DEMINE CENT TRUM.

A Family Companion, Devoted to Literature, Miscellany, News, Agriculture, Markets, &c.

Vol. XI.

of our voices. Don't the servant

what it means well enough when the

bell rings, and them sleepy abed

Oh, no, not at all. But there's no

mussy for 'em, and we jangles away

at the bell, and hollers a good 'un

to be up yourself and out in the

cold, to not like other folks to be

But, then, it's one's work, you

know, and I dunno whether it was

that or the sutt as give me this here

hoarse voice, which nothing clears

now-nost likely it was the sutt.

How times are altered, though,

since I was a boy! That there

climbing-boyact o' Parlyment made

a reg'lar revolution in our business,

and now here we goes with this here

bundle o' canes, with a round brush

at the end, like a great, long, screw

fishing-rod, you know, all in jynts

and made of the best Malacky cane

so as to go into all the ins and

outs, and bend about anywhere,

till it's right above the pot, and

bending and swinging down. But

they're poor things, bless you, and

don't sweep a chimbley half like a

boy used. You never heers the rat-

tle of a brush at the top of a chim-

bly pot now, and the boy giving his

show as he'd not been shamming

Why, that was one of the cheery

sounds as you used to hear early in

the mornin', when you was tucked

up warm in bed; for there was al-

ways somebody's chimbley a-being

Puts me in mind again of when I

was a little bit of a fellow, and at

home with mother, as I can recol-

lect with a nice, pleasant face, and a

widder's cap round it. Hard push-

ed, poor thing, when she took me

to Joe Barkby, the chimney-sweep,

as said he'd teach me the trade in

she liked. And there was I, shiver-

ing alongside of her one morning,

when she was obliged to take me

to Joe; and we got there to find

him sitting over his brexfass, and he

arst mother to have some. But

her heart was too full, poor thing,

and she wouldn't, and was going

away, and Joe sent me to the door

to let her out; and that's one of

the things as I shall never forget-

no, not if I lives to be a hundred-

my poor mother's sad, weary face,

and the longing look she gave me

when we'd said "Good bye," and I

she could have caught me up and

run off with me. I saw it as she

door in my hand-that there green

and brass plate with "Barkby, Chim-

nev-sweep," on it. There was tears

in her eyes, too; and I felt so miser-

saying, "God bless you!" and then

I shut the door a little more and a

wiping my eyes with my knuckles.

up at four, and trapes through

and skulking half-way up the flue.

"Hillo—hallo—hullo—o-o-o!"

muggling it in bed.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 31, 1875.

No. 13.

former things are passed away."

coat worn by a woodman.

his load and team up the street .-

this blessed deed of charity toward

dressed him:

and thus he replied:

and men of sin.

And our benefactor was left on

the ragged edge of a knotty log,

believing the town to be full of

the Emperor of Germany was late-

ly on a visit in a distant portion

from a table, he asked:

sire," replied a little girl.

replied the little girl.

asked:

belong ?"

The Emperor took a gold coin

"To the mineral kingdom, sire,"

"And to what kingdom do

"To God's kingdom, sire."

The Emperor was deeply moved

a tear stood in his eye. He placed

his hand on the child's head and

"Grant that I may be account

RAT CATCHING EXTRAORDINARY

-A little black and tan, belonging

"When Shakespeare wrote about

'patience on a monument,' did he

said, most devoutly:

Poetry.

OUR LITTLE HATTIE.

Our little Hattie Is learning to go, · To sleep by herself With the light burning low.

Our little Hattie Is learning to rise, The moment the sun Shows its face in the skies.

Our little Hattie Is learning to put, Each stocking and shoe On its own little foot.

Our litte Hattie Is learning to sew, Though her stitches are not In a very straight row.

Our little Hattie Is learning to read, Though pronouncing her words Not according to creed Our little Hattie Is learning to write,

Are a comical sight. Our little Hattie Is learning to sit, In Church with her Mamma A demure little chit.

But her letters as yet

Our little Hattie Is learning to say, "Our Father in Heaven," In her sweet, lisping way Our little Hattie

Is learning to raise

A soft, piping treble In Jesus' praise. Write the name of the Lamb Dear Father above, On the heart and the soul

Of this child of our love. LOST HOURS.

I ween the vigil that I keep Is a sad and solemn thing, Where the chill October breezes sweep, And the ferns lie withering. For I pass the years in long review, The years have trifled past, The years when life was bright and new-Ah, what have they brought at last? And I cry as I look at my drooping flowers, My baffled hopes and my failing powers, "O, my lost, lost hours!"

What a harvest might have been gathered in When the golden grain was wasted! What a nectar of life was mine to win. When the draught was barely tasted! What happy memories might have shown, Had folly never stain'd them! What noble heights to rest upon, If a steadier foot had gained them! And I cry, as I sit mid my faded flowers, "Rashness and weakness have fatai dowers,

m. · Too late for battle, too late for fame, Comes the visious of better life; With eyes that are smarting with tears of I gaze at the world's hot strife.

The patient love cannot pardon now

O, my lost, lost hours!"

Or the proud believing cheer; Where the white cross gleams and the violets Lie the loved that made life so dear.

Kind Nature renews her perish'd flowers, But death knows nothing of sun or show-

"O, my lost, lost hours!" · NEARLY A CENTURY OLD.

Eighty-nine years ago to-day! Just eighty-nine long years Have passed since she an infant came To this sad vale of tears.

Sixty-nine years ago to-day She stood by grandsire's side, And pledged the vows that bound her firm - A gentle, loving bride.

Just sixty years ago to-day The altsr was a bier, And buried with that manly form

Were all hopes bright and dear. No hope! How weary, then, is toil-But children must have bread. "Strange that young hearts will cling to earth When buried is the dead !"

Forty-five years ago to-day There was another bride "How soon a man can win a child From e'en a mother's side!"

Forty-three years ago to-day Grandmother sang and smiled-For once forgot her trials past In petting first granchild. Again the altar was a bier-

Again there stood a bride-Again the christening robe was worn, By great grandmother's pride.

And now, for nearly twenty years, What could she do but wait? And still is waiting, blind to earth, The opening of Heaven's gate.

DOUBTFUL JOHN.

Now John, it is an honest name, As very well you know;

There's good John Smith, and good John Brown, And small Johns in a row. But there's one John we temperance folks

Have put our ban mon-A sly, suspicious kind of elf-And that is demi-John. "I'm sure it might contain, dear sir,

Good vinegar," say you. "Or water from the fountains pure. Or running stream;" that's true; But who'd believe your word, I pray, While you was trudging on, With no companions at your side Except a demi-John?

This John has a capacious mouth, So very deep and wide. He often swallows fortunes up Before he's satisfied. Then, boys, I tell you what it is, My word depend upon, You'd better not be introduced To doubtful demi-John.

A correspondent insists that "the masses," should be printed "them asses." We think he conclusively proves his title as one of them."

The greatest fortunes consist of of a chap of ten years old, you when leaving go, I slipped with a on shricking, and groaning, and placed there casually to exhibit pennies.

Selected Story. THE SWEEP'S STORY.

quite warm then, and begun feeling | couldn't move. my way, hot, and smothery, and "Svi-thee-eep! Svi-thee-eep! Don't sound much like sweep? No, it don't; but then one has to have one's regular cry, as folks may know us by. Why, listen to any of them in the morning about the street, and who'd think it was creases as this one was a-hollering, or Yarders, and then began to climb. mouth bloaters that one; or that "Yow-hoo!" meant new milk? It

ain't what we say-it's the sound gals as hears us of a morning know till they lets us in; for, you see, it comes nat'ral when you're obliged quietly, and rubbing the skin off my poor knees and elbows, while could hardly breathe, cramped up

Now, you wouldn't think as any one could see in the dark, with cap over their face, pulled right the housekeeper's room of a great noise. house, right from underground, to

always in the chimbley, never to had a good cry. come out no more.

"I won't be a sweep, I won't be a sweep," I says, sobbing and crying; and all the time making up my mind as I'd run away first chance.

good long struggle, I was in the right, for there was black fingerpot, with my head out, then my arms out, and the cap off for the slipped my legs in, and taking care there warn't no numbers nor nocool wind to blow in my face. And, ah! how cool and pleasant to lower myself down slowly, though alike, so as you didn't know which that first puff of wind was, and how, I was all of a twitter to know what to come down, and him aswearing the fear and horror seemed to go Barkby would do to me for being acause you was so long? Where is away as I climbed out, and stood so long. Now I'd slip a little bit, he?" I says in a whisper. looking about me; till all at once I being so sore and rubbed I could started, for there came up out of the pot, buzzing like Barkby's voice, as he calls out-"Go ahead, boy!" but all at once the chimbley seem- on the floor close aside a great hole So then I set to rattling away with my brush-handle, to show as I was out, and then climbs down on was going to shut the door after to the roof, and begins looking her—such a sad, looking look, as if about me. It was just getting day light, so that I could see my way about; and all seemed so fresh and stood on the step, and me with the strange that, with my brush in my hand, I begins to wander over the door, with a bright brass knocker, roofs, climbing up the slates and sliding down tother side, which was good fun, and bore doing two

or three times over. Then I got to able myself I didn't know what to a parapet, and leaned looking over do as I stood watching her; and she into the street, and thinking of what came and give me one more kiss, a way it would be to tumble; but so far off being afraid, I got on to the stone coping, and walked along ever little more, till I could see the same | so far, till I came to an attic winsad look through quite a little crack; dow, where I could peep in and see and then it was close shut, and I was a man lying asleep, with his mouth half open; then I climbed up an Ah! I have often thought since other slope and had another slide Egypt. as I shut the door a deal too soon; down, and then another, and anbut I was too young to know all as other, till I forgot all about my

little chummies; but there it was __ it was getting quite light now. All at once I turned all of a horri the cold, dard streets, hot or ble fright, for I reckelected about cold, wet or dry; and then stand Barkby, and felt almost if he'd got shivering till you could wake up the hold of me, and was thrashing me servants—an hour, perhaps, some- for being so long. I ran to the what I was in the right chimbley, and times. Then in you went to the firstchimbley-stack, but that wasn't cold, miserable house, with the car- right; for I knew as the one I came pets all up, or p'raps you had to up was atop of a slate sloping roof. wait no one knows how long while Then I ran to another, thinking I knick-knicking with a flint and steel by the sutt upon it. But they'd all over a tinder-box, and then blowing got sutt upon 'em-every chimbleythe spark till you could get a brim- pot I looked at; and so I hunted stone match alight. Then there about one to another till I got all was the forks to get for us to stick in a muddle, and didn't know where the black cloth in front of the fire- I was, nor which pot I'd got out of. place, and then there was one's Last of all, shaking and trembling, down over one's face, pass under one, and climbing up, I managed, legs in, when putting down my cap. It was very trying to a little bit let myself down a bit at a time,

though Barkby gave me lots of en- far, till I came to a bend in the move, though I've often thought couragement, without being too chimbley, where I stopped short since as a little twisting on my chuff, it seemed awful as soon as I -scraped, and bruised, and tremb- part would have set me loose. to got hold of the bars, which was ling, while I felt that confused I try and climb up again. But, bless

head such a pelt against some of self, I began to feel my way about a stiffy, and the heat and smoke com the brickwork that I began to cry; bit with my toes, and then got along ing up so fast as to nearly choke for this was the first high chimbley a little way straight like, when the me over and over again. as I'd been put to. But I chokes chimbley took another bend down, it down, as I stood there with my and stiffly and slowly I let myself come down a chimbley where there little bare feet all amongst the cin- down a little and a little till my feet had been a clear fire, and now some Every now and then Barkby no further. But after thinking a had been breaking them up; and in shoves his head under the cloth, bit, I made out where I was, and the fright I was I could do nothing and "Go ahead, boy," he'd say; and that was, standing on the register else but shout away until my voice I kep on going ahead as fast as I of a fire-place; so I begins to lift got weak and wiry, and I could do could, for I was afeared on him, it up with my toes as well as I nothing but cough and wheeze for though he never spoke very gruff could, when crash it went down breath. to me; but I had heard him go and again, and, there came such a But I hadn't been crying for nocuss awful, and I didn't want to put squealing and screeching as made thing, though; for soon I heard him out. So there was I, poor lit- me begin climbing up again as fast some one shout up the chimbley, the place felt that hot and stuffy I up the chimbley, while the sutt a whole lot of hot, bad-smelling

nearly smothered me. their eyes close shut, and a thick ed, had fired a gun up the chimbley, felt stupid and half asleep. while the turn round as it took down to keep the sutt from getting had saved me from being hurt. but I could, quite plain; and what out, "Hallo!" two or three times,

gone; but then I'd hear Barkby's face! Not nice, it ain't; and more collect is lying upon a mattress, choky voice come muttering up than once I've felt a bit sorry for with a fine gentleman leaning over the floo, same as I've shouted to the poor boys as I've sent up chim- me, and holding my hand in his. lots o' boys in my time, "Go bleys in my time. But there I was, ahead, boy!" and I'd go ahead and I soon began scrambling up again, though at last I was sobbing again, and worked hard, for the and choking as hard as I could, for chimbley was wider than the other I kep on thinking as I should never one. Last of all, I got to the pot, get to the top, and be stuck there and on the stack, and then again I I says; "only Barkby, him as some

Now, when I'd rubbed my eyes me." again, I had another look round. and felt as if I was at the wrong pot; so I scrambled down, slipped over the slates, and got to a stack and go home again; and then, after in front, when I felt sure I was marks on the red pot; so I got up, hardly stop myself; and then I'd manage to let myself down gently; one, I suppose, that I couldn't reach very well with my back and elbows pressed out; so, feeling myself slipping again, I tried to stick my nails in the bricks, at the same time drawing my knees 'most up to my chin, when down I went perhaps a dozen feet, and then, when there was a bit of a curve, I stuck reg'lar wedged in all of a heap, nose he says. and chin together, knees up against against the other, and me not able

For a bit I was frightened that the horrid fix I was in came upon choked, dripping with perspiration, and shuddering in every limb,

my cap, thinking that I could then that poor thing must have suffered. sore knees; and at last sat astride see the daylight through the pot. and I believe, arter all, he was sorry Barkby warnt a bad sort; but then, of the highest part, looking about But no—the chimbley curved about for me. But a sweep's is a queer what can you expect from a sweep? me at the view I had of the tops of too much, and all was dark as ever; life even now, though afore the act bespeak your gentle criticisms for relentless course blights alike the He didn't behave so very bad to us houses as far as I could see, for while what puzzled me was, that I was passed some poor boys was couldn't breathe any easier now the used cruel, and more than one's cap was off, for it seemed hot, and got stuck in a flue, to be got out ration. Welcome!! thrice The great globe itself, with all which close, and stiffy, though 1 thought that was through me being so frightened, for I never fancied now but wondered that Barkby didn't shout at me. But all at once there came in front of the window of a dealer a terrible creeping fear all over me in picture frames. He jumped, -a feeling that I've never forgotten, | velled, barked, tried to throw himthe gal was yawning, and knick- should know the one I came out of nor never shall as long as I'm a self through the glass; and he sweep. It was as if the blood in was mad. of course. They were my body had run out and left me about to kill him, but a philosoweak, and helpless, and faint, for pher interfered. It seemed to down below I could hear a heavy him that all those eccentricities beat—beat noise, that I knew of the dog had relation to a porwell enough, and up under me came trait in the window. So it proved. a rush of hot smoke that nearly suf- All this was joy at sight of the brush, and the black cap to pull I makes sure as I'd got the right focated me right off; when I gave portrait of a lady. That lady lived sound like my voice at all, as I kept his way home by the picture everything around. know, quite fresh to the job; and regular rush goodness knows how crying for help, too frightened to the frame.

you, no; I could do nothing but After a bit I came round a little, shout and cry for help, with the sneezy in my cap, till I got my and, whimpering and crying to my- noise I made sounding hollow and

> I knew fast enough now that I had touched cold iron, and I could get one had put lumps of coal on. and

as I could till I reached the bend, and then came a deal of poking and where I stopped and had another noise, and the smoke and heat came cry, I felt so miserable; and then I curling up by me worse than ever, shrunk up and shivered, for there so that I thought it was all over festival. came a roar and a rattle that echoed with me, but at the same time came falling down in a way that steam; and then some one knocked at the bricks close by my head, and Now, I knew enough to tell my- I heard a buzzing sound, when I self that the people, being frighten- gave a hoarse sort of cry, and then and age with its experience and so-

By and bye there was a terrible knocking and hammering close beup their nose—you wouldn't think So I sat squatted up quite still, side me, getting louder and louder from his retort and crucible; the any one could see anything there; and then heard some one shout every moment; and yet it didn't founders of our institution, its seem to matter to me, for I hardly friends, and patrons-its profesdo you think it was? Why, my and then, "Puss, puss, puss!" knew what was going on, though sors, teachers and pupils—all testi- humming its own funeral anthem mother's face, looking at me so sad, "Ah, that's it, is it?" I thinks; the voices came nearer and the fying by their smiling looks a gene and soon fades and falls like them. her tears, that it made me give sings out softly, "Miau, mi-yow," of recollection of hearing some one quite a choking sob every now and when I could hear voices whisper- say, "Fetch brandy," and I wonthen, for I was new at climbing, ing a bit, and then the register was dered whether they meant Barkby. and this was a long chimbley, from banged down, as I supposed by the while I could feel the fresh air coming upon me. Then I seemed Only fancy sitting in a bend of to waken up a bit, and see the daythe chimbley, shivering with fear light through a big hole, while Sometimes I'd stop and have a and half smothered with heat and there was ever so much broken cry, for I'd feel beat out, and the sutt, while your breath comes heavy bricks and mortar between me and face as had cheered me on was and thick from the cap over your the light; and the next thing I re-

"Don't," I says, in a whisper; "it's

asked me how I was.

"Oh, there ain't no bones broke," on you called 'Brandy,' 'll half kill

"What for?" says another gentle-

"Why, coming down the wrong chimbley," I says; and then, warming up a bit with my wrongs, "but 'twarn't my fault," I says. "Who could tell t'other from which, when this time that I didn't fall, began think on 'em, and they was all

One looked at t'other, and there was six or seven people about me: for I was lying on the mattress put ed to open so wide, being an old in the wall, and a heap o' bricks and mortar.

> "Who?" says the first gent, who was a doctor. "Why, Barkby," I says, "my guv'

> nor, as sent me up number seven's "Oh, he's not here," says some

one. "This ain't number seven, this is number ten. Send to seven,' Then they began talking a bit.

the bricks on one side and my back and I heard something said about "poor boy," and "fearful groans." and "horrid position," and they thought I didn't hear 'em: for I'd I never tried to stir; but last of all got my eyes shut, meaning to sham Abram when Barkby came, for fear me like a clap, and there I was half- he should hurt me. But I needn't have shammed, for I couldn't neither stand nor sit up for a week arter: wedged in where all was as dark as and I believe, arter all, it's that has had something to do with me being After a bit I managed to drag off so husky-voiced.

Old Barkby never hit me a stroke;

A Knowing Dog .- There was a panic in a Paris street over the conduct of a magnificent retriever

Miscellaneons.

[From the Baltimore Herald.] BLOOM AND BLIGHT: WITH

COLLEGE FOR THE DEGREE OF MISTRESS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

By Mamie E. Dozier, of Georgetown, South Carolina.

What a spectacle is presented to our view! Here are gathered be fore us youth with its beauty and joyousness; manhood with its high aspirations and hopes of the future; ber views of life; the professional man from his office; the scholar from his studio; the man of science

With overflowing hearts we greet you, and hope that in the exercise of the passing hour you may find entertainment and gratification.

we bid you welcome.

When I see him smile, and he our welcome; you who have guided

ter into the joys of the faithful.

sever the links that have bound us, which bright and gloomy colors

therefore to meet the responsibilities leave the results to the benevolence of Him who is "too wise to err and top good to be unkind."

welcome to one and all. Our respected audience, who and the waning crescent of the False have honored the occasion by your Prophet will soon disappear from presence, we kindly greet you! We

The heavens were tapestried with such a horrid shriek of fear as I've in Marseilles, and the dog had golden light, the air was musical the cloth, and begin, swarming up after nearly tumbling off, to get my never forgot neither, for the sound been stolen from her many months with sounds, and redolent with perof it frightened me worse. It didn't before. Strange chance to find fume; bloom and beauty were upon

tered, the curse followed, and the may not weaken the adamantine under a monument."

SALUTATORY ADDRESS.

The amber and gold of sunset

have faded, the grav twilight has deepened into darkness, and while night, with starry coronet, is mounting to her throne, we are gathered in this festive hall to celebrate another anniversary of our Alma Mater, the Twenty-first Annual Commencement of the Baltimore Female College. As the representative of the class of graduates I come to welcome the audience to our literary | wave their branches in the breeze,

We welcome the honorable Board of Trustees of the College, under whose guardianship the mental and moral interests of woman have been protected and promoted. May you ever enjoy in your hearts the conscious reward of your generous labors in behalf of woman. Again,

To you, our much esteemed President, we most affectionately extend us during the short years of our infancy just budding into being school-life with paternal tenderness. and kind instructions. We thank | blight, of development and nothing you for all your generous labors in ness. our behalf, and pray that when your earthly career is over, you may en- the step is elastic in buoyancy, the

we tender you a cordial welcome.

we trust that the gentle light of to this order, but whole peoples alwell-spent hours may shed a radi- so; nations and cities rise, lourish ance around you pure and precious | decline, and become extinct. Where as that of pearls from the Morning | are ancient Babylon and Ninevah Land. Gladly we bid you welcome. Where is Memphis with her tem-My loving Classmates, most warm- ples, and Thebes with her hundred ly would I welcome you on this our gates? Where is Tyre, whose merfestive night. We stand now upon | chants were princes; and Carthage, the threshold of a great change. once mistress of the seas? Where Let us remember "life is a warp in are Karnac and Palmyra of the demix and mingle," therefore let us Acropolis looks down upon broken weave it well. Let us go forth, column and shattered frieze, and of life, to perform its duties, and amid her ruined palaces and moul

After to-night our paths widely diverge from each other, but should any of you in future visit our Sunny to conquer? The Roman empire Southern clime, there amid the that spread from the river's to the warbling of birds, and the perfume of flowers, we will extend a cordial

our literary efforts, and throw ourselves upon your generous conside-Welcome!!!

BLOOM AND BLIGHT.

Our world was the perfection of beauty when it came from the hands of the Creator; and when he surveyed it all with his omniscient eyes, he pronounced it "good."-"The morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy," over the birth of the new

rich clouds, the fields were robed in where the bloom is eternal, and the ty minutes last Thursday. The living green and enamelled with blight never comes. In that celes- ratter weighs only nine pounds. perennial flowers; the waters were tial Eden the clouds never darken, This was a grand canine ratificadimpled in smiles by the gentle the light never grows dim. There tion. winds; the mountains were veiled in the landscape never fades, there the

scene was changed; dark clouds masonry of its foundations, with muffled the heavens, angry light- their garniture of precious stones, nings shot across the sky, the vol- nor crumble its jaspar walls, nor cano rolled up its cloudy smoke, corrode its streets of gold, nor dimand billowy flames,-wild winds its pearly gates, for the city is eter-

swept the forest,-storms lashed nal. There it is never said of the the ocean into foam, the landscape inhabitants, "They are sick," for no withered, the flowers faded, the rude blast is there to chill, nor bloom departed, and the blight poisonous air to corrupt. There came. Eden became a desert and are no dim eyes there, nor pallid man, that had strayed through its cheeks, nor weary brows nor faintverdant shades, with angels for ing hearts, nor failing limbs, for the

made in the image of God, became everything there, and though every a ruined and blighted wanderer vein beats the vigor of the pulse of from its peaceful bowers.

From that period to the present

bloom and blight have followed each other, as light and shade. The shrub opens its leaves to the sunlight, but they fade and fall; the flowers unfold their petals and shed their perfume on the air, but they wither and die; the tall cedar, and pine, and the wide-spreading oak reach their maturity, fall into de cline, and at length strew the earth with their mouldering branches and decaying trunk. The very mountains that pierce the clouds with their granite summits, touched by the frosts of centuries, crumble piece meal down and mingle with the earth. The insect expand its wings, revels in the sunbeam, glitters a moment and passes away. The tiny bird, that, like a winged jewel, flutters among the flowers, is

weary wings upon the breeze and sleeps; the strong-winged candor that breasts the hurricane, and folds his wings to slumber on some Al pine crag, and the strong-eved eagle that soars aloft to gaze on the an old veteran, whose eye, he im-

into decay.

meridian sun, reach their prime of strength and then decline and die. The gentle animals that enliven the landscape, the wild ones that roam the forest, and the savage beasts that howl amid the desert, fail of their wonted strength, and sink

The albatross, that spreads his

Nor these alone, but man in his strength, woman in her beauty, and follow the same order of bloom and

The form is erect in its strength, eye sparkles with intelligence, the Our beloved Professors and cheek blooms with health, the voice teachers, who have labored so earn- is musical with mirth and joyous estly and faithfully to imbue our ness, but blight follows with its minds with knowledge and form withering touch; age comes on the our hearts by correct precepts to form is bent, the "hyacinthine locks all that is noble, pure and true—we are changed to gray;" disease inthank you to-night for all your vades, the muscles shrink, the step generous efforts in our behalf, and is feeble, the eye has lost its lustre, and the cheek its bloom, the voice Get up, Liz!"

With kind words of cheer we is faint and tremulous, the pulse greet you our Schoolmates, with beat slow, the silver cord is loosed whom we have spent so many joy- the golden bowl is broken, "and ons hours. Though we soon shall the mourners go about the streets.' Nor are individuals only subject sert? Athens from her ruined Rome, shorn of her grandeur, muses dering Colisseum. Where are the ancient empires of the world? Assyrian? the Medo-Persian? the Macedonian whose chief wept because there were no more worlds

> once powerful Saracen empire? It has dwindled into insignificance, mosque and minaret. Time in his "The gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples,

ends of the earth? Where is the

And like the baseless fabric of a vision, Leave not a wreck behind." Yea, the golden sun himself shall

pale and be clothed in sackcloth, "the moon be changed to blood, and the burning stars fall from their course in the heavens, "as a ed worthy of thy kingdom." fig-tree casts her untimely figs." But there is a land where the light

never grows dim, where the clouds never darken, where the landscape to Mr. J. H. Hinton, caught and never fades. But there is a land killed fifty-two rats inside of thir flowers never wither, and the leaves never fall from the trees of life.

In that bright land is "a city refer to doctors' patients?" "No." which hath foundations whose ma- "How do you know he didn't?" But the Tempter came, sin en- ker and builder is God." Time "Because you always find them

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FRANK'S PASS.

Frank was a bright little fiveyear-old fellow, full of fun, and anxious to make himself of consequence. Armed with a stick he would feel as brave as a lion among the hens and chickens; and as they scudded away from this dreadful creature, to take shelter wherever they could find it. he would say to himself: "I guess companions. Man that had been bloom of an eternal youth is upon they think I'm a giant;" only he pronounced the word "zhi-ant." He would even attack the old cock. immorality, and "God shall wipe and walk right up to the big turaway all tears from all faces, and key-gobbler.

But there was one animal which there shall be no more death, neither caused Master Frank to quail with sorrow, nor crying, neither shall terror, especially when alone and there be any more pain, for the after dark. Do you want to know what it was? I will tell you. It DECEIVED BY ORNAMENT. was a mouse! Yes, a little brown mouse, with his bright eyes and We have heard much of veterans pretty tapering tail, would make -of men who fought, bled and our bold little boy tremble and died for their country-and have scream; and if he happened to gazed with musing thoughts upight on several of these pretty on the wearers of old, service-worn, creatures playing together, you weather-beaten blue army overwould have supposed that he had coats. But the experience here run against a herd of buffaloes. given is new. The story is told Very silly isn't it?

that agentleman went to the wood Now every night on his way to market the other day to buy wood. bed Frank had to pass through a He saw the old blue army over- lonely room, where mice and rats would sometimes peep out of their "One of the nation's defenders." holes and scamper over the floor. thought he. "May have upheld frightening him sadly, and causing the flag at Gettysburg; been with him to clasp mama's hand more little Phil in his terrible ride; with | tightly, and hurry along as fast as Sherman in his march to the sea; possible. his trusty rifle may have unhorsed

But one night, when it came the dreaded Stonewall, or turned | bed time, mama was sick up stairs, the tide of battle in the gory Wil- and no one was with Frank in the sitting room but papa, who was The load of wood was bought. busy reading his newspaper. So What was a dollar more to the little boy was told to march up stairs to bed alone. agined, kindled with its ancient fire.

"Oh, papa!" said he "I'm afraid in remembrance of the deadly breach, the hair-breadth 'scapes, "Afraid of what?" said papa. etc. The march behind the green, "Afraid of the rats and mice knotty, scraggy wood was taken papa, in the big lumber-room." up with pride, as the hero moved "Oh, nonsense!" said papa; "if

The wood was thrown off. The So papa took his writing mategentleman's heart warmed with rials and wrote this:-To all therats and mice in this house.

that's all, I'll soon fix you out."

the brave soldier, and he thus ad-"You are hereby ordered to let "Comrade, tell us in what demy little boy Frank pass through partment you served your country the lumber room, and all other during the late unholy rebellion." rooms, at all times. This order The woodman's eye brightened will stand good till countermand--the old flame lit up his counteed. Any rat or mouse disobeying nance: and a hectic halo seemed will be dealt with according to law.

to brighten the heart of the wag-Witness my hand and seal." oner where he stood whip in hand, Then papa signed the paper, about to tickle the off mule's ear, sealed it with a big, red seal, and and gave it to Frank, who thank-"Rebellion h-1! I went to Can- ed papa, kissed hir good-night ada before the first draft. I gave and trudged up stairs without ana bottle of whiskey to a veteran, other word; for he had often seen who had lost both a leg and an arm, papa give passes to people who for his overcoat. G'lang Beecher! wanted to go somewhere, or do something, and he had a high

opinion of his father's "passes." So when he came to the door of the lumber-room he flung it wide swindlers, jugglers, mountebanks open and called out: "Ho. Misses Rats and Mice, you can't touch me; here's my pass." And every A BEAUTIFUL ANSWER .- When night when he went up to bed he held out his pass to the rats and mice; and none of them ever did him any harm .- The Nursery.

of his dominions, he was welcomed by the school children of the vil-A TENDER EPISTLE FROM A BOY. lage. After their speaker had -A heart-broken youth named made a speech for them he thank-Frank, in Wilmington, N. C., nine ed them. Then, taking an orange years old, has lately found relief by inditing the following letter to "To what kingdom does this bea playmate of the other sex:

My DARLING LUCY: I must "To the vegetable kingdom, leave you tomorrow. you used to love me but your love for me is gone but my love for you is just the from his pocket, and holding it up, same just think Lucy how your words cut my heart i would give "And to what kingdom does this you things too as well as Robert but if you want to sell your love for two or three apples go a head i don't carea straw lucy i love the ground you walk on i would die belong, then?" asked the Empefor you i love you lucy please receive my vow. The little girl colored deeply,

P. S. if you here of me being for she did not like to say "to the animal kingdom," as he thought dead you drove me to it R says he dont care a fig for you nore the she would, lest his Majesty should be offended, when a bright thought came, and she said with radiant

Earing Eggs .- An English paper very consistently recommends an increased consumption of eggs as food. It says: "Excellent sandwiches may be made of hard boiled eggs and brown bread and butter; eggs spread on toast are fit food for kings; a poached eggthat is, one dropped from the shell into hot water-is not only clean and handsome, but a delicious morsel; eggs are better flavored without salt or pepper, a little sweet butter being the best dressing; persons who eat eggs freely may live to the age of 80 or 90; and lastly, eggs contain much phosphorus, and are the best food for those persons who are deficient in brains." This last idea is of the utmost importance to many

Sorrows are the shadows of past joys.

the chimney all in the dark.