little truth in them, and that  
repelling, she was punishing him. Yet with  
ere came disappointment, for she had given h  
high place in her heart.  
She was always up early, because she was maid  
work, and found it impossible to idle away a m  
nent after sunrise; and the next morning s  
ent down, and, when she met Grant in the op  
orch-door, she gave him a cordial nod, and we  
to the kitchen.  
"Are you very busy, Celia?" he called after her  
"No."  
"Then come out here and let me talk to you,  
can yesterday to tell you something, in t  
hard, but you ran away from me. I must say  
ow. Life is a dreary thing to you, as it now  
et it will be nothing to me without you."  
She stopped him with a clear, steady gaze fro  
er dark eyes.  
"Is that what you had to say?" she asked.  
"Yes, Celia; yet not all."  
"It is enough. I wish to hear no more. Let it  
e end of this unpleasant subject. You will n  
e to resume it when I tell you that I do not ca  
listen."  
She walked back to the kitchen, tied an apr  
ound her waist, with trembling hands, and wen  
with her work, and he pulled his moustache  
and said to himself that he did not care.  
yet abused a woman. No genuine man  
a dart of lightning in the blue sky of  
a rose in the snow-bank of January, a  
a miser, a great act from a mean  
a real man abusing a woman.

NG-HEADED man is never head-long.

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# Carl Gray's Success.

BY E. S. GUTHRIE.

"I shall be rejoiced to hear of your prosperity, Mr. Gray. You have my best wishes for your success through life."

Carl Gray sat with his eyes fixed upon the brief message before him, reading over and over again the few words written in a separate paragraph at its close, which words he had quoted at the beginning of this sketch. Oh how those three lines burned, seethed and rankled in his heart—appeared before his vision even when he closed his eyes to try, for a moment to forget, that he had seen them.

She would be rejoiced to hear of his prosperity—she proffered her best wishes for his success, when she knew that those very words shut out all happiness from his heart, and the cold, formal expressions of hope for his success, rendered him unable to strive for it.

Then, too, she had affixed only her initials, instead of the whole signature of Adele Leroy, or "your affectionate Adele," as she had been wont to subscribe herself in the "old days," before the dark shadow of estrangement and misunderstanding had come between them. Poor Carl, he did not fail to notice this thrust, although it was one of the things which delicacy will not allow persons to mention.

Carl Gray was a young man of good abilities—nay, he was talented; he was of prepossessing appearance, was well meaning, but, alas, like all the sons of our fathers, he had his weak points, and had sometimes failed to walk in the path which integrity and strict moral law had marked out for him. Condemn him all who have never been tempted; those who have, are able to sympathize with and pity poor Carl Gray.

He had known Adele Leroy for four years, and during that time had learned to love her with all the strength of an earnest, passionate nature. She also had proved to love him, and, indeed, was attached to him—drawn to him by a congenial tie of sympathy, attracted to him by his pleasant, genial manner and disposition, together with his talents, which were of no mean order.

He loved, nay worshipped Adele Leroy, and she it was who might have moulded him to any fashion she chose. At one time she confessed that she loved him, but as the cold shadow of estrangement crept between them, she banished the old tenderness from her heart, and forced herself to believe him utterly unworthy.

He had erred, 'tis true, but none are perfect; neither are any without some redeeming trait of character. Adele had forgotten the old proverb—"To err is human, to forgive is divine." I say forgot it; for if she remembered it, she would not allow its sweet, charitable influence to impress her now.

Carl Gray had made one last effort toward a reconciliation—he was willing to humble himself before one whom he loved so dearly—ah, when did love ever fail to subdue pride—and so he wrote her a pleading note, begging her to grant him one interview, and then, if she was willed, he would never trouble her again by his importunities. He waited anxiously for a reply; it came; but alas for all his anxious hopes. Adele replied as if he were a stranger, or, at most, a casual acquaintance; and, as if fearful that her words had not sufficiently expressed her utter disregard for him, she added the sentence which we have already quoted.

Carl gazed sadly and silently upon the words over her initials, and then, after a season of painful thought, he re-folded the letter and placed it in his pocket, murmuring,

"Oh, she does not know how I love her, or she would not thus utterly cast me off."

Time sped on. Carl Gray remained in his native city, striving his utmost to live a life worthy of himself. His great sorrow never grew less, and as he occasionally met Adele, receiving from her a cool bow, his heart beat afresh, and with a deeper shade of sorrow upon

his melancholy face, he devoted himself more persistently to his pursuits.

His disappointment had led his thoughts into a new channel—disclosing to his own mind the fact that he possessed talents hitherto unthought of. Steadily he labored—not impelled by the hope of ever securing a reconciliation with Adele—no, she had effectually destroyed the last spark of hope which lingered in his breast. He had learned to love his profession, and he labored on, each day striving to fulfill every duty cheerfully and well.

Thus he rose in his profession—he became honored and respected—persons who had scorned him now courted his society, but he treated all with polite indifference.

There were ties which bound him to his native city—to the scenes of his hopes, his disappointment and his success. They were the last ties of all on earth which he would disregard—ties of duty. And now he was free, and his intention to make his home in a distant country was announced. All who knew him openly expressed their regret that he was to leave their city and State. All—no—Adele had made no expression of regret; and Carl sighed as he thought that he must go without a word from her.

The time of his departure drew near at hand.—On the morrow he was to bid adieu to familiar scenes, to the place where he had enjoyed and endured so much, and he sat in his room feeling sad and depressed. His thoughts went back to the far-away, sunny time, when each day was gladdened by the love and smiles of Adele Leroy. Months and years had passed since their estrangement, but she was as dear to him to-night, as he sat thinking of her, as when so long ago he was blessed by her love.

A new impulse seized him. "I will make the attempt to see her once again, and then bid her adieu forever," he said at length, and rising he seized his hat and hurried away in the direction of Adele's home.

It was indeed a melancholy pleasure which he essayed to secure; he might be repulsed, but he would risk much, sooner than be denied the privilege which he so craved. He knew that she went very little into society now; she might be ill! She might die! Oh! heaven, he could not bear the thought that she should die without his having seen her once more—just once more.

Arriving at the home of Adele, he was admitted by the maid who took up his card, returning with the message that Miss Leroy would see him in the parlor. His thoughts crowded his brain as he entered the room. Could it be that Adele would speak to him—address him—express his joy in anticipation swayed by the thought that he was to see her for the first time since their estrangement?

He took up a volume of Tennyson's poems, and presented her years before. With wonder he took it up and glanced over its pages, and he marked by her hand—her favorite passages. He eagerly scanned the pages of the little volume, his eyes filled with tears, as he read, and when he came to one tear-stained page, where a verse was marked, he could not restrain his feelings, and a groan burst from his lips as he read—

"I feel it when I sorrow most,  
I count it true whate'er befall;  
'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all."

He heard the rustle of garments; he raised his head and stood beside him. So absorbed had he been in the perusal of Tennyson that he had not observed her entrance.

He sprang to his feet in confusion and stammered an apology.

"No apology is needed, Carl," she said, extending her hand. "I came in very quietly, and you were engaged in reading. I am glad to see you; I hoped you would come to see me before you went away."

She was tremulous with emotion. He gazed in her face and beheld there marks of sorrow. She commenced speaking:—

"Carl, I have wanted to see you for a long, long time. I have wanted to confess to you how unjust I have been, and how cruelly I have treated you. My pride has restrained me until now, and now I want to ask you to believe that I rejoice in your success. I want you to forgive me before we part forever. It does my burdened heart good to make these acknowledgments. My eyes have been blinded by the false glitter of dress, and I threw away the true gem."

She had spoken rapidly; her beautiful head was half bowed, and she looked more lovely than ever in the eyes of Carl, who still held her unresisting hand, gazing at it with kisses.

Reader, don't you think it would be polite for you and I to withdraw from this scene?

Carl Gray remained in his native city, and is still an honored member of his profession and of society, and the husband of her who once so coolly wished him success.

Ah! this is one of the many cases of estrangement—one of the few cases of reconciliation.

## THE INVALID.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

The night has passed so slowly!

Little sleep and little pain; but a quiet wakefulness, full of vague, intangible dreams of—what?

The morning dawn creeps through her wide open shutters, and she sees its first faint glimmer.

The window is opened to admit the winds that drop into her long, loose hair the sweets of spring-grapes and lowly forest blooms; and the fingers of the sunshine creep across her face, tenderly as a lover's might.

"How glad the sweet world is!" she says; her blue eyes fixed upon the swelling hills, folded up in the crimson raiment of the new day, and her heart throbbing quicker than it wont, under the spell of an old-time memory. "When I am strong enough to be out once more in the fresh, life-giving winds, the roses will find their way to my cheeks again, and my step be light as the fawn's."

She does not dream it may be so; but for her, an earthly spring comes never more, and the summer rains will drop about her, waking not the calm, still pulses under her vest of snow!

The hours go by. Upon the little stand beside her loving hands have placed fresh flowers, and their fragrance fills the room.

The physician is beside her, his fingers upon her blue-veined wrist, and his large, compassionate eyes anticipating the revelation of his lips.

"A little languid this morning—that is all," she says, seeing the trouble in his face. "I will be stronger to-morrow, doctor; will I not?"

Ah! the time is come for him to speak; and yet it is hard, so hard!

He seats himself beside her low, white-draped couch, and, with her hand lying like a snow flake in his patrician palm, says, half under his breath:

"I have done the little I could, or can, for you, my child; other hands than mine will lift you into the sunlight."

She sees the spasm of pain flashing across his lips, and the sorrow in his humid eyes; feels the trembling of the hand in which her own is lying; turns her white face to the wall, and for a moment is face to face with the mystery of death, silent as though its seal were already upon her close-shut lips.

A hand is laid lightly upon her forehead. The touch recalls her to the verities of to-day. He tells her this! He who was all the world to her, though to him she was naught but a little human wail, washed by the tidal wave of circumstance to the low sands at his feet, and under the pavilion of his care!

Her secret was her own. He would never know; and the love he had to give—why, though shelved, it would never be hers; and yet, he had opened for her the seven seals of the volume of human love, and he was good and pure, and she had given him her poor little heart, with its original freshness of unspoken trust; and now she was to be carried out of his reach into the great Unknown, and—that was all!

Was it all? How was it to be Over There?

Her heart is still, in the clasp of a new, sweet hope.

The fingers drop from her forehead across the hectic of her cheek; a voice stirs through the silence.

"It is not so far away, my child," as though, by some subtle magnetic power, he were reading her heart, his eyes with wistful reverence fall upon her face.

"Aye—not far away," repeating the words, as if to reassure herself. "It is better so. I thank you that I go not blindly into the Beyond."

She lifts the fingers in her palm to the pallor of her lips, just once, saying to herself:

"It is no sin; surely it is no sin. Over there, I shall say to Him, 'because I have loved Thy noblest angel on the earth, I am worthy of eternal life!' Good-by. 'It is not far away.'"

The sunset has faded from off the hills, and the mystery of darkness and the mystery of death are hand in hand in the chamber looking toward the east.

The flowers upon the stand are fragrant still, the winds are balmy, and the silence unbroken.

With her hand held tightly in his from whom her soul has no secret in this last hour, the invalid is drifting under the shadow of the valley; but her face is as the face of an angel, and full of divine content.

"It is so terrible to feel you slipping from the clasp of my arms, dear Ada, now that I know what might have been, could I have kept you in the lower land," the voice full of suppressed emotion.

"It is not so far away; and, to-day, I have known all the joy of living," she answers. "Good-night! It will be lonely, I think, even there, until you come."

"Then there is silence, and nothing there but the silence," and the mystery of life and death.

And become nerveless ere striking a blow?

from thy stupor! Arouse thee again!

thy part in the strife—be a man amongst men?

They soul shame the impulse that prompted thy

The fear,

And dark hour of trial, when danger was near.

He saidst thou list to the foeman exultingly cry,

No threats blanched thy cheek, his words forced thee to fly?

Lookst thou see thy friends mourning, in sorrow

The face and shame,

And the wreck of thy glory, the brand on thy name?

And canst not—thou dar'st not! Then up to the

Times field!

The thy post in the ranks till the foeman shall

On him field!

And timid doubts shake thee, no terrors dismay—

The firm for the truth, and thy valor display!

It is wrong in the right! 'Tis a panoply sure

To Bro. R.



## FOR LOVE.

BY LOTTIE BROWN.

Somebody has, in a charming manner, called the work of sprinkling clothes, for ironing, one of the prettiest things in life, and rambled on, at great length, of pearly drops, trickling from taper fingers—and this morning I tried to realize it.

I could not. The September sunlight was shining over the hills and broad fields. There was a gayly-dressed, merry-voiced quartette, playing croquet in sight of the window, while before me stood a heaping basket of clothes, to be folded. Last of all, the pearly drops looked ugly on my rough, brown hands, and I was disappointed.

It was hateful work any way, and harder to bear when that sweet voice of my dainty sister, Belle, was greeting my ears, and Grant Severn looking down into her face with the finest pair of dark eyes in the world.

Heigho! Well, I suppose that it is all right. If I had been intended for a fine lady, as Belle says, I should have had a face and figure to go with the intentions. However, she can't boast of the finest figure that ever was, if she does weigh twenty-five pounds less than I.

Ma says she will fly away one of these windy days! H'm! I really wish she would!

Am I very wicked? No, I'm very lonely. And I have nothing in the world to make me think otherwise but poor Ma (who thinks Belle worth a dozen of me), and plenty of hard work. Belle says that when she is married I may stand a better chance. Poor me! I pray God that, when the matrimonial market opens, I may not be blind to all things but money and position. I wonder what it will bring to Belle?

"Celia!"

The quiet face of the writer was uplifted, and when the loud voice again echoed up the stairs, she put her pen back, and ran lightly out of the busy bedroom.

Then, through the open window, there came a wickedly-mischievous puff of wind, and blew that white, neatly-written sheet out on the crisp grass, under the red apple tree, right at the feet of Grant Severn, who was lazily smoking his cigar, and dreaming. Seeing it fluttering there, like—well, like the snowy hands of fair Belle, who was crocheting a great heap of scarlet worsted into something that lay in a heavy drift across the arm of her chair, right before him at the parlor window—he carelessly took it up—wicked fellow!—and read every word.

There was a swish of garments near, and so he hastily crumpled the sheet in his fingers and looked up.

It was Celia; she had come out through the garden, and was now going across the orchard to gather apples. He looked for the ugly brown hands, and, from them, up to the face of their owner. It was a round, young face, a trifle brown, but with fine color, regular features, and dark, soulful eyes, with long, soft lashes.

"Poor Celia!" he said, half aloud, taking the cigar from his lips. "So you must wait for yonder slender damsel before you find a husband. We will see!"

He let his eyes wander from her to the "slender damsel," and seeing the blue eyes fixed upon his face, he smiled, and, man-fashion, kissed his hand to her.

"Mother!"

The voice was low, but sharp and quick.

"Yes, Belle," said the mother.

"Do you see Grant Severn? He has been watching Celia for five minutes, and now he has gone out to her. As I live, I know he will like her; for like all men, he is a fool! I will not have it so! Ma, I mean to marry Severn myself, if I sin for it! Celia shall not have him!"

But in spite of her, Severn was away across the grass to the quiet worker, and bending down he took the basket from her hand, unmindful of the nervous start she gave, and laid the white sheet in her hand.

"Oh! did you read it?"

"Forgive me—yes!"

Such a tide of crimson swept to her face that he half-repent speaking the truth, and he said, quickly:

"Don't, Celia—I am rude, I know, but I am not sorry. I know you better than I did before. You are a little sick of life?"

"I'm very sick of this life."

"Oh, Celia, if I might change it for you!"

She did not wait to hear more, but snatching the basket from his hand she ran down to the house.

She had thought of him as a man with a true, honest heart, and although, when Belle told her of the sweet things he had said to her, there came a little heaviness, yet she was glad to know, that since she could not have his best love, she might earn his brotherly affection. Now she set her white teeth hard together, as that lover-like attitude, the earnest eyes and words came up.

"How dare he act thus, while the words of love spoken to my sister are yet fresh upon his lips? Ah, me! I thought him such a good man!"

She was very busy all the rest of the afternoon, and, when tea was over and the dishes washed, she only glanced out to see Belle and Grant chatting under the trees, and Nellie Severn and Cousin Frank flirting in the back door, and then she went up stairs. When the bell in the town-house steeple rang the hour of nine, Belle came up, and, when she had glanced at the bed and Celia, she walked on to the window, looked steadily out, and said, with a forced laugh:

"Well, Celia, I am out of the way! I am engaged."

"To—"

"Grant, of course. Ain't I fortunate? He is already worth a fortune, and he will double his present means in less than five years, for his business is a lucrative one. Can't you congratulate me?"

"Certainly!"

"You are cross, Celia!"

"By no means. I sincerely congratulate you."

Celia was half glad that she had heard this, because now there was no uncertainty about the matter, and she could put away every glance or word he dared to utter in her praise, without feeling that there might be a little truth in them, and that, in repelling, she was paining him. Yet with it there came disappointment, for she had given him a high place in her heart.

She was always up early, because she was maid of all work, and found it impossible to idle away a moment after sunrise; and the next morning she went down, and, when she met Grant in the open porch-door, she gave him a cordial nod, and went to the kitchen.

"Are you very busy, Celia?" he called after her.

"No."

"Then come out here and let me talk to you. I ran yesterday to tell you something, in the orchard, but you ran away from me. I must say it now. Life is a dreary thing to you, as it now is, and it will be nothing to me without you."

She stopped him with a clear, steady gaze from her dark eyes.

"Is that what you had to say?" she asked.

"Yes, Celia; yet not all."

"It is enough. I wish to hear no more. Let it be the end of this unpleasant subject. You will not care to resume it when I tell you that I do not care to listen."

She walked back to the kitchen, tied an apron round her waist, with trembling hands, and went to work with her work, and he pulled his moustache, and tried to believe that he did not care.

The summer visit came to an abrupt ending, for, ten days later, Grant received a despatch from his father—that is, he said he did—and away he went, taking his sister and Frank Estes with him.

Then it was too dull for Belle at home, and she gathered up her effects and went with a dear friend to Nahant, and Celia was alone.

The winter was very close at hand, and Celia and her mother were still alone, when one morning there came a letter. It said:

CELIA:—I believe I am going to die—if not, I am suffering more than death, and am alone among strangers. Will you come to me? It is asking a great boon, but I pray you grant it. There is no other woman on earth save my sister, to whom I am attached, and little Nellie is too happy with her own love. Come to me.

GRANT SEVERN.

He folded it with a sigh at the almost illegible writing, and said, with a little spite:

"Belle has broken faith with him, and now he turns to me. Well, I will go. For he is in a lonely country town, among strangers, he says, and suffering."

A day later she was in a low farm-house, among the hills, listening to the story of Grant's accident.

"It's the greatest wonder that he wasn't down-right killed," said the woman of the house. "He owns the lumber tracts all over the county, I s'pose you know, and he was out to the logging camps, to sort of superintend, and while he was watching the men loading the sleds, Mill Train's tree fell on him and broke his leg. I'm powerful glad you come. Are you, Celia?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. He was terrible restless at first, of nights, and he kept up a continual cry for Celia. Relation, I s'pose?"

"Yes. If you please, I will go to him."

His face was worn and pale with suffering—so much so that she could not keep back her tears—but when he saw her, it grew brighter, and he cried out, with a boyish happiness:

"Celia! are you here?"

"Yes, Grant. Why is not Belle with you?"

"Belle!"

"She had a better right than I. You were engaged. Is it broken?"

"What do you mean? Belle and I were never engaged. I never spoke a word of love to her. Did she say so? If she did, she spoke falsely. Was that what kept us apart, darling?"

"Yes, Grant."

"She is nothing but a friend to me; but, Celia, you must be more! Will you stay with me until I am strong and well?"

"Yes, darling."

"For pity's sake?"

"No; for love."

His arms were around her, and she gathered his aching head in her arms, and held it for hours, through his long, restless sleep.

When he was able, they went down to her home and were quietly married; and Belle, seeing that she had failed in her efforts, acted like her sensible self and kept on the alert, until she had a chance to pounce upon and secure a fine establishment, encumbered only by an old husband, with a settled cough.

## SPRING THOUGHTS.

BY BIRDIE BELL.

Sweet spring! sweet spring! thy blossoms fair  
Are smiling to the sky,  
Reading with joy the promise there,  
Which birds are whispering in the air,  
Of days of gladness nigh.

Soon will there come the warm, bright flush  
Which mantles summer skies,  
And roses will coquet, with blush,  
With limpid streams, which gayly gush,  
And ripple their replies.

Oh sunny days of bygone springs,  
Which fled on wings so fast!  
Each bird that blithely chirps and sings,  
Each flower that blooms and perfume brings,  
Speaks of your buried past!

But from the winter's deepest snow  
The sweetest flowers spring;  
So I shall hope the sorest woe  
Some hidden blessing will bestow,  
And some sweet peace will bring.

## MATTIE'S WANTS AND WISHES

## HOPE—TO-MORROW.

What faded leaves are strewn along  
The path of yesterday;  
The pretty flowers we prized the most,  
Lie withered in the way.

We see our blighted hopes and weep;  
Then haste our tears to stay,  
For there are other blooming buds  
Upon the bush to-day.

And hope, forgetful of the past,  
Anticipates the flower  
That bright will bloom upon the stem,  
When falls to-morrow's shower.



Freemen arouse! our foes are up  
In fierce and grim array;  
Their sable banners lap the air—  
An insult to the day!  
The Saints of Cromwell rise again  
In sanctimonious hordes,  
Hiding beneath the garb of peace  
A million ruthless swords.  
From North, and East, and West, they seek,  
The same disastrous goal,  
With Christ upon the lying lip,  
And Satan in the soul;  
Mocking, with an ancient Shibboleth,  
All wise and just restraints—  
"To all the Saints was empire given,  
And we alone are saints!"

Freemen, awake! Look up—behold  
The deep and sullen gloom,  
Which darkens o'er your sunny land  
With thunder in its womb!  
Are ye so blind ye cannot see  
The omens in the sky?  
Are ye so deaf ye cannot hear  
The tramp of foemen nigh?  
Are ye so dull ye will endure  
The whips and scorn of men,  
Who hide the hearts of Titus Oates  
Beneath the words of Penn?  
Are ye so base, that foot to foot,  
Ye will not gladly stand,  
For land and life, for child and wife,  
And free our happy land?

### Our Country in Danger.

BY JOHN KERRIGAN.

Air—"American Flag."

Awake to your duty, each man to his station,  
Our Country's in danger, come quick to the  
call,  
Let Jefferson's warnings be read to the Nation,  
United we stand, but divided we fall.  
Shall the Heroes, the Martyrs of the great  
Revolution—  
Shall the blood which they spilt be shed for  
us in vain?  
Oh, no, let us stand by our tried Constitution,  
If we lose it we ne'er can replace it again.

Seymour, the statesman, the Union defender,  
The pride of the people, the true and the  
tried,  
Shall the flag he fights under be robbed of its  
splendor?  
Shall Washington's labors be thrown aside?  
Shall the States once united be parted forever?  
The black flag of disunion to wave o'er our  
land?  
Great God, let us try, let us do our endeavors,  
To bring this sedition at once to a stand.

The spirits of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson,  
Descend from the clouds, and sanction our

that they may by their  
your ashes from fanatical  
ue, on, on, with your armor,  
and town, every county and  
the soldier, the sailor and  
ard before it's too late!

ds, then, dear comrades,  
arty's altar,  
the deeds of our fathers, the  
olutions we never shall falter  
's banner in triumph shall  
of isms be scattered forever;  
s be destroyed, in our work  
phalanx, like one man, to-  
tution, the Union, our States  
vs!

DREN.—Call not that man  
er else he suffers as to pain  
ded, has a child for whom he  
de dotes. Poverty may grind  
curly may cast its darkest  
e song of the gay may be far  
g, his face may be unknown  
his voice may be unheeded  
from he dwells—even pain  
and sleep leave his pillow—  
h which he would not part  
putation, for fame filling a  
luxury of the highest wealth,  
ep that ever sat upon mortal's

### Hope.

EVER despair! The darkest cloud  
That ever loomed will pass away,  
The longest night will yield to dawn—  
The dawn will kindle into day.  
At if around thy lonely bark  
Break fierce and high the waves of sorrow,  
Hatch every oar! there's land ahead!  
And thou wilt gain the port to-morrow.  
In fortune frowns, and summer friends,  
Like birds that fear a storm, depart,  
O, if the heart hath tropic warmth,  
Will stay and nestle around thy heart.  
You art poor, no joy is won,  
Good is gained by sad repining,  
Buried in the darkened earth  
Yet be gathered for the mining.

There is no lot, however sad,  
Where is no roof, however low,  
That has some joy to make it glad,  
The latent bliss to soothe its woe.  
The light of hope will linger near,  
Who's wildest beats the heart's emotion,  
A tallman when breakers roar,  
A star upon the troubled ocean.

The farmer knows not if his field,  
With flood or drought or blight must cope  
He questions not the fickle skies,  
But plows and sows and toils in hope.  
Then up! and strive, and dare, and do,  
Nor doubt a harvest you will gather;  
'Tis time to labor and to wait,  
And trust in God for genial weather.

nothing. It is the witness within ourselves of our  
immortality."

Oh! sweet, lowly graces—poverty of spirit, meek-  
ness—that grow low, and are of a dark hue, as the  
violets, but of a fragrant smell; as one says, chief  
in the garland of a Christian.

Keep as close as you can to the genuine, even  
track of a Christian walk, and labor for a prudent  
and meek behavior, adorning your holy profession,  
and this shall adorn you, and sometimes gain those  
that are without, yea, even your enemies shall be  
constrained to approve it.—Archbishop Leighton.



The flowers are all gone from the garden—even the "purple shadow of the past" has faded from the withered sign of the last year; the leaves have fallen from the trees, and under my feet rustle dryly as I walk down the hill on the other side.

The other side! Ah, if you could only have known what a bright side there was to this lonely hill, three short months ago!

Then, Faith and I climbed the hill together, the rose-light of the beautiful summer crowning our forehead, our faces (as happy as human faces ever are) turned skyward, and our lips making music for each other, as we talked over the joys of the old year, and the golden possibilities of our to-morrow.

"Ellie," would Faith say, with her blue eyes full of sweet thoughts, "I feel as if I were standing just on the point of life, and looking out into a world full of new beauty."

"Ah! I would laugh gaily, and prophesy pleasant things for the future—that happy future in which we were always to be together."

"But what if it is not to be so, dear Ellie," Faith would whisper, sadly. "The future is held by a wise and loving Father, so that our eyes cannot see it; but we may be sure that somewhere there will be a happy time for us, when we may be together. Let us think of that!"

Ah, I did not want to think of that then. But now, do you think any other thought is half as dear to me as this?

Listen to the frosty wind that blows over the top of the hill, which used to be crowned with the cheeriest sunshine! Feel the breath of the winter as it blows up from the once pleasant valley-land, where the violets grew in purple splendor, and the lilies leaned their white faces against the light, breathing fragrant promises of another summer!

Truly, it is all changed now!

Faith, with her bright eyes and smiling lips—Faith, with her tender words and tenderer thought—Faith, with her store of hopes, and her wonderful reliance on One wiser than we—is no longer here. Ah! it is lonely on the hillside to-night!

The bright days were almost gone; and as they faded, her life faded, too. Even like a flower of the field it vanished, and I have only left the memory of tender words, and holy thoughts to console me.

"Do you not know that another summer will come, Ellie, when the frosts are spent, and the white snows are melted; for it is under the snows that the roots of May blossoms live! Oh, Ellie, do not forget that!"

And, even in the midst of my gloom and repining, I do not quite forget it.

One day later the skies will be blue again, even though the showers fall. One day later the sweet buds will burst into perfect bloom, even though some careless hand has plucked the beautiful flower. One day later—ah, how much may happen for me!

**MASKS.**—If we could read each other's hearts, we should be kinder to each other. If we knew the woes, and bitternesses, and physical annoyances of our neighbors, we should make allowances for them which we do not now. We go about masked, uttering stereotyped sentiments, hiding our heart-aches and our heart-aches as carefully as we can; and yet we wonder that others do not discover them by intuition. We cover our best feelings from the light; we do not so conceal our resentments and our dislikes, of which we are prone to be proud. Often two people sit close together, with "I love you" in either heart, and neither knows it. Each thinks, "I could be fond; but what use of wasting fondness on one who does not care for it?" and so they part, and go their ways lone. Life is a masquerade, at which few unmask, even to their very dearest. And though there is need of much masking, would to Heaven we dared show plainly our real faces, from birth to death, for then some few, at least, would truly love each other.

**CONSCIENCE.**—A tender conscience is like the gleam of a man's eye; the least dust that gathers it affects it. There is no surer and better way to know whether our consciences are dead and stupid than to observe what impression small sins make upon us. If we are not very careful to avoid the appearance of evil, and to shun whatever looks like sin; if we are not so much troubled at the rising up of sinful desires in us, as we have been formerly, we may then conclude that our hearts are hardened, and our consciences are stupefying; for a tender conscience will no more allow of small sins than of great ones.

Written for the Waverley Magazine.

#### The Captive.

THE sun was all in a mist to-day;  
The birds forgot to sing;  
The darkness came in the strangest way—  
Even the moon and stars delay,  
And leave me wondering.

I try to think this is all a dream—  
When I wake, the sun will shine;  
These bolts and bars, not what they seem,  
Will fly away at the morning's gleam,  
And happiness then be mine.

Therefore when I see the shadows,  
Drifting in across the meadows,  
See the troops of summer wild birds  
Flying from us, cloud on cloud,  
Memory with that May-time lingers,  
And I seem to feel the fingers  
Of my lost and lovely darling  
Wrap my heart up in her shroud.

#### PRIMROSE TIME.

This world was formed for maid and man,  
So each must find a fellow;  
It hath been so since the world began,  
And marigolds were yellow.

For she who wastes her summer prime,  
And coldly doth eschew it,  
Shall in the winter of her time  
With vain repentance rue it.

Then, prithee, say not nay, but yes,  
Whilst primroses are blooming;  
For spring-time will not always stay  
The winter that is coming.

#### A GLIMPSE.

'Twas but a glimpse through the veil  
A glimpse, and nothing more;  
Yet it filled my soul with strange dell  
It ne'er had known before  
And still, methinks, I see it beam—  
The beautiful face I saw in my dream.

Oh, face so fond! Oh, face so fair!  
Sweet face that smiled on me;  
I wander, seeking everywhere,  
Yet ne'er that face can see,  
And so I know I caught the gleam  
Of an angel's face in my dream.

Who squanders life treasures with better and by stealth.

Small gains like a peeper when rolling in wealth.

Who gathers a fortune like a miserly knave,  
Must afterward serve it as a miserly slave.

The purse of a peeper and proud haughty heart  
Will be more congenial when farther apart.

No medicinal power is ever so poor  
As he, "old abundance," who overstocked more.

The rule and the balance, ink, paper and pen,  
Present strife and quarrels of pugnacious men.

Fly not to the coast for redress of each grief,  
Nor of a physician seek daily relief.

The cost and chagrin to avenge a great wrong,  
Will often preponderate bearing it long.

Take unwelcome counsel of every true friend,  
Though seemingly adverse to wishes and end.

Who looks with his tongue a calculating dart,  
Must shield his own head from the rebounding smart.

Ill wounds may recover, and pain be relieved,  
But ill name and character never retrieved.

In feuds and in company, in sporting and love,  
The victors and losers a thousand griefs prove.

Who aims by industrious efforts to live,  
May work out a character no one can give.

As soon as his daily companions are shown,  
The knave or the honest man truly is known.

Who gains reputation without real worth,  
Without fault may lose it, in spite of high birth.

A lack of activity, industry, care,  
Will end in distraction, remorse, and despair.

The indolent crumble far sooner to dust,  
Than they who are never permitted to rust.

Precedent errors, when frankly confessed,  
And trespass acknowledged, are easily redressed.

Extirpate each loose thought before it is heard,  
Lest sorrow oft urge to recall a stray word.

Let thoughts be corrected when no one is near,  
And tongue be garotted when others can hear.

Talk kindly, or roughly, or fair as you will;  
Who love to think evil, will ever speak ill.

A tactless duellist, when savans among,  
May pass for a doctor—by holding his tongue.

A garrulous savant, by speaking but once,  
When silence is wisdom, is written a dunce.

By showing respectful regard for superiors,  
A comely example is left for inferiors.

The liberal donor who gives in a trice,  
Oft doubles the gift of the thoughtful twice.

By chastising children for venial sin,  
We whip out one devil, and whip seven in.

The meek and the haughty, the stupid and wise,  
In six feet of earth measure equal in size.

HERNO EDWARDS JONES.

The sun was hot to-day, you know,  
The dust should be laid with a rain;  
The Sons of Temperance meet to-night,  
John Smith's in the city again.

A row on the corner, the boys amusing,  
The pic-nic season is over;  
The largest melon weighs 82 pounds,  
Brown sells the finest seed clover.

A drunken man fell down to-day,  
In the red-hot broiling sun;  
Now he is in the city lock-up,  
Thinking of what is to be done.

A man in crossing the railroad track  
Lost two-thirds of his body;  
Funeral to-day at half past ten—  
And Kimbro sent us a toddy.

Many thanks for a bushel of peaches,  
Miss Flunkey was married last night;  
She sent us some cake to dream on,  
Bill Muggins got licked in a fight.

The thermometer stands at ninety,  
And a mule ran away with a dray;  
A colored gent falls from a steeple,  
'Twas a very unfortunate day.

The imbibers of beer still drinking,  
Do these fellows ever get rest?  
They do nothing but sampling and tasting,  
Pretending to look for the best.

Now there's a row on the corner,  
Don't the loafers enjoy the fun!  
Fresh melons and peaches are selling  
At the corner of one twenty-one.

A circus is coming to town,  
Preaching to-morrow at ten;  
A railroad meeting this eve,  
To consider the question again.

John Smith has arrived in the city,  
He is looking remarkable well;  
Dear reader, I know you are wishing  
That Jehn was landed in —, well.

This is the way they all fix it,  
Tis a matter of every-day caper;  
Read it all through, 'tis the best you can do,  
Naught else is found in the paper.

They'll mix up a funeral with dancing,  
While eating you'll read about tumors;  
So do us the honor just once every week,  
And fatten by reading the HUMORS.



# LOVE AND DUTY.

BY ANN DEWEY.

"I must stay at home, of course, if you desire it, though my heart will undoubtedly go out to Mrs. Huber's party!"

"I do certainly desire it, Aurora, although I cannot force your inclinations."

"You have said enough, Herbert. You will not find me a disobedient wife."

"I would wish, though, that love, and not a cold sense of duty, constrained you, Aurora."

To his last remark she made no reply, and a moment after, he went out, with a little sigh of disappointment at his wife's willfulness.

He really had good reasons for not wishing to have his wife appear at Mrs. Cora Huber's grand ball. In the first place, he did not like Mrs. Huber, and did not trust her. And there was Henry St. John, her cousin, who had been an avowed admirer of Aurora's father before she was married, and did not scruple to say that he had been heartbroken since her rejection.

He was to be present at the ball, and Herbert Graeme had heard through an intimate friend, that St. John had made several different wagers that he would monopolize Mrs. Graeme for that one evening, at all events.

He had not repeated that to his wife, for he would rather shield her from even a knowledge of scandal.

She was good and pure in his eyes, and he would not have even an idle thought stain her imagination.

So he had insisted, and she had yielded; but only because she had promised obedience to her husband.

It was the day before the party, and Aurora Graeme sat alone in her pleasant parlor.

That morning, her husband had been obliged to leave home, on urgent business, promising to be back in three or four days.

And, just then, the sudden temptation entered her heart to be present at the ball, just for one little hour, and make it all up with her husband afterward.

While she was wavering there was a ring at the door, and gay little Emilie Germaine entered.

"I have come to you to know what I am to wear at Mrs. Huber's party. I am just going down to

Stewart's, and Auberta says you have such exquisite taste."

She paused, out of breath, and Aurora leaned back, smiling, to look at her.

"I don't know that any setting could spoil your beauty, emilie, but I like you best in blue."

"Just what I had thought of myself! But what shall you wear?"

"I am not going."

It was said seriously, but with a little sigh.

"Not going, Aurora?"

"No, I think not. Herbert will be away, and I will not go alone."

"But we will call for you, darling. Ah, you cannot mean to disappoint us all!"

"If I thought it would really disappoint any one—"

"Of course it will. Now promise me that you will go with us, and I shall be content."

"I will send you word to-night, if I decide to go."

And with that assurance, the gay little Emilie was forced to be content.

When Emilie was gone, she went up stairs to look at her wardrobe, and the very first glance decided her.

"There is that elegant white silk, with the lace over-dress, that I have never worn yet. St. John always used to say I breathed of Paradise when I wore white; and I do believe it is half jealousy of him that made Herbert ask me to stay at home. At any rate he laid no commands upon me, and I can go with Emilie as well as not."

The struggle was over—the promised note was written, and Mrs. Graeme went to the ball.

She was, as Emilie had predicted, the belle of the ball-room, and was engaged for every dance. Two waltzes she had given to St. John, and was resting for a moment alone in the conservatory, when he approached her seat, under cover of the blooming vines.

"Fortune has favored me once more, Aurora," he exclaimed, softly. "My very heart is tired of seeing you only in that crowd—but here—ah, it is indeed Paradise!"

He dropped into the seat beside her, and put his hand on hers.

"Mr. St. John, you have evidently mistaken me for some other lady," said Aurora, annoyed and mortified.

"Do not put on your mask before me," he entreated, in low tones. "I knew long ago that you did not love Herbert Graeme."

Aurora sprang to her feet, angry amazement clouding her dark eyes. She looked toward the door, and there, pale and silent, stood her husband.

"Oh, Herbert!"

It was all she said, but the look and the tone reassured him.

St. John had already disappeared, and Aurora begged to be taken home at once.

Her husband's thoughtfulness saved her from all comment. Once or twice they went through the rooms, Aurora smiling gaily, though a close observer would have seen the quiver of her lips, and Herbert having a pleasant word for all her friends.

Finally they went home, and in the happy silence of their own fireside, talked it all over.

"I shall never, never be tempted again!" she said, at length, between her sobs.

"Have you any talisman to guard your life, dear wife?" said Herbert, looking fondly into her eyes.

"I have thought of that," she said, smiling through her tears. "Duty is not enough; but who can betray me, when love and duty go together?"

# A Grand Old Poem.

Who shall judge a man from manners?  
Who shall know him by his dress?  
Peasners may be fit for princes,  
Princes fit for something less;  
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket  
May belittle the golden ear  
Of the deepest thought and feeling—  
Such vests could do no more.

There are springs of crystal water  
Ever welling out of stone;  
There are purple beds and golden,  
Hidden, crushed, and overgrown;  
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,  
Loves and prospers you and me,  
While He values thrones the highest  
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows,  
Oft forgets his fellow men;  
Masters, rulers, lords, remember  
That your meekest kind are men;  
Men by honor, men by feeling,  
Men by thought, and men by fame,  
Claiming equal rights to combine  
In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,  
There are little weed-cled stills;  
There are feeble, inch-high saplings,  
There are cedars on the hills.  
God, who counts by souls, not stations,  
Loves and prospers you and me,  
For to Him all famed distinctions  
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Telling hands alone are builders  
Of a nation's wealth or fame;  
Titled laziness is pensioned  
Fed and fattened on the same;  
By the sweat of other's foreheads  
Living only to rejoice,  
While the poor man's outraged freedom  
Valiantly lifteth up its voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,  
Born with loveliness and light;  
Secret wrongs shall never prosper  
While there is a sunny right;  
God, whose world-beard voice is singing  
Boundless love to you and me—  
Sink oppression, with its titles,  
As the pebbles in the sea.

# MISCELLANEOUS

Blonde hair and a black moustache is the latest rage.

A Newport swain received a love letter sixty-seven pages long.

A Pennsylvania boy recently caught a rabbit with five legs, the foot on the odd leg resembling the hoof of a horse.

A month at home, and then a wedding tour, is to be the rule hereafter. This certainly is the most sensible bridal arrangement yet agreed upon.

A Cincinnati paper's headlines to its Xenia telegram: "Father and Son in the Penitentiary—Another Son at the Reformatory Farm, and the Wife Divorced—God in the Constitution."

A man once went to an eccentric lawyer to be qualified for some petty office. The lawyer said to him: "Hold up your hand; I'll swear you, but all creation couldn't qualify you."

Old lady to her niece: "Good gracious, Matilda, but it's cold. My teeth are actually chattering!" Loving niece: "Well, don't let them chatter too much, or they may tell where you bought 'em."

A lady had her dress trimmed with "bugles" before going to a ball. Her little daughter wanted to know if the bugles would blow when she danced. "Oh, no," said mother, "papa will do that when he sees the bill."

An Indiana county clerk has found in his office a certificate which reads: "This is to certify that I, William Smith, is agreed that Jim Brown shall have my Daughter Patey to wife this 17th day of newberry 1811."

A lady noticed a boy sprinkling salt on the sidewalk to take off the ice, and remarked to a friend, pointing to the salt: "Now, that's benevolence." "No, it ain't," said the boy, somewhat indignantly, "it's salt."

An enthusiastic African, who had "spent de winter in Jamaky," found it an earthly paradise. He said he could "lie abed, and, putting his arms out de windy, pick oranges, pine apples and Jamaica rum right off de trees."

The Paris Figaro tells of a court crier who took great pride in a collection of knives which had served for the purpose of assassination. He used them at the table, the knives of parricides being used only for guests of distinction.

"Boy, may I inquire where Robinson's drug store is?" "Certainly, sir," replied the boy, very respectfully. "Well, sir," said the gentleman, after waiting a while, "where is it?" "I have not the slightest idea, yer honor," said the urchin.

A rural editor has lost all faith in the luck of horse shoes. He nailed one over his door recently, and that morning there came by mail three duns and seven

51 Joseph C. Peters  
Dr 4 Pilsbe Strung

36 Isaac H. Peters  
Do 2 Pilsbe Tobacco

24, Jas. Carroll  
To Paid Dick as,

Henry Dixon  
Do 5p Pilsbe Tobacco

1905



BY J. W. WATSON.

Where'er thou art shall be my home;  
A cherished thought that home shall be  
And careless though my steps may roam,  
Still turns my transient heart to thee.  
Even when to other lands I stray,  
Where eyes as dark as brightly shine,  
My soul will softly steal away  
And wander back, in dreams, to thine.

The bird at eve, a roving thing,  
Will seek the nest it left at morn;  
However wild its note and wing,  
Still thither every hope is borne.  
When day with darkness softly blends,  
And hush his wandering wing withdraw,  
The transient homeward swiftly wends,  
To wander from his love no more.

## MISS DALE.

BY NATALIE.

There were many sad hearts and some tearful eyes in Centreville when it was told that Miss Esther Dale was dead.

Everybody knew the quick, lady-like little woman who, many years before, had come among them, unknown and unwelcome; for she was at first distantly civil and reticent.

She arrived at Centreville tavern, one night, by stage, and making inquiries about a house, next day secured one about half a mile off, which, although built for a large family, she at once accepted.

In a few days a wagon load of furniture came, and Miss Dale, having hired an ancient woman who was supposed to be long past service, went up to her new home, and settled herself and her servant.

Here they had lived on and on ever since, in a pleasant, comfortable way, as those who had been inside the house said. Wonderful stories, too, they told of the beautiful things it contained. Sofas and chairs covered with crimson silk damask—a rare luxury in those days; marble-topped tables, with big mirrors above and below them; portraits and pictures, in gilt frames, all round the room, and many other emblems of wealth and taste were quoted.

The old servant, Martha, was subject to severe cross-examinations when she went down in the village; but as she knew nothing whatever of her mistress before coming to Centreville, could give information only of the present.

"She be a faine leddy, and used to faine livin'," was old Martha's favorite remark to her listeners. Then would be repeated the fact of Miss Dale wearing silk wrappers and embroidered velvet slippers every morning, and having her silver urn on the table as regularly as if she expected company.

In short, Miss Dale was the aristocrat of the place, and although she kept no carriage like the Morfords, her air of decided refinement settled her status, if her mode of life had not.

When she first appeared in Centreville she was apparently about thirty years old, but, in reality, only twenty-four. Her face would have been beautiful only for the hard, scornful lines so plainly drawn on it.

Her manner, too, though polite, was repellant, and this the country folk at once set down against her.

For ten or twelve years she kept aloof from every one. She never went to church nor to the village. Martha did all the errands, and brought her regularly the letter which arrived with a double stamp, and which never failed to become an object of curiosity to everybody around the post-office.

Miss Dale walked every day. In storm or sunshine she went on her accustomed path up the little hill near her house, and into the woods back of it.

She always came back from these walks with a look in her face which warned Martha against speaking to her then.

If she had, Miss Dale would not have answered. But after awhile this mood would pass off, and the mistress be the same kind, pleasant woman as before.

She never allowed any familiarity from Martha. There was the same etiquette demanded and observed when they had lived together twelve years as during the first week.

At the end of that time a letter arrived for Miss Dale, smaller and different from those she was in the habit of receiving.

Martha received it at the post-office, where it had lain four days; and it excited as much curiosity with her as it had with the village folks. She trudged along, wondering what was in it, and somehow dread.

A slight rain had begun to descend, and Miss Dale was beginning to feel anxious about Martha, as night was creeping on, and to wish she would come.

She had felt restless and uneasy all the afternoon, and now a terrible depression fell on her, and she wandered around, hardly knowing what she did.

With her hands pressed hard on her heart, she swiftly paced the room, her thoughts turning now to a single point—to a subject she tried in vain to thrust away.

For twelve years she had controlled her will so strongly that she could abandon all retrospect of the Past with one effort. But to-night she was powerless.

Weak and nervous she had to acknowledge herself, as, in spite of all she could do, a face, which had heretofore been resolutely shut out, would come before her.

A man's face; young, handsome, effeminate. Blue eyes, soft with love, looked steadfastly in Esther Dale's face. A voice, low with tenderness, breathed vows of fidelity in her ear.

A thrill of forgotten pleasure rushed over her as these tones and looks came so vividly back. "Oh, my lost happiness!" she cried; "why do you come to torment me? Leave me to the rest that years of struggling have just begun to bring."

Over her face broke the emotion she was feeling. Love, joy, hate, were there mingled. But Martha's footstep awakened her, and her face had resumed its ordinary expression when she turned it toward her old servant.

"What's this?" she cried, sharply, as Martha handed the letter.

Clutching it in both hands, she stared with eyes, oh, so eager! at the handwriting.

"Bring me a candle," at length she said, in such an unnatural voice that Martha was frightened.

Quickly she reached down one of the tall silver candlesticks and lit the wax candle for her mistress.

Tottering forward, Miss Dale tore open the letter and ran her eye over it in feverish haste. Sinking in a chair, she ejaculated:

"Coming—coming at last! Oh, revenge will be sweet," starting up with clenched hands.

Martha's amazed look met her gaze, and she instantly recalled herself.

In a calm, hard tone she told her to go on and get tea as soon as possible, for she expected a visitor.

Poor old Martha felt that something was surely going to happen. Never had there been a call at this house after nightfall. For twelve years Miss Dale and she had sat, each alone in her respective apartment, until nine o'clock came, then regularly retired to rest.

Real rest to the simple, placid soul, who had spent her three score years in the limits of Centreville kitchens, and who went nightly to bed at peace with all mankind.

Unsatisfying rest to the heart torn and tossed on the waves of doubt and scorn.

Miss Dale went through the formalities of her meal, but there was no need for Martha to tempt her with delicate muffins or dainty cake. She was no mood to appreciate the tender sympathy.

He sat with distended eyes, while Martha took tea things out, listening—listening for a step years before made her young heart bound in rapture.

front to the visitor with flashing eyes.

But the fire in them died slowly out as she gazed upon the man Martha gazed in.

Was this bent, prematurely old man the one whom, twelve years before, she left so fair and gay?

Ah! twelve years had wrought more change, outwardly, in Theodore Elwood than in Esther Dale.

As she looked upon this changed man, the last spark of hate and revenge died within her, and she silently took the hand he held out.

But even as forgiveness met in their clasp, a spasm of sudden pain crossed her face, and she leaned back, speechless.

Martha came at the call, for she was used to those attacks of her mistress; but this one was far more severe than any heretofore, and, with bloodless lips, she whispered:

"'Tis of no use; I'm going now."

With the gray-haired man who loved her in her youth, and left her to marry another who had broader lands, and was now free to come and beg her forgiveness and blessing—with his remorseful head bowed in utter grief, and his hand clasped in hers which had been faithful to him through all these weary years of sorrow, and despair, and misery—Esther Dale passed from earth at last.

The warm, trusting heart, which had been so cruelly wronged, and fled from its fellow-men because it could no longer trust and respect, had in this secluded spot learned to discipline itself, and began to scatter its good fruits among the poor.

So, though her sad history was known only to him who watched her dying moments on this dreary night, yet there were many sad hearts and some tearful eyes in Centreville when it was told that Miss Dale was dead.

## BURNED FINGERS.

BY GYPSY.

It would be amusing, were it not so sad, to note how little experience teaches poor human nature in the commonest affairs of everyday life. We go stumbling along, getting badly burned every now and then, but the smart is scarcely over before we are singeing again.

Take, for example, your gay, fun-loving, social, "jolly good fellow." No one abhors a drunkard worse than he, and he never intends to become one either, and yet he rarely goes to bed perfectly sober.

In the morning he rises, feverish, nervous and conscience-smitten, resolving never to do so again. But he does, and then comes another fit of repentance, followed by another fall, and so on to the end of the chapter, which usually means his life.

And how much better are we in matters of love and friendship? We are all aware that a little rubbing destroys the beautiful bloom on the ripe peach or plum, and that once gone it can never be restored; but who resists the impulse to touch?

So with our friends—most of them. We take them to our hearts, give them our confidence, our respect; but, like cheap jewelry, a very little wear, a very superficial contact, trouble, loss of fortune, etc., suffices to change the glittering outside to brassy pretension, or complete indifference. And though, unlike the fruit, we seldom find real merit or goodness to compensate for the loss of the fair exterior, we keep on trusting and being betrayed.

Here experience seldom brings wisdom, especially to those warm, affectionate, earnest natures to whom sympathy and appreciation are necessities almost of existence. This yearning for appreciation and companionship exists in every son and daughter of Adam; and the more intellectual, sensitive and cultured the nature, the stronger this desire. We all long to be a hero or heroine to somebody, and think we are, till the change comes, and we find we were mistaken; but before our hearts have ceased to throb with indignant pain, we are being duped again.

If our own experience teaches us little, that of others goes for still less. No man, fluttering moth-like about some charming flirt, was ever warned, in the slightest degree, by the fate of his jilted predecessors; nothing but the scorching of his own wings in the treacherous flame, will bring him to a realizing sense of his situation.

And when Adonis pays court to Miss Butterfly, although she knows perfectly well how he treated Venus, and a host of others, does she remember it for her own good? Hardly! There's a self-gratulation, a conviction born of the wish that the gay deceiver is ensnared at last, and that this time he's certainly in earnest; and so the game goes on, till poor Butterfly's fingers are burned for life.

Did one unhappy marriage ever prevent another? Single persons see quarrels, separations, and divorces among their married friends, but every soul of them is just as anxious to get his or her neck in the matrimonial noose, as if clouds could never darken their own horizon.

And in business, there's the good-natured, yielding individual, who can't, for the life of him, say no, but is always ready to "oblige a friend" with his purse or his name, "just for a few days." Repeated disastrous losses teach him nothing—he is

just as ready as ever to write his name across somebody's worthless paper, until at last, bankrupt in fortune and reputation, he finds he has been a cat's paw in the hands of sharper.

It is no insinuation against one's acuteness to get one's fingers burned once in a lifetime. But to go on thrusting them into the fire, with the hope that this time we will escape, is the supremest folly. And if the fire of experience teaches no prudence, no caution, we deserve little pity for our suffering.

Handy  
Tobacco  
Point  
Giant  
Ganas  
Indigo  
Bamboo  
Tobacco



# FOR BETTER OR WORSE.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"Is there nothing left?"  
"Well—no—Mr. Talbot; nothing worth mentioning. What little your wife had when you were married is still here, of course. But the rest, I fear, is all lost."

"Yes, there! That will do."  
A motion of Howard Talbot's hand entreated the lawyer to spare him any more just then, and he had some reason in spite of his trade.

"Well, still I thought it best to let you know at once. I can be in everybody's mouth to-morrow. I shall stop at Green's to-night, if you wish my services. Good-night, Mr. Talbot."

"Good-night."  
And Howard Talbot mechanically turned and entered the mansion, whose stately saloons glowed with a dazzling illumination, and were faint with the perfume of odorous blossoms, and quivering with the sound of entrancing music; for this was a gala night, and farest and proudest among the glittering throng walked Howard Talbot's queenly wife.

But the master of the mansion passed by the crowded saloons and sought the darkness and silence of his own library, to pace, with clouded brow and folded arms, above the careless throngs, who little dreamed what mockery was their gaiety to the wretched heart throbbing restlessly in his bosom.

Aye, laugh on, dance away, proud Catherine Talbot! It is your last night amid the luxury for which you sold yourself—aye, sold herself—and her husband knew it. At first he thought she loved

him; but for a long time, beneath the cold carelessness of her manner toward him, the conviction had been growing in Howard Talbot's mind that it was his wealth, not himself, she had wedded.

Now the blow had fallen—the wealth was gone. Some women, he knew, would go lovingly with their husbands to beggary, but not so his fair wife. There was a throb of something resembling fierce triumph in the bitterness with which he thought of the revelation he had to make to her.

At last all was over. The lights were out, the music ceased, the guests departed, and in the cold, grey dawn of day Howard Talbot sought his wife's dressing-room. He seldom often intrude upon her. Since the first month of their married life he had kept his own place like a model husband.

She looked up, in languid surprise, from the cover of golden hair which the deft fingers of her maid were skillfully thridding, and asked, coldly, as he entered:

"Do you wish anything, Mr. Talbot?"

"Yes. To speak alone with you."

Something in his face and voice startled her, and she took the brush hastily from the hands of her maid.

"You may go, Lisette. I will ring when I want you again."

The maid retired, and Catherine looked up to her husband, who leaned against the low mantel, as white and cold as the marble slab.

"Well, what is it? I am tired now," she said, somewhat impatiently.

"A word will tell it," he briefly answered.

"Say it, then."

"I will. Rain!"

"What?"

"Rain! Not a pretty word, is it?" with a cold smile curving his mouth.

She rose, pale as death, and confronted him.

"Mr. Talbot, what do you mean?"

"I mean that I am a beggar! I have lost everything, and am poorer than the poorest laboring man in my service. There! I have not mined matters, at least, in telling you."

She sunk back in her chair, and covered her face with her hands, saying no word. He went on, with that same grim smile.

"There is your safe place down among the Berkshire hills—still yours, of course. You can seek a home there, and, with economy, it will maintain you. I am sorry the blow is so hard for you—sorry you have sacrificed yourself in vain. At first I hoped for your love, Catherine; but that hope died long ago—I have long known that you despised me. There is one ray of comfort for you, at least—in losing the wealth for which you married me, you get rid of me, also. I give you back your liberty, and will never trouble you more. I will make what arrangements I can for your comfort before I leave New York. I shall leave here this morning. Once more I am sorry for you—for myself, the world is wide—I can find a place somewhere. If you wish anything, notify my lawyer. I shall see you no more. Mrs. Talbot, farewell!"

He turned on his heel, hesitated a moment, and gave her a beseeching glance, as if longing for her to come to him; but she made no movement. He sighed once, and was gone. And after a long, long time, Catherine Talbot raised her white face and looked around her luxurious boudoir, the most unhappy woman the sun ever dawned upon.

A week later, she was far away, buried in the lonely cottage among the Berkshire hills, and the world wagged on the same old way without them. Howard Talbot and his queenly wife had been—were not—and there the story ended.

And in that lonely cottage, with the world shut out, Catherine Talbot awoke to an understanding of her woman's heart, and knew the man who had loved her—knew him now that she had lost him.

"Oh, best and bravest!" she cried, in her passionate pain, "how I wronged you in that I did not love you! Oh, kind Heaven, give him back to me!—give him back to me!"

But the weary days wore on; all search was unavailing, all inquiry fruitless, and hope slowly died out in Catherine's heart, even as the hope of her love had once died in the heart of her husband.

One gloomy evening, four long, weary years after Howard Talbot had spoken that one word, "Rain!" in her stricken ear, she stood at her little gate, looking, with weary, desolate eyes, far off over the blue hills, yearning, with an unutterable yearning, for the wanderer's return.

Through the deepening gloom of the misty twilight, a traveler came slowly up the road, and wearily paused at the little gate.

"Madam," said he, in a broken though courteous voice, "can you tell me how far it is to the nearest inn?"

"Over two miles," answered Catherine, trembling, for something in the stranger's voice startled her.

"Two miles! And I am poor and ill, and a storm is rising. Madam, will you kindly shelter a solitary stranger for the night?"

She hesitated a moment.

"We are only women, and never receive strangers. But I cannot send a sick man on in a storm. Come in, sir," and she held the gate open for him. From within, upon the porch, and a gleam of moon with its light across the stranger's face, she saw a man with a weary, anxious look, started, drew her breath heavily, and quickly led the way into the dimly lighted room.

"Take off your hat," and said, abruptly:

The stranger silently removed his hat, and bent his head before her. With a cry which those who heard it never forgot, Catherine Talbot flung up her arms, and fell helpless at the traveler's feet.

When consciousness came to her again, she was lying on the chintz-covered lounge, her two old servants standing over her, and the stranger kneeling beside her.

She feebly held out her arms to him.

"Oh, Heaven, I thank thee! I thank thee! At last! at last!" she sobbed, convulsively.

"Catherine! My wife!" whispered the stranger.

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" she breathed; "forgive me, my darling—forgive me, and love me!"

He bent over her with a rare smile.

"It is true, then, Catherine? You wished me back?"

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes, Howard!"

"But if I am still poor?—even poorer than when I left you?"

"Oh, what do I care? We have a home here. I love you, and, if you love me, we are rich. Oh, you are too good for me! But we must never part again!"

He bent and kissed the lovely face upturned to his.

"Never part again, my dearest. You are mine now forever, my love! my love! my darling!"

"Yes, yours at last, Howard, thank God!"

"But, Catherine, I am not poor. I retrieved the past, and kept my wealth—won it all back."

"Oh, Howard, I am sorry! I wanted to show you what a wife could be."

"You shall, my darling. You are mine for better or worse, you know. We have taken the 'worse' first; now let us be happy in the better."

She raised her lips to give him a wife's loving kisses, her face luminous with happy smiles, and softly repeated:

"Yes, Howard! yours, for better or worse!"

## How They Are When They Are in Love.

From a Cape May Letter by George Alfred Townsend.

Nothing is so pretty as to see the engaged folks part on Monday morning, the towler to go back to business for a whole week, the ensnared to stay at the Cape counting the days of his absence. To see this scene you must get up at six of the clock, for it is the early train that the young man of business must take. The young man in his duster, a little dragged out, slips down with his valise, and at the foot of the stairs, spying the inexorable omnibus, halts a minute to let the bird catch up to him. Also a little worn with early rising and late last evening, the bird hops down stairs in her yellow morning plumage, and formally shakes the young man by the hand; and as he recedes, and turns once at the threshold to look back with that glance which is the respectful yearning of all that he knows or hopes for, it meets, already fixed, the bird's farewell, poured out of her eyes like a note of melody. That look is the loving solace of the week, the one ration on which love must march for six days, till Saturday brings another rendezvous. It is the pledge, better than oath or affirmation, that neither is to be forgotten by the other, although the true parting, as we all know, took place elsewhere, as above stairs—perhaps in the room of the old bird, who graciously assented, and lived back thirty years in the sound of her daughter's kiss.

The three fond periods of life are the first consciousness of love returned, the summer last before marriage, when all the course is smooth, and, next, the early months of the first baby, when the man feels a little queer and the woman is perfectly self possessed again.

The woman engaged fully and distinctly in love is the highest type of human fidelity. See this one, abandoned to a week of the longest ennui possible to her nature, the absence of the affianced; a man would perhaps balance it by the violence of his pleasures, and smother expectation in gaiety; like a vestal who knows not the day nor the hour when her master cometh, the engaged woman becomes, for her sake, the subject of her own exalted respect. Her body and soul, her walk and conversation, are purer in her eyes because they have been promised away. She draws around herself the circle of the solemn church, and all society falls beyond the line; but one man can cross it. The beach, the ball, the promenade etherealize, and, no longer partaken in romp and volatility, find her still higher above reproach each Saturday successively, till at last, when the season ends, and with it the last campaign of her beauty, she abdicates, like Zenobia, without an accusation, a secret, or a lament. A woman in love knows when her mind is made up; a man thinks he does.

## AT REST.

Dear hands, dear patient hands!  
That all life's tasks performed so well;  
What hours of toil each joint could tell;  
Yes, yes, God knows they did the best  
Even to the last; then peaceful rest—  
Dear patient hands!

Poor feet, poor weary feet!  
Whose pilgrimage on earth is o'er;  
How glad to reach that other shore;  
For dark and rugged were the way,  
From life's sad morn till close of day—  
Poor weary feet!

Dear heart, dear silent heart!  
O'erburdened with the weight of woe,  
The which the world could never know;  
Hushed is the every stifled sigh,  
Each untold wish, each bitter cry—  
Dear silent heart!

'Tis well; oh yes 'tis well!  
Each feature tells of sweet repose;  
And so the loving eyes I close;  
A smile betrays a work well done,  
A prize now gained, a victory won—  
And then, at rest!

38

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1000/1286

28

161



BY BIRCH BELL.

"What made you snub poor Chester so abominably last evening, Mr. Vall?" said Amy Howell, as she sat rocking herself to and fro, the morning after Mrs. Reed's reception.

"Snub him?" repeated Julia: "why, because it was so excessively hard for him to take a hint that I really had to be a little more disagreeable than was pleasant, to make him understand my meaning."

"Your meaning? What meaning?"

"Simply that I have not the remotest desire or intention to write my name Mrs. Chester Cummings."

A flush overspread Miss Jerome's face as she made her reply, but her voice was clear and even as a silver bell.

"But—but—Julie, Chester surely loves you?"

"Very possibly he does, my dear."

"And you—do you certainly love him?"

"I am not so sure of that, Amy; but even were I twenty feet in love with him, nevertheless I would not marry him."

The flush was gone from Miss Jerome's face, leaving it paler than usual, but she reclined upon the low lounge as calmly as if she was discussing the shade of blue she preferred for her hair. Amy's astonishment seemed to prevent her replying, so Miss Jerome continued:

"I am not constituted like you, my dear. I cannot live on love alone. I hate poverty, and Chester is poor. I doubt if he could rent a house in a decent street, and I want luxuries as well as love. To cook my own dinner, and to sweep my own floor, are not the pleasures for which I long; so if Chester has visions of me, in a calico gown and white apron, as his household divinity, he had better have his dreams dispelled."

Julia laughed as she concluded, but the laugh was constrained and somewhat harsh.

For a moment Amy's indignation kept her silent, and her face, usually so quiet in its expression, was aglow with excitement.

"Julia!" she exclaimed at last, "are fine houses and handsome dresses worth more to you than the deep affection of a true and honest heart? Such was not once your opinion. If going to New York has so changed my dearest friend, I would you had broken your limbs before you reached the railway."

"Truly, a kind and affectionate wish from a loving heart," replied Miss Jerome to this outburst.

Amy rose impetuously from her chair, and throwing herself down by Julia's side, kissed her on each cheek quite penitently.

"Forgive me, Julie, but I cannot bear to hear you talk so calmly of throwing away such a love as Chester has given you. Oh! you cannot mean it! you are only teasing me."

"Indeed, my dear, I do mean it, most undoubtedly."

"It will break his heart!" cried Amy.

"Break his heart! Bah! A man's heart is made of tougher material! A man's love! what is it? A thing of a week, a day, an hour! Given a pair of fine eyes and a good figure, and you'll have his devotion for a month; but let the eyes grow dim, the cheeks pale, and the figure lose its pretty roundness, and straightway his love is cooler than the Polar sea. A man's love is material; he does not want brain or soul, but soft flesh and a pretty face; sweet eyes will hold him captive three times longer than the most brilliant intellect or the purest heart."

Having delivered her opinion with much scorn and yawn, Miss Jerome settled herself back upon her luxurious cushions.

Amy rose, and paced the floor with a restless, excited step. Julia watched her, for a moment, with a look half wonder, half pity.

"But what do you know of love, you pretty child? It ought to be X, Y and Z to you."

"What do I know?" exclaimed Amy, standing before her; "I know that, if God should give to me the love of one true heart, I would count it of value far more priceless than the wealth of a thousand millionaires—that I would dare any peril, endure any suffering, make any sacrifice for the one beloved—that neither time, absence, sickness, or death, could ever change my affection—that it should be as true, as changeless as Eternity itself!"

"Really, what a coincidence!" replied Miss Jerome, half sarcastically. "Those are some of Chester's very opinions. I don't see that he could do better than to transfer his affection to you. What samples of devotion you two would make!"

"You are cruel," said Amy, with a sob, as she turned away and walked to the distant window to hide her burning blushes amidst the luxuriant ivy which overran the casement.

The tears were in her eyes, or she might have seen a pair of legs going down the shaded path—a pair of legs which had just been standing close beneath the window where Miss Jerome, lying on her couch and pulling a rose to pieces, was watching Amy. A puzzled expression was in the fine eyes of Julia Jerome, and she was mentally solving a problem.

"Can it be possible that Amy loves Chester?" was the question Miss Jerome was trying to answer. "How unfortunately things get mixed! Chester loves me, and Amy, Chester—and I am determined to marry Mr. Vall. But, to make things more complex, Horace Vall ought to be in love with Amy, which is not likely, seeing he has proposed to me. Poor Amy! I hope it is not so, for she is a good little thing."

Miss Jerome's practical belief was somewhat different from her theoretical, for she had not an idea of Chester Cummings taking her image from the shrine on which he had placed it, and ceasing to fall down and worship it.

But Chester Cummings' heart, although as constant as the generality of men's, had not been read aright by either Julia or Amy. It had throbbed with a love both warm and true for the Julia Jerome of his belief; and it was not alone the beauty of her face which had won his worship, but the mind and heart which he imagined to be in her possession. But the falseness or unworthiness of twenty Julias would never break his heart. Esteem once gone, love would quickly follow.

He had come to the house, that morning, to learn his fate from Julia, and had sought the rosebush under the east window to gather a few of its delicious buds, and had heard Amy's first question almost immediately after his arrival. Stir he could not until he learned Julia's reply; and, dishonorable although it seemed, yet I think the man was justified, considering his errand, and that no man cares to offer his heart for rejection. As he walked away, with the old love tugging fiercely at his heart in his struggles to displace it, he did not see the sweet compassion in Amy's face as she thought of him; but he remembered the honest indignation of her voice as she answered Julia.

Five years have passed since Miss Jerome declared that to her luxuries were as indispensable as love.

Seated at a breakfast table, where there was every dainty to tempt the most fastidious appetite, were Mr. and Mrs. Vall. The former, deep in his morning papers, was absently drinking his coffee, and speculating on the rise in gold. The latter had pushed away her plate, leaving the delicate food almost untouched. The face, once so calm and cold, was irritable and unhappy in its expression. Twice had she spoken to her liege lord, but her voice was lost on the man whose whole thoughts were engrossed by the money market.

"Horace, I am speaking to you!"

This time her voice was sharp and loud.

"Eh! what did you say?" with only half attention.

"I said I was speaking to you; but you might as well be a rock as a man, for all that you hear!"

"Is it money?"

And Mr. Vall drew out his pocket-book, as if its plethoric contents were the balm of Gilead.

But she, who so "hated poverty," made an angry gesture.

"No, it is not *always* money, although you seem to think so; but I wish to speak to you about bringing my orphan niece, Grace Allen, here. She is eight—"

"Very well, very well; bring her here if you like," hastily interrupted Mr. Vall, as he rose and left the room, not waiting the conclusion of his wife's remarks.

Val. His very prayers must begin and end with money.

The room was handsomely furnished; the home was sumptuous, and well filled with every luxury. Mrs. Vall's dresses were the most elegant of her set. Her parties were well attended; her carriage unexceptionable. There was nothing which money could buy which was not hers. But the heart which five years before had thrown away love as something easy to be done without, was cold amidst the costliest furs; was hungry amidst the daintiest food; was unsatisfied amidst diamonds and jewels, and gold; and was fain to bring a little orphan child to satisfy its cravings.

"I will not be home to dinner, Amy, but am coming at four o'clock this afternoon, and, as you have been a model child lately, will reward you with a drive on the new road."

Chester was bountifully helping his *vis-a-vis* to nice, tender mutton chops, as he spoke, and cutting tid-bits for a little mite at his side, who, pinned to the throat in a large napkin, was listening with greatest gravity to her papa's speech.

"Oh, Chester, how good of you!" cried the delighted Amy; and the bright, happy face became, if possible, brighter and happier.

"Papa always does!" said the mite.

"Ah, little one, it is easy to be good when one has such a happy home as mine!" he replied, fondly and tenderly, as he looked at his smiling wife and pinched the baby's fat cheek.

It was a little house, and the furniture was plain, but the deft fingers of its presiding divinity had made every room sweet and cheerful. And Amy, in her busy work, in her household cares, in her simple dresses, with the dear love of husband and child, was happy and content, and would not have exchanged her lot with queen or angel!

## REGRET.

BY CARL SPENCER.

Where's the hearth, however low,  
Knoweth not this guest?  
When the sunset embers glow  
Enters she with Rest.  
In the empty place she sits.  
Leet her eyelids fall;  
Through the dusk a shadow flits,  
Deepening over all.

Awe that stealth from her place  
Every heart hath stirred;  
None that looketh in her face  
Asketh her a word.  
Hands that seem a cloudy waft  
Clasping on her knees:  
Eyes with wonted musing soft—  
What is it she sees?

High in many a fairy spire  
Leaps the mimic flame;  
Golden palaces affre  
Die the death of fame.  
Faces glimmer, hands are swept—  
Turned to ashes cold;  
In her eyes are tears unwept,  
Tears that were of old.

Girt with memories sublime  
Looks her crownless brow;  
Was she princess in her time?  
Who can answer now?  
Of the old immortals she,  
Trailing glory yet;  
Nothing but the past can be  
Ever for regret.

All her breath is sighing faint,  
As from wind-harp drawn;  
All her song is tender plaint  
For a world that's gone.  
Ages past our age of strife  
She remembereth;  
Young as sorrow, young as life,  
Born of every death.

Her in lonely walks you meet  
Woody hills among.  
Trying echoes strangely sweet  
To a siren song.  
Soon, with utter longing faint,  
Down you choose to lie,  
For the rapture or the pain  
Closeth always, die!

One highway beyond the east  
She hath often found,  
And, with whitest moonlight fleeced,  
Walked unearthly ground.  
A dim land, outlying far  
Every track of men,  
Sown with many a mystic star,  
Is the Might Have Been.

Lonely by the lapsing waves  
Sits she on the shore,  
And her look one country craves,  
Named the Nevermore.  
In the fading purple haze  
Of a sun long set,  
Lost of all the goddesses  
Lingereth Regret.

## ONLY TO KNOW.

Only to see your face again,  
Only to touch your hand,—  
Only to hear your voice again,  
Ere I go to the silent land!  
Only to know you will one day see,  
When the sun is sinking low,  
A shady nook, near the sunlit brook,  
Where the soft winds come and go.  
Only to know you will think one day,  
Though never the thought you tell,  
"Ah! for a love that I threw away:  
For this one loved me well!"

Only to know that an old sad song,  
A sound of a breeze-borne chimne,  
Your heart takes back with a faint regret  
To a far-off, happy time;  
To a time that seems like a sweet life gone,  
Never to come again;  
And the after years and my own sad tears,  
Are all that now remain!  
I sit and think—ah! many a day—  
Though never the thought I tell,  
"Ah! for a love that I threw away:  
For, oh! I loved you well!"

## THREE OLD SAWS.

If the world seems cold to you,  
Kindle fires to warm it!  
Let their comfort hide from view  
Winters that deform it.  
Hearts as frozen as your own,  
To that radiance gather;  
You will soon forget to moan—  
"Ah! the cheerless weather!"

If the world's a wilderness,  
Go build houses in it!  
Will it help your loneliness,  
On the winds to din it?  
Raise a hut, however slight;  
Weeds and brambles smother;  
And to roof and meal invite  
Some forlorn brother.

If the world's a vale of tears,  
Smile till rainbows span it!  
Breathe the love that life endears,  
Clear from clouds to fan it.  
Of your gladness lend a gleam  
Unto souls that shiver;  
Show them how dark Sorrow's stream  
Blends with Hope's bright river.

"My only wish is this, that I might forever dwell  
Among such scenes as these, without the fear of death,  
Or touch of mortal dooms."

Of the Nelson concert at Cooper's.  
Birds in the night that softly call,  
Winds in the night that strangely sigh,  
Come to me, help me, one and all,  
And murmur baby's lullaby.  
Singing. Same and oborne by J. P. Webster



Mapaha La May 23<sup>rd</sup> 1807

86 Mr John Knight Jr.

Dr S

To 1 Pr. min. Leather Shoes

1 25

2 Pair Points

51 1 75

72 Mrs E Stanton

Dr Daugh

To 3 1/2<sup>lb</sup> Coffee

1 00

2 1/2 Pugs Tobacco

1 00 2 09

55 Levi Daway

Dr S

To 3 work Hats, (California)

1 10

18 yds Bot. smaburgs

2 52 6 52

189 Jeremiah Shaw

Dr S

To 1 California work Hats

1 10

33 yds Bot. smaburgs

1 48

1 Pug Tobacco

38

1<sup>st</sup> Sal Nitae

25 9 11

46 Isaac Carter Jr.

Dr S

To 2 Pr. Worn Leather Shoes

2 50

1 Worn Kip. Brogans

1 25 3 75

184 James Solomon Peters

Dr S

To 1 Pr. Worn Kip. Brogans

1 25

1 Worn Morocco work Shoes

1 38

1/2 Oz Cobalt

66

3 Green Pipe Heads

12 2 81

Mr Wase

Dr

To 1 Pug Tobacco

58

24 54 Wm Jos Carroll

Dr

To 1 Panama Hat

1 50

12 yd fang Blue

15 1 65

264 James Carroll

Dr S

To 2 Boys Palm Hats

1 00

2 Bats Syrup Brine

50

1 Boys work Hat

88 2 38

33 35



## OUR QUEER GOVERNESS.

BY KARL DRURY.

I was the eldest of three girls, and had just reached the age of seventeen, when Miss Arlingford came to Fernmere as our governess. We had rather singular personages, during the past four or five years, to represent that important household position. Indeed, Maudie, Ella and I were fond of styling our governesses under the vague appellation of queer. But I don't think any of them ever so thoroughly merited the title as Miss Arlingford. She was perfectly well-mannered; she was not over twenty-three years of age; she was pretty; she was amiable. But, notwithstanding the possession of these somewhat commonplace qualities, Miss Arlingford had others that were, undoubtedly, far from commonplace. For instance, she shunned men with a positively studious avoidance, as though peril of the most severe kind was sure to result from anything that resembled contact with them. Again, she would often spend the hours which might have been employed otherwise, in her own room, with the door locked; and, more than this, murmuring, in a low voice, what was perfectly unintelligible to a listener.

I confess to have more than once played the eavesdropper at Miss Arlingford's key-hole; but, though tolerably well conversant with French, and knowing something about Spanish and Italian, I was quite unable to discover in what language this curious system of murmurs was conducted. Possibly she soliloquized in Russian or Chinese, we girls concluded. Maudie, who was doing finely at her German, quite snubbed anti-Teutonic me, when I suggested the probability of that language.

"I've a good mind, Lillian," my sister had said, "to make Herr Von Zimmermann take you under his tuition, for such an insult to his native tongue." Her Von Zimmermann was Maudie's German teacher, who came to instruct her, every morning, from a fine seminary school in the vicinity, which, by-the-way, papa, for reasons of his own, had never permitted any of us to attend.

I think that the fact of our never having mentioned to Miss Arlingford the odd circumstance of those singular murmurings was really strange enough; but something kept us from doing so. There was some mystery connected with them—I forgot to mention, by-the-way, that they almost invariably were heard either very late in the afternoon, or else at night—which our governess had no wish to reveal. This lack of inclination was guessed by all of us; we controlled our inquisitiveness, and said nothing.

Mamma was quite willing, when Miss Arlingford first came to Fernmere, that she should take her meals entirely alone, as she desired; but the request seemed, nevertheless, a very peculiar one. I understood, after awhile, why it was made. Our governess did not wish to meet papa. Papa was a man.

More than once, while I have been walking with her between Fernmere and the main road which led to the village of Ashfield, she would suddenly pause as the figure of a man came in sight, and would either insist, in her gentle way, upon turning down some side road or path, or else would pass the stranger, whoever he might be, with tightly-compressed lips and downcast eyes.

Of course, such thoroughly unprecedented behavior aroused open comment on my part. "Miss Arlingford," I once said, with great abruptness, "why do you avoid men so persistently?" A tinge of color lit her usually pale face.

"You mustn't ask me, Lillian," was the faint-voiced answer. Then, after a slight pause: "It is one of my oddities. Please never mention it again." And I did not.

But, in spite of what Miss Arlingford termed her oddities, I grew to like her with a warmth of liking that my younger sisters shared, though by no means in the same measure with myself. We were often, out of school hours, together for nearly the remainder of the day. I told Miss Arlingford everything, acting toward her the confidential part without a shadow of reticence. She, on the other hand, never mentioned anything that concerned her past life, beyond an occasional allusion to the employer in whose family she had lived before coming to Fernmere. From which statement of facts the reader will perceive that, socially speaking, nothing like a fair exchange existed between us; and yet, I somehow took Miss Arlingford's want of confidence as quite a matter of course, and, by degrees, learned to treat it with the same amount of indifference as I treated her other peculiarities.

She had been at Fernmere during a whole summer, and it was now October. I recollect the superb autumn weather we had that year; how brilliantly the garnet-colored maples burned against blue, cloudless skies; how richly the gold birch leaves strewed their plots of russet sward; how glad and joy-inspiring everything looked; and lastly, I recollect with great distinctness how miserable the past two or three weeks had made me.

Just half-way between seventeen and eighteen years old, still almost a child, and compelled against my will to become engaged to be married, it was very hard. I remember, keeping Mr. Chilton Kennedy's offer of marriage, and papa's stern "you must," a closely-guarded secret, even from Miss Arlingford, for two whole weeks. It seemed to me that the moment I began positively to discuss the matter as something settled, the last hope which I cherished of being eventually freed from my misery would dwindle to nothingness. Mr. Chilton Kennedy was a man of about thirty years of age, tall, fine-looking, and with the manners of a gentleman. But there was no denying to my own heart that, in spite of all his good looks and cleverness (for he was undoubtedly clever, also), I would be committing an absolute sin in engaging myself to him. I did not love him. I might even add, that after his wishes were made known to me, and after papa so firmly and austere insisted upon our marriage, I regarded him with little short of absolute hatred.

For two weeks, as I have said, I kept my trouble a secret from Miss Arlingford. It was not until the day following what I may term my final interview with papa, that I told her how sorely tried I found myself. In that final interview, papa had thrown a broad beam of light—so to speak—upon the mystery of his motive in treating an indulged, petted child, with such seeming tyranny.

Mr. Kennedy had papa completely in his power, being his creditor to some enormous amount, which I have forgotten. Papa's business credit among a certain circle of New York friends still continued excellent, and it would have been possible for him to stave off the ruin with which his debt to Chilton Kennedy threatened him, had not Chilton Kennedy refused anything which resembled a compromise—anything, that is, with one exception. I was that exception. He had fallen in love, it seemed, with my great black eyes and wavy brown hair, and certain other charms which he was good enough to consider as such.

Oh, how I despised him when papa, with tears in those dear, honest, kindly eyes of his, told me how matters really were, and how it was in my power to ruin or to save a parent. I suppose that thought made a woman of me. Anyhow, I resolved to become Mrs. Chilton Kennedy in another two weeks' time, even if, like Lucy of Lammormoor, I committed some wildly desperate deed, driven mad by my sorrows, a few hours afterward.

That same evening Chilton Kennedy came to Fernmere, and I met him in the library, and somehow got through the dreadful ordeal of telling him that I would be his wife. Then I left him and went to my chamber, and locked myself in. I never slept a wink—never even went to bed—the whole night long.

Early next morning I knocked at Miss Arlingford's door. She was prepared to hear something quite as doleful as the story I had to tell, since my sad demeanor during the past fortnight had not escaped her observation. I shall never forget what sweet, silent sympathy she gave me from out those tender blue eyes of hers, while, with arms about her neck, I made known the story of my bitter suffering.

"It is very terrible," she said, when I had concluded. "There seem no means of rescuing you, Lillian."

"There are" no means except death," I answered, a great sob half-choking my voice. "Perhaps, when Chilton Kennedy has triumphed in his contemptible scheme, he will find—"

I paused, for Miss Arlingford's eyes had opened to their widest extent, her hand had grasped my arm with a firm, strong pressure.

"What name, Lillian?" she murmured, faintly.

"Chilton Kennedy."

After that her composure seemed to return as suddenly as it had vanished.

"Describe him, won't you, please?" she said, calmly enough.

"His figure is tall and powerfully made; he has black, keen eyes and a heavy, brownish moustache; he is fond of walking, with slightly bent head; altogether, what is termed a fine-looking man."

During my description Miss Arlingford had bowed, as it were assentingly, three or four times. It seemed as if my portrait corresponded with something in the lady's own thoughts. But she was quite silent until I asked, with evident eagerness:

"Do you know anything about him? Anything—"

"Which might prevent your marriage, Lillian darling? No, indeed! Years ago I met the man. You have never mentioned his name to me before, I am sure, though you say that, for over a month past, he has been a frequent visitor at Fernmere."

"I have not mentioned his name, Miss Arlingford, because of your well-known dislike for male society."

The rest of that day passed miserably enough. I was compelled to see Mr. Kennedy once or twice, though in his presence—it was during meals that we met—I sat silent, cold, sorrowful. I had given him my answer, and surely, I thought, the man could ask no more of me—for the present, at least.

That evening, after dinner, I went to my room and remained there until bed time. I recollect hearing the family retire for the night. The room which Mr. Kennedy occupied was next my own. As he entered it I heard my father's voice wishing him good-night. "Poor papa," I thought, "there was hypocrisy in that wish of yours!"

Miss Arlingford's two rooms—in which, by the way, it might almost be said that she lived, there giving us our lessons, there taking her meals, and there passing nearly all her time—were directly opposite my own. It was certainly three hours after the family had all retired that I, lying wide awake in my bed and tormented with thoughts of my own wretchedness, distinctly heard one of the doors of these rooms open. Yes, I was sure of it.

The sound had been no illusion of somnolence, for sleep had not visited me thus far throughout the night.

A moment later I was standing in the outside hall. A faint light, made by the lamp which hung from the ceiling, illumined that long hall passage. Clearly enough I saw a white-robed figure standing a few steps from my threshold. A second glance at the pale face—ghastly, I should rather term it—convinced me that this apparition was Miss Arlingford. But it certainly seemed more like Miss Arlingford's ghost. On either side of her actually livid face, long tresses of dead-black hair were hanging. The robe that she wore was not a night-robe, but one of some very light material, made with long, flowing sleeves, which I remembered to have seen her wear once or twice before.

She was the first to speak.

"Lillian," she whispered, "I am sorry to have awakened you."

"You did not awaken me," I answered. "I was lying awake, sensitive to the slightest sound." I had drawn nearer, by this time. "Good heavens! Miss Arlingford! How frightfully pale you are!"

"I have whitened my face, that is all, Lillian, which is Chilton Kennedy's room?"

Amazed beyond expression, I pointed to the door next my own.

"Good!" said Miss Arlingford. "It is slightly ajar. I was sure it was at that door your father bade him good-night, three hours ago."

"What does all this mean, Miss Arlingford?"

She turned quickly upon me as I uttered these words.

"It means that I am going to save you from that wretch yonder, Lillian." Her whisper trembled, as with suppressed emotion. "Tell me," she went on: "do you think that if I opened his door the light from that lamp, directly opposite, would make the room bright enough for him to see me with perfect distinctness? If not, I have a small taper which I shall light and place near the door."

"He would see you with perfect distinctness, if you merely opened the door," I said.

Some vague understanding of the mystery had begun to dawn upon me by this time.

Without another word, though raising a finger to her lips as if enjoining upon me utter silence, Miss Arlingford glided toward the door of Chilton Kennedy's room. I then watched her unhesitatingly push open that door to its widest extent, and slowly, phantasmally enter.

I drew nearer, with noiseless steps, to that open door-way. Listening, with every sense, so to speak, on the alert, I presently heard the following words, gasped forth by no other voice than Chilton Kennedy's, in tones of the most intense agitation:

"Rachel, for God's sake, what does this mean? Rachel Rodman, is this your spirit come to haunt me, or am I dreaming?"

Then followed the answer, spoken in a voice so hollow and unnatural that I scarcely recognized it as Miss Arlingford's:

"You are not dreaming, Chilton Kennedy. I am the spirit of Rachel Rodman. I come to tell you that, if your miserable attempt to force Lillian Marksley into a marriage be not to-morrow abandoned—if you do not now swear solemnly to me that you will abandon it—I shall haunt you, as I am haunting you now, for the remainder of your life, night after night, night after night."

The words died away in a weird, moaning monotone, so perfectly imitative of the manner in which a ghost might be supposed to speak, that even to me, who stood there with the full consciousness that I listened to a human being's voice, the effect was almost awe-inspiring.

I waited with quickened breath and wildly-beating heart, during the silence that followed. It seemed quite a long silence. At length a faint murmur, as of some one half-choked with terror, terminated it.

"Go, go, in Heaven's name! I swear solemnly to leave this house to-morrow—to rid Lillian forever of my presence!"

Everything seemed confused after that, until I saw Miss Arlingford's white figure flit past me, and disappear almost instantaneously through the open door-way whence it had first emerged; and noiselessly, though with a dizzy, whirling brain, I followed her example, and returned to my own chamber.

Chilton Kennedy kept his promise. Before the evening of another day he had left Fernmere, after holding an interview with my father. Shall I ever forget the joy on papa's face as he told me the good news? Chilton Kennedy, he said, was not the cold-hearted man he had striven to appear. He had seen my unwillingness, and had pitied me at last.

"I can almost consent to call the man noble and generous, Lillian, for resigning you," my father finished; "he has made me so happy by his resignation."

But I knew how much he merited the name of noble and generous, and held my peace concerning what I knew. By the time that this meeting took place between papa and myself, Miss Arlingford, who had never before referred to her past in my hearing, had spoken these words:

"I have no elaborate explanation to make, Lillian, and you must not ask me for one. Last night I personated the ghost of my twin sister, Rachel Rodman (Rodman, not Arlingford, is my real name), before a separation that occurred between us. When Rachel and I met, the miserable work was done, and she, with all her sweet, girlish bloom forever gone, stood upon the verge of the grave. That villain heard of her death, though he and I never met. Oh, Lillian! God alone understands the wretchedness of my suffering at the bedside of a sister who had seemed my second self as much in soul as she really was in body! God alone understands the bitterness of spirit from which that vow sprung—never to speak with



portant again, unless I could compel me to do so; I changed my name. I began a new life, which was, in reality, but the wreck and mockery of my old one. I was widowed, it seemed to me, of something without which life had before appeared wholly impossible—my sister's love.

There was a silence of some time after she had spoken these words; presently she proceeded, in a luminous, unsteady voice:

"You must thank Heaven's spirit for what happened last night. It was she who prompted me to act as I did. I speak with her every night."

"Speak with her!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, in a language of our own—one that we invented years ago as children. She does not forget that language now that she is an angel."

Miss Artingford's blue eyes glowed with a sweet, soulful light.

"You cannot mean that she answers you?" I said.

"Not in words; but I understand her all the time."

And the blue eyes seemed more sweet and more soulful still as these last words were spoken.

## BARBARA STANHOPE

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1871.

### LUCILLE'S MISTAKE.

The visit over, bidding her adieu, I took my hat and, bowing low, withdrew. Then, starting homeward, soon I missed my cane. Retrospect my steps and rang the bell again. I heard a crash—the door flew open wide—and with a bound Lucille was a my side. Around my neck her lovely arms she threw. Kissed me, ye gods! she kissed me through and through. Stock still I stood, not daring to return. The glowing kisses that my lips did burn. I tried to speak, and gasped, "I clean forgot—I left my cane!" She started as if shot, and cried, with sobashe vainly tried to smother. "Oh dear! oh dear! I thought 'twas Dan, my brother. What shall I do?" she asked me o'er and o'er. I lacked the courage to say, "Do it more!" So looking sheepish, seized upon my stick, and forthwith homeward trotted double quick. When on my couch in vain I courted sleep, I tossed—and pondered, "What a wealth of love That girl possesses, other girls above! And if a brother she should hold so dear, How must a husband to her heart appear!" The idea grew; and—well, to end the tale, I sought her of an, and to such avail. That ere a twelvemonth its full course had run 'twould, I won her—and we twain wore one; And once I told her "that my love began The night she kissed me in mistake for Dan."

"For Dan?" said she: "why, bless your stupid head, Poor brother Dan was safe and snug in bed!"

"You didn't know it!" "Why, of course I did," And in my breast her blushing face she hid.

Through all these years I did not once regret My having fallen in the trap she set. Happy am I, and happy, too, I've made her. Although at times I laughingly upbraid her. And then she says, "The moral, dear, of this is, That girls don't often make mistakes—in kisses!"

## AN OLD MAID'S ROMANCE.

BY ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

There was something about Barbara that everybody liked. She was a plain little woman, with gray eyes and soft brown hair, and there wasn't a particle of personal magnetism in her voice or manner, as there ought to have been if she'd had any idea of her duty as a heroine. But if you had taken one good look into those gray eyes of hers, you'd have understood at once the secret of her popularity, and that it was the overflowing love and sympathy and kindness of her nature that so endeared her to the hearts of her acquaintances. I never heard her called anything else but Barbara, and it was some time before I found out that this quaint and old-fashioned name so exactly suited to her, was prefixed to the unromantic one of Smith. I don't know that it made any difference, but I should really have preferred that her ancestors had been known by some other appellation; and it was only on account of his name, as Barbara herself declared, that I tried to make a match between her and Mr. Stanhope, a widower with seven children.

It was while I was teaching in K—that I first met Barbara. The children under my charge were a noisy, fractious set, and I was nearly worried to death that night when she overtook me on my way home from school. She introduced herself to me without any formality (I believe she had a presentiment that I was in trouble and needed a friend), and we were soon chatting as familiarly as if we had been acquainted for years.

After that Barbara and I met often, and I grew to love her and look up to her as if she had been an elder sister. Kind as she was to everybody, she seemed to regard me with peculiar affection, and one day I found out the reason.

"You remind me so much of a friend who was dear to me years ago," she said, smiling, but with a mist in her eyes.

"O! Barbara, won't you tell me who it was?" I asked, eagerly.

"You are a true daughter of mother Eve, Kitty. You mustn't be so curious."

"But it isn't that, Barbara; I want to know something about you."

"Something about me! Is the child crazy, or does she think I'm a disguised thief or house-breaker?"

"No no; why can't you understand? It is what you said and did when you wasn't any older than I am that I'd like to know, and why—why—why—"

"Why I never married, is that it?" I crimsoned with shame, but there was such a roguish twinkle in Barbara's eyes, I could not help confessing that was what I meant.

"I'm as certain as can be you had ever so many offers," I said, confidently, "for I've seen your picture, taken when you were twenty; and although not extraordinary pretty (Barbara raised her hands in horror), it is the kind of face men are sure to like."

"Your candor is quite refreshing, Miss Kitty. And so you don't think I was extraordinarily pretty, even at twenty?"

"Of course I don't, and why should I mind telling you so? But for all that, I'm sure you had a lover, and I want to know something about him."

"It is a long story, Kitty, and a sad one," she said, her face clouding over; "but I've thought sometimes that I ought to tell it for your own good. You often imagine that Will is countrified, and doesn't care as much for dress and appearance as he ought to, and it would be a lesson to you that you'd never forget, not to value such things for more than they are worth."

Will was my betrothed—a plain, honest-hearted farmer—and I loved him dearly, although he wasn't as refined and polished outwardly as I should have like him to be.

"Never mind Will," said I, pettishly; "but tell me the story."

There was a brief silence, and then she began: "I was just nineteen when I first met John Nelson. (I started at the sound of that name, and almost uttered an exclamation of surprise, but Barbara was too much absorbed to notice it.) He was a farmer like Will, well-educated, but rough and uncouth in his manners, and I wasn't particularly prepossessed in his favor at first. But a circumstance happened soon after our acquaintance that revealed the true character of the man, and gained him not only my gratitude, but my everlasting respect and admiration."

"I had gone out skating with a gay party of friends on the river that ran past our village. The ice seemed thick enough, and no one thought of danger. We were all overflowing with fun and merriment, and prompted by some imp of mischief, I challenged three of the young men to a race. John Nelson was one of the number. Of the other two one was my especial admirer, Harry Dubois; the other, Mark Smith, my cousin. I was an expert skater, and so were my pursuers, and, looking back a few minutes after we started, I perceived that they were gaining on me. I was in a fever of excitement, and skated on faster and faster, scarcely noticing whither I was going, until, just tiff a cry of alarm burst from some one behind me, I sank into an air-hole and disappeared beneath the ice. I have no consciousness of what happened afterward, but my friends told me that it was John Nelson who went down into air-hole and saved my life at the risk of his own. It was an act from which even a brave man might have shrunk, for the chances were that it would do no good, and that both of us would be drowned. Harry and Mark attempted to hold him back, but he flung them aside, and plunging into the water, brought me out of the icy depths."

Mark gave me all the details of the scene afterward ending with the assertion, emphatically expressed, 'John Nelson is a hero if ever there was one, and it's my opinion that he worships the very ground you tread upon. Why, his little finger is worth more than Harry Dubois, body and soul together, and if you refuse him for that jackanapes, I'll never speak to you again as long as I live.'

"Nonsense!" I said, laughing, 'you ought to be ashamed of yourself to talk so, I can't very well refuse any one until I am asked, can I?'

"Well, I don't know about that; women have curious ways of doing things, and I don't pretend to understand them."

"But you wouldn't have me marry a man simply because he saved me from drowning, would you?"

"Yes, I would, if you couldn't find any better reason for doing so."

From that time forth, everybody talked to me about John Nelson, and it tried me dreadfully. All my girl friends said it was 'so romantic, just like a story, you know,' and, of course, to make the finale perfect, I'd have to marry the hero. I can't say that this idea was particularly distasteful to me, only I didn't like to have it talked about so much. I had known that John Nelson loved me even before that adventure on the ice; not that he had ever said so in exact words, but there are other ways of telling such things just as convincing. The knowledge flattered me as it would any woman, but I had no intention of accepting him, for he didn't at all come up to my ideal of a husband. He was plain and uncultivated, and a farmer, too, and I had decided to fix my affection upon some knightly, courtly gentleman, engaged in intellectual pursuits, although to be sure I hadn't met any one as yet that answered these requirements. As for Harry Dubois, he did well enough to flirt with and that was all.

"But somehow, I felt differently toward John Nelson from the time he saved my life. It wasn't

gratitude, nor was it love, although it ripened afterward into such a feeling. I began to think less of his outward appearance, and more of the truth and innate worth that was in the man. At first we were shy and distant when we met and I don't think he understood a word of what I said when I tried to thank him for saving my life, we were both so embarrassed. It wasn't any wonder either, considering that we knew exactly what people were saying about us, and that everything we ought to do was already planned beforehand. But the weeks went by, and our reserve wore off, and when in early Spring John Nelson asked me to be his wife, I was as happy a girl as ever drew breath. I forgot that he was rough and uncouth, and a farmer; I only knew that I loved him, and that he was strong, and true, and self-reliant. I didn't give so much as a single sigh to my lost ideal; John Nelson, just as he was, satisfied all the needs of my nature. Oh! if I could only have felt thus always. But I did not. I was weak enough to place him in contrast with one of more polished exterior, and to feel mortified at the choice I had made.



Barbara in June a travel agent took up making a few sketches of the picturesque hills and valleys lying around us. He was a man of graceful, courtly bearing, who had mingled in the best society that Europe or America afforded, and who could interest one for hours with his descriptions of the scenes and places he had visited. Although, or reflecting upon his character since, I am convinced that he possessed unbounded egotism, he disguised it in such a way that it was rather attractive than otherwise. From the very first, I was his special favorite.

"No one understands me so well," he said. "The rest are cold and practical; you are an enthusiast, full of fire and imagination, and you read my heart like an open book. You follow me in my wildest flights of fancy, and sympathize with all my aspirations. Ah, Barbara, you have the true poet soul."

"Full of pride and delight, I listened to this high-flown language, and began to feel dissatisfied with my lover that he didn't talk to me in that style. For the highest praise that John had ever bestowed upon me was to call me his 'neat little house-wife,' and he had never said a word to me about poetry or imagination. He seemed to think that plain, practical, every-day common-sense was all that was necessary in this life, and to have no conception of the higher needs of one's nature. Then, too, Paul Leslie was so polite and chivalrous, and paid me such delicate little attentions; why couldn't John do the same? His awkwardness jarred on my nerves terribly, and there were times when I couldn't help showing it. I tried not to think of it, and to comfort myself with the knowledge of his sterling worth and integrity, but didn't succeed very well. Nor did it help the matter any that Paul seemed to regard me in the light of a martyr, about to be led to the stake. I don't mean that he said so, he was too courteous for that, but looks are often more eloquent than words.

"Matters went on in this way for some time, and as my intimacy with Paul progressed, the breach between John and myself widened. I never thought then, weak fool that I was, that it was my vanity to which Paul ministered, and not the spiritual hunger we talked about so much. But so it was, and I understood it all afterward, and how far inferior to John this Paul Leslie was in all that constitutes true manliness. John didn't say much, but I was convinced that he felt our estrangement deeply, and I believe it made me a little wretched, for a way down in my heart I loved him still, and it frightened me to think of losing him. But I was wayward and perverse, and couldn't see what a reckless course I was pursuing, and that even a patient, forbearing heart like his might be tried too far. And so the bitter end to all my folly came at last.

"Everything that happened that day is written on my brain in letters of fire. I had been out in the woods with Paul, and was more than ever dissatisfied with such a future as John could offer me, when he came in, looking white and stern, and without a word of greeting, said: 'Barbara, this must not go on any longer; Paul Leslie is neither a good nor an honest man, and I will not have him so intimate with my betrothed wife.'

"You will not?" I exclaimed angrily. "And how will you help yourself, I should like to know? Do you imagine that because you are jealous I'm going to give up the only friend in the world that truly appreciates me?"

"Listen to me, Barbara; I know this man better than you do. He is not what you think him. He has imposed upon you with his false, insidious words."

"Stop!" I interrupted, "I will not hear anything more. He is a gentleman, and my friend, and I have wished a hundred times that you were more like him."

"God help me! is it possible?" And he staggered as if some one had struck him a blow. "Are you in earnest? Do you really mean what you say?"

"My heart relented, but I was too proud to let him see it; and so I said, coldly: 'I am in the habit of saying what I mean.'

"And you won't give up this friendship even to please me?" he asked, in tones of pathos and entreaty.

"I will not, John Nelson."

"Then, Barbara," he said, in a low, husky voice, "we must separate, I give you back your freedom, God bless you, and make you happy." "And before I could realize the meaning of these words he was outside of the door and far down the street. But after a momentary feeling of terror, I consoled myself with the reflection that I should see him again in the morning and that everything would be explained. I was mistaken. He never returned, and from that day to this, John Nelson has been to me as one of the dead."

Barbara paused, as if overcome with emotion. "But where did he go? What became of him?" I asked softly.

"I never heard except that he sold out his farm within a day or two afterward, and was reported to have sailed for South America. And then, Kitty, when I had lost him for ever, I knew how I loved him, and in an agony of remorse would have humbled myself before him and begged for his love and forgiveness had I been able to find him. Too late I understood the noble, generous heart that I had trampled under my feet. Like mocking ghosts, the harsh and cruel words I had said to him rose up before me, and my punishment seemed almost greater than I could bear.

"I fairly hated the sight of Paul Leslie after John left, for I felt that the shipwreck I had made of my happiness was mainly owing to his influence. He returned to the city in the beginning of Autumn, and I actually felt relieved when he went away. I heard afterward, but don't know how true it was, that he had a wife and two children."

"But there is one thing, Barbara, that you haven't told me," said I, eagerly. "Did all this happen in K—, or somewhere else?"

"Haven't I ever told you, Kitty, that I was born and brought up in the little village of N—, Massachusetts, thousands of miles from here. My mother died before I was a year old, and when a few months after John's disappearance, I lost my father, I sold out everything, for I wanted to get away from the painful associations connected with N—. I traveled for a year or two, and then settled down in K—, where I have been living ever since, doing what little I can to retrieve the folly and weakness of my girlhood."

"But didn't you ever think that John would might come back sometime. And what would you do if such a thing were to happen, and he, too, had remained faithful and wanted you to marry him?"

"O! Kitty, don't!" and a few hot tears fell from Barbara's eyes.

"I was penitent in a moment. 'Forgive me,' I entreated. 'How could I be so thoughtless?' She kissed me but said nothing, and so by tacit agreement the subject was dropped between us.

But that night, in the privacy of my own room, I wrote a long letter, telling that I was full of all that Barbara had told me; and that letter commenced "My Dear Uncle," and was subscribed "Your Affectionate Niece," and, strangest part of all, was directed on the outside to "John Nelson." Ah! Barbara, you little thought that while you were telling me of your own sad past, you were explaining a mystery that had puzzled me for years—why my bachelor uncle had never married. And I had more right than you knew of to look like your lost lover, for I was the child of his only sister.

I was in a fever of excitement after sending that letter, and began to haunt the post office long before an answer could have possibly arrived. But I did not have to wait many days, for one night, just as I was dismissing my pupils, Uncle John walked into the school-room. Almost before I had time to greet him, he said:

"Oh, Kitty! where is Barbara? You can't think what your letter has done for me. After I came back from South America I tried and tried to find out what had become of her, and whether she was married or not; but everybody in N— had lost all trace of her. Where, where is she? Let us go to her at once."

I could not help smiling at his lover-like eagerness.

Fortunately we found her at home. I wanted to go in first alone and prepare her for what was coming; but Uncle John would not bear a word of it, and so we entered the parlor together. She was sitting by the window, and came forward at once.

"Dear Barbara," said I, without waiting for her greeting, "let me introduce you to my uncle."

She turned and reached forth her hand in welcome, but meeting his look steadily fixed upon her face, started back.

"Don't you know me, Barbara?" he cried, holding out his arms, and then—well, I'm sure I can't tell you what happened then, for I didn't wait to see.

I ran out of the room, and it was more than an hour afterward when Barbara came to me, looking fairly radiant, and said: "You little witch! why didn't you tell me that John Nelson was your uncle? I've a good mind not to forgive you."

"But you must, and thank me besides," retorted I, "for just think of it, if it hadn't been for me, you'd have been Barbara Smith to the end of your days."

She laughed and blushed, just like a young girl, and looked prettier than I had ever seen

her before. I can't help thinking from the observation made on that occasion, that happiness has a wonderfully rejuvenated effect.

Uncle John went home in a day or two, but somehow it began to be whispered about in K— that Barbara had a beau, and was about to be married, and no one was surprised, therefore, when that event really happened. She was more generally known and loved than anybody else there, but Uncle John didn't feel called upon to sacrifice her to the public good; he "needed a wife worse than K— did an old maid," he declared.

Both Will and Barbara urged me so hard that I concluded to be married at the same time that she was, and I can't say that I've had any reason to regret it since. But you've no curiosity to hear about my affairs, and as I've disposed of my heroine in the legitimate way adopted by all story-tellers, I'll merely say in conclusion that she makes an excellent wife and housekeeper, and isn't the least bit "fussy" or "old maidish."

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# HANNAH JANE.

BY PHOEBUS V. HART.

[Abolitionist, Representative in Congress from the Third District of Indiana—Lawyer, Writer, Graduate of the Central Institute.]

She isn't half so handsome as when, twenty years ago,  
At her old home in Fiskton, Fanny Avery  
Made us so gay;  
The great house crowded full of guests of every  
degree,  
Through all morning Hannah Jane, the boys  
all singing too—

Her fingers then were taper, and her skin was  
white as milk,  
Her brown hair—what a mass it was! and soft  
and fine as silk;  
No wind moved willow by a brook had ever  
such a grace,  
The form of Aphrodite, with a pure Madonna  
face.

She had but meagre schooling: her little notes  
to me  
Were full of crooked pen hooks, and the worst  
orthography—  
Her "dear" was spelled with dashes, and  
"mine" with but one s;  
But when she's dressed with passion, what's a  
little more or less?

She blundered in her writing, and she blun-  
dered when she spoke,  
And every conversation that old Murray made  
she broke;  
But she was beautiful and fresh, and I—well, I  
was young,  
Her form and face overbalanced all the blun-  
ders of her tongue.

I was but little better. True, I'd longer been  
at school;  
My tongue and pen were run, perhaps, a trifle  
more by rule;  
But that was all. The neighbors round, who  
knew of no well know,  
Said—which I believed—she was the better of  
the two.

All's changed: the light of seventeen's no longer  
in her eyes;  
Her wavy hair is gone—that loss the color's  
art cannot  
Ever make up; her thin and angular; she slightly for-  
wards bends;  
Her fingers, once so dainty, now are stumpy  
at the ends.

She knows but very little, and is little as we  
once;  
The beauty rare that more than hid that great  
defect is gone,  
My parents' relations now decide my humbly  
wife,  
And pity me that I am tied to such a clod  
for life.

I know there is a difference, at reception and  
leave  
Is brightest, wildest and most famed of wo-  
men smile on me;  
And everywhere I hold my place among the  
greatest men,  
And sometimes sigh, with Whittier's judge,  
"Alas! it might have been."

When they all crowd around me, stately dames  
and brilliant be as,  
And yield to me the homage that all great suc-  
cess compels,  
Discussing art and state-craft, and literature  
as well,  
From Homer down to Thackeray, and Swe-  
denborg on "Hell,"—

I can't forget that from these streams my wife  
has never quaffed,  
Has never with Ophelia wept, nor with Jack  
Falstaff laughed;  
Of authors, actors, artists—why, she hardly  
knows the names;  
She slept while I was speaking on the Alaba-  
ma claims.

I can't forget—Just at this point another form  
appears—  
The wife I wedded as she was before my pros-  
perous years;  
I travel o'er the dreary road we traveled side  
by side,  
And wonder what my share would be if Justice  
should divide.

She had four hundred dollars left her from the  
old estate;  
On that we married, and, thus poorly armored,  
faced our fate,  
I wrestled with my books; her task was harder  
far than mine—  
'Twas how to make two hundred dollars do  
the work of nine.

At last I was admitted; then I had my legal  
lore,—  
An office with a stove and desk, of books per-  
haps a score;  
She had her beauty and her youth, and some  
housewifely skill,  
And love for me and faith in me, and back of  
that a will.

I had no friends behind me—no influence to  
aid;  
I worked and fought for every little inch of  
ground I made,  
And how she fought beside me! never woman  
lived on less;  
In two long years she never spent a single cent  
for dress.

Ah! how she cried for joy when my first legal  
fight was won,  
When our eclipses passed partly by, and we  
stood in the sun!  
The fee was fifty dollars—'twas the work of half  
a year—  
First captive, lean and scraggy, of my legal  
bow and spear.

I well remember when my coat (the only one  
I had)  
Was seedy grown and threadbare, and, in fact,  
most "shocking bad,"  
The tailor's stern remark when I a modest  
order made;  
"Cash is the basis, sir, on which we tailors do  
our trade."

Her winter cloak was in his shop by noon that  
very day;  
She wrought on hickory shirts at night that  
tailor's skill to pay.  
I got a coat and wore it; but alas! poor  
Hannah Jane  
Ne'er went to church or lecture till warm  
weather came again.

Our second season she refused a cloak of any  
sort,  
That I might have a decent suit in which to ap-  
pear in court;  
She made her last year's bonnet do that I might  
have a hat;  
Talk of the odd-time, flame-enveloped martyrs  
after that!

No negro ever worked so hard: a servant's pay  
to save,  
She made herself most willingly a household  
drudge and slave,  
What wonder that she never read a magazine  
or book,  
Contenting as she did in one, nurse, house-maid,  
seamstress, cook!

What wonder that the house had that I once  
sawed?  
Her beautiful complexion my seven children  
are discolored,  
Her strong, rounded arm was once too fair to  
be concealed;  
Hard work for me that softness into stony  
strength conveyed.

I was her altar, and her love the sacrificed  
lamb;  
Ah! with what pure devotion she to that altar  
came,  
And, useful, hung thereon—alas! I did not  
know it then—  
All that she was, and more than that, all that  
she might have been!

At last I won success. Ah! then our lives  
were wider parted;  
I was far on the rising road; she, poor girl,  
where we started,  
I had lost my speed and motive, and walked  
enough in every pace;  
I was far up the heights of life—she dropping  
at the base.

She made me take each fall the slump; she  
said "twas my career,"  
The wild squall of her falling clouds was due  
to my art;  
What monster had she to cheer her dreary  
solitude?  
For me she lived originally in unrequited widow-  
hood.

She couldn't read my speech, but when the  
paper all agreed  
'Twas the best one of the session, those com-  
ments she could read,  
And with a gust of pride thrust, which I had  
never felt,  
She sent them to me in a note, with half the  
words mispelt.

I to the Legislature went, and said that she  
should go  
To see the world with me, and what the world  
was doing knew,  
With tearful smile she answered, "No! four  
dollars is the pay;  
The House House rules for board for one is just  
that sum per day."

At twenty-eight the State House; on the bench  
at thirty-three;  
At forty every gate in life was opened wide to  
me,  
I turned my powers, and grew, and made my  
point in life; but she—  
Bearing such post-horse weary loads, what  
could a woman be?

What could she be? O, shame! I blush to  
think what she has been;  
The most unselfish of all wives to the selfishest  
of men,  
Yes, plain and homely now she is; she's igno-  
rant, 'tis true;  
For me she rubbed herself quite out: I re-  
sented the two.

Well, I suppose that I might do as other men  
have done—

First break her heart with cold neglect, then  
shove her out alone,  
The world would say 'twas well, and more,  
would give great praise to me  
For having borne with "such a wife" so uncon-  
plainingly.

And shall I? No! The contract 'twixt Han-  
nah, God and me  
Was not for one or twenty years, but for eter-  
nity,  
No matter what the world may think; I know  
down in my heart  
That, if either, I'm delinquent; she has bravely  
done her part.

There's another world beyond this; and on  
the final day  
Will intellect and learning 'gainst such devo-  
tion weigh?  
When the great one made of us two is torn  
apart again,  
I'll kick the beam, for God is just, and He  
knows Hannah Jane.

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D. S.

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She was a golden-haired girl, this dainty Marian Thorne, with eyes the very shade of purple violets: shadowy, serene eyes, that seemed ever looking at into some misty, uncertain cloud-land.

Now, she was looking at herself, arrayed in a costly robe of creamy white satin, where fell cloud on cloud of shimmering lace; where gleamed pure pearls, and soft, white kids.

"What, Marian? surely you are not growing vain enough to try on your wedding-dress to note the effect?"

Marian laughed, as the young girl held up her hands in amazement.

"Do you consider this vanity? If you do, I must plead guilty. I wondered how I would look as a bride, so I put on the robes."

"As if you couldn't have waited for to-morrow noon. Well, I guess Mr. Grey will think you're an angel just floated down. Oh, Marian, *chere*, you are faultless—perfect!"

Marian smiled, and turned again to the beautiful reflection.

"I think my dress is very becoming, and I am pleased for Winfield's sake. And yet, with all the rapid preparations progressing, you can't tell the gloom that comes over my spirit at times—as if some hidden vial of wrath was about to be poured upon me."

Marian's eyes were gazing away, away off, as if seeking to wrest the secrets from her future.

Gracie Rose gave a little scream.

"Oh, you superstitious girl you—and yet, Marian, I have heard it was a bad omen to try on a complete wedding-suit. And here you are, nothing wanting, even the kids, the slippers, the veil, and all."

Marian smiled, and shook her head.

"Nonsense, Gracie. Yet, to comfort you, please notice I have not on the wreath."

The young girl laughed joyously.

"Good! there's hope yet, then. Hark! there comes Mr. Grey, now. Shall I send him up?"

A little blush flew to Marian's fair face.

"Yes, I'd like his opinion."

A moment later, and Winfield Grey stood beside her.

"My beautiful darling! almost my bride! almost my darling wife!"

He kissed her fondly, then stepped back to regard her toilette.

"Perfect, little Marian. Pure as angels' raiment, but none too fair for you, darling. If you only were a little less serious."

He laughed as he spoke, but the young girl's face grew graver.

"I have such a strange feeling, Winfield. Night after night I dream of a barren seashore where are rocks and crags over which I am constantly fleeing to find you. And there is a tall, dark, magnificent woman, who haunts my dreams; with eyes like a very demoness, that seem scorching my heart out of my body. Then, when I waken, I am so exhausted that the fright follows me half the day."

Her wistful blue eyes were lifted to his face, but she had noticed the pallor that shifted across the proud, handsome features as she mentioned the "tall, dark, magnificent" woman.

He laughed, and smoothed her light curls away from her forehead.

"If I could but forget the sensation the vision causes."

"Perhaps you don't love me, Marian?" he said, gravely.

"Oh, Winfield, you know I do; please don't say so, you hurt me."

He kissed her sweet, quivering mouth, just as Gracie returned to assist Marian to remove her bridal robes.

"We'll excuse you now, Mr. Grey," she said merrily. "I'll bring Marian down presently, in a more hugable form."

He threw the pretty bridemaid a kiss, and went whistling downstairs, happy, and forgetful of the "tall, dark, magnificent woman."

"I'll take them off, Gracie," said Marian, as his, her betrothed's steps sounded further away; "but, if I spoke the truth from my heart, I should say I think I'll never put them on again."

Gracie glanced in unappreciating curiosity at the bride elect.

"You talk so, and still are sure you love Mr. Grey?"

A glorious light came into her blue eyes.

"Love him, Gracie? You never can know how much."

"Then there's no danger that you won't wear this in old Trinity to-morrow at midday," returned matter-of-fact Gracie.

It was a new grave, over which the flowers of but seven weeks had bloomed; at its head stood a costly tomb-stone, and a wreath of immortelles was twined about it.

On its snowy-white surface were carved letters that were unspeakably precious to fond hearts; and the letters read thus—

"Sacred to WINFIELD GREY,  
Aged 28."

On the high, sweet-scented turf, knelt, in pitiful abandon, a young, fair-haired girl, whose black robes swept the spot where her darling lay at rest.

She did not moan or cry, but unspoken agony was making her slender frame quiver with deepest emotion.

A little away, standing defiant and stormy, was a noble, commanding woman, her sable garments trailing to the very sides of Winfield Grey's grave.

Her hard, bright eyes were watching the fragile form that was kissing the sod so passionately, all unconscious of the presence of any one, till her own name, spoken in clear, musical tones, startled her.

"Marian Thorne!"

She sprang to her feet, and gazed at the intruder.

"I spoke to you, Marian Thorne, because I have a right to do so. You loved him, but not half so much as I did—there, don't scream, for I am telling the truth. I worshipped him; he hated me."

You loved him; he worshipped you. That's all the difference. You were to be his wife; I was 'cast off! cast off!' Oh, those words will ring in my ears through eternity!"

Marian sank to the ground, covering her face with her hands, white, stern and passionless.

Ida Rossitur continued.

"The day he deserted me, that day I knew a vengeance would follow him. I knew not what it would be; but when the papers told me he was dead, had died of heart disease on the wedding morn, I felt 'twas only just. He had crushed my heart, and I had to live, just as you will live, to suffer till the end. He cared not for the sacrifice

"Will I forgive you? How dare you ask it, Ida Rossitur? Never, so help me Heaven!"

There was a fierce glare in the black eyes with which Winfield Grey steadily regarded the handsome woman standing pale and with compressed lips before him.

She had been for a solitary walk on the sea shore, little dreaming she should meet the man who, in her heart of hearts, was the only enshrined idol.

She had seen him coming, when his eyes, keen and bright though they were, had not yet discerned her graceful figure wending among the crags and cliffs of the rocky, wild beach; and, with a cry of intensest delight upon her lips, she hastened to meet him.

She was a faultlessly beautiful woman, this haughty heiress, Ida Rossitur, whose dark, oriental eyes had slain scores of victims; whose lustrous masses of ebony black hair had driven scores of lovers half crazy. She knew her power, and how to use it; and before she had seen twenty-two summers drop their load of sweet accents, she had acquired the well-earned reputation of a coquette.

But every soul has its mate; and Ida Rossitur had met the master of her destiny; she loved. Yet, so strange is the inconsistency of woman, that, though caught and wooed by Winfield Grey, him whom she so adored, her habit of coquetry would not permit her to show him a preference.

Not that she intended losing him; and on the moonlight night when he told her his love in terms so passionate that her heart almost ached with the joy, when he pleaded the sweet rumor that was going the rounds, of their engagement, she gracefully warded him off, fully intending to confess all on the morrow.

Alas, for what we will do "to-morrow!" Many are the hopes that are crushed for their waiting for the morrow; the resolutions buried that "to-morrow" was to see fulfilled!

And Ida Rossitur, when the morning dawned, learned that Winfield Grey had left the shore that very morning while she was dreaming of him.

She was too proud to inquire; too proud to write; and when, hours later, she was playfully taunted with slaying another victim, and that Winfield Grey, she was too reservedly haughty to refute the aspersion, and by a cold bow, gave credence to the rumor.

All this, the one precious episode of her life, that had been crowded into one blissful fortnight, two years ago, came rushing over her as she saw Winfield Grey walking quietly along, all unconscious of her near proximity to him.

"Winfield, oh, Winfield, can it be possible?" She reached forth both her beautiful arms, a glorious light that he could not have misunderstood, glowing in her dark eyes.

He started, raised his hat, and would have passed on.

"You are not angry with me, Mr. Grey?" Her tones were pleading, but he looked passionless as a statue.

"I have not forgotten our last interview, Miss Rossitur."

His cold, steely tones raised a fearful anguish in her heart.

"Nor I. I have been waiting ever since to tell you—to tell you how—I—loved you!"

The proud woman had spoken at last; and a beautiful blush overspread her face as she looked almost wistfully at him.

His own cheeks reddened, but he never moved his eyes from her face.

"I am grieved the confession has come too late, Miss Rossitur. I care nothing for you."

She stood like one petrified, her eyes growing bright and wild.

"Not care for me!—not—care—for—me?" She repeated the words slowly, distinctly, an awful gray pallor the while stealing across her face, her eyes riveted on his handsome countenance.

"I do not, Miss Rossitur; good morning."

He bowed and walked on.

He had only taken a dozen steps, when there came a clutch on his arm that almost made him cry out. He turned to see Ida again.

"Stop a moment, I am mystified. I may be crazy for all I know. But I must have it from your lips again, those lips I have dreamed so often about! those lips that told me the only news I ever cared to hear."

She spoke in a peculiar dreamy way! then, before Grey could frame an answer, her eyes filled with tears, and she laid her hand on his arm.

"Winfield, my darling, my darling, don't say you have ceased to care for me! why, don't you know I love you, I worship you?"

He would have been less than human had not his heart throbbed at her confession, but he smiled coldly.

"Two years ago, Miss Rossitur, I sued for that love; you cast it off. To-day you offer it? I cast it off. Remembering as I do the shame, the bitter agony of that night, I can never forget it or forgive it."

She seemed not to hear the last words.

"You cast me off—you cast me off!"

"That is rather a harsh term, Miss Rossitur. I did not say so. Please be so good as to excuse me."

"No, no! Once more, Winfield, forgive me, oh, do forgive, will you not? I can't live without your love, Winfield!"

She clasped her hands pleadingly, and rested them on his arm. A moment he gazed into her beautiful, stormy face; then, with a calm, almost scornful turn of the lip, spoke.

"Will I forgive you? How dare you ask it, Ida Rossitur? Never, so help me Heaven!"

It was an awful blow to the proud woman, whose sin was loving too well! and as Winfield Grey lengthened the distance between them, a look of most pitiful agony convulsed her features.

Gradually his receding figure grew smaller and smaller, and as he turned an angle that hid him, there swept over her form a perfect gust of emotion.

Unutterable despair was written on every lineament, and in the words she moaned, lurked a lifetime of grief. "Cast off!"

The early June sunshine came in a golden quiver all over the delicate pink and white velvet carpet that covered the floor of Marian Thorne's dressing-room, and while with light fingers it touched the rare statuary, the costly toilette ornaments, it lingered longest, and most lovingly, on the slight, graceful figure that stood before the dressing-mirror.



2nd  
1861



I made to win him, and now, lying cold and still under the summer daisies, he knows not the fearful sacrifice you have been compelled to endure in giving him up."

With a reverential tenderness she bent over Winfield Grey's grave and kissed the weeping, widowed bride; then departed as she came, silently, mysteriously, leaving alone, in the early twilight, the stricken girl to bear alone her burden of sorrow.

inf. pair  
Pair

25  
88

3 88

309 William Lamb Dr

To 1 Panama Hat 1.00

1 Pr Calf Shoes 1.88

1 Plug Tobacco 37 6 23

3 167 Wm D. Fender Dr

To 1 Cast-Steel Hoe 1

1 Coffee mill 88

1 Pr Shoes 1.25 3 13

135 Allen Corbett Dr 8

To 1 Bunick Pot. Yarn 1.38

1 Pr Wm. Shoes 1.25

1 Bot B. Drops 12

2 " Paragoric 23

1 " Vermifuge 25

1 " Sassafras 13

1 " Sp. Euphorbia 44

3 Anls & Nft 0.6

4 Bot. Hops 50

1<sup>st</sup> Sugar Crackers 15 4 33

157 Wm. E. Clements Dr

To 2 Bunches yarn 2.25

1 Coffee Pot 50 3 23

128 Martin Fender Dr

To 1 P. Point

21



A grave though genial gentleman, who deemed it a good thing now and then to "relieve the tediousness of business with a little honest hilarity," asks us to republish the famous sermon, "He played on a harp of a thousand strings," preached twenty odd years ago by a man who to the calling of a Hard-shell Baptist preacher added the vocation of captain of a Mississippi flat-boat. The "discourse" is somewhat characteristic of "the river," but nevertheless good—of its kind.

# SERMON

I may say to you, my brethering, that I am not an educated man, an' I am not onco' them that believe education is necessary for a Gospel minister, fur I believe the Lord educates his preachers just as he wants 'em to be educated; an' although I say it that oughtn't to say it, yet in the State of Indianny, whar I live, thar's no man as gits a bigger congregation nor what I gits.

Thar may be some here to-day, my brethering, as don't know what persuasion I am uv. Well, I may say to you, my brethering, that I am a Hard-shell Baptist. Thar's some folks as don't like the Hard-shell Baptists; but I'd rather be a hard shell as no shell at all. You see me here to-day, my brethering, dress up in fine cloze; you mout think I was proud, but I am not proud, my brethering; an' although I have bin a preacher uv the gospel for twenty year, an' although I'm captin' uv that flat-boat that lies at your landing, I'm not proud, my brethering.

I'm not gwine to tell you *exactly* whar my tex may be found; suffice it ter say it's in the led's of the Bible, an' you'll find it somewhar 'tween the fust chapter of the book of Generations an' the last chapter of the book of Revelations; an' if you'll go an' sarch the Scriptures you'll not only find my tex thar, but a great many other *texes* as will do you good to read; an' my tex, when you shill find it, you shill find it to read thus:

"And he played on a harp uv a thousand strings—spirits of just men made perfect."

My tex, brethering, leads me to speak of sperits. Now thar's a great many kind of sperits in the world. In the fust place, thar's the sperits as som folks calls ghosts; then thar's the sperits uv turpintime; an' then thar's the sperits as som folks calls liquor, an' I've got as good artikel uv them kind uv sperits on my flat-boat as ever was fotched down the Mississippi River; but thar's a great many other kinds uv sperits, for the tex says: "He played on a harp uv a thousand strings—spirits uv just men made perfect."

But I'll tell you uv the kind uv sperits as is ment in the tex: it's *fire*. That is the kind uv sperits as is ment in the tex, my brethering. Now thar's a great many kinds of fire in the world. In the fust place, thar's the common sort uv fire you light a pipe or cigar with; an' then thar's camfire; fire before you're ready to fall back, an' meny other kinds uv fire; for the tex says: "He played on a harp of a thousand strings—spirits uv just men made perfect."

But I'll tell you the kind uv fire as is ment in the tex, my brethering—it's *hell-fire*; an' that's the kind of fire as a great many of you'll come to ef you don't do better nor what you've bin doin'—for "He played on a harp uv a thousand strings—spirits of just men made perfect."

Now the different sorts uv fire in the world may be likened unto the different persuasions in the world. In the fust place, we have the 'Piscopalians, an' they're a high-sailin' an' a high-falutin' set, and they may be likened unto a turkey-buzzard that flies up into the air, an' he goes up an' up till he looks no bigger than your finger-nail, an' the fust thing you know he cum down an' down, an' is a-fillin' himself on the carcass uv a dead hoss by the side uv the road—and "He played on a harp uv a thousand strings—spirits of just men made perfect."

And then thar's the Methodis, an' they may be likened unto the squirrel runnin' up a tree; for the Methodis believes in gwine on from one degree uv grace to another, an' finally on to perfectshun; an' the squirrel goes up an' up, an' he jumps from lim' to lim', an' branch to branch, an' the fust thing you know he falls, an' down he comes, *kerfblum*; an' that's like the Methodis, for they is allers fallin' from grace—ah! And "He played on a harp of a thousand strings—spirits of just men made perfect."

And then, my brethering, thar's the Baptist—ah! and they hev bin likened unto a possum on a 'simmon-tree; an' the thunders may roll, an' the airth may quake, but that possum clings thar still—ah! An' you may shake one foot loose, but tother's *thar*; an' you may shake all his feet loose, but he laps his tail around the lim', an' he clings fur ever; for "He played on a harp uv a thousand strings—spirits of just men made perfect."

If you want to make old Satan run.

Play on the golden harp!

Just shoot him with the gospel gun,

Play on the golden harp!

Play on the golden harp! play on the golden harp!

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The Story of a Ring—One of the Romances of the War.

In the year 1861 a young man, then living a few miles from this city, went into the Missouri State Guard as a soldier. At Springfield, and on the reorganization of this branch of the army, he took service as a Confederate. Afterwards he joined a company in Colonel Up. Hays's regiment, and participated in the battle of Lone Jack.

Before leaving home, however, his mother gave him an old-fashioned gold ring, which had a heart upon it, and the letters "H. S." engraved upon this heart. She placed it on her son's hand with a wish, or rather a prayer, that he might go through the war safely and get safely back to his home again.

It is not known that either the ring or the prayer acted as a charm, but the young man went unharmed through many bloody fights, being hit in but one of them, the wound then proving to be only a mere scratch.

In 1864 the young man was very sick of a fever at Clarksville, Texas. During the delirium attendant upon it, and while he was tossing to and fro, the ring slipped from his finger and was lost. The closest search failed to find it, and it was given up for good. There waited upon the young man, however, a very pretty and amiable girl, who seemed to be sorry when he got well enough to rejoin his command. When he left he laughingly told her that if she would find his ring, and he lived, he would come back and marry her. If this promise was made with any degree of sincerity, it was soon forgotten in the excitement and care of a soldier's life, and only at rare intervals, perhaps, did he recall the sick room and the ministering angel.

When the war was over the young man returned to his father's farm in Jackson county, and went to work in good earnest. Two years ago his mother died, and once more the loss of the ring came back to him with redoubled sorrow. He determined to write to the lady who had nursed him, and to, inquire of her whether she was married or not, and whether she had ever seen or heard anything of the present his mother had made him.

The letter was written in August, 1869, and in March, 1870, what was his surprise to receive an answer from the identical girl he had left in 1864, and to whom he had made a light promise of marriage. She was still single, she said, and waiting for him. And what was stranger still, only five days before she wrote she had found the lost ring.

The manner of finding it was as follows: The father of the young lady had determined to make some repairs in his house, which repairs necessitated the taking up of the floor of the room in which the soldier had been sick. After doing this, and while digging away some rubbish beneath, the workmen came upon the ring. It had slipped through a crack in the floor, and had been lying there safe and sound for nearly five long years. The lady took possession of it at once, and wrote immediately to its owner, as we have stated above. Perhaps she looked upon its recovery as an omen, and perhaps it was. At any rate, it was a little romantic with all its attending circumstances.

The correspondence thus commenced, or rather renewed, was continued with an ever-increasing ardor on the part of the gentleman, until in the end he made a new and an impetuous offer of marriage. Without that the story would be incomplete. Last week, with money in his pocket, a good home in Jackson county, and a great happiness in his heart, this young soldier—now somewhat older and more settled and sedate—started for Clarksville, Texas, the home of his betrothed.

So Jan 4<sup>th</sup> 1851

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Nat	75	
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Dr	38	
Class	56	4 44
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Mail Boy	12	75
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Tobacco	12	
	06	
Dr	200	
Dr	60	
Dr	13	3 4
Dr		

So 1 <sup>st</sup> Powder	27	
1 St Thread	18	
1 Groce Hair Buttons	25	
1 Claw Bar	50	13

255 Jacob Lightsey	Dr	Don
So 1 Coffee Pot	75	
2 Bunches Art. yarn	2 75	
3 Tin Pans	125	
1 Tuck Comb	25	
1 Pa Sacks	13	
3 Bunches	37	5 56

By 5/4<sup>th</sup> Brown 85



# MARGARET'S FORTUNE.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"Oh, I would rather lose anything else in the world than my money!" cried Margaret Ray, as she sat the centre of a gay group who were spending the day on Dug Island.

"But, Maggie, money is not everything," said a blue-eyed girl at her side.

"I know it, but it's a very good thing, Lu."

"I never thought you were proud of your wealth," said Lu.

"I hope I am not. But I am glad I am not poor. Oh, I think to have to wear coarse clothes, and eat coarse food, and work hard, and want things you could not have, would be the most terrible thing in the world! Heaven deliver me from poverty!" answered Margaret, as she rose and shook out her silken robes.

A little apart from the gay group stood a tall young man, upon whose heart every word Margaret Ray spoke fell like lead; for Laurence Dean had loved this fair girl for a long time, and sometimes cherished a wild hope that she might one day be his. Wild he knew it now to be, for how could he, a poor man, with his way yet to make in the world, ask her to be his wife? He could not seem to depend on her money, and besides, it might be lost at any time, and what had he to offer her to make up for it?

No, she could not, she would not, share his life; her wealth must forever stand between them. Laurence Dean shut up his heart with a low sigh and a bitter smile, and tried to banish Maggie Ray's image from it forever. And Margaret, if she wondered why he sought her no more, kept silent and made no sign, but fluttered on her way as gaily as if there were not a care nor a pain, nor a fear of poverty in all this wide, wide world.

Laurence Dean had his way to make, and he struggled hard with fate for the mastery. He left his native city and sought a field for exertion in the golden South, filled with high hopes and aspirations. But, alas! the hills of wealth and fame are steep, and rugged, and hard to climb, and when, after four years' absence from home, Laurence Dean returned, his wealth was yet to win.

Margaret Ray was no longer there. She, with her father, had removed to another city, and Laurence, if he had hoped at least to see her, found not even a trace of her.

Fortune favored him, just now, with an opportunity to enter into business in Philadelphia, with a friend much older and more experienced than himself. He gladly embraced it, and hoped, by industry and economy, to lay the basis of a secure fortune. The new store was opened under the name of Allan & Dean, and bid fair to prosper.

One morning, when they had been in business for nearly a year, Laurence Dean entered the office, where his partner sat writing, and in so doing almost brushed the garments of a lady who was pressing out.

She did not look up at him, and though he half glanced at her face, he could not see it, for her veil was down.

"Did you notice that lady?" asked Mr. Allen, when Laurence had been in the office a few minutes.

"Not particularly. Who was she?" said Laurence.

"An applicant for a place in the store. She hasn't been used to work, I am sure. Struck me as a real lady. I was sorry to have to tell her we were full. She is an interesting case, I am sure."

"If we undertook to help her, if that are really such, we should have our hands full," remarked Dean.

"So we should. But I really felt interested in this Miss—Miss—let's see, what's her name? She gave me her address, with a request that, if a vacancy occurred soon, I would let her know. She's been looking for work a good while, she says, poor thing! Ah! here's the card. Ray's the name—Margaret Ray, No.—"

"What!" interrupted Laurence, with sharp, sudden interest. "What is that name?"

"Margaret Ray, No.—Pine Street, third floor, back," read Allen, wonderingly. "What's the matter, Dean? You don't know her?"

"I don't know—it surely can't be; but I knew a Miss Margaret Ray in New York, who moved in the highest circles."

"This girl has been used to good society, any one can see," said Allen.

"I must see her," said Laurence. "It can hardly be possible; but I feel as if she were the girl I knew. We must help her, Allen."

"Very well," replied Allen; "here is the address; I will just leave the matter in your hands. We can make a vacancy if you like."

"I'll see her first," said Laurence.

As soon as he could find a leisure moment he hastened around to Pine Street, and entered the humble, over-crowded lodging-house designated by the address, wondering if it was possible circumstances had forced Margaret Ray to take shelter in a place like this.

No answer came to his knock on her door; but a pale little seamstress came from the next room and told him that Miss Ray had just gone out, and likely would be all day.

"She will be in this evening?" inquired Laurence.

"Yes, sir; I suppose so. She is looking for a place; but she does not go out at night."

"Very well; I will call again to-night, then. She was at our store this morning, but we did not know there was a vacancy then. If she comes in, please tell her not to make any engagement till she hears from us. Here is our card."

Laurence gave the little woman a card, saying these last words purposely to shield Margaret from any unjust suspicions; for, alas! he knew the world much better than she did.

He waited, with feverish anxiety, for night; and, as soon as he could, set off for Pine Street again. This time, a light step within answered his rap, and Margaret Ray opened the door and stood, in her black robes, before him.

He extended his hand, and spoke, brokenly:

"Margaret—Miss Ray—my dear old friend—can this be possible?"

She turned pale, and trembled visibly.

"Oh, Laurence!—Mr. Dean—is it really you?"

Laurence entered the poor little room, closed the door and led her to a chair, seating himself beside her, still keeping her hand in his.

"Oh, Mr. Dean! It is so good to see a friend's face once more!" said Margaret, struggling to keep her composure.

"Why did you not come to me at once? Why did you not ask for me this morning?" hastily questioned Laurence.

"I did not know it was you. There are other Deans, you know, and I thought you were still at the South."

"And you? how is it I find you here?" he asked, with a glance around the humble room.

She raised her clear eyes to his, as she said:

"Oh, Laurence, it is the old story! You remember how I loved my riches? how proud I was? And pride met its due punishment. I lost my dear father—I lost all my money—and I came here, a month ago, to find something to do. Oh, Laurence, I have learned such lessons in the last year!"

She covered her face with her hands, and tried in vain to repress her sobs.

Laurence Dean leaned forward and took the little hands in his, drawing her sweet face down to his shoulder, while he said, fervently:

"Dear Margaret! my own precious girl! the sad lessons are all learned now, and only the bright ones are left. I want to teach you one sweet lesson. May I, Margaret?"

"What is it?" she whispered.

"I want to teach you to love me, Margaret! I loved you years ago, but I dared not tell you then, for you were rich and I was poor. I can only offer you a simple home, now, dearest, but we can make a happy one. Oh, Margaret, will you share it with me? Will you give yourself to him who has loved you so long?"

Poor Margaret! Happy Margaret! I do not need to tell you her answer, and I could not tell you how that poor little room was beautified and glorified by the presence of true love!

As he was leaving her, an hour or so later, Laurence stood beside Margaret, clasping her with his arm, and said:

"But oh, my poor Margaret, I am so sorry you have lost your fortune!"

And Margaret, hiding her blushes on his broad bosom, whispered in return:

"Oh, Laurence, don't be sorry! I have not lost it—I have only just found it!"

"By-the-way, Dean, did you see that Miss Ray?" asked Allen, the next morning.

"I saw her last night," returned Laurence.

"Did you conclude to do anything for her?"

"Yes; I concluded to marry her," was the quiet answer.

Allen gave vent to his surprise in a long whistle.

"Well, that's what I call settling matters in a hurry," he remarked.

"Not such a great hurry, after all. 'Matters,' as you call them, have been waiting four or five years for a settlement."

"Well, I wish you joy, I am sure."

"Thank you. I think I have a pretty fair prospect. My Margaret is a fortune to any one."

After they were married, Laurence saw no reason to recall his words; and, as years went on, wealth came with them. Margaret and her husband were as happy as reasonable people could expect to be, and never regretted the loss of Margaret's fortune.

Handwritten notes and calculations on the right side of the page, including:

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Mapaha Ga. June 6<sup>th</sup> 1851

201 James Walker Dr. S.  
To 2<sup>1/2</sup> lbs Tobacco 1 00

212 John R. Walker Dr. S.  
To 2 P. union Shaws 2 50  
3 yds black Sits 16 3 00

313 Wm Lamb Dr. M<sup>rs</sup> M<sup>rs</sup> Lamb  
To 2 lbs Indigo 25

42 John Touchstone Dr. S.  
To 1 bunch Cot. yarn 1 35  
1 Box matches 6 1 44

7 112 R. H. Burkhalter Dr. S.  
To 1 Cot. Purse 13  
5 P. y. ails 3 18

51 B. C. Ganas Dr. S.  
To 1 bunch yarn 1 38  
3 Stet Pens 6 1 44

183 Perry Shaw Dr.  
To 1 Bot. Lin. Syrup 57  
1 Tin Cup 13 63

41 Joseph C. Peters Dr.  
To 1 yds Cot. osnaburgs 4 84

84 Capt. Peters Dr. S.  
To 1<sup>1/2</sup> lbs Tobacco 40

160 John Simpson Dr.  
To 1<sup>1/2</sup> lbs Pepper 25  
1/2<sup>1/2</sup> Sal Nitro 13  
1 Pepper Box 12  
1 Ivory comb 31  
1 damaged Bucket 18

100  
10 24



## BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Life is like a race where some succeed  
While others are beginning;  
"Tis luck in some, in others speed,  
That gives an early ending;  
But if you choose to fall behind,  
No'er slacken your endeavor;  
Just keep this wholesome truth in mind,  
"Tis better late than never!"

And if you keep ahead "tis well,  
But never trip your neighbor;  
"Tis noble when you can excel  
By honest, patient labor;  
But if you are outstripped at first,  
Press on as bold as ever;  
Remember, though you are surpassed,  
"Tis better late than never!"

No'er labor for an idle boast,  
Or victory o'er another;  
But while you strive your uttermost,  
Deal fairly with a brother;  
Whatever your station, do your best,  
And hold your purpose ever;  
And if you fail to do the rest,  
"Tis better late than never!"

Choose well the path in which you run,  
Succeed by noble daring;  
Then, though the last, when once 'tis won,  
Your crown is worth the wearing;  
Then never fret if left behind,  
Nor slacken your endeavor;  
But ever keep this truth in mind,  
"Tis better late than never!"

## BELLE MERTON'S WEDDING TRIP.

BY H. HARGRAVE.

"But, Belle," said a young man, in the uniform of a lieutenant in the navy, "I cannot see the justice of your refusal. You confess that I am not indifferent to you, and yet you forbid me to take the only step which may secure our future happiness—to speak to your father. I love you, Belle, as truly as ever man loved woman. Though poor, I am energetic, and am determined to rise in my profession, for your sake. An admiral's lady is not to be despised," he added, with an assumption of cheerfulness.

"I believe you, Charles," returned his companion; "but I am sure my father would not give his consent. I promised my mother, on her death-bed, never to wed without his consent, and I well know he has other views for me. We are cousins, and, as such, have seen much of each other, and, as a cousin, I am far from being indifferent to you, nor you to me. That is what I meant."

The young man endeavored to suppress the chagrin he felt at this evasive answer, and essayed to urge his suit with further arguments; but the equivocating, though decided, tone of his cousin soon induced him to desist, for the present.

The foregoing conversation took place in the garden attached to a splendid mansion in Germantown, the residence of Mr. Merton, one of the "merchant princes" of Philadelphia.

Charles Enderby was the orphan son of Mrs. Merton's only brother, and had nothing but his profession to depend upon; so that, although Mr. Merton—whose long life of business pursuits had led him to look upon the possession of wealth as the chief good of earthly things—received him freely as a relative, and was even pleased with his company, he by no means entertained the idea of bestowing the hand of his daughter on a man who had no other means of support than the perfunctory one he had adopted. Mr. Merton had, besides, long entertained the desire of seeing his daughter united to Herbert, the son of his friend and former partner, Mr. Bellamy, and it was, therefore, understood between the two that the plan should be carried out, if practicable.

This Belle was aware of, but had not given her adhesion to the project, and, in fact, when she questioned her own heart, she was obliged to admit that her sentiments toward Charles were stronger than those of mere cousinly affection; but, either from caprice or a sense of duty, she would not say the words which would have made him so happy.

Charles and Herbert frequently met at Mr. Merton's house, and, as each felt that the other loved Belle, a mutual feeling of jealousy sprung up between them.

Shortly after the conversation in the garden, Lieutenant Enderby received orders to report himself on board for duty, as his vessel was to leave the Delaware in a week's time.

His annoyance at this sudden and unexpected command was increased by the reflection that his departure would leave his rival in possession of the field, and he consequently resolved to obtain, if possible, a confession of love from Belle's lips before he sailed. To this end he devoted every moment that could be snatched from duty to the society at Mr. Merton's house; but invariably found Herbert installed there before him, and no opportunity occurred of seeing Belle alone. His jealousy also made him fancy that her manner was colder to him than formerly.

Irritated and anxious, Charles determined to risk all by calling at Mr. Merton's at an hour when it was highly improbable that his rival would have preceded him.

He found Belle alone in the garden, pruning her favorite rose-bush, and singing, as she worked, a lively air. His own feelings at quitting his cousin were of the saddest and most melancholy nature, and, vexed at her apparent gaiety, he was impelled, by love and jealousy, to adopt the most injudicious course he could have chosen.

"Belle," he said, coldly taking her hand, "you know I must leave on Monday, and," he added, bitterly, "I am glad to see that our separation causes you less pain than it does myself."

"Why! my dear coz," replied Belle, "you would not have me weep to see you appointed to a fine ship, with a good chance of promotion at the end of your cruise?"

The lightness of this remark galled Charles.

"I apologize," he said, "for calling at so unseasonable hour."

"I was in love with my rose-bush and busy with flowers, it is true, but there is no need of apology from you, especially if you have something to say which cannot be said before others."

"Before others!" echoed the young man. "Of late, indeed, there has been little chance of saying much to you alone."

Belle reddened.

"You are a little rude, Charles; but," she added, playfully, "you are so soon to leave us, I must forgive you. We may as well part as cousins and friends."

"I cannot endure your friendship," replied he, impetuously. "Oh, Belle! you know how much I love you. I must have a decided answer. Tell me whether you will be mine, or whether another has usurped the place I was once led to believe I occupied in your heart?"

Belle revolted against the imperious tone which his jealousy had caused Charles to assume.

"I am not aware, sir," returned she, "that I have ever given you the right to use such language to me. We have known each other since childhood, it is true, but the most I have ever told you is that you are not indifferent to me. In future, pray distinguish friendship from love."

Charles, recalled to his senses by this reply, would have pleaded his love as his excuse, but, accidentally turning his head toward the house, he saw Herbert Bellamy issue therefrom, and advance toward them.

"Ah!" cried he, the spark of jealousy again fanned into a flame, "I perceive the cause of this change in your conduct, and all that remains for me is to say good-morning!"

So saying, Charles bowed coldly to Belle, and passing Herbert without recognition, hurried away.

Belle's resentment, at what she considered her cousin's rudeness, upheld her for awhile. She laughed and chatted gaily with Herbert for an hour or so, and not till his departure did she realize the pain which the abrupt exit of her cousin had caused her.

"But he will return before his ship sails," she thought, "and a few kind words will set all right." She had not yet fathomed the depth of this man's love.

Two days passed, and Charles did not come. Herbert was constantly at the house, but Belle was cold and indifferent to him. She became really ill from the effects of her concealed love, which pride alone had induced her to deny.

On the third day, Belle determined to visit the Navy Yard alone, and repair, if possible, the damage which her hastiness had caused.

"I am his cousin," she thought, "which will be my excuse."

She arrived at the moment when the Buena Vista was about to be towed into the stream by the tug, and was eagerly looking toward the deck of the frigate, when a well-known voice greeted her, and Herbert stood by her side. He, too, anxious to see his rival depart, had come to see the vessel sail.

At this moment Charles appeared on the deck, and Belle waved her handkerchief in token of recognition and adieu.

But the unlucky presence of Herbert marred the effect of this tribute to affection; and Charles only saw, in the presence of the pair, a fresh proof that she had ceased to love him, and her being there, in company with Herbert, in the light of a wilful slight, not to say insult.

He merely raised his hat in acknowledgment of her salute, and turned away.

Thus two loving hearts, by a foolish outbreak of

jealousy on the one side and wounded pride on the other, were separated, perhaps for ever.

Once seated in her carriage, and hidden by the curtains, Belle burst into tears.

"He might have forgotten it," she thought, "and hidden me a kind farewell; but he will surely write."

Three months passed since Charles had sailed, but no letter came from him. Tidings of the ship had indeed been received through the newspapers; she had been heard of at Havana and Vera Cruz; and, lastly, the dismal news arrived that she had foundered in a hurricane in the Gulf of Mexico—all hands lost!

For some time after Charles' departure, Belle's mind was divided between grief at his absence and anger at his neglect. Her grief she endeavored to stifle by encouraging her anger; and, aided by the unremitting attentions of Herbert—whose handsome person, refined and elegant manners, and cultivated mind made him a charming companion—and the frequent hints of her father, she succeeded in persuading herself that her love for Charles had been a mere girlish fancy, and that both duty and inclination required her to accept Herbert Bellamy.

The shock caused by the loss of the Buena Vista, indeed, for a while, brought back the memory of her old love; but Belle had been schooling her heart for months, and after the first outburst of grief, occasioned by the news, she persuaded herself that it was mere cousinly affection and not love which caused her sorrow; and urged by the entreaties of her father, and Herbert's fervent protestations of love, she finally consented to become his wife.

It is true that, whilst pronouncing the bridal vows, a tremor passed through Belle's frame; but it passed unnoticed, and she afterward laughed at her nervousness, feeling persuaded that the image of the young lieutenant was forever obliterated from her heart. But was it so?

However that may be, Belle was married; and seeing her husband so supremely happy, believed herself happy, also, and thus they departed on their bridal tour to Europe.

"Oh, Herbert!" exclaimed Belle, "this is awful! the ship is surely going to sink!"

This was said as the pair were seated, one evening, in the saloon of the steamer Transatlantic, obliged to cling tenaciously to the sofa to prevent themselves from "fetching away," as the wind was blowing a gale, and, in the head sea, the ship rolled and pitched violently.

"Nonsense, darling!" replied Herbert; "this is a common thing at sea. I have crossed several times, and—"

He did not finish his sentence; for, at that moment, a crash, like the discharge of artillery, resounded through the ship. The shaft which moved the propeller had broken, and, for some time, the noble vessel rolled, like a log, at the mercy of every wave, no sail being set when the accident occurred.

The gale constantly increased in fury, till, by midnight, it had become a perfect hurricane. The vessel labored heavily in the agitated sea, and was rapidly filling, as it was found impossible to entirely stop the hole in the stern through which the broken shaft had passed.

Their only hope now lay in the abatement of the storm; but this hope was delusive, as, when the tardy dawn broke over the doomed ship, the sea appeared covered with immense masses of foam, and lashed into fury by the violence of the hurricane, beat against the quivering sides of the vessel, and poured immense masses of water on to her groaning decks.

The captain, exhausted by fatigue and anxiety, came aft, and informed the passengers that the vessel was in a sinking condition, that no boat could live in such a sea, and that, unless speedy aid arrived, they could not hope to escape.

"God preserve us!" exclaimed Belle, her thoughts reverting to her happy home in Germantown. "It will kill my poor father!"

"Courage, dear Belle!" replied her husband. "All is not yet lost. We have our life belts."

"Sail-ho!" cried the look-out.

"Where away?" shouted the captain.

"On the weather bow, sir."

"How does she steer?"

"Due west, sir," replied the man.

"Helm a-port," cried the captain. "Reverse your ensign, Mr. Jones, and fire a gun," he said to the mate.

"Aye, aye, sir!" replied the mate.

"We may yet be saved," continued the captain, turning to the passengers, as Herbert, clasping Belle in his arms, watched, with eagerness, their hoped-for deliverer.

Some moments of terrible and anxious suspense followed, till the strange vessel was seen to alter her course, and bear right down upon the steamer.

A cry of joy arose from all on board who understood the manoeuvre, and preparations were immediately made to lower the boats.

In half an hour's time, the stranger was near enough for the attempt to be made to go on board. She lay to, under close-reefed topsails for this purpose; but of course could not approach the steamer for fear of a collision.

The first boat, containing most of the women, among whom was Belle, was safely lowered from the davits, and had reached to within twenty yards of the ship, when a fearful wave capsized the frail vessel, and all its occupants were precipitated into the sea.

For a second or two, a few heads and arms were seen above the boiling waters; but they all sunk save one, who seemed to float rather than swim. It was Belle—her life-belt had sustained her.

"I will save her!" cried a young man who was watching the disaster from the deck of the ship; then seizing the log-line, he made it fast beneath his arms and plunged into the sea.

Clasping Belle in his arms, he was soon hauled alongside, and quickly gained the deck of the ship with his charge.

"Charles!" exclaimed Belle, for the first time recognizing her preserver, when they stood together on the deck.

"Yes, Belle!" returned the young man, taking her proffered hand. "Oh, what joy to have saved you!"

But there was no time for explanations. The second boat had put off, and in it was Herbert.

The second boat experienced the same fate as the first, and Belle, with horror, saw it capsize before her eyes.

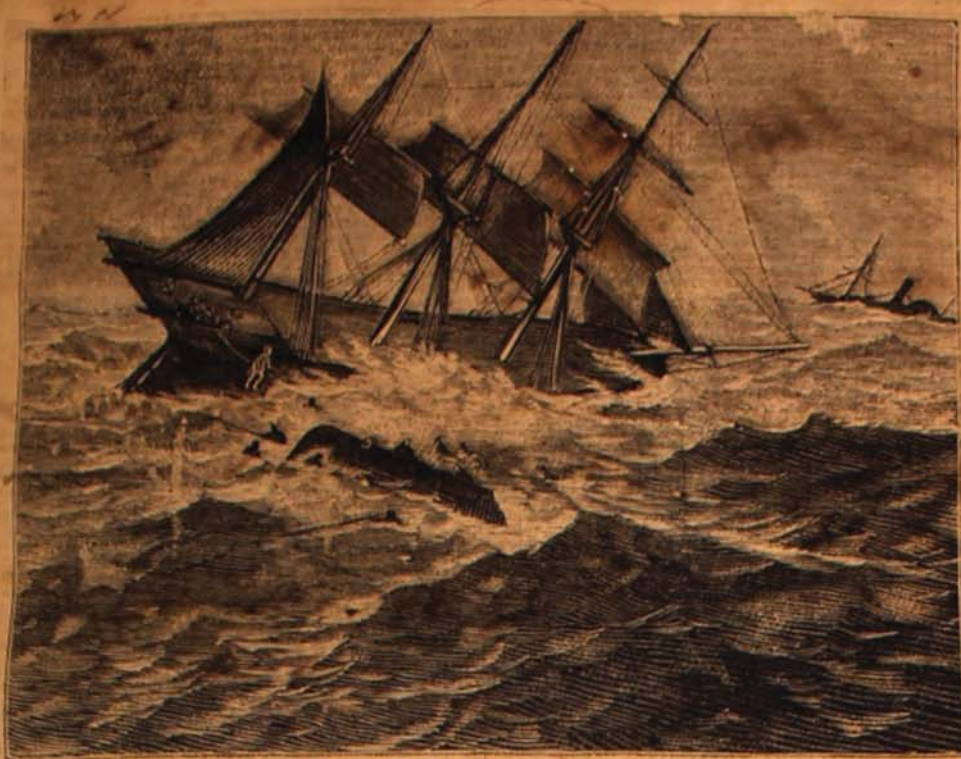
"Oh, Charles!" she shrieked, "my husband!"

"Your husband! Good Heavens! You are then married. But where is he?"

"There! there!" she screamed. "See, he swims!"

For a moment Charles hesitated. Belle saw it in his eyes, and looked at him with an indefinite expression, which he long remembered.





"I will save him, too!" he generously cried, replying to the look; and plunging again into the boiling waters, clutched the drowning man as he was sinking, and brought him to the deck—a corpse—at the moment that the Transatlantic, with a lurch, went down by the stern. With one wild, piercing shriek, Belle fell senseless to the deck.

The horrors of the past night, and the frightful catastrophe she had just witnessed, produced their effect, and in spite of the attentions of the captain's lady, she lay delirious for several days.

A week after the foregoing events, the good ship Kangaroo was bowling along, with a fine breeze on her quarter, toward the port of Philadelphia.

Belle was lying, in an agitated sleep, on a sofa. In her dreams she was passing in review the terrible incidents of the shipwreck. Charles stood beside her, watching, with intense love, the changeless features of the beautiful invalid.

At length her lips moved; indistinct sounds, as of pain and terror, fell from them. She started, and muttered, indistinctly: "Oh, my God! she sinks, we are lost!" Then followed a moment of tranquillity; the expression of pain was succeeded by one of pleasure, as with a rapturous and grate-

ful expression she murmured: "Saved, thank Heaven! saved, and by him—" The rest was indistinct.

Her emotion awoke her, a deep blush overspreading her face as she saw Charles at her side.

"I have been dreaming, Charles," she said, extending her hand.

"Yes, Belle, I know it; for you murmured some broken words in your sleep. I was not here to listen, but could not avoid hearing what you said."

"Oh, Charles, what did I say?" asked Belle, fearfully.

Enderby told her gently what he had heard.

"Oh, forgive me, Charles!" cried Belle, imploringly. "I was unkind to you when you left home, and, in revenge, you have saved my life, and even risked your own to save—"

Belle could not finish. Her husband's name died upon her lips.

"But," she continued, tearfully, "do not mention this awful shipwreck again—not now, at least—not for a long time."

"I promise never to speak of it till you bid me."

"You are very kind and good, Charles. I thank you."

"I was very rude to you, Belle, before we parted. But I must not speak of that. I can only thank Heaven that my shipwreck and misfortunes have been the means of saving your precious life."

"Your shipwreck? Ah, yes! But you have not yet told me how you escaped."

The Buena Vista was wrecked in the Gulf of Mexico. Captain Harper, of the Kangaroo, picked me up from a broken spar, and I have since been with him to China and the Indian Seas. But you require rest," said he, tenderly taking her hand as he left the cabin.

A year had sped silently away.

One evening, Mr. Merton, his daughter and Charles were seated in the garden, at Germantown, when Belle, looking gravely but happily into her father's face, said:

"I think Charles may now speak of the loss of the Transatlantic, papa, dear?"

"Yes, my love; and let us hope that that awful event may prove a blessing to all three."

Charles looked, with rapture into Belle's face;

then, clasping her in his arms, imprinted on her burning cheek the first kiss of love, and Belle no longer doubted where her heart had really been placed.

#### THE ARMY DRILL FOR 1870.

Fall in—Love with some amiable young lady the first opportunity you may have.

Attention—Pay to her assiduously and respectfully.

Right face—Pop the question like a man and she will accept you.

Quick March—With her to Church and go through the service of Holy Matrimony.

Halt—And reflect seriously for a few moments; then determine to devote yourself entirely to your Wife.

Right-about Face—From the haunts you have frequented when single, and prefer your own home.

Advance Arms—To your young Wife when out walking together.

Break Off—Billiard playing, betting, and staying out at night, if you wish to have a happy home.

#### Little Things.

Springs are little things, but they are sources of large streams; a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a ship; a bridle-bit is a little thing, but see its use and powers; nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the parts of a large building together; a word, a look, a smile, a frown, are all little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this, and mind the little things. Pay that little debt; if a promise, redeem it; if it is a shilling, hand it over. You know not what important events hang upon it. Keep your word sacred; keep it to the children—they will mark it sooner than any one else, and the effect will probably be as lasting as life. Mind the little things.

In every life some rain must beat,  
In every life some sunshine is,  
Some early taste their share of sweet,  
Some longer wait their bliss.  
Then weep no more the wasted years,  
And mourn no more the long delay,  
Be patient till our joy appears,  
Our turn must come, must come some day.

Love is no respecter of persons; the fitness of things never enters into the god's calculations. Between Geoffry Thomas Clanswaring, the baronet's son, and Maria Owen, the obscure farmer's daughter, there lay miles of that exacting gulf, called social position: nevertheless, they had contrived to lapse into a passion for each other, than which nothing could be more pure and ardent. Part them, and the whole world would be to each as a blank wilderness.

To 2 Ps Buckles

115 John Hamp. Guthrie Dr. 13

To 3 Buckles Yarn 11

13 30



# A Mother's Prayer.

A mother on the green hills of Vermont was holding by the right hand a son, sixteen years old, mad with love for the sea.

And as she stood by the garden gate, one morning she said: "Edward they tell me, for I never saw the ocean—that the great temptation of a seaman's life is drink. Promise me before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink." And said he (for he told me the story) "I gave her the promise, and I went the broad globe over, Calcutta, and the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope, the North pole and the South. I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a sparkling liquor, that my mother's form by the garden gate, on the green hillside of Vermont did not rise before me; and to-day, at sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor." Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? Yet that was not half.

"For," said he, "yesterday there came into my counting room a man of forty years, and asked me, 'do you know me?' 'No.'—'Well,' said he, 'I was once brought drunk into your presence on ship board; you were a passenger; the captain kicked me aside; you took me to your berth and kept me there until I had slept off the intoxication. You then asked me if I had a mother; I said I had never known a word from her lips. You told me of yours at the garden gate, and to-day, I am master of one of the finest packets in New York, and I came to ask you to call and see me.'"

How far that little candle throws its beams! That mother's word, on the green hillside of Vermont! Oh! God be thanked for the mighty power of a single word.

## A Model Obituary.

A disconsolate editor thus bemoans his departed spouse:

Thus my wife died. No more will those loving hands pull off my boots and part my back hair, as only a true wife can. Nor will those willing feet replenish the coal hod and water pail. No more will she arise amid the tempestuous storms of winter, and hie herself away to build the fire without disturbing the slumbers of the man who doted on her so artlessly. Her memory is embalmed in my heart of hearts. I wanted to embalm her body, but I found I could embalm her memory much cheaper.

I procured of Eli Mudget, a neighbor of mine, a very pretty gravestone. His wife was consumptive, and he kept it on hand several years in anticipation of her death. But she rallied that spring, and his hopes were blasted. Never shall I forget the poor man's grief when I asked him to part with it. "Take it, Skinner, and may you never know what it is to have your soul racked with disappointment, as mine has been!" and he burst into a flood of tears. His spirit was indeed utterly broken.

I had the following epistle engraved upon her gravestone: "To the memory of Tabitha, wife of Moses Skinner, Esq., gentlemanly editor of the Trombone. Terms, three dollars a year, invariably in advance. A kind mother and exemplary wife. Office, over Coleman's grocery, up two flights of stairs. Knock hard. We shall miss thee, mother, miss thee. Job printing solicited." Thus did my lacerated spirit cry out in agony, even as Rachael weeping for her children. But one ray of light penetrated the despair of my soul. The undertaker took his pay in job printing, and the sexton owed me a little account I should not have gotten any other way. Why should we pine at the mysterious ways of Providence and vicinity? (Not a conundrum.) I here pause to drop a silent tear to the memory of Tabitha Ripley, that was an eminently pious woman, and could fry the best piece of tripe I ever flung under my vest. Her pick-up dinners were a perfect success, and she always doted on foreign missions.

19  
a la June 11 1831

Dr 8  
Cot Ham 2 25  
Cot Saggins 28 3 53

Dr 8  
Suttons (Wm) 10  
Sutton 12 25

Dr 8  
Cot (Yarn) 5 50

Dr 8  
Cot 1 25  
Cot Drills 75 2 00

Dr 8  
Peters 2  
Bridle 75

Dr 8  
Cot 1  
Lemon Syrup 25 4 00

Dr 8  
Cot 1  
Cot Drills 1 88  
Shoes 1 25 3 13

Dr 8  
Cot 1  
Cot Drills 1 00  
Shoes 15

Dr 8  
Cot 1  
Cot Drills 25 1 40

Dr 8  
Cot 1  
Cot Drills 1 75

Dr 8  
Cot 1  
Cot Drills 25

Dr 8  
Cot 1  
Cot Drills 19 5 50

Dr 8  
Cot 1  
Cot Drills 8 52 44



Hapaha In June 12<sup>th</sup> 1831

284	B. Staten	Dr. Zimmerman	
	2 yds Calico		1 25
	1 Straw Hat		18
			1 43

285	John Baughman	Dr. Snipe	
	2 yds Cor Spiran		1 00
	1 Cloth Cap		1 00
			2 00

	Thum. Zimmerman	Dr. S	
	20 yds Cream Tartar		18

286	Wm. Carter	Dr. Sm	
	3 yds Plug Tobacco		1
	1 Bot. Castor Oil		25
	1 " B. Drops		13
	1 " Sal Epsom		25
			1 63

287	E. Simmons	Dr	
	20 yds Hat		3 50
	1 Bro. Linen Sack Coat		2 00
	3 yds Union Drill		1 75
	3 yds Bro. A. Linen		1 31
	2 yds Cotton		25
	1 Pa. Knives		13
	12 B. Steel Pens		12
	1 Pa. Suspenders		50
			9 50

288	Isiah Young	Dr	
	20 yds Bot. Cologne		13

289	Isaac McFadden	Dr S	
	20 yds Pine Boxes		38
	1/2 " Sab. Petre		12
			50

290	Isaac Carroll	Dr S	
	2 yds Calico		1 60
	1 " Ribbon		18
	1 Iron Stove		63
			2 21

291	Joseph Burkhalter	Dr. Yuth	
	2 yds Plug Tobacco		1 00





HOME AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

314 Josiah Vincing Jr  
 To 1 Pr Calf Shoes 2 00  
 & Toila Liles & Toila W Liles  
 297 Jas Fender Jr  
 To 3 yds Pant Cloth 95  
 34 C. B. Carroll Jr  
 To 1 Fan 15  
 34 C. B. Carroll Jr  
 To 1 Fan 15  
 301 Jas. C. Carroll Jr  
 To 1 Bot L Spruce 50  
 266 Jas Carroll Jr  
 To 1 pr Morocco Shoes 1 50  
 Wm Martin Jr  
 To 1 Umbrella 1 75  
 1 Sp Thread 15 1 88  
 15 88



## LOVE AND MONEY.

"I can't bear to leave you, Mary. I know you'll write and say all is going on well, when you haven't bread to put in your mouth. That's what hurts me. You always make the best of it, and wouldn't tell me if you were starving."

These words were spoken by an elderly woman, who was decently dressed, to a younger one in poor clothing, who held a baby to her breast, and gave her disengaged hand to two young children, who stood crying beside her.

"No, mother, I shall tell you the truth, no," replied she; "for now that John has given up drinking, I shall get on well enough, and the truth won't be unpleasant to tell."

"He'll drink as much as ever in another week; don't trust his promise; he makes nothing of breaking it. I almost wish you would leave him; but how can you, with three little ones? He's a bad man."

No, mother, don't say so; he's kind enough when he's sober, and sorry for what he has done. He often says to me, 'you should not blame me, Mary; it's the drink, not the man.'

"Then he should not take the drink, if he knows what a brute it makes him."

"Well, don't be hard upon him, mother; we shall get on very well this winter, I'm sure. John will be better, and if he is out of work, Mrs. Neville will help us on a little."

"That she's promised me, and I know she's very generous; I've seen her give away a pound at a time. Well, I must be going. Good-bye, dear! Good-bye, little ones! What, crying to lose granny?"

With many kissings and blessings the good woman departed.

Mrs. Barton (for that was her name) had just left the house of Mr. Neville, a rich merchant, whose wife she had been nursing. During her long sleepless nights, Mrs. Neville had often amused herself, by asking her nurse of her former life, and her family. Mrs. Barton talked on for hours, of her old places, her sweethearts when she was a girl, and, above all, of her children. They were all well to do, she said, except poor Mary, who married from a place in which she had lived ten years, to a young man who had loved her dearly, and was in good word, and who made a good husband—till at the end of two years he took to drinking, and spent half his wages at the public house. The poor woman was often interrupted by her tears, as she told of Mary's meekness and John's cruelty; but as Mrs. Neville seemed interested in the tale, and her own heart was full of it, she returned again and again to the subject. "She never told me of it, ma'am," said she, "till it got so bad that the neighbors spoke of it. And now it's so use to try and hide it from me, for I've seen her with a black eye that John has given her. It's nearly broke my heart to see their goings on while I've been at Woodthorpe, and yet while I am away it will be worse; for I shall always think they are starving—for that's what it must come to, if John goes on as he does."

"I will not let your daughter want bread," replied Mrs. Neville. "I did not know a child of yours lived so near me, or I should have found her out, and endeavored to help her."

When Mrs. Barton took her leave of Mrs. Neville, she said, with a courtesy, "You will not forget my poor Mary, ma'am; perhaps you will look in upon her some day."

"No," replied the lady, "I shall not call, but I will send her money when she wants it. It is well for those who cannot give money to call and speak kindly, but I can afford to be really useful."

As soon as her mother left her, Mary dried her eyes, and set the room in order for her husband's return. As John entered, the affectionate smile with which he stooped to kiss his boy, showed Mary that he was still sober. This was the tenth day, and she began to believe his reformation would be lasting.

"Mother is gone," said she, as he kissed her.

"Yes, you goose, I see; and you've been crying. I've a bit of news too. The gentleman is come to the great house, but they say he and his wife are very poor—that is, poor for gentlefolks. That's bad. But here comes good news. Who do you think he has brought with him for his wife?"

"I can't guess, John; you must tell me. I hope she is a good lady, then she will do some good, now, ever poor she is."

"Well, then, it's Miss Emma Seldon, that was. There! and she's met me, and said she should come and see you!"

"Miss Emma! Thank heaven! and coming to see me, too!"

To explain Mary's joy at the name of the bride, it must be understood that Miss Emma Seldon was the daughter of her former mistress, whom she had not seen for more than a year. Mr. Seldon had been offended with Mary, because, upon one occasion when John had threatened to kill her, and he had resolved, by the advice of her master, to complain of him to the magistrate, on John suddenly repenting, and begging forgiveness, Mary had yielded; although Mr. Seldon had taken some of the preliminary steps for enabling her to proceed against him. No persuasion on the part of his wife would induce Mr. Seldon to pardon what he termed "Mary's idiotic weakness;" and, being further irritated by some abuse from one of John's relatives, who resented his interference, he declared that Mary had employed the man to insult him, and forbade his wife ever to speak to, or assist her again.

Mary was deeply attached to the family, and this separation from them was almost as great a sorrow to her as her husband's misconduct.

"Oh, John!" she exclaimed, after a pause, "your news is all good. Miss Emma loves me; and if she cannot pay me as the old lady did for my work at the great house, she will show me kindness in a thousand ways. I would rather have her love than all the money in the world."

"Money for me," said John. "Love won't fill our mouths when we're hungry. But that won't happen any more now I give you all my wages."

The next day, Emma, who was now Mrs. Winton, paid Mary a visit. She listened with great interest to all Mary had to tell of her children and of her husband's reformation.

That same evening, a servant brought her half-a-guinea from Mrs. Neville.

"Mrs. Neville sends you this, with her kind regards," said he, "and says it is to get some warm clothing for the little ones, as the frost comes on."

Mary took the money with a courtesy, and desired her duty and thanks to Mrs. Neville; but she felt uncomfortable at receiving what she had not earned. While she was looking at her money, and debating as to the propriety of having accepted it, the clock struck six, which was the hour of John's return. She placed the half-guinea under an ornament on the chimney-piece, and went out to fetch something for his dinner. On her return, she heard all her children crying, and on entering the room, she saw Annie and Johnny covered with blood.

"What have you done?" cried she, lifting Annie from the ground, "did I not tell you not to move till I came back?"

"Father came in," sobbed the child; "and I told him you had a piece of gold money; so he asked me where you put it, and I did not like to tell him, for I thought he meant to take it; then he knocked my head with a knife-handle, and made me bleed; and when Johnny asked him to leave off, he knocked him too. So then I told him, and he took it; and baby was woke with the noise."

Mary washed the children, whose blood had flowed from trifling wounds, and put them to bed. She waited long for John's return, and was about to close her door for the night, when her landlady came in saying, "I cannot keep the house open any longer for your drunken husband, Mrs. Roberts; if he comes home, you must get up and let him in. I'm afraid he won't be back yet awhile; for my good man heard him, not half an hour since, singing and swearing at the 'Red Lion.'"

"I'll sit up for him," answered Mary; then, putting on her bonnet, she stole gently from the house.

Many times before she reached the 'Red Lion' did she stop to dry her tears; for John was always angry at the sight of tears when he was in liquor. But at last, with a calm face, she passed the throng of loiters round the door of the inn, and went to where her husband was, talking loudly and angrily in the midst of a circle as noisy as himself.

"Come, John," said she, cheerfully; "have been looking for you; your supper is ready, and the children are abed."

John rose and followed her almost unconsciously to the house.

"Where have you hid the money?" said he, removing the ornament under which she had hidden it.

"I can't guess, John; you must tell me. I hope she is a good lady, then she will do some good, now, ever poor she is."



Mary reminded him that he had taken it; but his memory was gone, and he thought she was deceiving him. Daring at her, he dragged her across the room, and thrust her out on the staircase. There she sat for two hours, till the cry of her baby gave her courage to enter. John was asleep on the rug.

From this day, John drank more than ever. The half-guinea had paid his bill at the "Red Lion"; and the landlord, pleased with his punctuality, suffered him to open a new account. But at the end of another week, when John was returning thirsty from his work, with his week's wages in his pocket, the landlord presented him the new bill. John threw him the money, and, getting elated by his drink, threatened his companions to give so that Mary, who had expected money enough to pay her rent, and to get in provisions for the following week, received only two shillings. She struggled through the week by getting credit; but when the next Saturday, John returned again without money, she saw no prospect but starvation, or begging of Mrs. Neville. The following day, little Johnny sickened with the scarlet fever; and before her third week of poverty was over, all three children were seized with it. She no longer hesitated as to what to do; and begging her landlady to watch the invalids, she set out for Mrs. Neville's. On her way, she thought again and again of the words in which she should make her petition, and her cheeks burned with shame and excitement as she rehearsed her speech; but there was no alternative. Mrs. Winton had already professed her inability to give aid in money, and if she shrunk from seeking what Mrs. Neville had promised, her children must die.

"Be so kind," said she to the man-servant who opened the door, "as to ask Mrs. Neville if Mrs. Roberts may see her for one moment?"

"It's no use if it's a begging case," said the servant, glancing at her wretched clothing. "Missis never gives money at the door."

"No," said Mary, blushing; "it's not a—at least, I am Mrs. Barton's daughter. Pray take the trouble to say I am here. I know Mrs. Neville will see me."

The servant went up stairs, and returned in a few moments, saying that Mrs. Neville was engaged, but would be glad if Mrs. Roberts would send her message.

Mary could not—were it only for the sake of her mother, who was frequently employed in the house—send, through the servant, an account of her utter poverty; so, turning from the door, with an aching heart, she said she would call again on the morrow.

When she returned home, she found Johnny alarmingly ill; the landlady advised her to go for the doctor immediately.

"The candle is going out," said she; "so bring in one with you; and there is no more barley-water, and Annie is crying for some; you must get in some bread, too, for the morning."

Mary, who dared not confess to her landlady, to whom she already owed three weeks' rent, her complete destitution, stood silent for a few moments; then suddenly thinking of a new plan, she wrote a few words of distress. The man took the note to his mistress, and returned in a few moments with seven shillings.

"Here," said, "is all the silver missis has got; and you are to come to the kitchen for something else."

Mary heard the man say to the cook, "You are to see if you've got anything fit for sick folks, to give to Nurse Barton's daughter, who is come begging."

The cook, more thoughtful or more kind than her fellow-servant, closed the door before Mary could hear the exclamation of surprise that followed the announcement of the destitute condition of Mrs. Barton's daughter; and in a short time she came back to her with a basket of delicacies, which Mary would gladly have refused, could she by so doing have removed the stigma she had fastened on her mother's name.

Having called at the doctor's, and bought what she required, Mary returned home.

"Mrs. Winton has been here to ask you to work for," said her landlady, as she entered. "When she found you were out, she wrote this letter for you."

It was as follows:—

"I am very sorry, my dear Mary, to find your children so ill; come to to-night, or to-morrow, if you want anything. I can lend you any money you may require, and send Sarah (your old fellow-servant,) to assist you in nursing, should you wish it."

"Your sincere friend,"

EMMA WINTON.

As Mary finished reading, the doctor came in. He said Johnny was in great danger, and must not be left a moment during the night. As the other two children also required great attention, Mary gladly availed herself of the offer of Sarah's services, and asked the landlady to fetch her.

Mrs. Winton sent Sarah immediately, and with her, some soft clean pillows and clean linen for the sick children. Mary entrusted her baby to the care of the nurse, and sat herself watching every movement of her little boy. For three hours he continued in the same state as he was in when the doctor saw him; but at the end of that time he began to change rapidly, and Mary hung over him in agony, expecting every breath to be his last.

At this moment John entered the house, calling loudly, "Where is she? I'll teach her to go visiting fine folks, when the children are ill at home, and I've got no supper. Mary! where's my supper?"

"Hush! John," said Mary, at the top of the stairs; "our boy is dying."

"Oh, nonsense," cried John; "it's all fudge, to get of a beating."

"It is true, John; indeed it is," returned Mary.

Sarah rose, and according to the instructions of Mrs. Winton, who had learned from Mary's landlady that John was at the "Red Lion," and would probably return drunk, gave him a shilling to get a bed at the public house; and with the additional bribe of sixpence, for something to drink, succeeded in sending him away; when she returned to the room, Mary was kneeling by the side of Johnny's lifeless body.

For many weeks after this, Mary saw little of her husband. He was always either too much ashamed of his misconduct to be easy in her presence, or, which was more often the case, carousing with his companions at the "Red Lion." Mrs. Neville had been constant in her generosity. She sent Mary money to bury her child, and to procure herself decent mourning; and when she found the state of destitution to which Mary was being by her husband's evil habit, she made her a weekly allowance, which, though insufficient to keep her and her two surviving children in comfort, was enough to preserve them from actual want.

"Do not hesitate to accept my offer," said Mrs. Neville, kindly, when Mary seemed doubtful as to doing so. "I always put by a certain sum of money for charitable purpose; and I am sure I cannot do better than devote a part of it to support you and your children till you get more work, or your husband renounces his habit of drinking."

Mary did not refuse the offer so kindly made, and so greatly needed; but she was continually rendered uneasy by the consciousness of living on charity, and in her letters to her mother, she, above all things, concealed this fact, knowing that Mrs. Barton would see little difference between her present condition and that so much dreaded by all the honest poor—of living on the parish. She hoped to be able to get work, and to give up her allowance before Mrs. Barton came to Woodthorpe again.

Mrs. Winton had not forgotten Mary during her recent trials. She sent for her on the night of Johnny's funeral, sending Sarah to replace her at the bedside of her sick children, and talked so pleasantly of bygone days, and told her so many interesting pieces of family news, that the dreaded day passed peacefully, and almost happily away. She also took Annie to her house for several days, to give her the benefit of good food and a large garden, while she was recovering; and soon afterwards, when John was discharged from his work, on account of his bad conduct, she persuaded Mr. Winton to employ him, on his promising to be sober during the hours of work. In addition to this, she frequently employed Mary for a day, and kept her promise of saving for her such provisions as were sent down from her own table.

From the time that John entered upon Mr. Winton's employ, he brought Mary part of his wages; but the sum was quite insufficient for the support of her family, and she was still receiving Mrs. Neville's allowance, when a letter brought her word that her mother would be at Woodthorpe on the following day.

"John, dear," said she, in the evening, "mother is coming to nurse a sick baby in Woodthorpe; she will call in upon us to-morrow. Do try to be sober, and seem kind to me; she may not see us again for many a year, and she will always remember us as she sees us now."

"You haven't seen me tipsy lately, have you?" asked John.

"I scarcely know; you are so silent when you are at home, and are so little here, you seem quite a stranger."



John seemed about to make some sudden communication, but stopping short, he said, "Oh! mother's coming to-morrow—that will do best; I will wait a bit."

He would not explain himself, but seemed happier that evening, and was kinder to his wife and children than he had ever been for several months.

The next day, as Mary was sitting in expectation of her mother's arrival, the door was opened by Mrs. Neville.

"Good evening, Mrs. Roberts! I bring you a welcome guest," said she, standing aside, that Mrs. Barton might enter. "I saw your mother laboring with the weight of her parcel, and made her get into my carriage. I have often wished to pay you a visit, so I took the opportunity of coming up."

Mrs. Roberts, who had by this time received and returned her mother's kisses, blushed and set a chair for Mrs. Neville; but that lady turned to Annie, and was soon so much occupied in questioning her, and playing with the baby, that Mrs. Barton had time afforded her to give her daughter a parcel.

"When Mrs. Seldon heard I was coming to Woodthorpe," said she, "she sent for me and gave me this for you; there is a letter letter in it. Mrs. Winton has made it all right between you and her father. See, dear, how kind Mrs. Seldon has been."

Mary opened the parcel, while Mrs. Barton went towards her grandchildren, proud of the notice they were attracting.

"How old is your baby, Mrs. Roberts?" asked Mrs. Neville.

"Hush, ma'am, if you please!" said Mrs. Barton. "She's got a parcel from Mrs. Seldon her old mistress; for Mrs. Winton has begged hard for her forgiveness; and, poor girl, she's crying to see how thoughtful the dear lady has been, putting in bits of black, how they are not over strong."

Mrs. Neville, anxious to not interrupt the pleasure Mary was receiving from looking over her parcel, withdrew behind the bed with the children; so that John, who entered at that moment, did not see her.

"Holloa, mother!" said he, cheerfully; now's the time to tell the good news! Cheer up, Mary! No more poverty! No more drink! And all through Mrs. Winton. But I must begin at the beginning. You know when she took me on; well, I was as drunken a wretch as I could be, and I never cared a straw for you, because I knew the rich lady wouldn't let you starve. Mrs. Winton used to come to me of a day, when I was working in the garden—"

Here Mary, who had recovered from her surprise at John's sudden change of manner, made a sign to him that Mrs. Neville was present; and John, stopping short, begged the lady's pardon, and would have remained silent, had she not desired him to proceed.

"Pray, go on," said she, with an encouraging look. "I am learning a lesson that will be useful to me all my life. Let me hear it all, though I foresee the end."

"Well, ma'am," answered John, who was too much elated to feel awkward at the presence of a stranger, "I'll go on. Where was I? Oh, missis used to come to me, and so she did, and talk to me by the half-hour together; and though I'd heard the same things before scores of times, yet it had been from those I didn't heed; but when my own missis came herself to speak to me, I used to listen; and when she'd gone, I'd think it over and over again, till I'd mostly got something to ask her when she came again. So, at last, she says, in gentle, kind way, 'Will you try, Roberts, to go without drink altogether for a week? I've shown you it's no use taking only a little.' 'Well, ma'am,' says I, 'I will.' So at the end of the week, I told her I hadn't had a drop of anything. 'And now, ma'am,' I says, 'I'll tell Mary. She persuaded me not to say a word till I had gone a month; so I didn't say a word; and, though I brought you half my money, I got missis to take care of the rest, lest you should guess anything; I was inclined to have told you all many a time; but I kept silent, and so it went on till to-day; and now I've signed the pledge never to touch a drop of beer or gin again. No more I will; I've done without it for a month, and I can for a year, or twenty years, if it please God! I'll live so long. And there's the money—' Take it all in a lump, and pay your bills; you shall never get into debt again, or take money from the kind lady, but have enough to live comfortable from your husband, who has a right to give it.'"

Before Mary had time to reply, Mrs. Winton, who did not know of Mrs. Barton's arrival, with the news of her parents' forgiveness, came in to tell of her success. Mary burst into tears when she saw her young mistress, and sobbed out her grateful thanks. Then she covered her hand with kisses.

"How shall I ever thank you enough, ma'am?" said she. "You seem to have given back all that I loved in the world? Poor Johnny is better off in heaven! I would not wish him here."

Mrs. Neville went up to Mrs. Winton, and, offering her hand, said, "Suffer me to know you, madam, and to learn of you the way of doing good. I have long imagined that by giving money alone, we could sufficiently help our poor friends; and, in this belief I have spent large sums every year, without seeing—to produce a proportionate harvest of good. I now see what may be done by the 'labor of love' alone. Taught by your example, what may I not hope to effect by the combination of these means?"

Our ambition is to be so rich that when we go broke we can call it financially embarrassed.

## Man

(Contributed by a Lady Friend)

Men are what women marry; they have two feet, two hands and sometimes two wives, but never more than one collar or one idea at the same time.

Like Turkish cigarettes, men are all made of the same material, the only difference is that some are a little better disguised than others.

Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classes, husbands, bachelors, and widowers; and eligible bachelor is a mass of obstinacy entirely surrounded by suspicion; husbands are of three varieties—prizes, surprises and consolation prizes.

Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest plastic arts known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith, hope and charity—especially charity.

It is a psychological marvel that a soft, fluffy, tender, violet-scented, sweet thing like a woman would enjoy kissing a big, awkward, stubby-chinned, tobacco-and-bay-rum scented thing like a man.

If you flatter a man, it frightens him to death; and if you don't you bore him to death. If you permit him to make love to you he gets tired of you in the end; if you don't he gets tired of you in the beginning.

If you believe him in everything, you soon cease to interest him, and if you argue with him in everything, you soon cease to charm him. If you believe all he tells you, he thinks you a fool, and if you don't he thinks you a cynic.

If you wear gay colors and rouge and wear a startling hat, he hesitates to take you out; and if you wear a little brown toque and a tailor made, he takes you out and stares all evening at a woman in gay colors, rouge and a startling hat.

If you join him in his gayeties and approve him in his smoking he swears you are driving him to the devil; and if you don't approve of his smoking, he vows you are making his life a hell.

If you are the clinging vine type, he doubts whether you have a heart; if you are silly, he longs for a bright mate; and if you are brilliant and intellectual, he longs for a playmate.

If you are popular with other men he is jealous; and if you are not, he hesitates to marry a wallflower.

Gosh ding man anyhow!—

One thing funnier than a man with rouge on his lips is a man with rouge on his forehead.

Vacuum cleaners are handy devices for men. A woman can't hit her husband over the head with one.

They made beer in Egypt thousands of years ago, but it is all gone.

A man's friends are surprised when he marries. So is the man.



## Home

IT TAKES a heap o' livin' in a house  
to make it home.  
A heap o' sun and shadder, an' ye  
sometimes have to room  
Afore ye really 'preciate the things ye  
left behind.  
An' hunger fer 'em somehow, with 'em  
allus on yer mind.  
It don't make any difference how rich  
ye get to be.  
How much yer chairs an' tables cost,  
how great yer luxury!  
It ain't home t' ye, tho it be the palace  
of a king  
Until somehow yer soul is sort o' wrapped  
round ev'rything.

Home ain't a place that gold can buy,  
or get up in a minute.  
Afore it's home there's got t' be a heap  
o' livin' in it;  
Within the wall there's got t' be some  
babies born, an' then  
Right there ye've got t' bring 'em up  
t' women good, an' men;  
And gradjerly, as time goes by, ye find  
ye wouldn't part  
With anything they ever used—they've  
grown into yer heart.  
The old high-chairs, the playthings, too,  
the little shoes they wore  
Ye heard; an' if ye could ye'd keep the  
thumb marks on the door.

Ye've got to weep t' make a home, ye've  
got t' sit an' sigh  
An' watch beside a loved one's bed, an'  
know that death is nigh  
An' in the stillness of the night t' see  
death's angel come  
An' close the eyes o' her that smiled, an'  
leave her sweet voice dumb.  
For these are scenes that grip the heart,  
an' when yer tears are dried  
Ye find the home is dearer than it was,  
an' sanctified.  
An' tuggin' at ye always are the pleas-  
ant memories,  
O' her that was and is no more—ye  
can't escape from these.

Ye've got t' sing an' dance fer years,  
ye've got to romp an' play,  
An' learn t' love the things ye have, by  
usin' 'em each day.  
Even the roses 'round the porch must  
blossom year by year  
Afore they 'come a part o' ye, suggestin'  
someone dear  
Who used t' love 'em long ago, an'  
trained 'em jes' t' run  
The way they do so's they would get  
the early mornin' sun;  
Ye've got t' love each brick an' stone  
from cellar up t' dome;  
It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t'  
make it home.

—Edgar Guest.

## Three Virtues.

If I can smile, when everything is gloomy,  
And somber clouds hang heavy overhead;  
When goblins of despair and doubt pursue me,  
And I am haunted by some secret dread,  
When life has proved a vain and empty bubble,  
And friendship seems a false and hollow shrine;  
If I can smile and face a world of trouble,  
The battle will be won, the victory mine.

If I can love; when love seems only wasted,  
Like falling snow upon the wintry air;  
When all the dews of passion go untasted,  
And when I know the loved ones do not care;  
When those for whom my sacrifice is burning,  
Would fain my motive and my action scorn;  
If I can love; and just forget the spurning,  
A crown will greet me resurrection morn.

If I can serve; from duty never swerving,  
And lighten up a burden here and there;  
For fellow-creatures who are undeserving,  
Without a bit of thankfulness to spare.  
When objects of my waiting seem ungrateful,  
And no responsive heart gives back a thrill;  
If I can serve; though service may be hateful,  
I know that I have done the Master's will.

F. P. WOODWARD

No matter how much time a judge  
gives, he always has some left.

People who walk in their sleep  
should sleep in their shoes.

When a telephone exchange is all  
out of wrong numbers, it sends to a  
shoe store to borrow some.

Nothing is harder on a woman's  
new clothes than one of her enemies.

"Every girl can be beautiful,"  
reads an advertisement. Yes, but  
suppose she is broke?

The gyroscope stops the rolling of  
ships, but nothing seems to stop the  
rolling of cigarets.

Our idea of being out of work is  
having a job figuring what is made  
by cussing the weather.

Everything comes to him who  
goes.

## MAKE YOUR MOTHER PROUD OF YOU, MY BOY

By REV. W. W. VANDERHOFF, D. D.

In this changing world of show and noise  
Be a leader of the other boys,  
With a character upright and strong  
Lead them toward the right and from the wrong;  
Strive to influence all of them for good,  
Be a blessing in your neighborhood;  
Do not any by your play annoy,  
Make your mother proud of you, my boy.

Whether at your work, or at your play,  
Make the most and best of every day.  
Work worth doing is worth doing well,  
Always careful be the truth to tell,  
And remember, too, that honesty,  
Is by far, the wisest policy;  
From your life cut out all sins alloy,  
Make your mother proud of you, my boy.

Never touch the poisoned cigarette,  
That for drink your appetite would whet;  
No tobacco use in any form,  
Though temptations round you thickly swarm,  
Wisely every sinful habit shun  
Be a sober, worthy, grateful son;  
Let bad habits not your life destroy,  
Make your mother proud of you, my boy.

Study hard, make friends with useful books,  
Through a student's life untempting looks;  
Study best prepares a boy for life  
In this world of hustle, bustle, strife  
If you here would ever hope to rise  
School and college you should not despise;  
Wisely you should all your time employ,  
If you would success in life attain,

Work and study with both might and main,  
Heed your mother's counsels, kindly given,  
Make sure work to meet her up in heaven.  
For whatever others may pretend,  
Mother is your dearest earthly friend;  
Strive to give her daily, constant joy,  
Make your mother proud of you, my boy.

Newark, N. J.

Nothing agrees with a grouch, not  
even what he eats.

One serious mistake was making  
two of the hottest months of the year  
have 31 days each.

"Flies talk," says a London sci-  
entist. Well, tell them to go swat  
themselves.

Lots of these blooming straw hats  
have gone to seed.

Strange things happen. In Chicago,  
a woman arrested as a pickpocket  
claims she has never been married.

Mosquito lotion is great stuff. It  
makes them fat and lazy so they are  
easy to hit.

## IN THE BAGGAGE COACH AHEAD.

On a dark, stormy night as the train rat-  
tled on,  
All the passengers had gone to bed  
Except one young man with a babe on  
his arm,  
Who sat there with a bowed down head.  
The innocent one began crying just then  
As though its poor heart would break.  
One angry man said "Make that child stop  
its noise,  
For its keeping all of us awake."  
"Put it out," said another. "Don't keep  
it in here.  
We've paid for our berths and want rest."  
But never a word said the man with the  
child  
As he fondled it close to his breast.  
"Where is its mother? Go, take it to  
her."  
This a lady then softly said,  
"I wish that I could," was the man's sad  
reply.  
"But she's dead in the coach ahead."

Chorus.  
While the train rolled onward a husband  
sat in tears,  
Thinking of the happiness of just a few  
short years,  
For baby's face brings pictures  
Of a cherished hope that's dead,  
For baby's cries can't waken her, in the  
baggage coach ahead.

Every eye filled with tears, when the  
story he told  
Of a wife that was faithful and true,  
He told how he'd saved up his earnings  
for years  
Just to build up a home for two;  
How when Heaven had sent them this  
sweet little babe  
Their young happy lives were blessed.  
His heart seemed to break when he men-  
tioned her name  
And in tears tried to tell them the rest.  
Every woman arose to assist with the  
child.  
There were mothers and wives on that  
train,  
And soon was the little one sleeping in  
peace  
With no thought of sorrow or pain.  
Next day at the station he bade all good-  
bye,  
"God bless you," he softly said.  
Each one had a story to tell in their  
homes  
Of the baggage coach ahead.

David Carter

To 1/2 shoe



# TOUCH OF SOR- ROW BY GRAVE

**Dead Stranger Given a Christian Funeral While Men Who Had Never Seen or Known Him Shed Tears of Sympathy.**

Simple but touching was the funeral service yesterday afternoon for Mr. H. G. Myers, the man who died at a local hospital, a stranger without friends here and leaving only an aged and blind mother in Pensacola.

Failing to make arrangements for interring the body at any other place Messrs. H. W. Owen and J. V. Futch, of Jacksonville, decided to leave the body here. The dead man was their business associate, and they had found him to be clean and straight, and before they left these two men arranged for the funeral.

The casket was borne to Sunset Hill cemetery late yesterday afternoon, accompanied by a number of Valdosta men who laid aside their business cares to be present and assist in giving to this stranger a Christian funeral. The funeral was in charge of The Ousley Co., and when the casket was removed from the hearse there was but a single floral offering, sent by two business associates who came to Valdosta at their own expense to look after their fellow worker.

Dr. J. E. Parker of the First Methodist church, had charge of the service, and before the casket was lowered, Dr. Parker took occasion to make a few remarks. He spoke of the certainty of death and the unknown hereafter and the faithfulness of the two friends who had come from another state to see that a fellow worker was given a Christian burial. The minister spoke of the fact that busy business men had stepped aside from the marts of trade for a time to show attention to one they had never seen, or never heard of before. From this the minister briefly drew a beautiful lesson—the humanity of mankind and although these business men of Valdosta did not know the deceased, God knew him and knew those who were offering their kindly attentions on such an occasion. He also pointed what a comfort it would be the aged and blind mother in another state to know that her son, dead among strangers was given such care and attention, and that his body would repose in a last resting place that would always be cared for and kept in order. It was a sweetly solemn service, and when it was concluded and the casket had reached its last resting place, in a voice choked with emotion Mr. Owen expressed his thanks and appreciation of the attention given his dead associate and before the benediction was pronounced there was not a dry eye around the last resting place of the stranger, but human hearts had been drawn closer together.

## JUST FOR FUN.

It was midnight on the ocean,  
Not a street car was in sight  
The sun was shining brightly  
And it rained all day that night.

'Twas a summer day in winter  
And snow flakes fell like glass,  
A barefoot boy with shoes on  
Stood sitting in the grass.

'Twas evening and the rising sun  
Was setting in the west,  
And the little fishes in the trees  
Were huddling in their nests.

The rain was poring down  
And the moon was shining bright,  
And everything that you could see  
Was hidden out of sight.

While the organ peeled potatoes  
Lard was rendered by the choir,  
As the sexton rang the dishrag  
Someone set the church on fire.

"Holy smokes," the preacher cried,  
In the rain he lost his hair,  
Now his head resembles heaven  
For there is no parting there.

## THE LITTLE DRUMMER.

If I could play in a big brass band  
I would play on the big bass drum,  
And ev'ry time that the band would play  
You'd hear it go boom, boom, boom!

## I COULD NOT CALL HER MOTHER

The marriage rite is o'er  
And tho' I turned aside  
To keep the guests from seeing  
The tears I could not hide;  
I wreathed my face in smiling  
And led my little brother  
To greet my father's chosen,  
But I could not call her mother.

She is a fair, young creature,  
With meek and gentle air,  
With blue eyes soft and loving,  
And silken sunny hair;  
I know my father gives her  
The love he bore another,  
But if she were an angel,  
I could not call her mother.

Last night I heard her singing  
A song I used to love  
When its sweet notes were uttered  
By her who sings above;  
It pained my heart to hear it  
And my tears I could not smother,  
For every word was hallowed  
By the dear voice of my mother.

They've taken her old picture  
From its accustomed place  
And hung besides my father's  
A fairer, younger face,  
They've made her dear old chamber  
The dwelling of another,  
But if she were an angel,  
I could not call her mother.

My father is in the sunshine  
Of happy days to come,  
May half forget the shadows  
That darkened our old home,  
His heart is no more lonely,  
But me and little brother  
Must still be orphaned children—  
God gives us but one mother.

## THE OLD STAGE ROAD.

It was long ago, but the young leaves  
glowed  
In their sun-gilt-den by the mountain  
road,  
When the bee swung on from his black-  
berry bloom,  
When the partridge rose with a hollow  
boom,  
And the rabbit peeped with his eyes,  
ashine,  
And the squirrel jeered from the bough  
of pine,  
And the thrush broke short in his half-  
trilled song,  
As the grand red stage coach jolted along  
The old route over the mountain.

And the bride rode there in her bashful  
grace,  
With sweet-pea colors upon her face,  
With bonnet wide as a glory flower,  
Her loud heart shaking its silken bower,  
Under the gaze of her tender groom,  
Like a humming-bird guarding his lilac  
bloom;  
And the air came fresh on the warm pink  
cheek,  
And gay was the swing and the jolt and  
creak  
Of the stage coach over the mountain.

And there rode the grim-lipped, silent  
man,  
With his wife a-beating her turkey fan,  
Fluffy and proud as that fowl long dead  
When he blushed and bridled with portly  
tread;  
And there the journeyman preacher bent,  
His thin lips feasting on argument,  
And the deacon's quavering note grew  
shrill  
With foreordination and man's free will,  
In the stage coach over the mountain.

It was long ago when the loud wheels  
passed;  
Now thrushes may tinkle their chimes to  
the last.

No nothing troubles the wood-thrush lone,  
The squirrel nibbles the seeds of his cone,  
The nighthawk ruffles his breast in the  
sand,  
The white birch leans with her silver  
wand,  
And elfins lighten the brambles' load,  
And the clover blooms in the gulfed road,  
The old route over the mountain.

And long ago at the end of its route,  
The stage pulled up and the folks step-  
ped out,  
They have all passed under the tavern  
door  
The youth and his bride, and the gray  
threescore,  
Their eyes were weary with dust and  
gleam,  
The day had gone like an empty dream,  
Soft may they slumber, and trouble no  
more,  
For their eager journey, its jolt and roar,  
On the old route over the mountain!

—IRENE PUTNAM.

## Don't Trouble Trouble

(By James Edward Hungerford)

If you don't trouble trouble, it won't  
trouble you,

Just sidestep the worries and frets;  
There's plenty of things that are  
pleasant to do

That leave no remorse or regrets.  
Fight shy of the hives where the  
trouble bees buzz,

They're not to be wandered among;  
For if you go there you will kick up a  
fuss,

And beat a retreat badly stung.

Don't go where the croakers are  
croaking "hard times"

And forecasting troubles to come;  
They'll keep you from harvesting dol-  
lars and dimes,

And put all your hopes on the bum!  
Don't go where they're moaning and  
groaning and blue,

And seeing disaster ahead,  
Because if you do, they'll put skids  
under you,

And knock all your ambition dead!

Steer clear of the crowd that is wail-  
ing of woe,

And bluer than indigo ink;  
Where trouble is brewing, be wise  
and don't go—

Or it will put you on the blink!  
This world is a good place to live in  
and be,

If you will just hold to that view,  
And don't trouble trouble, but only  
good see—

Old Trouble will not trouble you.

To Steel Ranges & Fire Irons



What, stranger? You never heard tell o' Jake Dale, o' the Lucky "George."  
You must a' been raised in the east, or  
If you never clapped ears to the yarn  
Of Jakey Dale an' the race he won  
In the year o' the big ice gorge.

Come March in the spring o' '81,  
An' the river broke at Pierre,  
An' come rafting down on the clean  
rapids.  
She marked it on the Yankton gauge;  
Which I reckon was know to some of a  
stage.  
An' she covered the bottoms here.

The "George" was hitched on the city bar  
Close up by the railroad track.  
When the row began we fixed her strong  
Hinged seven sawyers where two belong.  
She'd a' taken an acre o' soil along  
If she'd dragged in the grindin' pack.

But along one night the drift-ice stop-  
ped;  
The flood run clear as June.  
For the stuff had jammed in Hagin's  
bond.  
An' choked the channel from end to end.  
An' it fought an' screamed like a wild  
cat, panned.  
In the light of the cold March moon.

Yeh see that pint across the bar  
With the rifle o' shoal below?  
Well, that's where the widow o' ole Buck  
Black  
Once had a cinder an' a drift-wood  
shack  
Where she lived an' stayed with her  
young'un pack.  
All which was some time ago.

Well, we on the "George" had tumbled  
out—  
The roar o' the jam was wild—  
When we heard a cry through the  
shriekin' night!  
An' there on the pint, in the pale moon-  
light,  
A wavin' an' yellin' with all her might,  
Stood Buck Black's youngest child.

An' we knowed, without darin' to say  
the word,  
They was tripped for the Great Unknown.  
For the gorge had slapped the current  
round.  
An' cut 'em off from the higher ground.  
An' the hand that could save 'em from  
bein' drowned  
Was the hand of God alone.

When all at once we heard a yell,  
An' down 'cross the willow bank,  
A' layin' a course that was skeercely  
snug.  
Came Jakey Dale, with his whiskey jug,  
As drunk as the mate of a log raft tug  
An' aswearin' somethin' rank.

"You rust-chawed fragments o' junk,"  
sez he,  
Now what do you think you've found?  
A-standin' round on this old bilge tank  
Like a bunch o' frogs on a floatin' plank;  
Be yeh lookin' for gold in yon' cut-  
bank?

An' then he heard that sound.  
As quick as the jump of a piston-rod  
He was over the wheel-box guard;  
An' before we could figger on stoppin'  
him,  
He had slashed the falls from the long  
boat's rim.

An' was out past the slush o' the chan-  
nel's brim,  
A-pullin' quick an' hard.

He sidled his tub through that rippin'  
fume,  
While we stood on the "George" an'  
swore.  
The boy was loony with raw corn gin,  
But he reckoned his course to the width  
of a pin,  
Ran straight to the eddy and clamed  
her in.  
An' staggered himself ashore.

Now, stranger, I want to ask you flat,  
If a man with his head-piece right  
Would a' piled eight folke in that skiff's  
inside  
For a half-mile pull through that mill-  
race tide  
And think to land safe at the end o' the  
ride?  
Well, Jake Dale did that night.

When he shoved her off from the gumbo  
pint  
She reeled like a sawyer snag.  
Then the current caught her along the  
beam  
An' she whirled around and shot down  
stream,  
With the foam from her bow like a cloud  
o' steam.  
As fast as a red-tail stag.

Good Lord, the fright in them children's  
cries!  
It curdled a feller's blood,  
Them river men ain't a prayerful race,  
But that night more'n one sort o' hid his  
face  
An' sent up a plea to the Throne o' Grace  
To guide them through the flood.

An' then that gorge set up a roar  
That shook the solid ground;  
The sort that splits your ears in two  
When a side-wheel packet drops a flue,  
And blows six bilers amongst her crew,  
An' cooks them that ain't drowned.

She was breakin' loose like an avalanche  
Slipped free on a mountain side.  
Jake Dale turned 'round an' gave one look  
An' read the truth like a printed book;  
Then bent to his oars 'till the keel-post  
shook  
An' pulled for the "George's" side.

He jammed her bow through the bucklin'  
tide  
Till the painter floated free.  
With blinded eyes and droppin' skin  
He fought for the race he had set to win.  
Like a soldier fights, till the ice rolled in  
An' ground against her lee.

But he'd got her up to ropin' range  
An' we hauled her to the rail,  
When he'd landed the last one, safe and  
sound,  
Jake followed, an' says, as he looked  
around:  
"You fellers fetch out that jug you  
found,  
I'm as dry as the Mormon Trail."

Well, stranger, that there is the yarn o'  
Jake,  
Jake Dale o' the "Lucky George."  
He wasn't no saint with a gilt-edged  
crown;  
His language would shatter a church  
steeple down;  
He'd a thurst in his throat that nothing  
could drown,  
An' a fist like a blacksmith's forge.

But all the same, he'd a Christian soul  
If he hadn't the Christian creed,  
An' a better heart, by a blame long shot,  
Than some pious folks that brag a lot  
On saving their souls, but haven't got  
No time for their brother's need.

An' I reckon the Lord has found a place  
In the kingdom o' the Lamb  
For the man that cast his own fears by  
An' showed that he wasn't afraid to die  
For the sake of a frightened baby's cry.  
That night o' the big ice jam.

## Barney, the Hero

There goes the bugle,  
Boys; it's half-past five.  
Where is Captain Google—  
Is he still alive?

Heed ye the hero,  
We must win the day,  
For it's Barney's orders  
For all to obey.

"Every man at his post!"  
Comes the short command.  
"Catch me faithful Spark Plug,  
The best horse in the land!"

Sure it was a job  
To catch this noble steed,  
For no one could rob  
Old Sparky of his speed.

There were a million horsemen  
Trying to run him down;  
Sparky never stopped  
Till he reached a German town.

Through the German army  
He busted up their line—  
Kicked half a thousand  
Back into the Rhine. Ha, ha!

Barney now rode Man o' War,  
Sparky's old guide;  
When it came to kicking,  
He was always at his side.

Sparky gave a neigh—  
Every horse reared back. Ha, ha!  
Then I saw "flying Dutchmen"  
Going down the track.

Sparky's noble kicking  
Surely won the day.  
For his feed that night  
He ate a ton of hay.

Barney cut a caper—  
"I'm bound for yonder boat.  
Now, get my Woodman paper  
From my old khaki coat!"

Sparky heard the orders  
And brought the paper nigh;  
Now Sparky and Mrs. Google  
Sure are living high.  
—MAUDE CALHOON.

Clarinda, Ia.

## The Man Who Is Doing His Best

(By James Edward Hungerford)

No matter how little he's getting,  
No matter how little he's got,  
If he wears a grin, and is trying to  
win,  
He is doing a mighty lot.  
No matter how humble his job is,  
If he's striving to reach the crest,  
The world has a prize for the fellow  
who tries—  
The man who is doing his best!  
Today he may be at the bottom  
Of the ladder to wealth and fame;  
On the lowest rung, where he's brave-  
ly clung.

In spite of the knocks—dead game!  
And slowly he's gaining a foothold,  
His eyes on the uppermost round;  
It's a hard old climb, but he knows in  
time  
He will land—and be looking down!  
The fellow who never surrenders,  
And is taking things as they come,  
Who never says "quit" and exhibits  
grit  
When the whole world's looking  
glum;

The fellow who stays to the finish,  
That nothing can hinder or stop,  
And who works like sin, is the chap  
who'll win—  
And some day he'll land on top!

## The Common Touch

By Edgar A. Guest

I would not be too wise—so very wise  
That I must sneer at simple songs and creeds,  
And let the glare of wisdom blind my eyes  
To humble people and their humble needs.

I would not care to climb so high that I  
Could never hear the children at their play,  
Could only see the people passing by,  
Yet never hear the cheering words they say.

I would not know too much—too much to smile  
At trivial errors of the heart and hand,  
Nor be too proud to play the friend the while,  
And cease to help and know and understand.

I would not care to sit upon a throne,  
Or build my house upon a mountain top,  
Where I must dwell in glory all alone  
And never friend come in or poor man stop.

God grant that I may live upon this earth,  
And face the tasks which every morning brings,  
And never lose the glory and the worth  
Of humble service and the simple things.  
—From "All That Matters"



# PROMOTED

(By James Edward Hungerford)

Since ol' Hawley's been promoted, somehow things don't seem the same  
Ol' place 'pears so kind o' empty—somethin' gone that's hard to name;  
There's his desk just like he left it, ev'rything so spick an' span;  
Ev'rything so right an' proper—he was just that kind o' man;  
There's his ol' cob pipe up yonder, in that left-hand pigeon hole;  
There's his match box, where he laid it, an' his clay tobacco bowl;  
There's his sleevelets, an' the eyeshade that he used to always wear,  
An' the office coat he'd fetched with him from 'way back east, somewhere;  
Yep, he's gone, but still there lingers 'bout that battered desk o' his,  
Somethin' so just like ol' Hawley—can't explain just what it is.

Since ol' Hawley's been promoted, boys don't have so much to say;  
Kind o' seems as though words left us, when ol' Hawley went away;  
He was one o' those quiet fellers, who don't say much from the start,  
But just kind o' worms his way into most ev'rybody's heart;  
Now an' then he'd tell a story in a voice so droll an' dry,  
That we'd hold our sides an' holler, 'til the tears 'ud blind our eye!  
Wasn't so much at the stories, or the things they were about,  
As the droll, amusin' way that cuss 'ud sort o' let 'em out!  
Had that winnin' way about him—kind o' hard to make it plain,  
But we'd all be mighty happy to have Hawley back again.

Since ol' Hawley's gone an' left us, there's a lot more work to do,  
For somehow he'd hold his own job, an' he'd help us hold ours, too!  
Never cared how hard the work was, or how lofty loomed the pile;  
Never stopped to kick or grumble—just went at it with a smile!  
Used to say, "Don't fret, now, fellers, ev'rything'll come out right!"  
An' those cheerin' words—God bless 'im—used to hearten' us a sight!  
Golly, how we fellers mourn him—how we miss his homely face;  
No one ever can replace him in our hearts, or fill his place!  
Don't know just what job he landel—can't say what he gained in pay;  
Guess ol' Hawley have to tell us—when we meet on Judgment Day.

## THE HELPLESS MAN

"Last night I dreamed I'd died,"  
said she,  
"Passed from this world and trou-  
ble-free;

And getting up to Heaven's gate  
I was received in royal state.  
'Come in and rest,' St. Peter said,  
'Poor, weary wife be comforted,  
Come in and put your cares away.'  
'No, no' said I, 'I must not stay.'

"What troubles you?" he asked and  
smiled,  
'At last you've come to Heaven,  
child!'

'I know,' I said, 'and I am proud  
To think in here I'd be allowed.  
But back to earth please let me go  
My helpless husband needs me so;  
Since first I took his wedding ring  
He hasn't found a single thing.

"I have to find his shoes and spats  
His overcoats and ties and hats;  
At morn I've passed him out his  
hose,  
Where they are kept he never  
knows  
And were they right beneath his  
nose  
He'd never see them. When he goes  
Upon a little business trip  
I must be there to pack his grip.

"Poor man, he'll quickly come to  
grief  
He cannot find his handkerchief.  
In vain about the house he'll look  
For his pajamas on the hook;  
For thirty years I now assert  
I've put the buttons in his shirt.  
Without me now, I'm asking you  
Whatever will my husband do?"

## WITHOUT MOTHER!

The lines of Marie Galbraith are  
full of the loneliness of the life and  
the emptiness of the home "Without  
mother."

"It's awful lonesome at our house  
'Thout mother;  
It's just as quiet as a mouse  
'Thout mother.  
An' father looks so lonely there  
Of evenin's, sittin' in his chair;  
It just ain't cheerful anywhere  
'Thout mother!

"It's awful hard to get along  
'Thout mother;  
It seems that everything goes wrong  
'Thout mother.  
'Course, father does the best he can;  
But then, you know, he's just a man,  
An' don't know how to fix an' plan  
Like mother.

"Seems like I don't enjoy my play  
'Thout mother;  
Things just get worse every day  
'Thout mother!  
There's no one now to mend my doll,  
Nobody's sorry when I fall—  
O, home, just ain't no place at all  
'Thout mother!

"But father says we must be brave  
'Thout mother;  
'Cause him an' me, we only have  
One 'nother.  
An' if we're brave, an' strong, an'  
true  
An' good, just like she told us to,  
We'll go up home, when life is  
through, to mother!"

38 Mrs. Touchstone & Wife Dr

To 1 1/2 yds Gingham 25-

1 Pz Specks 62

1 Pz Morocco Boots 1 50 2 31

37 Mrs. Touchstone & Wife Dr

To 4 yds Gingham 25- 1 00

8 1/2 - Mullin 23- 1 12 2 12

312 Bryant Edmundson & Wife

To 5 yds Mullin 23- 2 00

1 Pz Boys Shoes 88 2 88

78 8



Alapaha Georgia 14<sup>th</sup> July 1851

111<sup>st</sup> Enl. Anne Johnson & Co

To 10 Cat Buttons 10

1 Sp Thread 12

4 yds Bingham exp 1 00 1 27

231 Mrs Catherine Stanton by Surge

To 1<sup>st</sup> 8 Sales 20

1 Bot Pain Killer 19 44

X Kentonville Store &

To Manning Quarts note 5 00

X Alapaha Store &

By Quarts note sent to Chicago 5 00

31 Roan Pafford & Co

To Mchdgs as per Billings 2 74

24<sup>th</sup> The Carroll & Birch &

To 1 Sp Thread 12

15 15<sup>th</sup> Mrs Ricy Murry & Co

To 2 Pa Mchdgs exp 25

1 Bot Matches 16

1 Pa Cat Cards 63

1 - Bys Shoes 94

1 Short Postboard 12

1 1/2 yds Bingham exp 30

20 - Shirting exp 2 00

3 1/2 - Check exp 52

2 - Miss Mchdgs exp 1 25

6 - Cap. Borden exp 75

1 Sp Thread 12

1 Pa Pins 13 7 10

125<sup>th</sup> Morris Worthington & Justice

To 5 1/2 yds Edging exp 55

3 - Bingham exp 75 1 20

X Henry Justice & Co

To 2<sup>nd</sup> Tobacco etc 80

1372



Alapaha Georgia 15<sup>th</sup> July 1851

X John Gastkins Jr Self &  
To 3 yds Pant Stuff 05/-

41 Joseph & Peter's John & r  
To 1 Pr Calf Shoes 2 00  
4 yds Gingham 02/- 1 00  
1 Sp Thread 12

36 Adam & Peter's S & r  
To 4 1/2 yds Gingham 02/- 1 19  
1 Sp Thread 12  
2 Box Matches 13  
2 yds Edging 010 20

83 Capt M<sup>r</sup> Peters John & r  
To 3 yds Shot 02/-

264 Mrs Carroll Sr S & r  
To 1/2 yds L Paper

155 Blackston Mullis & Paughter  
To 1 Fine Bonnett 3 00  
1 Pr Shoes 1 50  
1 Ladies Horse 38  
8 yds + Muslin 03/- 3 60  
1 Sp Thread 12  
1 Bot W & Eggs 13

181 Genl L. J. Knight S & r  
To 10 11 Plough Head

27 Revd M<sup>r</sup> A Knight S & r  
To 1 Hand Fan

315 M<sup>r</sup> J Lock S & r  
To 1 Pr Shoes 1 25  
2 Bots Cologne 25

16 Eli Stanford S & r  
To 3 yds Shirting 010 50  
1 W & V File 13

18 51



Alapaha Va August 18/51  
Jesse Carroll Dr \$  
To 1 pr worn shoes 1 00

324 Corralius Lightsey Dr \$  
To 1 pr new saddle bags 1.25  
1 Sk Pro whf 1 -  
1 Dz Emulphus .12  
1 pr cap paper 25 6 12

112 Isaac W. Carter Dr \$  
To 1 palm Mat & lining 75

234 Peter Worthington Sr Dr \$  
To 2 1/2 lbs Tobacco 1 00  
6 C Coffee 1 - 2 00

224 Joseph Worthington Dr \$  
To 2 1/2 lbs Tobacco 1 -

144 Wm J. Carroll Dr \$  
To 1 pr suspenders 50

2 152 Wm. Roberts Dr \$  
To 1 Small Straw Bonnet 1 -

323 George Reinard Dr \$  
To 1 Blk fur Mat 2.50  
1 Sk Pro whf 25 3 25

146 Isaac Carter Jr Dr \$  
To 1 pr shoes 1.25  
1 Bonnet Bed tick 2 00 3 25

312 Bryant Edmunds Dr \$  
To 1 flow Bon 50  
1 Bot Sarsaparilla 1 - 50

By 1 pr Boys shoes returned .88



Hapaha Ho August 2<sup>nd</sup> 1851

John Touchstone Dr S  
 To 1 yd B. lace 62  
 4 " Edging 20  
 1 pr more Shws 1.00 2.52

Wm E. Clements Dr Sm  
 To 12" Sails 1

John Touchstone Dr Sm  
 To 2 Sun Tubes 38

Ismael Lee Cr  
 By Cash 1.88

Curran Dominam Dr Sattin  
 To 8 yd S. rib 1  
 1 yd B. rib 13  
 1 " Spodidoc 12 1 25

John Sattin Dr S.  
 To 3 yd Stripe drilt 1.00  
 3 " fancy D 1.13  
 3 " Black shitz 1.55  
 1/2 " Irish Linen .31  
 1/4 " Doublet shitz 1  
 1 Dg. Pearl Buttons 13  
 1 " Agate D 12  
 1 " " D 18  
 1 Changable color coat 3.00 8 22

W J Locke Dr f  
 To 1 pr pants 3.25  
 3/4 yd fancy Blue 1.10  
 1 " shitz for swimming 13  
 1 Sp. cotton 12  
 1/4 " Candy 12 61

Isaac Sattin Dr S  
 To 1/2" Sal Glauber 16

17 84



Alachua August 1/51

24 James Carroll Dr S.  
To 1 Bot of dildoo 13  
3/4 yd Blk cambric .09  
1/3 " Shitz yd Blk cambric 30

35 Jesse P. Vining Dr S.  
To 1 Butcher Knife Knicker knife 38  
Jesse

44 John P. Knecht Dr Sander  
To 1 Bot Vermifuge 25  
Q paper Row 6 31  
Sum 8

84 Capt Wm Petros Dr S.  
To 1/2 Oz Indigo 25  
1/2 " S. red 50  
1 Set Brit. Table Spoons 44 169

33 Jesse P. Vining Dr S.  
To 1 Bot of dildoo 13  
1/2 Lr paper 12  
1/2 " Powder 25 50

58 Saml Carter Jr Dr Sater  
To 3 yds Shitz 38  
1/2 " Irish Linen 31  
1 Sp cotton 12 81

183 Saml Carter Jr Dr Dargham  
To 3/4 yd alpacca 38  
1/2 Dg Buttons 06  
1 yd cambric 12  
10 " Shitz 1  
1 Sp cotton 13 169

161 Griffin Carter Dr S.  
To 1 Gun Lock 125  
2 Lr Oxen 25  
3 yds Cot-osuaburgs 45 245

X Eligar Carter (Sons son) Dr  
To 5 yds Singhams 1  
913



Alapata to August 5<sup>th</sup> 1881

107 Paul B. Carroll Dr S

To 10 lb Stone

18

108 Levi Daway Dr S

To 2 Palm Nats

15

3<sup>rd</sup> Tobacco

1

1<sup>st</sup> Sal Stawer

12

1 81

109 Wm Carter Dr S

To 1 Sp Red Cotton

16

113 Wm A Carter Dr S

To 2 Fid Strings

20

Wm. Mc. Nichols Dr S

To 1<sup>st</sup> Tobacco

40

244 Isaac McFanning Dr S

To 1 Pr. Shoes

1 25<sup>th</sup>

1 Blk Fur Hat

2 00

1 Hand saw file

13

3 88

246 Felix Touchette Dr S

To 2 1/2<sup>th</sup> Tobacco

1

1 Fur Skin

50

1 Fid. Boly

18

1 68

264 James Carroll Dr Miss Ann Jane

To 1 Pr. By Shoes

7-11

24 Wm Jas Guthrie Dr

To 1<sup>st</sup> Shot

13

286 Wily Bennett Dr S

To 16 1/2<sup>th</sup> Coffee

8

2 1/2<sup>th</sup> Tobacco

1

1/2<sup>th</sup> Sal Expon

18

4 13

240 David Carter Dr S

To 6 Gun flints

46

1339



Alapaha So August 8<sup>th</sup> 51

137 Saml Carter Dr  
To 6 Gun flints 10

9 Jessu Carroll Dr 8  
To 1 Copper Pt 103

Wm Mc Nichols Dr 8  
To 1/2 Dr L. paper 12

117 James W. Staten Dr 8 Dr wife  
To 1 pr Suspenders 50  
Exp 2 Yds Calico 1.22  
2 " Suspenders 50  
1 lb S. rice 13  
1 Dg. Buttons 12 2 51

22 David Fender Dr Son  
To 3 1/2 Copper 1

158 John Thos Carroll Dr 8  
To 1 lb Indigo 18  
1 lb Copper 13 31

309 Wm Lamb Dr 8  
To 1 pr Buttons 1 50

319 Wm J Locke Dr 8  
To Buttons 10

55 D. B. Carroll Dr 8  
To 8 Plugs Tobacco 2 50

162 Giddin Perkins Dr 8  
To 1 pr Morocco Shoes 1 38  
1 Shot 13  
1 Hat Cal 1 25  
1 pr Morocco Shoes 1 38  
4 Brid Strings 50  
1 file N. S. 12  
1 Mandrel mould 37 5 63



Hapahae August 7<sup>th</sup> 1851  
143 John Knight Jr Dr  
To 2 oz indigo

2<sup>nd</sup> David Clements Dr Lushin  
To 2<sup>nd</sup> Shot

8 12 Jacob L. Tendar Dr S  
To 1 Silk Purse 08  
To Bread 1

148 John Cutler Dr S  
To 1 Pa. Needles .13  
To 1<sup>st</sup> Coffee 16  
8 yds Calico 1.20  
To 1 Dr Slippers 1.5 30

149 R. W. Burkhalter Dr Sam  
To 1 Bunch Cot yarn 1 30

150 Wm J. Tendar Dr Geo Burkhalter  
To 2 Bunches Cot yarn 2 20

61 Sulford Lasterger Cr  
By 2 for Boy shoes returned 2.38  
To 1 Dr Miss R. L. Rogers 1.25

2 1/2<sup>nd</sup> Tobacco 1 50 2 20

151 Saml McCloy Dr Sam  
To bal on yarn 80

152 Mrs Mary Duran Dr  
To 1<sup>st</sup> Tobacco 40  
1 Bunch Cot yarn 1 58 1 78

153 David Stanford Dr  
To paid Rubin & Eli for wry 45

154 Rubin Stanford Dr  
To 1<sup>st</sup> Powder 20  
13 80



Alapaha Mo August 8<sup>th</sup> / 37

X Charles Kinard Cr  
By Cash . 38

22 David Jender Dr 2m  
To 1<sup>st</sup> Sal Blaster

9 Mr R. H. Burkhalter Dr 3  
To 1 Bunch best Yarn 138  
2 1/2 yds pant cloth 2

38 Wm. Robinson Dr  
To 1 Po strips  
1 Spur

312 Bryant Edmondson  
By Sarsaparilla return

312 James Edmondson  
To Bal on Umbrella  
File thread

285 John Baughman Dr  
To 1 Hawk gun

165 John D. Peters Dr  
To 1 Set R. & forks  
1 " Co. Sauce  
1/2 Sal Exatus

323 George Kinard Dr  
To 1 Chin Stag  
2<sup>nd</sup> Tobacco

35 Jessa A. Vining Dr  
To 2 Palm Hats  
O flints

175 Wm. S. Atkins Dr  
To 11<sup>th</sup> Coffee

223 John S. Atkins Dr  
To 1 Duck Comb



Mapaka Geo 9<sup>th</sup> Aug 51

John Register Dr S

2<sup>nd</sup> Coffee 2

1<sup>st</sup> Tobacco .00

1 Set Rinsed plates 1.00

6 Bwls .06

1 P. Shoe 1.25

1 Coat Hk 13 5 74

John Register Dr S

1<sup>st</sup> Tobacco .00

Shaw Dr S

Lock 1.75

20 Buttons 19 1 94

Coff Dr S

Tobacco 1.50

Landnam 13 1 38

Carroll Dr S

Shoes 25

Waloy Dr S

1 Knife 30

Allen Sn Dr S

1 Hat & lining 75

Carroll Dr S

Shts. 75

Lin. cloth 1.13

L. paper 12 2 00

Carroll Dr S

100 cards 63

Fullard Dr S

order 25

100 25

100 125 2 25

Shts 15 2 94

10 7



Alapaha Geo 11<sup>th</sup> August 51  
311 W. Locke  
Do 1 Silk Pic 744  
1/2 yds Ribbon  
1 Thumb W 10 1 16

232 Allen Moor Dr S  
Do 1<sup>st</sup> Tobacco 40

102 Amos Bullard Cr  
By Venison 38  
Dr  
Do 1 Coat 744 11

212 John R. Walker Dr S  
Do 2 Do Bridle reins 1.18  
1 " Martingals 1.25  
1 Bot Cologne .11 2 57

110 Isaac W Carter Dr  
Do Fid Strings 15

Wm. C Knight Cr  
By Cash .38

146 Isaac Carter Jr Dr S  
Do 1/2 yds Mohair Co. 2.11  
1 Do Buttons 25  
2 yds Stk 25-3 20

185 James S. Peters Dr  
Do Cash sent for paper 1 13

B- Isaac Baldry Cr  
By Cash 1.28

225 James M. Chitty Dr S  
Do 1 Hot & Living 75  
1 arithmetic 50  
1 Slate 25 1 50

10 20



130

Mapana Gro 13<sup>th</sup> Aug 51  
 Josiah Vining D<sup>r</sup> S  
 Do Spur 44  
 1<sup>st</sup> Mr Br. 76<sup>th</sup> 25 1 19

17 Wm. Carter D<sup>r</sup> S  
 To 1 Collins Apr 150  
 @ flints 16  
 1 yd Calico 19  
 1 " Edging 12 1 87

321 Harrison Jones D<sup>r</sup> S  
 To 6 yds Blue pant-stretch 186  
 1 pr Bot cards 63  
 2 " Shoes 250  
 2 " D<sup>r</sup> 225-  
 1 " " Morocco 137  
 3 6 1/4 yds Skt. 3.63  
 4 Bars Soap .60  
 1 Bag .25-  
 1 Bunch Bot yarn 1.37  
 3 Lid Strings .38  
 2 Sks Silr 12 14 96

16 Wm. Main D<sup>r</sup> S  
 To 1 Pad Lock 25-  
 1 Cake Soap .10  
 3 Iron Spoons .19  
 1 Bot pills 25- 39

83 Capt Peters D<sup>r</sup>  
 To 2 pr Shoes 2-  
 1<sup>st</sup> paper .25 2 25

86 Cornelius B. Lighty D<sup>r</sup> S Birman  
 To 3/4 yd I. Linen 56

87 Jessu Carrou D<sup>r</sup> S  
 To 1 Th. S. file 12  
 2 6<sup>th</sup> Rope 22<sup>nd</sup> 5.72 3-84

27 46



Alapaha Geo August 19<sup>th</sup> 51

Saml. McCoy Dr Son

To 5 1/2<sup>lb</sup> Coffee 1 -

2 1/2<sup>lb</sup> Tobacco 1 - 2 -

525 Miss Candis Leaptrot Dr S

To 1 Parasol (Silk) 1.50

1 Lady's Corset -- .50

1 Pa. Shell Side Combs .50

3 yds Black Shtg. .50 .50

10 French Muslin 31.8 3.10

8. Calico 2.50 2.00

1 Box Hooks & Eyes 13 8 18

John Knight & Son

24 Aaron Tomlinson Dr S

To 2 lb S. red 2.50

1 lb Cotton 13

5 yds Blue Shtg. .50 2.50 1 13

21 85 Capt Peters Dr

By 1 for shoes returned 1.00

To 12<sup>lb</sup> Nails 1 - 1 -

50 Sam. Peters Dr S

To 2 for Butts 3/4 .75

3 Dg screws 1/4 .88

1 Sickle .50 1 63

44 John D. Funder Dr Patton

To 1<sup>lb</sup> Tobacco 40

44 Saml Register Dr Patton

To 1<sup>lb</sup> Tobacco 40

43 Wm Patton Dr S

To 1/2 lb S. red .50

3 yds Edging 3.80 88

42 A. J. Liles Dr

To 1 Bot. Bitters 62

1 Box Files 15

Boat cloth & Trimming 65 142



121 Hephatha Dr Aug 21<sup>st</sup> / 31

2 Juss. Carroll Dr  
By Change 20000 to H. M. 4.81

323 George Kinard Dr  
By Change taken from J. S. Kinard 4 81

265 J. Mumford Dr  
To 3/8 Bale Band Box 1st full 51. 2 00

265 John Dauchman Dr 20 50  
To 5 1/2 yds Blue crat cloth 1 05  
1 Pa Pins 12  
1 1/2 yds Ribbon 15  
1/2 " Edging 9  
1 Pa Childs Shoes 1 00  
1/2 yd Gum Footed 6  
1 1/2 Pearl Short Buttons 12 3 10

189 John Watson Dr  
To 3 yds pink Cloth Co. 1 80

Wm Smith. Dr S. B. Smith Son  
To 3 yds Blue pink Cloth 1 80  
1 Hand Hat 18 1 90

87 Miss Lucy Ann Boyett Dr Father  
To 11<sup>th</sup> Coffee 2 00  
5<sup>th</sup> Tobacco 2 00  
1 1/2 yds Gum Footed 15  
1 Wood Hat 1 50  
1 Coat 1/2 19 5 80

87 Levi Drowdy Dr S  
To 5 Spill & repairs 1 13  
1 Coat 1/2 18  
1 Pa Stud yards 1 50 2 80

James Patton Dr S  
To 3 yds Strig 45. Buttons & threads 63  
1 Str. D. 7 1/2 yds 110, 103 lb. 113  
1 Str. D. 12 1/2 yds 120, 103 lb. 113  
1 Str. D. 12 1/2 yds 120, 103 lb. 113 37 2 44



Alapaha Ga 23<sup>rd</sup> Aug / 51

137 Wm. E. Clements Dr Son

To 1 pr shoe 1.25  
3 of Buttons 38 1 63

165 John P. Peters Dr S

To 1 yd Shity 15  
1/2 Sal Epsom 12 27

217 Wm Seaborn Peters Dr S

To 9 yds Singham 20 2.25  
1 Thimble .06  
1 Sp Cotton 10  
1 Pa Needle 12  
1/2 Grocc Buttons 13  
11<sup>th</sup> Coffee 2  
2 Dixie Matches 12 4 81

303 Moses S Sutton Dr Son

To 2 Calum Hats Mining 34  
4 Gun flints 15 34

257 Mordecai Sui Dr

To 1 Pr Spectacles 13

319 W J Leno Dr S

To 1/4<sup>th</sup> Candy 13

337 Benj. Simmons Sr Dr S

To 12<sup>th</sup> Nails 1  
4 yds bot Singham 1 2 11

347 Benj. Wanas Dr S

To 6<sup>th</sup> Nails 57  
3/4 yds Calico D.S. 83  
1 Spool Red Cotton 6  
1 Shub paste Board 12 1 51

357 Jas Learrott Dr Son

To 2 of Inerigo 25

367



Alapaha Mo August 23<sup>rd</sup> 1857

22 David Fenner Dr

To 12<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> Nails 1<sup>-</sup>  
5<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> Coffin 1<sup>-</sup> 2 00

162 Fiddim Perkins Dr

To 1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> Powder 3<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>  
1 half round file 13 63

2643 Wm Sastinger Cr

By 212<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> feet plank ~~212~~ 2, 12

52 Paul Carroll Dr

To 4<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> 1 Bot. Es. pepperunt 13

38 Wm. Robinson Dr. Justice

To 3 yds lark canvas 14 42

Henry Justice Dr

To 3 yds Gingham 1, 25

1 Sp lark cotton C

1 " white Dr 13

1 Blk Str Cravat 1, 25

2 Bot Es. Minamun 25

2<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> Tobacco 1<sup>-</sup>

1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> Powder 25

1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> Shot 12 4 51

43 B. H. Bailey Dr

To 1 Horse Saddle 44

158 John A. Carroll Dr

To 1 Pr. Russia 1 38

Henry Sastinger Dr

To 1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> Candy 13

304 James D. Hamburg Dr

To Cash 1 00

404 E. J. Stanford Dr

To 1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> yd I. Lurin 4



141  
Alapaha Dec 28<sup>th</sup> August 51

57 Saml Carter Jr D<sup>r</sup>

To 2<sup>nd</sup> Tobacco 80

1<sup>st</sup> Sal Egan 25

2 yds Cotton candy 2 @ 231

161 Griffin Carter D<sup>r</sup> Bro

To 1<sup>st</sup> Tobacco 10

1<sup>st</sup> Sal Egan 16 16

206 Wm S. Roberts D<sup>r</sup> Mrs Studstill

To 2<sup>nd</sup> of Campton 13

1 Campton 12 25

313 John Tomlinson Jr D<sup>r</sup> Sent wife

To Goods as per Bill 11 10

287 Harris Tomlinson Jr D<sup>r</sup>

To 8 yds Calico 1.20

1 Dress Corded Stick 58

2 yds Calico 25

1/2 " D<sup>r</sup> 28

1 " Chuck 15

10 yds Sh<sup>g</sup> 1 -

1 D<sup>r</sup> Clogne 19

3<sup>rd</sup> Tobacco 1.20 46

Old Mrs Studstill D<sup>r</sup>

To 1/2 yd Dark muslin 51

1 pr S. Cornets 13

1/2 yd Calico 25 69

Guilford Tomlinson D<sup>r</sup>

To 1 white for Neck 2.50

1 Sh<sup>g</sup> for Neck 75

3 yds Sh<sup>g</sup> 31 350

47 Wm Carter Sen. D<sup>r</sup>

To 1/2 Iron Agate Buttons 51

3 D<sup>r</sup> shirt 58

10 flannel D<sup>r</sup> 20

1 Sh<sup>g</sup> 1/2 8/10 6 114

2424



Alapaha No 28<sup>th</sup> Aug 31

254 John Register Dr

To Cash 50 <sup>cts</sup>	60	
11 <sup>th</sup> Calico 2/6	188	
1 1/2 <sup>th</sup> Cotton	106	
4 yds Calico	50	
3 <sup>th</sup> D <sup>n</sup>	15	
1 <sup>th</sup> D <sup>n</sup>	20	
1 1/2 <sup>th</sup> Tobacco	50	
1 Pot	188	
1 Blk Shm	1.00	7 07

103 Wm A. Carter Dr &

To 1<sup>st</sup> Envelopes 12

35 Jesse P. Tining Dr

To 1<sup>st</sup> Sal Glauca 13

157 Jonathan Knights Dr &

To 1 Lot Shms	C. 25 <sup>cts</sup>	
1 Bonnet & Box	3.50	
1 Blk Veil	50	
11 <sup>th</sup> Coffee	2 00	
1 Plate	25	
1 Candle mould	32	13 32

22 David Vender Dr Son

To 2 Pot Shms	2.37	
1 Box pills	25	
1 <sup>st</sup> Powder	50	3 12

146 Isaac Carter Dr &

To 3 1/2 <sup>th</sup> Coffee	1.00	
1 <sup>st</sup> Tobacco	40	
3 1/2 <sup>th</sup> Nails	28	1 68

Wiley P. Martin Dr &

To 8 yds alpaca	4.00	
1 Bonnet & Box	2.00	6 00

114 Amos Bullard Dr

To 1<sup>st</sup> Tobacco 40

3 1 84



Alapaha 1st August 31<sup>st</sup> 1831

3<sup>rd</sup> Jessu & Pining Dr  
 To 11<sup>th</sup> Coffee 2  
 2 Do Shoes 2.25  
 1<sup>st</sup> Tobacco 4 60

1<sup>st</sup> Wm. E. Clements Dr Sen  
 To 1<sup>st</sup> Shot 13  
 Wm. 1<sup>st</sup> Span Broon 12  
 1 Hand Lason 8 63

Wm. W. Haring

3<sup>rd</sup> John Pining Dr  
 To 1 Bot Es. Cinnamon 1 13

1<sup>st</sup> D. C. Gausas Sen, Dr  
 To 1 Spelt & Defuier 25  
 1 for Wood Lents 6 31

22<sup>nd</sup> Gauson Well Dr J  
 To 1 Buttons Nepomica 17  
 1 Arithmetic 30  
 1 G. Gum Solidu 13 00  
 1<sup>st</sup> Tobacco 1 11



140  
Alapaha Georgia 31<sup>st</sup> 1851  
To Beng. Simons Jr Dr 800  
To 1 Sch B. Books 13

35 Wm P. Roberts O. P.  
To paid Frank (his by) 2 110

36 George W. Roberts P. O.  
To paid By Thomas 4 00

Alapaha Division S. I. P. "  
To 4 bundle Sticks 1/6 75

37 Wm J. Locke P. S.  
To 1 Lot Esquinamar 13

38 James L. Samburg P.  
To 1/4 Candy 13

39 Wm A. Carter P.  
To 1/4 Candy 13

Alapaha Store Co.  
By Saler 7 27



Mapaka Soc. Sept 18 1857

124 V. C. Burkhallor Dr. son  
To 12<sup>+</sup> Nails 1 10

125 John Gutrie Dr. S  
To 1 Buck Comb 25  
Cyls Celging 25  
3 pas. pins 38  
3/2<sup>+</sup> Coffin 1 ~  
1/2<sup>+</sup> Puffer 12  
Pipes 13 2 13

126 Benj. Sirmans Dr. S.  
To 1/2<sup>+</sup> Starch 13

127 Saml Gutrie Dr. Father  
To 1 P. Shoes 125  
2<sup>+</sup> Shoes 25 125

128 Moselle Lee Dr. S.  
To 1 P. Daps Shoes 24

129 John Studgill Dr. S  
To 1 Seb Cuffs & Suncers 38  
" Plates 37 75

130 George W. Gendron Dr. S  
To 1 Jar Charcoal paste 57  
1 Tooth Brush 25 75

131 Andrew J. Liles Dr.  
To 1 P. Shoes 125 125  
~~Gift in Thanks~~  
~~2 Lot Letters~~  
~~1 Box pills~~

132 David Johnson Dr. Son  
To 1 P. calf Shoes 25  
1 Bk fur Hat 25  
1 P. Suspenders 38  
3 yds Bk mohair @ 1 80  
1 P. Socks 25 693



Alapaha Mo Sept 4<sup>th</sup> 1831

31 Mrs C. Staton Dr Mrs Roberts

To 1 P more Shirts 11/ 1 38

32 Mrs L. Lee Dr S

To 2 P Childs Shirts 1 56

2 28 John Baugham Dr S

To 1 Blk fur Hat 2.50

1 Box matches 00

1 Sp Cotton 13 2 69

33 John Register Dr Father

To 1 Pk Flats 38

34 Saml Register Jr Dr S

To 2 1/2 Tobacco 1 1/2

1 Crum 2.50

1 yd Bob. Lace .05

2 yd Cap Dr S 50

1 Sp Cotton 13

1 Glazed Cap .07 5 13

35 Wm Roberts Cr

By Smith returned Dr 80

To 1 P Childs Shirts 94

36 Wm Carter Dr S

To 5 Tobacco 2 1/2

1 yd B Lace .50

3 " Lace Edging 38

2 Pk Knives 25 3 19

37 Saml Staton Dr S

To 1 P pants 2.50

1 Vest 3.00

3 1/2 yd Blue Chambray 1.15

1 Sp Cotton 13 @ 68



Mapaha No Sept 2<sup>nd</sup> 1831

103 Wright Brown Dr fr  
To 2 yds Bk Cambric of

25

Saml McCoy Dr Brown  
To Gun flint

06

Wm Smith Dr  
By Cash

1.31

31 Rowan Pafford Dr fr

To 2 P<sup>d</sup> Shoes 2.38

1/2 yds Calico 1.30

1 Hunt Marlboro Stride 50

1 P<sup>d</sup> Saddle Bags 3.10

Gun flint , 06

7 44

Capt J. J. Johnson Dr Tom  
To 8 yds Calico of

2 11

125 Joseph Simons Dr fr

To 1 yd Bk Alpaca 50

3 " Bk. Lace Edging 15

95

204 Saml Carroll Dr fr

To 1 pr Morocco Shoes

1 38

3 214 David Carter Dr fr

To 7 yds Calico of 1.75

1/2 yd Fyrmel Moustin 44

1 yd Gun Cotton 13

2 32

137 Saml Carter fr Dr Sm

To 1 Bot B. Prop

13

Wm. Wilkinson fr Dr

To 1 pr Lushmore 50

1/4 Candy 13

1 P<sup>d</sup> Mustangals 50

3/2 yds Gingham 1 05

1 Spool Cotton 13

2 31

16 83



124  
 217 Wm. S. Peters Dr  
 To 2 B. Childs Shoes O.C.  
 12 Green Footina 13  
 11 Coffee 2 ~ 8 79

318 Joseph Smith Dr  
 To 1 B. Childs Shoes 81  
 1 1/2 Mus D 1.25  
 1 Pa pins 13 2 19

97 George Carter Dr  
 To 1 Collins Apr 1.50  
 1 Bk Shs Turpentine 54 1 94

244 James Barrett Dr  
 To 1/2 Linn S. paper 12  
 3 1/4 Nails 24 36

46 Sam M. Peters Dr Bro  
 To 12 Nails 1 ~ 1 00

41 Joseph C. Peters Dr  
 To 1 Shrt 10  
 2 Shs Silk 12  
 1 fine string 13  
 1/2 Green buttons 25 60

141 Levi J. Knight Dr  
 To 1 1/2 powder 37  
 1 Shrt 12 62

325 Harrison Jones Dr  
 To 1 Vest 2.25  
 1 Pre Knife 88  
 3 wood combs 13  
 1 Lk Pre Hb 1 ~  
 2 yns Shs 20  
 1 Dg Buttons 12  
 6 Pipes 10  
 1 1/2 Tobacco 10 5 04

27 52



Alapaha Gro Sept 5<sup>th</sup> 51

1811

On 2 1/2<sup>h</sup> Tobacco 1 m

Epips . . . . .

1 Bayan Strap 50 150

104 E. C. Main Dr

50, White Lyn Neck 2.50

*Sp. ymo. leatico* 38

1 " Do 20

1<sup>st</sup> Rephu 23-5-55

Wm M. Nichols Dr

$\frac{1}{2}$  Quire L. paper 12

2 L<sup>h</sup> Cotton 25<sup>m</sup>

1 *D. rufus* 13 50

156 John T. Carroll Esq.

No 1 plug Tobacco

*P. I. Carrou Dof*

21<sup>o</sup> Soluceo

John Worthington Dr Bro

22<sup>nd</sup> Sept 25

2<sup>d</sup> powder 23 57

Spice & Sugar Worthington B. J.

Dr 2<sup>d</sup> Port 8 25

*L<sup>o</sup> powder* 23

$5\frac{1}{2}$  Copper 15-100

243 Wm Worthington Esq Bre

24 12 Quire paper R<sup>3</sup>

137 Saml Carters & D. Son

*Lt St Bails* 16

J<sup>no</sup> D. H. Bailey Esq

To 12<sup>th</sup> Sulphur 13



- 102  
 Alapaka No Sept 5<sup>th</sup> 1851  
 22 David Funder Dr Lon  
 To 2 3/4<sup>th</sup> Copper for Lumber 50  
 1/2<sup>th</sup> Copper " " 13 63
- 24 Isaac McFadden Dr J  
 To 1/2<sup>th</sup> Y. H. Lee 03  
 5/2<sup>th</sup> Copper 1 ~  
 6<sup>th</sup> Hair 50  
 3 Lumber 25 2 38
- 213 Wm L. Wilkinson Dr J  
 To 12 Pipes 12
- 58 James Smith Dr J  
 To 1 Saddle \$12.00  
 1 " Blanket 88  
 1 yd Edging 12 13 11
- 189 James L. Peters Dr J  
 To 1<sup>st</sup> Copper 13
- 84 Capt Wm Peters Dr  
 To 3 yds Bot Osmatrons 42  
 1<sup>st</sup> Saleratus 25 67
- 117 James W. Staton Dr J  
 To 1 Bot Ink 19
- 54 W J Carrott Dr J  
 To 1 Poc Knife 75
- 165 John D. Peters Dr J  
 To Paid Cash Jeff 75
- 232 G. W. Roberts Dr J  
 To Lt Dick have goods 3 68
- Wm Wilkinson Dr J  
 To 1 Bot Cologne 19

224



Alapaha Geo Sep 15/51

34 Wm Giddens D<sup>r</sup> J<sup>r</sup>  
To 2 qrs fancy Ribbon . 58  
1 for Spriggs 25

32 George W. Roberts D<sup>r</sup> J<sup>r</sup>  
To 3 plug tobacco

John Roberts D<sup>r</sup> J<sup>r</sup>  
To 1 Sh for Hab

27 Wm. J. Peters D<sup>r</sup> J<sup>r</sup>  
To 1 for Roy shoes 81  
1 Sh for Hab 75

Reubin Roberts D<sup>r</sup> J<sup>r</sup>  
To 2 for Stamp Leathers 15

26 James Carroll D<sup>r</sup> J<sup>r</sup>  
To 1 lb Cinnamon bark 13  
1 Plug tobacco 5

22 Dawson Webb D<sup>r</sup> J<sup>r</sup>  
To 1 bunch cotton yarn

Henry Kerring D<sup>r</sup> J<sup>r</sup>  
To 1 for Pants 250  
1 Hab 2.00

24 Joshua Mathis D<sup>r</sup> J<sup>r</sup>  
To 3 1/2<sup>lb</sup> Coffee 1.50  
1 1/4<sup>lb</sup> tobacco . 50  
4 yds checks 64

85 Jessu P. Vining D<sup>r</sup> J<sup>r</sup>  
To 1 Bot Laudum

156 Joseph Burrhalter D<sup>r</sup> J<sup>r</sup>  
To 1 for wood combs

Wm Martin D<sup>r</sup>  
By Cash 1.88



Alapaha Gro Sep 13<sup>th</sup> 1851

107 Wm. J. Fendley Dr  
To 1 But 38  
1/4<sup>th</sup> Subacco 24 80

250 E. J. Sirmans Dr  
To 1 Bot cologne 13

104 Malchi Monk Dr  
To 5<sup>th</sup> Coffee 1 -  
4 Yds Gingham 1.20  
2 " Shirts 24  
1 Sp Cotton 12 2 52

1/2 Sycr Mathis Dr Antio  
To 11<sup>th</sup> Coffee 2 -

55 Isaac D. Antio Cr  
By Shos returned 1.50

312 Bryant Edmanson Dr  
To 1 Pec Knife 88

131 Manning Smith Dr  
~~To 1 Broad Ape 5.50~~  
1 Bot Sarsaparilla 1.00  
2 " Phoenix Bitters 2.00  
1 Bot Veronifugo 25  
1 Box Caps 25  
2<sup>th</sup> German Stul 50  
1 Coat 2 50 6 50

74 Wm B. Rowan Cr  
By Balance from J. Lastinger's note 11.75  
Dr  
To 1 Oz But sup vernieu 12

154 Mox Rice Murry Cr  
By Cash 00

Due to M. Rice 13 1 30  
from M. Rice 1866.



Alapaha Ga Sept 20<sup>th</sup> 1861

146 Isaac Carter Dr  
To 1 Sp. Cotton 12  
1<sup>st</sup> Tobacco 40  
1 Bg Turkey No 2 12 65

28 James Touchton Dr Jon  
To 1<sup>st</sup> Pepper 25

252 George W. Roberts Dr 11  
To 2 Pr Middle reins 1.15  
Let Dave goods amtg. To. 5.65 678

27 144 Alexander Watson Dr 4  
To 5<sup>th</sup> Tobacco 2 11

127 John Watson Dr 4  
To 2 1/2<sup>th</sup> Tobacco 12  
1 Pr Suspenders 2.25  
1 Spool Cotton 15 1 65

X Wm. Main Dr 4  
To Bg T. red 25

100 E. C. Main Dr 4  
To 1 Pr Shoes 12  
1 Pr Knife .75  
1 Cor. Spider 1.15  
1 Pr Suspenders 3.75 3 88

97 George Carter Dr 20  
To 1<sup>st</sup> Tobacco 40  
1 Pr Gun Combs 15 55

69 R. M. Pender Dr 4  
To 1 Pr Suspenders 3.75  
1 1/2<sup>th</sup> Tobacco 3.75  
1 Pr Shoes 1.25  
3 1/2<sup>th</sup> Coffee 12  
1 Bridle 1.50 4 72



Mapaba Geo Sept 27<sup>th</sup> 1851

144 Wm. J. Fender Dr Bro  
To 1/2<sup>lb</sup> Tobacco

145 Jesse G. Shirley Dr J  
To 1 Cow Spider

206 Peter Worthington Jr. Dr J  
To 1 Wash Basin

166 Griffin Carter Dr J  
To 1<sup>lb</sup> Tobacco  
1 Elk Skin

117 Harbord Corbitt Dr Jm  
To 1/2<sup>lb</sup> Coffee  
2 1/2<sup>lb</sup> Tobacco  
1<sup>lb</sup> Nails

204 James Carroll Dr Edwin  
To 1 Plug Tobacco

278 Thomas Amburn Dr J  
To 1 Cirsingle

82 John Touchton Dr J  
To 2 files

29 87 Miss Lucy Ann Boyett Dr Hater  
To 1/2<sup>lb</sup> Shot  
1<sup>lb</sup> Powder

156 John I. Carroll Dr J  
To 1<sup>lb</sup> Shot  
1 Box Leaps

X R. A. Peoples Dr J  
To 2<sup>lb</sup> Tobacco

X Elmore Hendley Dr  
To 1<sup>lb</sup> Tobacco



Alapaha Geo Sept 25<sup>th</sup> 57  
122 John Watson Dr  
To 1 Pic Knife

25

123 Joseph Simons Dr Pafford  
To 1 Yd flap osnaburgs

10

124 B. Pafford Dr J  
To 2 q Turkey Red yarn 88  
1 Yd Hubble 12  
1 Pine Box 58 138

235 Lot Copland Dr J  
To 2 P Shoes 2-  
9<sup>th</sup> Tobacco 2- 4 1/2

31 X Hilary P. Mathis Dr J  
To 1<sup>st</sup> Tobacco 4 1/2

34 James Finckh Dr J  
To 1 Bush Cob Yarn 1 3/8

35 S. C. Ganas Dr J  
To 1<sup>st</sup> Lean Brown 13  
1<sup>st</sup> Coffee 12 25

X Isaac Baldrey Dr J  
To 1 for shoes 125  
1/2<sup>nd</sup> Tobacco 21 146

37 Juan F. Vining Dr  
To 1 3/4 yds Shitz 1 77

Alapaha Store Cr  
By bal for least this month J. J. 111  
" " " Produce " 6011  
" " on acc 426.53  
" " " Note " 10 25 497 78



Mapaha Geo Oct 1<sup>st</sup> 1851

2 Jessu Carroll Dr  
In Oil Stone

20

187 John Simpson Dr  
In Casso

56

165 John L. Carter Dr &  
In 2<sup>nd</sup> Tobacco  
1 Pic Knife

811

1 111

1 80

166 Lamb McCoy Dr wife  
In 2 1/2<sup>nd</sup> Tobacco

1 111

312 Wm J. Locke Dr  
In 1 g Lin Bark

18

2 209 James Carroll Dr  
In 12<sup>th</sup> Coffee & 16  
1 Bar Soap

192

15

2 07

171 David Johnson Dr Son  
In 4<sup>th</sup> Hemp Rope

1 110

33 Jessu P. Vining Dr &  
In 1 Bot Castor oil  
1<sup>st</sup> B. Dogs  
1/2<sup>nd</sup> Tobacco

23<sup>rd</sup>

18

211

58

7 Jessu Carroll Dr &  
In 1 Auger

40

47 Wm Carter Dr &  
In 2 g J. Red

25

X David Johnson Jr Dr &  
In 1 Money Purse

13

139 Levi Daway Dr &  
In 1/4<sup>th</sup> Powder  
1 oil stone  
1 Tin Bucket

13

12

25

27  
811  
577



Mapahua Tex. Feb 2<sup>nd</sup> 1857

11/ James W. Staton Dr. Say

To 2 Bot. Castor oil 25/ 54

1 " Salup

13

68

12/ Jacob L. Fender Dr. S

To 1/2 Sal Epsom

15

2 Bars Soap

34

3 1/2 lbs Union Oil of 2.18

2 61

37/ Wm. D. Locke Dr. S

To 1 Pr. woolen Gloves

38

5/ Daniel B. Carroll Dr. S

To Cash sent for paper

1 13

3/ 15/ John Thos Carroll Dr.

To 1 lb Turkey Red Yarn

13

Simon W. Nichols Dr. S.

To 1 Pr. mixed Shoes

1.58

1 Cotton Pic Skirt

37

1 13

11/ Rubin V. Stanford Dr. S

To 1/2 lb Shil Pins

13

1/2 Doze Buttons

18

31

Eli Stanford Dr. S.

To 1/2 lb Coffee

1 10

33/ Isaac D. Neutro Dr. S.

To 1 lb Tobacco

40

1 Plate Lock

75

1 Skn Vest

3 11

4 10

135/ B. Neutro Dr. S

To 2 lb Tobacco

80

1 lb Skt

13

93

260/ Saml. Staton Dr. S

To 1 Bot Castor oil

25

12 14



Mapaha Geo Oct 4<sup>th</sup> 1837

43 Benj. Firmans Dr. Sen

To 1<sup>st</sup> Shob 13

1 Box Gun Caps 18

31

44 Joseph C. Peters Dr. S

To 1<sup>st</sup> Tobacco 40

40

9 X Wm W. Knight Dr. S

To Cash sent for Paper

1 13

186 Joseph Burkhalter Dr. S

To 2 1/2<sup>lb</sup> Tobacco 12

1/2 lb Pist Buttons 11

3/4 yd Blk Lumber 11

1 12

187 R. H. Burkhalter Dr. S

To 1 lb Buttons

2<sup>nd</sup> Gal

4 Expe

To



Alapaha Geo. Feb 7<sup>th</sup> 57

24 John H. Hendon Dr S

To 2 1/2<sup>th</sup> Tobacco 1 -

1 To Shew 1.25

6 Shy. 6 2 85

8 165 John D. Peters Dr S

To 18<sup>th</sup> Nails 1.50

3 Runts Shy. 3 2 -

323 George Reinard Dr

To 1<sup>st</sup> Tobacco 10

154 Wm Siddins Dr Bro

To 12 Cor Buttons .23

1 Blank fly 10 36

Thurston Cor

3 11

Dr

1.86

25 2 11

46



178  
Alapaha Geo Oct 3<sup>rd</sup> 1854

42 Moses C. Lee Dr. C.  
To 1 Broken Plate Sock

Wm Hall Dr. C.  
To 1 Bar Soap

48 James Touchette Dr. S.

To 1 Pa needles 13

1 $\frac{1}{2}$  Rope 25 38

4 174 A. W. Baily Dr. Wm

To 1 Briton Bill 75

1 Pa. Bridle reins 56 131

John Worthington Dr. S.

To 2<sup>nd</sup> Shot 25

$\frac{1}{2}$  Powder 25 50

203 Wm. Worthington Dr. Bro.

To 2<sup>nd</sup> Shot 25

$\frac{1}{2}$  Powder 25 50

298 Joseph Worthington Dr. Bro

To 2<sup>nd</sup> Tobacco 80

2<sup>nd</sup> Shot 25 105

284 Peter Worthington Dr. Dr. Son John

To 1<sup>st</sup> Tobacco 40

201 James Walker Dr. John Worthington

To 1 yd Calico 18

Wm C. Wilkison Dr. S

To  $\frac{1}{2}$  gr L. paper 12

1 Henry Purse 63 75

24 James Meulins Dr. S

To 1 leaf furas 13

5-22



Mapahab En Oct 8<sup>th</sup> / 51

145 Joseph Sriman Dr Pafford

To 24 J. Dew 25

1<sup>st</sup> J. Brown 13

3 Yds Bk Edging 37

1 Pa Spriggs 25 1 00

244 Jas. Carroll Dr Miss E. W. C.

To 9 Yds S. J. Sktg 1.26

1 Pa mules 12 1 38

X Mm J Shaw Dr 4

To 1 Ply tobacco .6

1 Bot Cologne 19 25

X Mm Mc. Nichols Dr 8

To 1/2 Dr L. paper 13

1 for socks 31 44

127 Burian Pafford Dr

To paid Jas Steward 11

157 Mm. E. Clements Dr 8

To 1<sup>st</sup> Tobacco 40

X Mm C. Wilkinson Dr 8

To 1 Lead Pencils 16

312 Bryant A. Edmundson Dr 8

To 1 Dr led cards 60

9 244 James Carroll Dr L. wife

To 10 Yds. Sktg. 1

2 Sports lecture .25

1 Yd Irish Linen 15 2 00

26 Eaton Douglas Dr

By Henry's shoes paid for 1.25

87 Miss Lucy Ann Boyett Dr Satm

To 1 Dr L. paper 25

656



Alapaha Ga Oct 9<sup>th</sup> 1851  
 of Daniel B. Carroll Dr S.  
 In 1<sup>st</sup> Tobacco

40

Ms 19 Wm. J. Locke Dr

In 2 Gold Rings 2<sup>nd</sup> S. 110

1 Bot Cologne

19 5 19

17 Angus P. Mealy Dr S.

In 1 Bot Cologne

19

264 James Carroll Dr S.

In 1 Box wafers

12

147 R. M. Burkhalter Dr Son

In 1 Pa Pin

13

48 John Patton Dr S.

In 3 1/2<sup>th</sup> Coffee

1 -

R. W. Morrell Dr

In 1 Box matches

16

158 John Thos Carroll Dr S.

In 1<sup>st</sup> Tobacco

40

11 47 Wm. Carter Dr Son

In 2 1/2<sup>th</sup> Tobacco

1 -

153 Wm. A. Carter Dr S.

In 6 yds Globe Drill 26<sup>th</sup>

96

Henry Herring Dr S.

In 3 1/2<sup>th</sup> Coffee

1 -

1<sup>st</sup> Tobacco

40

1 Pr hot cards

63 2 03

W. M. Brantly Dr

In 3 1/2<sup>th</sup> Coffee

1 -

1 1/4<sup>th</sup> Tobacco

5 1 30

1498



Mapleha Geo. Oct 10<sup>th</sup> 1851

11/2 Harbord Corbett Dr. Inc

To 3 yds kot omaburgs	45	
6 <sup>th</sup> Coffee	1 11	
2 1/2 <sup>th</sup> Tobacco	1 11	2 45

26/ Wm O. Wilkinson Dr. Bamberg

To 3 yds narrow Edging as		15
---------------------------	--	----

34/ James O. Bamberg Dr. S

To 1 oil Stone		31
----------------	--	----

17.23/ Mrs C. Stator Dr. Inc

To 1 Pa Pins	13	
1 Curry Comb	31	44

24/ Isaac Carter Sr Dr. S

To 3 yds 8 <sup>th</sup> omaburgs	45	
1 cross cut Sapp file	23	
1 Claw Hammer	63	
6 <sup>th</sup> Coffee	1	233

X Joseph Lancaster Dr. S

To 1 <sup>st</sup> Tobacco	44	
1 Bunch kot yarn	138	
1 Pr B Pins	37	
1 " Martingales	75	
1 Bot Cologne	23	315

14/ E C. Main Dr. Carter

To 1 <sup>st</sup> Tobacco		44
----------------------------	--	----

25/ George Carter Dr. Inc

To 1 <sup>st</sup> Pepper	25	
2 <sup>nd</sup> Shot	25	
1 lb Gum Camphor	18	68

12/ Martin Fender Dr. S

To 1 Coffee Pot	75	
12 <sup>th</sup> nails	50	1 25

11 66



Mapaha Dec Oct 17<sup>th</sup> 1851

215 Wm D. Wilkinson Dr J

To 2 Pr Childs Shoes

1.25

1 Small Plug Tobacco

16

181

Wm. C. Wilkinson Dr J

To 1 Wood Comb

6

1 Yd Blk Ribbon

14

1 yd Annamun Bark

13

29

117 James W. Staten Dr J

To 1 Box Matches

16

4 Expense Dr

To 23 Yds Cot Bagging 3.91

1858 James Pinckton Dr Am

To 1 Bucket

25

2 Yds Edging

37

75

Wm. Main Dr J

To 6<sup>th</sup> Coffee

1.00

2 1/2<sup>th</sup> Tobacco

1.00

1 Arithmetic

37

2 37

47 Wm. Carter Dr J

To 2 1/2<sup>th</sup> Coffee Tobacco

1.00

287 James Carter Jr Dr J

To 2 1/2<sup>th</sup> Tobacco

1.00

106 Saml. McCoy Dr Am

To 2 1/2<sup>th</sup> Tobacco

1.00

1 Lk. Lk

6

1 06

207 Mrs. Mary Duran Dr

To 2 1/2<sup>th</sup> Tobacco

1.00

83ds Calico

1.00

811 Annispr

1.80

2 80

105 John D. Peters Dr J

To 1 Shoe Hammer

38

11 65



Mapaha Geo Oct 18<sup>th</sup> 1851

James S. Peters Dr

To 2 1/2<sup>lb</sup> Tobacco

1.00

11 yds Shg

1.40 2 00

B. H. Bailly Dr

To 1 Stk Bo Ndky

75

Stephen Martin Dr

To 1 Tooth Brush

25

1 Oz. Cinnamon Bark

15

38

Dawson Webb Dr

To 2 Buck Combs

38

James H. Darsey Dr

To 1<sup>lb</sup> Sal Epsom

25

1/4 " Petro

06

1 Oz Gum Camphor

18

1/2 " Pepper

10

1/2 " Race Ginger

12

74

James H. Carroll Dr

To 2 B. Patent Butts

38

2 Oz. Serums

25

63

Paul B. Carroll Dr

To 1 Bot Sassafrilla

1 11

Jesse T. Pining Dr

To 1/2<sup>lb</sup> Tobacco

20

Jesse Carroll Dr

To 6 yds Shg

84

James Dorchton Dr

To 13<sup>th</sup> Broad Iron w 8

1 20

Wm D. Carroll Dr

To 1 Iron Lock

58

850



Mapaha Sen Oct 24<sup>th</sup> 1837

287 James Carter Jr Dr S  
Do 2<sup>lb</sup> Tobacco

38

49 Wm Allen Dr Carter  
Do 1<sup>lb</sup> Tobacco

41

21 135 Wm E. Atkins Dr S.  
Do 4<sup>th</sup> hoop iron 21  
1 N<sup>o</sup> 6 Pot 20  
1<sup>th</sup> Tobacco 41 290

323 George Reinard Dr  
Do 3 yds Pant cloth 15

Do 8<sup>th</sup> 42

1<sup>th</sup> Linen 60

1 Do Pearl Buttons 12

1 Sp button 13

Do 5<sup>th</sup> 5

1<sup>th</sup> Tobacco 41 3 20

244 Isaac M. Fadding Dr S.  
Do 1<sup>2</sup> Copperas 6

1 Bridle 100

1 Pa mules 13 1 19

71 Benzelia Douglas Dr S.  
Do 2<sup>th</sup> Tobacco 80

22 139 Levi Doan Dr S.  
Do Bot Castor oil 25  
1<sup>th</sup> Peppin 25 011

85 E. D. Newbern Dr S.  
Do 1 Bot vermifuge 25

1 Broom 15

1 Pr springs 25

4 yds Edging 4

1 Candle stick 25 289

84 Capt Pélans Dr

Do 1 stick Lock 25

1306



Mapaha Geo Oct 22<sup>nd</sup> 1857

11 Wm. J. Guthrie Dr S.

To 1 Pine Box 03

1 Bot Sandalwood 12

1<sup>st</sup> B. Drops 18 88

11 David Stanford Dr S.

To 2<sup>nd</sup> 1/2<sup>nd</sup> Coff 00 00

54 James Touchton Dr S.

To 8 yds Lot anaburg 120

1 Br Dracis 88

1<sup>st</sup> B. Drops 20-200

209 Isaac Martin Dr S.

To 2<sup>nd</sup> 1/2<sup>nd</sup> B. Drops 05

1 Br Matches 0 01

~~John Douglas Dr S.~~

~~To 1 Jack Light 20~~

John Mattis Dr S.

To 1<sup>st</sup> Tobacco 40

198 Joseph Siman Dr S.

To 1 Bot opodure 12

3<sup>rd</sup> 1/2 yds Lot anaburg 82

Cydo Ltg 00 104

165 John D. Petras Dr S.

To 1 Pine Box 25

1<sup>st</sup> B. Drops 20-00

41 Dr C. Petras Dr S.

To 1 Cap 25

1 Anafloy 13

3 yds Union Dail 132 221

245 Jas Carroll Dr

To 1 Bot B Drops 10



Alapahabu Oct 31/57

Henry Herring Dr S.  
Do 1 Pin Box

5

James W. Hatten Dr By  
In 1/4<sup>th</sup> Coffin

50

Dennis Worthington Dr James  
Do 2<sup>nd</sup> Tobacco

80

Henry Insured Dr S  
Do 1/2<sup>th</sup> Tobacco

1

1 Cof. Gun

10

1 Bot. Cologne 20<sup>th</sup> 138

1831

E. D. Newborn Dr Son  
En

By Edg. Return Dr

Do 1 pr Shoes 81

1 Bridle 100

Diff in Candle Shes 20<sup>th</sup>

2<sup>nd</sup> Shot 20

1 Bot. Pain Killer 44 0 20

Sam. Buttr Dr S.

Do 1 Cof. Coffin 100

1 Bridle 100 20

John D. D'Endre Dr S.

Do 1/2 Gun Tobacco 10

E. Morris Dr Asks

Do 1 Pr. Chiles Snow 70<sup>th</sup>

Figus Shes 60 138

Sam. Carter Dr Dr. Gen

Do 1/2<sup>th</sup> Powder 20

1<sup>st</sup> Shot 10 08

M. D. Shaw Dr S.

Do 1 pr half shoes 200

1282



Mapaha Geo. Rev. 1<sup>st</sup> 1837

256 W. D. Liles Dr

To 1 Cloth Dress Coat 12 -

1 Pr Pants 6 5

1 " Boots 6 5

1 Violin 8 -

1 Bot Buttons 63

2 Pr Locks 2 35

1 Bot Cologne 2 5 29 13

X Wm C. Wilkerson Dr S

To 2 Bot Extract 57

1/2 Candy 2 35

266 James Carroll Dr Daughter

To 1 Pr Men's Shoes 1 37

1 " Fancy Childs Dr 57

12<sup>th</sup> Coffee 10 49 2 3 19

X Wm Smith Dr Bro. (is a son of Nathan

To 3 yds Duck Dressing 113

3 " S. I. Shirting 17 62

1/2 Irish Linen 31 1 86

X Hutchinson Smith Dr S

To 1 Pr Wood Pants 2 35

123 John S. Carter Dr S

To 8 Yds Shitz 87

1 Sh. Silk 1 60

1 Violin 3.00

1 1/2 Tobacco 50

10 yds Cot Bagging 2.50 6 86

157 James R. Allen Dr S

To 1<sup>st</sup> Potash 1 -

249 Isaac Carter Dr Dr S

To 8 1/2 Potash 1 20

242 John R. Walker Dr S

To 3<sup>rd</sup> String 38

46 97



Mapaha Geo Nov 1<sup>st</sup> 1857

36 Isaac H Peters Dr S  
 To 1/2 Quire L. Paper 10  
 2 Kid Strings 25

58

125 Isaac W. Carter Dr S.

To 1 Small Pot 15  
 1 Deep Dish 38  
 1 Do 57  
 6 Bowls 37  
 1 Coffee mill 73  
 1 Brass Candle Stick 57  
 1 Salt Cellar 10  
 1 Pepper Box 10  
 1 Wash Basin 37  
 1 Earthen Pitcher 40  
 1 Set Rich Table Spoons 44  
 1 Dumb Bunch 73  
 1 Painted Ink 1, 23  
 4 yds Red Eye Diapers 72  
 5<sup>th</sup> Hook & Eye Aprons 31  
 5<sup>th</sup> Hemp Rope 22 1, 10  
 11<sup>th</sup> Potashes 1, 42  
 1 Sea Kettle 1 00 11 50

53 Perry Firmans Dr Son  
 To 1/2<sup>nd</sup> Coffinas 16

252 G. W. Roberts Dr S  
 To 1/2 Hug Tobacco 18

143 B. H. Bailly Dr Edmonson  
 To 6 Coffee 15  
 1 Pa Sheep Scares 75

55 Pat Torick Dr  
 To 1 Dish 38  
 2 3/4 agate Buttons 20 60

3 231 Mrs C. Stator Dr son  
 To 1 Pr Shoes 1, 25  
 1 Bot Ink 10

138  
 15 30



2103

Mapaha Geo Nov<sup>r</sup> 1837  
 Wm A Carter Dr  
 21 Montrella 200

204 J<sup>r</sup> Carroll Dr S. Doughty

Do 1 Pattern China Plaids 12 yds 6.00

10 Yds Calico 1.87

6 1/2 " Chick Muslin 3/4 2.44

1 " Slate Col Cambric .12

2 " Brown Holland Linen 3/4 2.00

4 1/2 " Col Snig hams 2 1/4 1.13

1 Ladies Corded Skirt 1.20

3 Yds Linen Edging .30

2 Pa white Cotton Headcap 75

1 Box Hooks & Eyes .12

3 Pa. needles (sharp) .38

2 1/2 Yds Ribbon 1/4 .46

3 " " " .30

1 Pa Kid Slippers 1.20

1 Packing Thread 2.50

1 Goring Pair 50

1 Curry Comb 20

19 Yds Bird Eye Diaph 2.80

2 Cr Incy Spriggs 50

1 Washable Silk Hat 3.00

1\* Saleratus 20

1 oz Nut megs 12

1 Bbl. Flour 8.50 3554

176 James A Parsey Dr

Do 1 Br Rip Brogans 1.50

C<sup>r</sup> Nails 50 1.80

504 Wm Lamb Dr S. Doughty

Do 4 1/2\* Scruff 1.00

9 Yds Col Bagging 2.20

20\* Potatoes 2.20

C Pa Sharp needle 10

8 Yds Bird Eye Diaph 1.20

Bagging Twine 12.8 20

47 67



Alapaka Geo Nov 3<sup>rd</sup> 1851

312 Bryant & Edmondson Dr S.

To 1 Rifle Gun. (Percuss.) 14 5

1/2<sup>nd</sup> Powder 203

1 square Auger 38 14 63

Mr. C. Wilkinson Dr S.

To 1 R. M. Kip Bogans 138

5 yds Cot Bagging 1.25

Bagging Twine .16

48<sup>th</sup> Candy 16 2 103

114 Harbord Corbitt Dr S.

To 5 yds Gray Satinets 3.00

1 1/2 Spot Buttons 203

1 Ink Flap 103

2 yds Linings w/ 37

2 " Shit 20

1 Blanket over Coat 0.00

3 Plugs Tobacco 1 5 1108

109 Mr. D. Pender Dr Stamp

To 3 Plugs Tobacco 1 5

Coffee 1 5 2 00

116 Saml McCoy Dr Seng

To 3<sup>rd</sup> Coffee 37

1 1/2 Plugs Tobacco 37 1 5

267 Mary Duran Dr Daughter

To 3 1/2 Potatoes 50

12 Jacob L. Pender Dr Duran

To 1 Box Pills 23

35 Jenn P Vining Dr m

To 1 Sack Salt 4 00

214 Josiah Vining Dr S.

To 3 yds Bla Cass 26 2.25

3 Sko Flap 3 203

38 34



Alapaka Geo. Nov 3<sup>rd</sup> 1837  
 226 Mr. M. Nichols Dr  
 Dr Cash paid Mr. Carroll 15

322 Eli Stanford Dr  
 Dr 1 Painted Buckle 0 80  
 1<sup>st</sup> Potash 1 28  
 2 Pr Childs shoes 1 25  
 1 Bot B Drops 13  
 1 " S. Cordial 12  
 1 Sp Col Cotton 0 6  
 1/2<sup>nd</sup> Spice 10  
 1/2<sup>nd</sup> Pepper 12  
 Dysentery 60  
 1000 Coal 0 54 9 60

222 Dawson Webb Dr  
 Dr 2 yds Duck Drilling 0 113  
 Dr Shtg 2 3  
 1 Set Must forks 1 90  
 1 Valencia Vesk 2 00  
 0 yds Ribbon &c. 0 11 0 93

222 Phelps Touchstone Dr  
 Dr 1<sup>st</sup> Coffa 15  
 2 yds Shtg 2 60  
 0 yds Kentucky Beans 2 20  
 1 Hawk flup 10  
 1 Stran Mors 0 6 6 04

4 224 James Carroll Dr  
 Dr 12 1/2 yds Swiss Muslin 0 41  
 2 " White Cambric 0 2  
 3 Spool Cotton 0 1  
 8 yds Linen Edging 40  
 1 oz Indigo 10 1 00

4 224 Capt. Wm. Peters Dr  
 Dr 12 yds Linen Plaid 0 60  
 1 Lady's wrap. Shirk 88  
 1 Pr Mice Shoes 1 50  
 10 yds Edging 0 80 8 80  
 3 8 4 8



Alapaha Geo Nov 4<sup>th</sup> 1837

112 John R Walker Dr S.

To 3 yds black Shitz 1/4 36

2" Irish Linen 38

1 Shood Cotton 12

1 Do Pearl Buttons 13

2 Bts Cologne & 20 144

201 James Walker Dr Geo

To 1<sup>st</sup> Plate 1 28

Joseph C. Peters Dr S.

To 10 yds Calico 187 188

1 Pr more Shoes 137

1 Lady's Grass Skirt 88

8 yds Linen Edging 34

4" Calico 188 255

1 Pr. needles 12

1" Pins 10

10 yds Shitz 1/4 15

4" Grey Cass. 1/4 35

2" Gums 24

3" Ribbon 1/6 36

1 Pr Calf Shoes (new) 187 120

36 Saml N. Peters Dr Bro

To 2 Boxes matches 13

1163 John P. Carter Dr J

To 1/2 Starch 10

1 Pr Bridle reins 36

1 Peck measured 37 06

248 ~~John~~ Worthington Dr J

To 1 Cab. Nails 220

317 Elijah Carter Dr J

To 1 Cab. Iron Nails 220

209 Isaac Carter Dr J

To 1 Sp Cotton 6

21 03



Alapaha Geo Nov<sup>th</sup> 1857

263 James Carroll Dr Daughton

To 2 Yds Edging . 07

1/2<sup>lb</sup> Cinnamon Bark . 07

1/2 Quin Cap paper 12 1 12

42 Wm Carter Dr S.

To 3 Pr Russels Shovel 3.25

3 " Childs Do of 2.25

1 " Wm Lath Do 1 13

1 Suck Comb 12

3 Plug Tobacco 1 00

1 Pipe . 16 8 31

Henry Herring Dr S.

To 1 Bk Fur Hat 2 07

2 Bars Soap 15 30 2 80

209 Mr Lamb Dr Daughton

To 2 Yds Edging 12

1 " Do 2 05

1/2 " Ribbon 2 8

4 1/2 " Cor Bagging 1.13 1 78

83 Capt Wm Peters Dr S.

To 3 Yds Ashland Cass. Co 1 80

209 Isaac Carter Dr S.

To 2<sup>th</sup> Potashes 28

175 Isaac W Carter Dr S.

To 1 Suvo 58 00

2<sup>th</sup> Nails 16

1 Cake Military Soap 25

4 Yds Linen Osaburgs 16 04

1/2<sup>th</sup> Pepper 13

1/2<sup>th</sup> Spice 12

2 Gambles Do 2 05

1 Pr Old Boots 75

1 Over Coats 0.00 8 68

24 87



Alapaha Geo Nov 5<sup>th</sup> 1857

Miss Sarah Patton Dr

21 1 Pair more shoes

1 38

323 George Reinard Dr

20 1 Pr Iron Pants 2.75

1 " Mus Kip Brogans 1.38

1 Cake Shar Soap 12

2 Pr Side Combs 2.50

1 Incy Wk Cravat 63

1 Bot Phoenix Bitters 1 -

1 Bot Moffatts Pills 25 6 36

181 Levi J. Knights Dr

20 1 Camps. Adz

1 25

217 Mr. Seaborn Peters Dr

20 4 yds Cass @ 6 30

1 Ank Flap 13

2 yds Shlg 12

9 " Da 911

7 " Blk alfacca @ 4/3 27

3 Shs Wk 18

4 yds Black Shlg 30

4 " Blk Eazing 37

1 Pa Pies 13

1 Pr Mus Kip Brogans 1.37

1 Sp Cotton 13

1 Cake Shar Soap 10

1 Pr Pants (Wud) 2 75 13 31

2 yds Blue Chambray 60 53 21

100 E. C. Main Dr

20 1 Pr Childs Shoes 1.75

1 " best Cards 63

6 Coffee 15

3 Plugs Tobacco 15

Bal on Ribbon 10 3 48

Stephen Martin Dr

20 1/2 Plug Tobacco 18

1 Bot matches 6 27



Mapaha Store Dr  
 To 1 lb Coffee 25  
 To 1 lb Sugar 25

Blackston Meulins Dr  
 To 1 put Buckets 25  
 2 Pugs Tobacco 66 141

Wm J. Locke Dr Lewis  
 To 1 Bot Opundoo 13

Jas Touchton Cr  
 By Giving 3802<sup>5</sup> Cotton 27.03

Mapaha Store Dr

To E. P. Hays & Co's Bill 115.25

" Ironbridge Dwight & Co. 151.30

Job Chandler & Foster 47.54

Massachusetts Insurance Co 140.88

Jenkins Allen & Co 186.11

Swift & Hartburk 61.20

Benedict Hall & Co 513.29

E. Bridger & Co 12.10

Lucas & Lutz 2.01

E. Carter & Co 19.63

F. E. Mills 31.18

To E. Tripp 57.16

A. S. Barnes & Co 21.71

J. Smith & Co 72.02

~~Mumford & Harris & Co 21.82~~

507 Peter Mumford Dr

To 3 1/2 \* Heaters 57. 17.38

4 yds Skt 24

6 .. leather ornaments 27 1816

58 1/2 Jas Touchton Dr wife

To 20 yds Kentucky jeans 6.20

1 An 2 flax 12 6 32

526 Mrs M. Nichols Dr

To Cash paid for her 3 13

9 11



Mapaha Geo Mrs C<sup>th</sup> 1807

Mapaha Store Dr

In Running by Klumms & Bennett 35 1/2

" Express from N.Y. to Erie 32.59

Articles from Erie 12.91

Me N & Co. Paid by Cap P. 189.83 270 82

C. Bri

By Cash

1807

285 John Baughan Dr & L.

In 1 Peck Salt

38

1 Pr Shoes

125

1 Fine Comb

19

182

125 Blackston Mullis Dr & L.

In 1 over Coat

5 37

R. A. Peoples Dr

In 2 Pugs Tobacco

70

2 Jessu Carroll Dr & L Daughters

In 1 Dash Silk Hat 3 57

3 Pr white Cotton Hose 1 10

3 Ladies laced Skirts 3.54

4 Pr Cor Lins 1.00

1 Plate Lock 88

1 Pr Andrious 1.25

1 " Songs & Shovel 25

2 " Wm's Iron Shoes 2 75

3 1/2 Lancet 31 95

21 " Calico @ 15 3 15

6 1/2 " X muslin 35 2.27

2 1/2 Cotton 2.25

3 1/2 Yds Edgewood 21

3 3/4 " " 2 1/2 94

1 Pr Bug shoes 1.00 233 1

42 Moses G. Lee Dr

In 1 Pug tobacco

20

31 68



Alapaha Geo Nov 18<sup>th</sup> 57

125 Joseph Serrano Dr S.

Do 1 Bot Laudanum	13	
1 " B. Drops	12	
2 Plugs Potacco	10	
6 <sup>th</sup> Potash	84	
1 Pr Childs Shoes	60	
1 Painted Tub	37	
1 Pr Knife	38	5 17

11 204 James Carroll Dr S + wife

Do 12 <sup>th</sup> Coffee @ 10	1.22	
4 Sets 2 Dg Plates @ 4	2.00	
4 " 2 " Cups & Saucers	1.50	
1 Dg Brit. Tea Spoons @ 5	.50	
1/2 " " Table Dn	.44	
1 Set Knives & Forks	2.00	
3 Cakes Toilet Soap	.25	
1 " Military Dn	.25	
1 Yd Ribbon 1 Yd	.16	
1 Coffee Pot	1.00	
2 Deep Dishes @ 5	.12	
2 Yds Slate Cob. Cambridge	.25	
1/2 gr Cap Paper	.10	
1 Chamber Bowl	57	11 42

147 Robin V. Stanford Dr Bro

Do 5 Yds Cotton Bagging @ 25	1.25	
1 Pr Rif. Brogan	1.25	2 50

169 Mrs D. Heward Dr Jane

Do 1 Box Pills	.25	
1 Bot Pain Killer	.44	.69

322 Eli. Stanford Dr S.

Do 1 Bot Pain Killer	.12	
1 " Castor Oil	.25	
1 Pr Shoes	1.25	
1 Pr Knife	37	2 19

7991



Alapaka Geo Wm<sup>th</sup> 51

127 Ann. Touchton Dr Da J  
 In 1 Bk Bot Lins 25  
 1<sup>st</sup> Copperas 13  
 1<sup>st</sup> Pepper 25

(63)

John Baker Dr J

In 1/2 yds Cor Bagging 113  
 1 Pk Rins 50

163

2 Jenn Carroll Dr L Daughter

In 3 yds Cor Ribbon @ 14 72

3 " Da 30

1 Bk Sprigg 25

1 " More Shes 138 2 30

69 Francis Perano Dr Stewart

In 10 yds Cor Bagging 2 4 00

44 John D. French Dr Stewart

In 1 Bk 1 20

318 Lashington & Harris Dr

In 1 Bot B. Drops 13

201 Mrs. C. Staton Dr

In 1 Tin Cup 10

12 267 Jas Carroll Dr

In 1 yd Ribbon 11

1 Hair Brush 37

1/2 Do Jumbles 1 5

1/2<sup>nd</sup> Pepper 13

1/2 Dr L. paper 12

1 Dish 50 2 22

178 Mr. G. A King Dr Sen

In 5 yds Calico 63

22 James R. Allen Dr Gunes

In 3<sup>rd</sup> Potash 43

15 36



Mapaka Geo Nov 12 1851

273 John J. Atkins Dr S.

To 1 R. Lign. Sad. Bags. 3.50

Bat from Meow goods .23

7 yds Shlg 56

3 n. Ashland Coal 1.88

3 n. Chick. Hw. jeans 1.87

1 Sack Coal 4.00 12 04

273 Benj. Sermans Dr S.

To 18 n Potatoes 2 56

276 Jas. W. Dancy Dr S.

To 5 n nails 2 1/2

322 James A. Carroll Dr

To 2 Potatoes 2 -

3 yds Est. ornaments 1.5 2 43

371 B. C. Ganas Dr S.

To 4 yds Oregon Plaid 1 -

1 Coffin Pts 63

8 n Rope 1.40 3 03

371 James Carroll Dr S.

To 1 yd Ribbon 14

371 Wm. Jos. Carroll Dr S.

To 1 Blom Coat 14 -

1 pr Blk Cass pants 5 -

1 Fancy vest 3 - 22 10

371 Isaac Carter Jr Dr S.

To 1 Plug Tobacco 3.57

1/2 n Pepper 10

1 Jim Corn 19

1 Soldier Do 18

1 Oak Basket 5.7 1 30

371 D. P. McDonald Dr S.

To 1 Strk Potatoes 1 00



Alapaha, Dec 18<sup>th</sup> 51

G. W. Roberts Dr  
In 1 trunk . 2<sup>45</sup>

Other Mchds. for Dave 2 07 7 0

Guttford Lasteringer Dr

In 1 cloth sack coat 9 -

1 Vest 3 25

1 Silk Pocket handkerchief 1 -

1 Pair calf shoes 2 -

1 " Socks 25

1 " Insouciance 38 15 8

S. G. Lees Dr

In 2 Patterns China Velveteen 23 yds @ 40, 1 20

2 yds B. H. Linen 73

4 " Col Cambric 50 11 28

Expense Dr

In 18 yds Bagging 97 16

Jas. A. Parsy Dr

In 8<sup>th</sup> Nails 64

Mr. G. Akin Dr Jackson Aug 11

In 1 Pr Horn shoes 1 25

Mr. W. Nichols Dr

In 1/2 Plug Tobacco 53

Meas. L. Lee Dr

In 1 Bot P. Kellum 19 19

James Carroll Dr wife

In 1/2 yds Col. Gingham 2 4 12

2 " B. H. Linen 75 4 87

Mr. Main Dr

In 6<sup>th</sup> Coffee 1 -

3 Plug Tobacco 10 2 10

1 1/2 Rubber

42 12



Alapaha Geo Nov 14<sup>th</sup> / 57  
 To Philip Touchton Dr  
 Do 1 Plug Tobacco 35

34<sup>th</sup> Redding Bennett Dr Bro  
 Do 6<sup>th</sup> 2 id 75  
 2<sup>nd</sup> Indigo 257  
 4<sup>th</sup> Yrs Coal Bagging 115 213

28<sup>th</sup> Wily Bennett Dr S.  
 Do 1 Pine Comb 15  
 1<sup>st</sup> Plug Tobacco 37  
 4<sup>th</sup> Yrs Bagging 112  
 1<sup>st</sup> Plug Tobacco 13 188

26<sup>th</sup> Reubin Register Dr Bennett  
 Do 3 Yrs Lhtg 42

13<sup>th</sup> John I. Carroll Dr S.  
 Do 1 Plug Tobacco 35  
 1<sup>st</sup> " Do for John 35  
 1 Saddle 13 1/2  
 22<sup>th</sup> Yrs Bagging 5.63 1933

17<sup>th</sup> Alex Watson Dr  
 Do 10 Yrs Bagging 2 37

15<sup>th</sup> Isaac W. Carter Dr  
 By Sime Delumeau 38

Do 1 Sythe whetter 13  
 1 Butch Knife 37 57

Wm Hall Dr Eli  
 Do 1 Claw Hammer 1 57

Alapaha Store Dr  
 Do Mumford Harris & Co Bill 77.89  
 least paid a martin for smoking 1910  
 17899

Wm W. Knight Dr S.  
 Do 1 Fastback silk Hat 3 50  
 3 1 61



Alapaha Geo Nov 15 1857

58 Jas. Touchette Dr

To 28 1/2 Iron

22

22 David Kendon Dr Brown

To Bal on Potatoes

3 1/2 yds Cotton buttons

67

15 Wright Brown Dr

To Bal on Shoes

Coffee

2

57 Wm E. Clements Dr S

To Coffee

1 Pr Saddle Bags

8 3/4 Nails

2 1/2 Nails

3 Plugs Tobacco

3 1/2 yds Shitg 12 1/2

1049

33 Benz Sirmans Dr S

To 1 Pr Shoes

38

129 John Watson Dr S

To 1 Pr calf Shoes

2

150 B. Mcullis Dr S

To 1 Cal. Fur Hat

2 25

60 R. M. Fender Dr Sam

To 1 Ann flag

1 Fine comb

32

121 David Johnson Dr Sam

To 18 yds Cotton buttons

1 Pr Shoes

2 25 25 15

36 Jas. D. Barnburg Dr

To 1 Pr Saddle Bags

1 Pr Shoes

1/2 " brackers

102 4 97

28 04



A Alapaha 220  
 Alapaha Set Nov 15 51

James Carroll Dr & Co  
 Dr 1<sup>st</sup> wrought nails 20  
 1 Bot Cologne 20  
 1 Brillo 112 187

David Carter Dr  
 Dr 2<sup>nd</sup> chance

Sam'l Carter Jr Dr  
 Dr 1 Bot Cologne 20  
 1/2<sup>nd</sup> Crackers 10 30

James Carrall Dr  
 Dr 21<sup>st</sup> sword iron 8 168

James Carter Jr Dr  
 Dr 1 P<sup>r</sup> shoes 125  
 1<sup>st</sup> Potash 14  
 1 P<sup>r</sup> Childs shoes 75 214

M<sup>r</sup> Carter Dr  
 Dr 2<sup>nd</sup> Potashes 28

D. B. Carroll Dr  
 Dr 2 Plug Tobacco 70  
 1 Quad pencil 6 76

Isiah Simmons Dr  
 Dr 1 P<sup>r</sup> shoes 125  
 1 Bot B.O.W 15 138

George W. Roberts Dr Dave  
 Dr 1<sup>st</sup> Boy Dave have murehas 4 24

D. Mullis Dr &  
 Dr 3 Plugs Tobacco 1  
 1 P<sup>r</sup> shoes 1.25  
 1 " Childs Dr 63  
 10 Yds Imus Deland 30 4.80  
 1/2 Dg Paper Co. 06  
 5<sup>th</sup> Shools cotton 50  
 2 Brass Rings 25 849



Alapaha Gro 27 1/51  
 178 Mm & Skin Dr 4  
 In 1 B shoes 1.38  
 Q<sup>r</sup> Coffee 1 2 38

27 James Mullis Dr James  
 In 7<sup>th</sup> Potatoes 1 00

82 John Touchton Dr Bro  
 In 1 lb Camphor 18  
 1 lb Asafetida 13  
 3 lbs Hammb 45 1.35 1 66

298 Joseph Worthington Dr J  
 In 1 Duck Lamb 23  
 1<sup>st</sup> Crackers 18 40

201 James Walker Dr Worthington  
 In 25 lbs Bagging Twine 13  
 1 Plug Tobacco 35 48

178 H. L. Watson Dr  
 In Bagging Twine 13

35 Jesse P. Vining Dr  
 In 1 Groce Buttons 38

Henry Justice Dr J  
 In 1<sup>st</sup> Cheese 19  
 1<sup>st</sup> Powder 37  
 1<sup>st</sup> Shot 13  
 3<sup>rd</sup> Coffee 37  
 1 Box Matches 6 1.38

John Worthington Dr Bro  
 In 1<sup>st</sup> Shot 13  
 1/2<sup>nd</sup> Powder 25 38

196 Joseph Burkhalter Dr J  
 In 1<sup>st</sup> Powder 25



Alapaha Geo Nov 12<sup>th</sup> 1857

Mr Allen Dr I

To 1 <sup>st</sup> Shrus	1.50	
15 <sup>th</sup> Sails	1.25	
1 1/2 yds Plaids	.37	
1 " Chicks	1.5	
1 Sine	31	3 40

Shrod Tomlinson Dr I

To 3 yds Kentucky jeans	1.32	
3 " Shlg	24	
1 Plug Tobacco	35	
5/2 yds Bagging	24	13 8 04

John J. Clements Dr I

To 2 Flow Points	37	
1 Bunch lot Lins	25	75
1 Pa Pins	13	13
		88

Jethroe Patton Dr Bro

To 1 Plug Tobacco	35	
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Expense Dr

To 4 1/2 yds Bagging	40	
Sine	10	37

B L Ganas Dr

To 1/2 <sup>th</sup> Crackers	9	
1 <sup>st</sup> Coppers	13	
2 Pa Suspensors	40	
1/2 Dr L. paper	12	74

By 4 vol. Hist. (By Robin) 3.00

David Stanford Dr

To 11 yds. lot ornaburg	1.54	
9 <sup>th</sup> Copper	1.50	3 04

Mrs. E. Thornton Dr I

To 4 1/2 yds Bagging	13	
Bal on Tobacco	11	
" " alpacca	1	2 23

14 24



Alapaha Geo Run 18<sup>th</sup> pr

178 Wm G. Akin Dr

To 1 Bt Paragon

27 James Mullis Dr

To 1/2<sup>+</sup> Pepper

13

1/3<sup>+</sup> Crackers

12

25

12 Jacob S. Fender Dr

To 1 yds Shlg.

10

3 " Bla. Pa

56

1 Dg Buttons

13

1 Sh Cotton

12

1 Woollen Shawl

225 3 70

115 Wright Brown Dr

To 1 Woollen Shawl

225

1<sup>+</sup> Crackers

19 24

22 David Fender Dr

To 3 yds Bagging

125

1 Bt Sam Kellor

44 1 69

363 Moses G. Sutton Dr

To 1/2 Bu. Salt

75

27 Wm. A Knight Dr

To 5 gauger

65

Jesus Pining Jr Dr

To 1 Coat

3

1935 Jesus P. Pining Dr

To 3 yds R. jeans

132

1 Stran Onions

10

1 Plug Tobacco

35 177

58 James Touchstone Dr

To 1 Box matches

14 78



Alapaha Dec 19<sup>th</sup> 57

266 James Carra Dr

To 12<sup>th</sup> Potash 108

1<sup>st</sup> nails 8 176

45 A. H. Baily Dr

To 1/2 Bu Salt 50

1 ym Bed Sack 22 188 2 18

51 Wm Carter Dr

To 1 Luck Comb 12

126 Aaron Tomlinson Dr

To 1 Bot Landman 13

43 Benj. Sernaus Dr

To 1<sup>st</sup> Coppers 13

1 Plug Tobacco 35 48

231 Peter Worthington Dr

To 1 Bu Salt 150

9<sup>th</sup> Potash 128 2 18

246 Peter Worthington Dr

To 1/2<sup>th</sup> Spice 13

1/2<sup>th</sup> Coppers 6

1 Pine Comb 18 30

498 Joseph Worthington Dr

To 1<sup>st</sup> Spot 13

1 Pine Comb 19 32

325 George Renard Dr

To Valencia Vest 2.50

1 ym Glo Drill 48

1 Pair calf shoes 25

1<sup>st</sup> Locks 25

1 Bot P. killer 44

1 Coffee Sack 25-592

James A Darsey Dr

To 2<sup>nd</sup> Potash 28

1464

These are my friends. Friends that are dear  
claim that the till they find them here.

These are my friends,  
friends that claim that the till they find them here.

These are my friends,  
friends that claim that the till they find them here.



Alapaha Ga. Apr 21<sup>st</sup> 1851

106 Saul. McCoy Dr Dick

In 12 Bags Tobacco 57

3<sup>rd</sup> Coffee 57 1 00

187 James S. Peters Dr

In 2 Bags Tobacco 71

5<sup>th</sup> 1/4<sup>th</sup> Coffee 106 1 76

41 Joseph C. Peters Dr

In 1<sup>st</sup> Crackers 18

2 yds Cambric 25<sup>th</sup>

1 B. Arso 25<sup>th</sup>

1 Sp cotton 6 74

318 Joseph Smith Dr

By 1<sup>st</sup> 1/2<sup>nd</sup> 3<sup>rd</sup> 4<sup>th</sup> 5<sup>th</sup> 6<sup>th</sup> 7<sup>th</sup> 8<sup>th</sup> 9<sup>th</sup> 10<sup>th</sup> 11<sup>th</sup> 12<sup>th</sup> 13<sup>th</sup> 14<sup>th</sup> 15<sup>th</sup> 16<sup>th</sup> 17<sup>th</sup> 18<sup>th</sup> 19<sup>th</sup> 20<sup>th</sup> 21<sup>st</sup> 22<sup>nd</sup> 23<sup>rd</sup> 24<sup>th</sup> 25<sup>th</sup> 26<sup>th</sup> 27<sup>th</sup> 28<sup>th</sup> 29<sup>th</sup> 30<sup>th</sup> 31<sup>st</sup> 32<sup>nd</sup> 33<sup>rd</sup> 34<sup>th</sup> 35<sup>th</sup> 36<sup>th</sup> 37<sup>th</sup> 38<sup>th</sup> 39<sup>th</sup> 40<sup>th</sup> 41<sup>st</sup> 42<sup>nd</sup> 43<sup>rd</sup> 44<sup>th</sup> 45<sup>th</sup> 46<sup>th</sup> 47<sup>th</sup> 48<sup>th</sup> 49<sup>th</sup> 50<sup>th</sup> 51<sup>st</sup> 52<sup>nd</sup> 53<sup>rd</sup> 54<sup>th</sup> 55<sup>th</sup> 56<sup>th</sup> 57<sup>th</sup> 58<sup>th</sup> 59<sup>th</sup> 60<sup>th</sup> 61<sup>st</sup> 62<sup>nd</sup> 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994<sup>th</sup> 995<sup>th</sup> 996<sup>th</sup> 997<sup>th</sup> 998<sup>th</sup> 999<sup>th</sup> 1000<sup>th</sup>

36 yds best cambric 4.50 7 44

107 R. H. Burkhalter Dr Am S.

In 1 Bag Sun cap 25<sup>th</sup>

1 Bag Tobacco 57 60

James Stewart Dr

By Cash 1.50

12 Jacob L. Stewart Dr Bro

In 1 Laid pencil 6

1 Bag tobacco 18 19

129 Martin Jender Dr

In 1 Bag Sun cap 25<sup>th</sup>

1 Bag Do 1

1 Bot Pain Killer 44

1 best shoe 000

1<sup>st</sup> Crackers 18 3 24



Alapaka Geo Nov 21<sup>st</sup> / 51  
 24 Mrs C. Staton Da Angus  
 Dr 1 Btt L. oil 25  
 1 " Sandman 13 38

X John R. Nichols Dr 1  
 Dr 2 Plugs Tobacco 70

26 James Carroll Da Mrs NP  
 Dr 12 yds Bla. Shtg 16 1.92  
 9 " S. S. Dr 12 1.08  
 3 1/4 " Bro. Shtg 11 3.43  
 2 Bt lect cross 3/ 75  
 2 Linen Handker 44 88  
 1 Hair Brush 37  
 1 Toilet Comb 18  
 1 Pin Dr 15  
 3 Spoils Cotton 10 37  
 1 Band Box 31 957

180 John Simpson Dr Am  
 Dr 1 Bro. Salt 1 00

122 Martin Bender Dr S.  
 Dr 2 yds Edgin 20  
 1/2 Bro. Irish potatoes 1 00  
 2 Plugs Tobacco 70  
 1 Set Knives & forks 75  
 1 Pin Canale Stick 25 90

12 Jacob L. Bender Dr Bro  
 Dr 1<sup>st</sup> Coppers 13

7 Jessu G. Shirley Dr S.  
 Dr 1 Double Bridle 2  
 1 Plug Tobacco 35  
 1 Pbe Knife 1.38  
 1 Band Box 40  
 2 Bt Choco Mow 1.57 563

2181



Alapaha Str Nov 21/51

James R. Allen Dr

To 1 Set Cups & Saucers 37

1 Pr Shoes 1.38

1 Painted Sub 1.00

4 3/4 Indigo 37

10 Crackers 19 0 57

James Touchton Dr

To 2 Straw Mugs 12

Griffin Carter Dr

To 1 Pr Pistols 3.75

1 Plug Tobacco 35

1 3/4 Churn 32 4 42

Sam Mos Carroll Dr

To 1 Hank Towel 31

Wm I Locke Dr

To Bal on Gold Rings 100 1 30

James Touchton Cr

By Giving 2058 Cotton 30.75

David Ender Cr

By Cash from Polk 35

C. Bui Cr

By Cash 1

Dr

To 1 Saddle & Stirrups 9.50

1 " Blanket 1.25

1 Bot-Pain Killer 1.15

1 Pr Shoes 1.25

1 Curry Comb 25 12 44

Rubin Y. Sanford Dr

To 1 C<sup>d</sup> Coffee 1

1 Pr Childs Shoes 75 1 75



Alapaka Sec Nov 22/27  
 324 Eli Stanford Dr  
 To 12<sup>th</sup> Coffee 2  
 1 1/2 yds Calico 19  
 1 Saddle + Straps 8.75  
 1 Coffee Pot .03  
 1 plug Tobacco 35 11 92

135 Allen Corbin Dr 2 Mitchell S.  
 To 1 Bon Soap 18  
 1 Pot 13 31

136 Henry Douglas Dr Bro  
 To 1 plug Tobacco 35

137 Mm E. Clemons Dr  
 To 1 Bot Castor oil 31

138 B. Mullis Dr  
 To 1 B Shaw 138  
 1 Shawl 2.25 3 63

233 James Mc. Chittz Dr  
 To 1 1/2<sup>th</sup> Pipe 38

David Lancaster Dr  
 To 1<sup>st</sup> Crackers 18  
 1 1/2<sup>th</sup> Cheese 28 46

33 Beng Sirmans Jr Dr  
 To 1/2 yd 57  
 12 y Buttons 6 56

27 James Mullis Dr  
 To 1 piece Bon 70

24 David Stanford Dr Sen  
 To 1<sup>st</sup> Shot 13

34 Jas. H. Carroll Dr  
 To goods as per Bill and 22 08



234  
Alaphaha Her Mr & Mrs  
C. P. P. McDonald Dr  
Do 1 Saddle Blanket 1.25 1 25  
Do  
By Cash 1.57

24 Saml Carroll Dr  
Do 1 sh awdrons 1 25

25 Lewis P. Vinny Dr  
Do 1 Pr Shoes 1 38

307 Elijah Carter Dr  
Do 1 vest 5.37  
1 Sk Sk 6 35

22 George Carter Dr  
Do 1 sh dipper 13  
1 Bot hair Kells 18 31

100 E C Main Dr  
Do 10 nails 8

68 Saml Carter Dr  
Do 1/2 Sal Hammer 16

156 B. Mullis Dr  
Do 1/2 powder 25  
Do 1/2 Shot 88 63

57 D. B. Carroll Dr  
Do Cash in change with { B 5 - 1 25  
Mc miller }

158 John J Carroll Dr  
Do Cash 3

X Chas. H. Herring Dr  
Do Bal on Shoes 25

Do  
Do  
8 57



Off Hapaha Geo Nov 24<sup>th</sup> / 37

Mr Lamb Dr

To 3<sup>rd</sup> Churn 38  
 1/2<sup>nd</sup> Salratus 16  
 1<sup>st</sup> Supper 25 69

125 Joseph Sirmans Dr

To 1<sup>st</sup> R. Glens 38

135 Jonathan Knight Dr

To 2<sup>nd</sup> R. Don Butts 63  
 32 Screws 32  
 8<sup>th</sup> Nails 64  
 1 3/4<sup>th</sup> Men. Rope 44  
 1 R. Glens 37 250

Mr L. 124 Ch. J. Liles Dr

To 1<sup>st</sup> Revolver 1  
 1 Over Coat 3  
 1 Umbrella 1  
 1 Shirt 1 4

115 Margaret Corbett Dr

To 1<sup>st</sup> Coffee 1

122 James H. Carroll Dr

To 1<sup>st</sup> Pain Killer 64  
 1 Sundance 13 37

237 123 James Carroll Dr

To 2<sup>nd</sup> George Kinard ap 32 13

84 Capt Peter's Dr

To 2<sup>nd</sup> Yds Bagging 225  
 " Swine 13 238

84 James Donckton Dr

To 2<sup>nd</sup> Yds Bagging 2 25

84 B. L. Ganas Dr

To 1<sup>st</sup> shoes 1 38



Hapaha Geo. Nov 25/51

Reading Bennett Dr  
 To 3 Flugs Tobacco 1 00

229 Saml Register Dr Inc  
 To 1 lb Flugs Tobacco 37  
 9<sup>th</sup> Coffee 1 27  
 8 lbs cot osnaburghs 1 2 3 00

244 John Register Dr I  
 To 2 Flugs Tobacco 70  
 2<sup>nd</sup> Powder 2 37  
 1 Sack Corn, 1 8  
 4 Yds Bagging 1 2  
 Swine 1 3  
 Knitting Pins 0 6  
 3 Bars Soap 30 2 82

133 John Riving Dr I  
 To 1 Pn Shoe 1 38

176 Joseph Burkhalter Dr I  
 To 2 Flugs Tobacco 70  
 1 Lk Pro Knife 1 00  
 1 Empty Bottle 0 6 1 26

36 Isaac H. Peters Dr I  
 To 3 3/4 yds Shirts 2 58  
 1 Spur 1 4  
 1<sup>st</sup> Crackers 1 8 3 00

41 Jos. C. Peters Dr Inc  
 To 1 Pn Knife 30

152 Mr. Roberts Dr I  
 To 1 Pn Shoe 1 58

92 John J. Clements Dr I  
 To 6 yds Salt 51

13-10



Mapaka Sermon 26/57

Jesus Carroll Dr  
By 37" riding 3.57

To 1 Pr Bush shoes 1.38

1 " Boys Co 1.12 2.50

24 James Carroll Dr  
To 10<sup>th</sup> Coffin 1.00

25 Mr Touchstone Dr S.  
To 12 Yrs Kid Shamm 45. 08

26 David Clements Dr S.  
To 1 Pr Shoes 1.25  
3 1/2 Yrs Calico an. 3.40  
2 plugs Tobacco 70  
1 pr side combs 1.3 3.48

27 Mr J. Shaw Dr S.  
To 2 Yrs Calico 2.00  
2 " Shitz 2.0 1.40

Sam Duran Dr  
To Bab on Calico 84

28 Mrs Mary Duran Dr  
To 1 pr shoes 1.25

29 Mr D. Jender Dr Sam  
To 3<sup>rd</sup> Coffin 3.11  
2 1/2 Bury C 36

30 Jacob S. Jender Dr 0.  
To 1 Bot Nardin oil 1.3  
1<sup>st</sup> Rgho 2.5 3.8

31 Sherod Tomlinson Dr Bro  
To 1 1/2 O. red 1.3

Henry Herring Dr  
To 6<sup>th</sup> Coffin 1.7

14 87



Alapaha Geo. Apr 20<sup>th</sup> 1857

26 Eaton Douglas Dr. S.  
 2 1/2 yds Cot Bagging 2.25  
 1 yds Twine .12  
 1 Subl Buckets .75  
 2 plugs Tobacco 10 3 82

Barzilla Douglas Dr. S.  
 1 1/2 yds Bagging 1.13  
 Twine C  
 Balon Cab. Hat 1.00 2 81

26 1/2 James Carroll Dr. H. Mrs. M.  
 1 yds Shitz .60  
 1 Loco glass .75  
 1 Spool Cotton 10 1 40

Jacob Shaw Dr.  
 1 Roc Knife 88

69.10  
 27 1/2 Mr. Allen Dr.  
 1 yds Live returned 3 1  
 1 plug Tobacco 3 1

28 1/2 James Carter Jr. Dr. Allen  
 1 Pa Sacks 13

15 1/2 John Sherrill Dr. S.  
 1 Bn matches .60  
 1/2 plug Tobacco .18  
 1 Bucket 3 8 62

20 1/2 James Walker Dr. S.  
 1 1/2 yds mus Delano 31 3.56  
 10 " Calico 1/2 1.88  
 4 " Flate col. cambric .50  
 3 1 " Shitz 100 3.10  
 2 Pr nouns shoes 2.50  
 1 " " " " " .63  
 2 plugs Tobacco 10 12 81

(2198)



Mapaha Geo Nov 24/57

Mapaha Store Dr

To goods remaining in  
the store last April. 1st } 11.54.1150 00  
as in Invoice }

4 Expenses Dr

To 2 Book covers .56  
1 Invoice Book .33  
1 Oct. Book 0  
1 Cheese Knife 18  
3<sup>rd</sup> Sallow 50  
Bagging Swine 20 163

Centrevillage Store Dr

1st April 2420<sup>th</sup> Nails 0 25.20  
28 Skins 0 1.38  
146<sup>th</sup> Wap 20 29.20  
222<sup>th</sup> Sallow 0 13.32  
1305<sup>th</sup> L. I. Cotton 20 26.00

July 25 Cash paid Mr Harris 36.00  
1 Bale Swine 2.66

Oct 25 244<sup>th</sup> Wap 20 54.00  
Manning Corvost. Note 5.00

Nov 15 Cash paid Harris 3.00

Oct 29 1475<sup>th</sup> L. I. Cotton 20 215.00  
3802<sup>th</sup> " " Do 20 760.40

Nov 15 2080<sup>th</sup> " " Do 20 416.00 212216

S. Mumford Dr

April 4 2 Cash sent by mail 40.00

12 " Do " " P.P.C. 05.00

May 2 " " " " " 125.00

7 " " " " " 15.00

30 " " " " " 110.00

Sept 26 " " " " L. I. Kinning 20.00

11 " " " " " 150.00 535.00

A. D. B. Carroll Es

By Cash \$1.35



241  
Alapaha Geo Nov 27<sup>th</sup> / 57

104 R. H. Burkhalter Dr  
Do 1<sup>st</sup> Sal nitre 20<sup>5</sup>  
2<sup>nd</sup> Coffee 20<sup>5</sup>

35 Jesse P. Vining Dr  
Do 1/2 Yds Kidney 100<sup>0</sup>  
Do Coffee 1.00  
1/2<sup>lb</sup> Chew 80<sup>5</sup> 3 30

64 Capt Peters Cr  
By 9 qrs Bagging returned 2.25

52 Wm Carter Dr  
Do 1 Bot Hair Knots . 18  
12<sup>5</sup> Nails 1.00  
2 Plug Tobacco 71 1 88

28 W. B. McDonald Dr  
Do 1 Bot Ink 12

Joseph C. Peters Cr  
By knife returned 50

John D. Peters Dr  
Do 1 Bot Sweet oil . 13  
1 B Woms. Caly Shors 1.50  
1 Plug Tobacco 01  
1 Groc Buttons 57  
1 Paper 13 2 40

Isaac Peters Dr  
Do 1<sup>st</sup> Sal nitre 20

D. B. Carroll Dr  
Do 1<sup>st</sup> Cracker 18

James Carroll Dr  
Do 17 qrs Bagging 224 14 52

23 23



Alapaha Geo. D. 1857

James Smith Dr  
To Cash 75 11

John Smith Dr  
To 1 Stock Sock 1 -  
1 Set Knit pins 6 1 00

James M. Chetty Dr  
To 1 set of flgs 15

David Pender Dr  
To 1 Brickbat 38

James Doughton Dr  
To 1 lb Lins 25

James Carroll Dr  
To 2 Yds shtz 16  
1/2 Buttons 1  
2 Yds Linings 50  
1/2 yds Thread 10 80

B. Hermann Dr  
To 2 yds of red 20

Swi Drandy Dr  
To 2 pr shoes 2 00

Wm McDonald Dr  
To 1 Coffee Pot 88  
1 Shut paste Board 12 1 00

J. Lancaster Dr  
To 1 Coffee pot 65

Wm C. Wilkinson Dr  
To 1 pr gloves 38  
1 set of flgs 12 50



244

Napaka Geo Dec 2<sup>nd</sup> 51

Barzille Douglas Dr

Do 4 yds Bagging 1

3 1/2" Rope .70

1<sup>st</sup> G. Salls 131<sup>st</sup> Coffins 12

3 1/2" Potash 37

6<sup>th</sup> Coffee 11<sup>st</sup> Shov 1.38

2 yds Calico .31 3 13

35-Jesse P. Vining Dr

Do 1<sup>st</sup> Shov 1 38

287 Reuben Ragsdale Dr

Do 1 Bot Cognac 30

3 1/2 James A. Darsy Dr

Do 3 yds shtg 3 1/2

6 pipes 6

3 1/2" Potash 91 1 27

31 127 W. Pafford Dr

Do 1<sup>st</sup> nails 32

3 1/2" Potash 37 82

84 Capt Peters Dr

Do 8<sup>th</sup> Iron 8 64

49 Wm Allen Dr

Do 1<sup>st</sup> Sal. Epsom 251<sup>st</sup> " Nitro 25

1 Bot pain Killen 19 69

270 John H. Pender Dr

Do 1 Bot pain Killen 19

18<sup>th</sup> nails 1.50 11

4 1/2 yds shtg 3.81

6<sup>th</sup> Coffee 1

1 Grace Buttons .37 8 81

1827



Mapaka Geo Dec 3<sup>rd</sup> / 57

Isaac W Carter Dr  
20 3/4 Ropes 19

A. M. Brantly Co  
By 207<sup>th</sup> Cotton Dr

20 Ck Coffin 10  
1/2<sup>th</sup> paper 10  
1 Set Unit pins 10 1 19

John Knight Dr  
20 1 Gun Sack 1.75

10 " Flints 10 1 85

John H. Gummie Dr  
20 8<sup>th</sup> Iron 64

Samuel Gummie Dr

In 1/2 Groco agate Buttons 31

1 " Bone Dr 58

1 Pa Wood 20

33 yds Saty - 1/2 D. 20

1/4<sup>th</sup> Licks 20 4 42

John Gummie Dr son

20 1 Feuny Lind Naty 13

James Carroll Dr

20 1 fr Russia 12

James Carroll Dr

In 1 Groco Buttons 31

1 " 10

2 Bunches Cot. yarn 20 2 97

David Johnson Dr

20 1 fr shoes 138

1 pa Sacks 12

1 Pair comb 18

C papers 10

1 Bucker 99 1 93

15 44



Mapaha Geo Pedigree

O. Saucen Dr

3 1/2 Crackers	18
3 1/2 Cheese	18
1 pa Sacks	12

32 Harrison Sons Dr

20 lbs yeast & nutg 1/3.14

33. In Prints 4.13

1 Large wooden stand 2.10

1 Cal. Fur Hat 2.25

1 Bridle & Saddle 2

1 Pr martingales 1.25

1 Collar of 2 1.57

1 1/2 Cheese 20

1 Crackers 19

1 Pr socks 203

1 " Calf shoes 2 11

1 " Wm Dr 1.20 201

84 Capt Peters Dr

Dr 1 pr Russia 1 20

Jacob Shaw Dr

Dr 1/2 Bar soap 10

1/2 Saltrams 13

1/2 Crackers 18

1/2 Cheese 10

1 Paper 4

2 John R Walker Dr

Dr 1/2 Crackers 2.1

1/2 Cheese 1.4

1 powder 51

34 Beng. Simons Dr

Dr 3 yds Sings 15

34 E. D. Simons Dr

20 yds drill 82



Alapaka Dr Dec 4<sup>th</sup> 31

27 Saml Carter Dr  
To 3 yds Blue Salmon Oil 3 10

27 George W Hender Dr  
To 1<sup>st</sup> snow 1 08

22 David Hender Dr  
To 6<sup>th</sup> Coffee 1 -

12 Jacob S. Hender Dr  
To 1 Bot pain killer 19  
1/2 gr S. paper 12  
1<sup>st</sup> Crackers 19  
2<sup>nd</sup> Chusd 38 88

26 James Carroll Dr  
To 1<sup>st</sup> Sub mtn 23

46 Thurod Continuum Dr  
To 12<sup>th</sup> Coffees 110

42 Moses C Lee Dr  
To 9 yds Ark. Bagging 2 23

154 John Thos. Carroll Dr  
To Merchandise for Elizah 3 20

C 376 Wm M Nichols Dr  
To 1 more Hat 88

48 Light Peters Dr  
To 1 Ark mtn 22

252 George W Roberts Dr  
To 3<sup>rd</sup> Crackers 13

Abner Simons Dr  
To 1 spec Bark 44



Mapaha Geo Dec C<sup>ts</sup>  
 Myranda Watson Dr L  
 In 3<sup>d</sup> Coffin

Joseph C Peters Dr Jan  
 In 1 Apr 100  
 1 Br Shov 108 288

James S. Peters Dr Jan  
 In C<sup>ts</sup> Coffin 10  
 1 Pine Box 38 138

Moses C See Dr  
 In 3<sup>d</sup> Coffin

Capt Peters Dr  
 In 3 Yrs Sinsays @ 26

G. B. Carroll Dr L  
 In 1 Blk slk Hat 100

John Worthington Dr Bro  
 In 1/2 Yr Canoe C  
 7 Ark flap 18 118

Joseph Worthington Dr L  
 In 1 Oz Buttons 18  
 4 1/2 Candy 15 31

Samuel Keutz Dr Son  
 In 15 3/4 Yrs Bagging @ 23 24  
 4 1/2" Rope @ 20 210  
 1 3/4" Iron 8 24  
 3<sup>d</sup> Coffin 37 148

James Carroll Dr L  
 In 2 Poo Knives 25  
 1 " " 20  
 Ck<sup>ts</sup> Coffin 100 195



Alapaha Dec Dec 1/51  
 Mr E. C. Mann Dr  
 In 2 Pr shoes @ 2.75  
 1/2 Broom 13 2 88

Sam Carter Jr Dr  
 1 1/2 Cracker 25

Mr. J. Carroll Dr  
 In 1 pair Bro shoes  
 2 Pr 1/2 Hat 50 1 50

James H Carroll Dr  
 In 1 Almanac 12  
 1 Plug Tobacco 18

Mr S. Roberts Dr  
 In 1 pr shoes 1 38  
 1 Cal Fur Hat 2 - 3 38

Lewis Roberts Dr  
 In 1 pr Boots 3 20

8 372 James H Carroll Dr  
 In 1 Sance fan 88

Re. M. Bender Dr Bro  
 In 2 pr child shoes 1 37  
 2 Yds calico 25 1 25

270 John A. Bender Dr  
 In 9 yds Col matings 1.13  
 1 coffee pot 37  
 1 set cups & saucers 38  
 1 " Plates 44  
 1 " Cippers 12  
 1 Bird Comb 18 2 62

55 Benj. Vermaas Dr Dr son  
 In 2 pr shoes 25  
 1 Poc Knife 57 25



Alapaha Geo Dec 8 <sup>th</sup> 51		
20	Dr Carroll Dr	
	To 4 yd shg 8	32
	2 " x muslin	18
Alapaha Geo		
	4 " Col. Cambric	31
	1 sp cotton	11
		160
R. H. Burkhalter n n Dr		
107	Dr R. H. Burkhalter Dr	
	To 2 yds cot Bagging 2 1/2	25
	1 yd twine	31
		31
	1 cake shaw soap	10
	2 Bars Lead	2 3/4
	1/2 Gwa Buttons	25
	3 Box matches	13
	1 Bunt Salinet	31
		3 79
		3 379
Run		
101	Dr Griffin Carter Dr	
	To 1/2 Candy	13
	1 Dia String	27
		20
James Touchton Dr		
9 58	Dr James Touchton Dr	
	To 1 Bunch Cot yarn	20
Jesse P. Vining Dr		
35	Dr Jesse P. Vining Dr	
	To 1 Bar Lead	10
	John Embro n n	
John Guthrie Dr		
	Dr John Guthrie Dr	
	To C <sup>d</sup> Coffee	1
Saml McCoy Dr		
106	Dr Saml McCoy Dr	
	To 1/2 Crackers	13
David Lancaster Dr		
	Dr David Lancaster Dr	
	To 1/2 yd Cot Bagging	15
	Twine	1 15
James H Carroll Dr		
322	Dr James H Carroll Dr	
	To 2 Bars Lead	20
		9 54



Mapaha Geo De

170 Saml Gammie Dr

To 5<sup>th</sup> Crackers 13

Mapaha Geo De

1 Box Vermifuge 22 57

for Wright Brommer Cr

By Cotton 1.04

27 Mrs. M. Duran Cr

By Cotton 7.03

4 Guilford Lasteringer Dr 4m

To 1<sup>st</sup> Crackers 19

25 Isaac N Carter Jr

To 9<sup>th</sup> Hook & Stingers 1 13

22 Wm J. Peters Jr

To 1 old Pocketbk 10

1<sup>st</sup> mixed Shres 138 2 58

26 Jas Carroll Cr

To 1 Box caps 20

18 Adair Boyed Cr

By cotton from Mr Carroll C. 111

28 John Baughman Cr

By Cotton from Mr Carroll C. 111

17 David Johnson Cr

By amt from Mr Carroll C. 111

for John L. Carroll Cr

By proceeds of cotton 48.50

4 Saml E. Register Dr

To 12<sup>th</sup> Crackers 10

12<sup>th</sup> Coppers 6 10



Alapaha Geo Dec 11/37

D. B. Staton Dr &amp;

To 1 M Re Hdkf 110

1 " Furse 37 1 50

John S. Carter Dr &amp;

To 1 set plates 38

1 " cups &amp; saucers 37

1 Head stall 75

1 Bridle Bit 37

10 Chuse 19 2 19

James O. Parsy Dr &amp;

To Paid Buss 2 -

1 M Re Swine 31 2 31

E. C. Meain Dr Carter

To 2 yds Sings 37

George Carter Dr &amp;

To 1 End Blanket 37

Jesse P. Vining Dr

To Bal on salt 2 11

Jasper Martin Dr

To 1 wool Hat

By Match 8 94

Capt Peters Dr &amp;

To 1 M Buss 80

4 M Match 10

Paid By Jerry 37 1 36

John Thudell Dr

To 4 1/2 yds Bagging 113

Swine 19

James C. Lee Dr

To Bagging Swine 15

12 64



Alapaha Geo Dec 11 1857  
200 James Carroll Dr  
10 1/2 yds Potatoes

12

44/4 Saml E Register Dr  
10 1/4 yds Bagging 1 00  
Wine 1 00

55/5 Jessu P. Vining Dr  
203 Glass Caps @ 3/ 1 13

Alapaha Store Dr  
20 M & Co Bill Dec. 31 27.82

32/4 Cornelius B. Tighley Dr  
4 1/2 yds Irish Linen

36

109/4 Saml Gutman Dr  
In 1 Drunk 2 50  
1 Pot Oil 31 2 80

115/5 John H. Gutman Dr  
By way (11 1/2) 2 80

122/1 Sebastian Giddens Dr  
In 1/2 yds Paper

51

Q. Lancaster Dr  
20 Cracker

13

Mr Carter Dr  
In 1 1/2 yds Tobacco 5 74  
1 Fin comb 18 68

Mr Martin Jordan Dr  
20 C<sup>d</sup> coffee 1 00

Mr E. Clements Dr  
In 3 1/2 yds Tobacco 2 60  
C<sup>d</sup> Coffee 1 10  
1 y Tobacco 4 40

By Q. Webb note 10.11 11 80



Alapahada Dec 12/51  
 1/2 Centre village Store Dr  
 In 105<sup>th</sup> low hills 21.55  
 37<sup>th</sup> Deer skins 370  
 37<sup>th</sup> Long cotton 21 19.17 1442

21/ James Walker Dr  
 In 1 R Wm Shaw 1.25  
 1 " Child Dr 81  
 2 Pitchers 37  
 1 Set Plates 03  
 1 " Cups + Saucers 02 388

20/ James Carroll Dr  
 In 2 M's silk 12

53 Benz. Sirmans Dr  
 In 1 Bx matches 6

82 John Touchton Dr  
 In 2 Red Coats 58  
 1 Bx Opeldore 12 30

24 Absdon Parish Dr S. Roberts  
 In 3 1/2<sup>th</sup> Rope 24  
 1 Bx Spurs 88  
 1 Bx matches 188

42 Moses C. Lee Dr  
 In 4 1/2 yds Bagging 13

103 X Mrs M. Tyler Dr  
 In 1 umbrella 70

51 James Touchton Dr  
 In 1 Tin Dipper 13  
 2 yds Calico 37 31

X A. M. Brantley Dr  
 In 1 sack salt 4 11



Mapaha Sen. Dec 1st

44 Isaac McQuadding Dr  
 In 1/2 C<sup>t</sup> Flour 14 84  
 C<sup>t</sup> nail 50  
 1/2 yds Cot Bagging 113 2 41

32 James H. Carroll Dr  
 In 1<sup>st</sup> Tobacco 411  
 1 1/2 yds Cot matings 15  
 3 Iron Spoons 18 73  
 1 Box Buttons 38 38  
 111

24 Mrs. E. Thornton Dr  
 In 1<sup>st</sup> Tobacco 40

X Jacob S. Harnago Dr  
 In 1/2<sup>nd</sup> Cheese 14  
 1/2<sup>nd</sup> Crackers 7  
 1 Bot of dildro 13 32

14 John D. Jender Dr Landman  
 In 1 Bot Pain Killer 19

24 Mrs. Jas. Guttrie Dr  
 In Bal on Cups & saucers 44  
 1 Violin 200 2 44

14 James W. Stalon Dr  
 In 1 flour point 25

17 Angus Molloy Dr  
 In 1<sup>st</sup> powder 50

215 Mrs. D. Wilkinson Dr  
 In 8 1/2<sup>nd</sup> Cheese 106  
 2<sup>nd</sup> Crackers 38  
 1 Set plates 50  
 1 " cups & saucers 75  
 3 yds Linings 22 15  
 1 Pa pins 12  
 1 Bucket 38  
 1 R suspensions 20 4 14  
 1082



Mapaha Gen. Dec 13<sup>th</sup> 1837

73 Mr. Patton Dr

In 1 Sh shew 1.38 1 38

14 James S. Peters Dr

In 1 Sh shew 1.38

2<sup>nd</sup> Tobacco 81

1<sup>st</sup> Crackers 12 2 57

139 Levi Druddy Dr

In 1<sup>st</sup> Coffee 1 10

87 Capt Peters Dr

In 2 yds Ribbon 12

2<sup>nd</sup> Edging 11 22

265 Dan Carroll Dr Mrs McGowan

In 3<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> yds Blk & Wk Lace 94

1 Jessu Carroll Dr

In 4<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub><sup>th</sup> Druff 1.81

1<sup>2</sup><sup>th</sup> Candy 25 2 06

147 James Castin Dr

In Paid By Mine 75

30 Josiah Vining Dr

In 1 Cap. Fur Hat 2 25

187 Mr. Ducktown Dr

In 7<sup>th</sup> Potash 1 00

1559 Paul D. Carroll Dr

In 1<sup>2</sup><sup>th</sup> Tobacco 20

266 James Carroll Dr

In Cash sent for Lady's note 3 03

In Mrs McGowan

12 11



Atapaha Geo. Dec 15<sup>th</sup> 1851.

28 James Touchette Dr  
Dr 14<sup>th</sup> Potatoes 2 11

29 Harris Tomlinson Dr  
Dr 2<sup>nd</sup> Rys shoes 2 -  
4 yds Red Flannel 1.00 3 6

James Harrell Dr  
Dr 1 sack Salt 4 11

32 James H. Carroll Dr  
Dr 1 Oven 2.50  
1 Bot. Colodion 10 2 63

34 Blackston Mullis Dr  
Dr 2<sup>nd</sup> Crackers 3 8  
1/2<sup>nd</sup> Candy 25 60

37 Levi Dravady Dr  
Dr 12<sup>th</sup> Potatoes 1 5

38 Henry Douglas Dr  
Dr 11 3 yds Mus delaine @ 3 3.63  
12<sup>th</sup> Pants 1.00  
1/2<sup>nd</sup> Candy 25 4 88

Warren Douglas Dr  
Dr 1 1/4 B. skins 4 11

40 Wm C. Staton Dr  
Dr 1 R. 3000 shoes 125  
3 yds Mus delaine 15 7  
1<sup>st</sup> Cotton 10 2 61

42 Wm Bennett Dr  
Dr 2<sup>nd</sup> Tobacco 80  
1<sup>st</sup> in calf shoes 18  
1<sup>st</sup> Crackers 19  
1/2 doz Buttons 12  
1 Skin for 1 3 3 12  
Bot Cologne 19  
3 31  
25 68



258

Mapaka Ben Dr H/37

2d Abram Bennett Dr S

Do 2 yds Linings 57

8" Calico 107

1" Checks 107

2<sup>nd</sup> Tobacco 87

2 Pr Childs Shoes 107

1/2 yds Km. jeans 2438

1/2<sup>nd</sup> Crackers 11

1/2 Pin String 57 840

2d Wm O. Wilkinson Dr

Do 1 yd Linings 207

1 Bunch Tape 9 31

Missus Carroll Dr Mrs Joy &amp; Mrs May

Op 11<sup>th</sup> Iron 80

2d Benj Simons Dr Mrs Benj &amp; Mrs May

Do 1 Tobacco 40

4d Joseph C. Peters Dr

Do 1 Poc Knifo 75

1 Hatchet 63

1 Shar Bf 207

3 Boxes matches 12

1/2 yds Lot materials 26 231

4d E. C. Meain Dr

Do 1 Pr Saddle Bags 175

1 Card Buttons 207

1 Pr Ann Combs 207

1 Sad. Blanket 57

1/2<sup>nd</sup> Tobacco 21

1 Cur Coat 707

1 Pr Gloves 25 1371

J. M. Brantly Dr

Do 1<sup>st</sup> Tobacco 40

2635



Hapaha Store Dec 16/51  
 W. S. Lastering Dr  
 In 1 Horn Pic Comb

Boad in the hole, take one half pound of sawdust meat and roll it into six balls  
 place these in a baking dish which has been slightly greased,  
 make a batter of too eggs too heaped up table spoonfuls of flour  
 mix with a pint of milk pour this over the sawdust  
 and bake in a moderate oven for one hour

Capt Wm. Peters Dr for	
Sp 1 oven	1.50
1 Pot & Pot	1.38
1 " 8 Do	1.00
1 Spian (Cov.)	.88
1 Skillet	.37
1 Copper Pot	.57
1 " Mill	1.00
3 Dishes 31 & 44	1.12
4 Bowls	.32
2 " "	.25
1 Pitcher	.50
1 Painted Backet	.38
1 Intt Do	.75
2 Tin Pans 7 & 44	.81
1 Set Plates	.68
1 " Cups & Saucers	.75
1 Candle Mould	.32
1 Hand Basin	.44
1 Pepper Box	.12
1 Int Cellar	.11
2 Painted Tubs 54 & 64	1.38
1 Brass Candle Stick	.57
1 1/2 Sod Irons	1.50
12" Pails	1.00

received once with no more of any of the goods but I received for too persons  
 this is a nice little

Hapaha Store Dr  
 In Horn Pic in dar - \$20.83  
 amrah Juna Lut  
 S. S. Hamford Dr  
 17 S. Hamford Dr  
 By amt recd on  
 H & B Douglas note July 8 \$11.25  
 " " " David Skinner " 2.63  
 " " " S. S. Hamford " 2.15  
 " " " J. A. Sanderson " 3.00  
 \$19.03



Mapata Geo Dec 17 75  
 S. Easting Dr  
 1 Umbrella 1.25  
 1 Spoon .31  
 1 R Stoves 38 244

John Baricham Dr  
 1 Cracker

James Carroll Dr  
 1 R R R

James Touchton Dr  
 1/2 B. Coat Buttons

1821 Wm D. Wilkinson Dr  
 1 sack Salt 4.00  
 1 Shovel 13  
 1 St. Stk 419

Wm. Patton Dr  
 1 Cracker

12 Cotton of Dr  
 377 Cotton @ 45 cash 15.10  
 811 Grue sud 202 18.20  
 Credit in note  
 871 " Da sh 39.00  
 Exp. earn 25  
 811 " Da 40.00  
 387 " Da sh 17.51  
 Cash 54.52  
 375 " Da 20. 75.00 21261

375 " Dur M 40 75.00

Joseph Simons Dr  
 1 2 yds Lot Bagging 2.25  
 1 Bot pain Ruler 18 240



Napaka Sea Dec 1757  
 1000 L. Main Dr  
 To 2 Kings Tobacco 12  
 1 R. Spinn 23 37

Daniel Curry Dr  
 To 1 Buckle 38  
 1 Cracker 10 30

James Carroll Dr  
 By Cash 3.11  
 Dr 1 Hawk flap 12

Wm P. Roberts Dr  
 By Amt from John Touchton 2.11

John Touchton Dr  
 To Cash paid Wm P. Roberts 2

W. H. Burkhalter Dr  
 To 1 3/4 yds for Bagging 3.38  
 1 Cwa Military Soap 23  
 1 Tobacco 50 4 13

W. C. Wilkison Dr  
 To 12<sup>th</sup> Powder 23

Scornick J. Shaw Dr  
 To 1 Lin Spinn 1.18  
 Cracker 12 1 20

Cotton af. Dr  
 To Cash paid John Simpson  
 For 500<sup>th</sup> 23. 15.11  
 " Cash for 200<sup>th</sup> af 8  
 Prichard 100<sup>th</sup> af 5.50  
 Dr 200<sup>th</sup> af 21.06



262 Wapaha Sed Dr 11/7/57  
Joseph Lancaster Dr  
To 1 pair calf shoes 2  
1 Cal skin hat 2.25 1.25

X Wm. Hall Dr  
To 1 pair shoe 25

211 Saml Reitz Dr for  
To 3 1/2 bag Iron 8. 2 60

209 Isaac Carter Dr for  
To 2 Potash 28

54 Pl. Canas Dr for  
To 1 pair nails 8

Jonathan Canas Dr  
To 1 pair Coloyne 25

50 John Simpson Dr for  
To 1 pair on falk 25

57 Jm Carter Dr for  
To 1 pair Barops 13

53 Jm a Carter Dr  
To 1 pair 25  
1 pair 18 38

52 Levi Draway Dr  
To 1 pair from Kils 8

36 Sam A Peters Dr  
To 1 pair 25  
1 pair 13  
1 pair 18 48

269 James Carroll Dr for  
To 1 pair 13  
1 pair 10 23

1118



243  
Mapaha Dr Dec 20<sup>th</sup> 18  
By Cash paid for Cotton Dr  
To Wock Knife 03

11 Cash ac Cr  
By Cash paid for Cotton, 71.  
" advanced Mrs Jonathan 75.  
" " " " 28 173

12 Cotton ac Cr  
To Mrs Daman ac. for. 200<sup>th</sup> 8 24

14 Cash ac Cr  
By Cash paid for Hunting 24 111  
" " Dr Harris 3 111  
Da  
To Cash Paid in Mon. 57 111 57 111

Mapaha Store Da  
To 1 Bushel Potatoes 3 111  
71<sup>lb</sup> Sugar (Crackers) 2 6  
108<sup>lb</sup> Tobacco 15 16 20  
96 yds Cotton Bagging 17 15  
Hunting Gun 3 63  
And 2<sup>d</sup> Dr. 1/2 p. 1/2 p. 1/2 p.

22 10 Jesse Carroll Dr  
To 8 yds Dutch Linen 50 20  
2<sup>lb</sup> - Big Shitg 55  
6 yds Cat Lacine 60  
1 Cake of Soap 23  
1 Set Unproductive 38  
1 " Remitt for 26 100 88

23 James Touchstone Dr  
To 12 yds Ribbon 5  
3 " Shitg 18 28

24 James H. Carroll Dr  
To 2 yds 33  
33  
6 09



26r  
Alapaha Geo. Dec 22<sup>nd</sup> 1851  
To Amos Bullard Dr  
To 1 Rug Tobacco 31

To Lancaster Dr  
To 1/2 Cracker 8

To D. Mullis Dr  
To Cash 11.11 10 00

To Cash ap Cr  
By cash & Loan Mullis 11.11

To Lancaster Cr  
By 158<sup>th</sup> Cotton 2.11

23 Cotton ap Dr  
To Lancaster ap 2.11

To D. Lancaster Cr  
To 1/2 ad Lock 5 11  
To 1/2 ad Lock 5 11 1 04

87 Miss E. a Rpt Cr  
By Cash 8 11

Cash ap Cr  
To Cash from Miss Rpt 3 11  
To Cash from Don Peter 2 6

To Saml H Peters Cr  
By Cash 26.

23 Cash ap Cr  
To cash of John Peters 2 31

To Saml Stator Dr  
To 1/2 ad Stator 7 0

231



Alapaha Geo Deas Dr

James Walker Dr

2 3/4 yds Bagging 2/10 10 1/2

4<sup>th</sup> Rope 20 11

1 Set Runners 2.50 1 68

Jacob Shaw Dr

20 1 Br Bridle 20 11

2<sup>nd</sup> Crackers 11 50

Samuel Rens Dr

20 1 Br Bridle 13

Griffin Carter Dr

20 1 Powder 2 1

1 Br Caps 25 10

Irwin Coptland Dr

20 1 Pontal Bridle 2 1

1 Br Martingale 1 1

1 Riding Whip 25 20

Nico Lucy Ann Bask Dr

20 1/2 yds Canvas 11

2 Buck combs 25 35

Joseph C. Peters Dr

20 1 Knob Lock 1 1

Isam H. Peters Dr

20 1 Knob Lock 1 1

1<sup>st</sup> Powder 20 1 20

Capt Peters Dr

20 1/2<sup>nd</sup> Powder 25 8

1 1/2 yds Ribbon 8

1 Buck comb 13 10

James Touchstone Dr

20 Diff in shoes 20



Napaka Jan Dec 28/51

24 James Carroll Dr By  
In 3 Collins Hoes 4 50

27 Cotton of Dr  
James Bullard of 21.00

35 Anna P. Vining Dr  
20 1 Puz Solace 31  
1 R By shoes 1 00 1 31

31 Josiah Vining Dr  
In 12" Roden 2 20

34 James Touchton Dr  
In 2 yds Shitg 20

10 Griffin Carter Dr  
In 1/2" Roden 13  
1 Bridle + Halter 2 2 13

38 Mr Robinson Cr  
By Hides + wool 2.11  
Dr

12 1/2 Cracks 38  
1 Curry comb 25  
1 Bot Ess. Saffron 12 10

145 Dennis Worthington Cr  
By 12" Hides 20 5.72

22 Saml. Regester Dr  
In 1/2 yds Bagging 2 131  
1/2 Rope 80  
1 1/2 Coffee 1  
2 plugs Hoes 57  
1 1/2 Dr 50  
8 Baro. Soap 4 50 3 11

1713  
404



Mapaha Geo Dec 24/51  
 To John Longmason Dr  
 20 C<sup>ts</sup> Coffee 1—  
 1 Br Shovs 125 2 20

24/51 Mrs Duran Dr  
 1/2 lb Shuts fast Berry 18

28/51 John Regester Dr  
 To 1 plug Tobacco 31  
 1 " Do 70  
 C<sup>ts</sup> Coffee 1—  
 C<sup>ts</sup> Gun Flints C 1 11

Q. P. McDonald Dr  
 To 1 Lime S. Paper 38  
 1/2 " Do 12 50

60 Re M. Fender Dr  
 To 4 plugs Tobacco 1—  
 1 Set plates 38  
 1 Br Shovs 125  
 2 Cys Calico 225  
 1 " Do 70  
 C<sup>ts</sup> (at Amabings) 93 613

167 Wm J. Fender Dr  
 To 2 Collins Axes 3—  
 1 Bot Castor oil 31  
 1 " Sauranum 15  
 1 oil stone 12  
 1 Br Shovs 158 524

3/53 Mrs S. Sutton Dr  
 To 2 yds Cot Bagging 225  
 1 Ann Drim 252 50

25- Aspin Martin Dr  
 To 2 Bots Cologne 38



Alapaha Geo Dec 25/73  
 Dea Carroll Dr  
 31 Bot clogne

22 Das. H. Carroll Dr  
 In 2 Yanky Flows 3 1/4 3 1/4. @ 15  
 2 B. Saws 1.25  
 2 " Cor Lins 77  
 1 yd B.H. Linn 38  
 2 Bags Stucco 77  
 1 " Bagging 25  
 1 " Bagging 25 11 38

61 Guilford Castings Dr  
 In 1 B. Saws 2.75  
 1 " " 2.25  
 1 " " 2.25  
 2 Wrt Do 1.75  
 4 Wrt ofoduloc 77  
 2 B. Saws 38  
 1 B. Cor Lins 77  
 1 " " 18 11 81

53 B. Sirmans Dr Son  
 In 1 B. Butters 13  
 1 B. Socks 25 38

304 James Allen Dr  
 In 2 x B. Saws 2.5  
 1 Bag Linn 2.5  
 C. S. 56

304 James D. Banet Dr  
 In 2 B. Saws 77  
 1/2 " " 10 20

215 Wm D. Wilkerson Dr  
 In 2 B. Socks 9

304 Wm. Linn Dr  
 In 2 B. Socks 33



Alapaka Geo Dec 26/37

Q & McDonald n

W 1 plug tobacco 31

1 yd Gingham 31

61

125 Martin Penan n

W 1 Curry comb 31

1/2 lb Spice

12

43

53 B. Linnans n

W 1 Penny Lind Hat

1

17 David Johnson Dr

W 3 Pa Bridle Reins 1.13

2 B. Hues 1.35

1 wood Rasp 31 3 38

139 Levi Dravody Dr

W 3 leaps for Buss

3 00

Cash Cr

By ant Lint Dassy 31.

146 James a Dassy n

W Cash 30.

" Buss. afc 3.39 33 39

147 Isaac W. Carter n

W 1 B. Hues 125

1 " of Lins 25 1 50

148 Jas S. Peters n

W 1 Bot G. circular

13

149 Adam Byrd Cr

W 3 Bal on Heathers 8.81

n

W 1 Grabbing Arc

1

11 05



Hapahao Dec 27/51

312 Bryant Edmondson n

20 8 gr auger 38

3" Chisel 37

1/2" Bagging 13

2 Gunboats 25

10 lb Iron 95

2" Slog 25

1 Bunch yarn 125

1 Herring 81 3-89

313 James Inckton n

2 1/2 Bk shoes 63

314 John Inckton n

2 1/2 Bag Lock 50

315 Josiah Simmons De Stroma

2 1 Mill saw file 63

316 Jesse Inckton Dr

2 3 yds Shitz 30

317 Saml McKey Dr

2 1/2 lb Tobacco 50

1 Bk scissors 37 90

318 Mrs E. Corbitt Dr

2 1/2 lb Sateratus 25

1 1/2 Bunch 25 50

321 Eli Hanfria n

2 1 Bk Jute 20

322 Mr Lamb Dr

2 1 lb Kid gloves 1 00

Jacob Shaw n

2 1/2 lb King Tobacco 13



Alapah Geo Dr 27/37

12 Cotton ap Dr  
To Merchants for 336<sup>lb</sup> Ant cotton 5.70

1 1 1 390<sup>lb</sup> Lng 15.622132

47 Mr Carter & Poppe

2 16 yds lambris 31 600

4 11 Alpaca 4/200

3 11 Drilling 18 56

2 Sports cotton 25

1 Pa Jacks 13

1 Bruch Tape 6

8 94  
900

Cash ap Dr

To cash from d. 2. 5.70

54 D. B. Carroll Dr

To Cash

Cr

~~Jessu Touchton~~

60 Jessu Carroll Dr

To 1<sup>st</sup> nails

8

58 James Touchton Dr

20 1/2<sup>lb</sup> Sugar 15

1 Pa Needles 12 25

322 James H. Carroll Dr

To Bal on Nat for Petu

1 25

~~Cotton Dr~~

~~30 Asiatic King ap 29.39~~

Cash Dr

To amt from Nat 17.33

29 James R. Allen Dr

To 1 Curry comb 31

12 yds Bonaburg 1.27

1 Buck comb 10 1 54

1853



Alapaha Ga Dec 29<sup>th</sup> 51Sewi Draydy Dr  
In 1<sup>st</sup> PotatoesR. H. Burkhaten r  
In 1<sup>st</sup> PotatoesMr. Jas. Guthrie Dr  
In 1 almanac~~Mr. Sams Dr  
In 1<sup>st</sup> Marriage~~Cash Dr  
In cash from Indulison31 326 Mr. M. Nichols Dr  
In Paid for Building Stable 18<sup>th</sup> 3 11187 Mr. Trichtum Jr r  
In 4 yds Bagging 231 1 2551 B. C. Gandy Dr  
In 1 3/4<sup>th</sup> Potatoes 109  
1/2 Bu S. Potatoes 54  
1 Bot Pain Killer 19  
1 " Asparia 15 1 9132 Harrison Jones Dr  
In 1 Bot Pain Killer 19  
1 Cruckens 18  
1 " Potatoes 40  
1 Pig String 13  
1 Coffee Pot 2 1 52  
1 (Cane) 2141 Guilford Eastman Dr  
In 1 pair shoes 1.25  
1 1/2 Quinell's paper 38  
1/2 " Long Cotton 10 1 70Cash Dr  
In amt from C. W. 100.00



Holy Bible  
 Precious be  
 Mine to teach  
 Mine to teach  
 Mine to chide  
 Mine to show  
 Mine art thou  
 Mine to  
 Mine to  
 If the Ho  
 Mine to  
 Man ca  
 Mine to  
 And to  
 O. thou  
 Precious

Ho  
 And  
 One age  
 His

and weath

Even as the cunning spider spreads its web  
 Man weaves the snare to catch his fellow man

Chans love is of mans life athing apart  
 His womans whole existance

Home there is music in the wood it brings  
 Thoughts of our childhood back the hearts  
 First love and pleasing memories

Sep 19. 1875  
 I promise to pay to  
 Mrs. Norton the  
 sum of eighty  
 Mc  
 D. J.

I thought of the promise  
 I gave to my dear old  
 mother when I was a  
 child



Still I am here

Dec. 31<sup>st</sup>

and we fire  
with some  
to a living  
stone. *Comme*  
lieu.

It is true  
is painful  
greatest pain  
again.

no my love  
used to be  
love.

My pain  
of early  
in this  
than not,  
while he

Through there

It is the chance the hour has come,  
When you and I must never  
lose it away to far away a year  
You perhaps forever; - No it must not

How short the time since first I  
How long we'll be shall meet again  
How brief the Bliss, How long the pain  
For I can never forget them.

When other friends are not there  
And other hearts are thine;  
And other boys have known thee,  
None fair and just than thine.

Think me your friend  
in my sad and lonely hours  
The thoughts of the coming year  
Like the breath of morning

you may go to Paris  
Goodnight for this  
all this  
my  
all this  
my



