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Professional Cards.

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Remember the DEAD! TOMBS and MONUMENTS.

N. H. D. WILSON,
General Insurance Agent,
Greensboro, N. C.

ETNA Life Insurance Company.
Assets \$12,000,000.

Chas. G. Yates,
MANUFACTURER OF

Buchanan & McDonald,
Grocery and Confectionery.

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Lines.

The Louisville Journal says, "We do not any longer have a poet to read the following lines, without exclaiming—How beautiful!"

My soul thy sacred image keeps,
My midnight dreams are all of thee;
For me thou art in silence sleeping,
And silence broods o'er land and sea;

Oh, in that still, mysterious hour,
How oft from waking dreams I start,
To find thee out a fancy flower,
That blossoms on a dreamy heart.

Thou art a thought and dream of mine,
I have in turn thy thoughts of time;
Forever thine my dreams will be,
What'er may be my fortune here.

I ask not love—I claim thee not;
Only one heart, a gentle tear,
May melt mine visions from above,
Play brightly round thy happy heart.

And may the beams of peace and love
Never from thy glowing soul depart.
Farwell! my dreams are still with thee,
Hast thou not a tender thought of me?

My joys like summer birds may fly,
My hopes like summer blossoms fade;
But there's one flower that cannot die,
Thy holy memory in my heart;

Not does that one flower's cup may fill,
No sunlight to its leaves be given,
But it will live and flourish still,
As deathless as a thing of Heaven.

My soul greets thine, unasked, unsought,
Hast thou not for me one gentle thought?
Farwell! Farwell! my life's true friend,
Between our lives one river flows.

And forests wave and plains extend,
And mountains in the sunlight glow;
The wind that breathes upon thy brow
Is not the wind that breathes on mine.

The star beams shining on thee now
Are not the beams that shine on mine;
But memory's spell is with me yet—
Canst thou not the holy part forget?

The bitter tears that then and I
May shed when'er by anguish bowed,
Exhaled into the boundless sky,
May meet and mingle in the cloud;

And thus, my much-loved friend, the we
Far, far apart, must live and move,
As if we were together yet,
This was our ecstasy to me—
Say—would it be a joy to thee?

INNOCENCE EXPLAINED.

The following notice of our assembly
ports to have been written by a young
wife to her husband, and is a fine
specimen of the kind of love letters
which are so common in the present
day.

My dear husband, I have just received
your letter of the 10th inst., and I am
glad to hear that you are well and
happy. I am also glad to hear that
you are so much interested in the
cause of the oppressed.

I am sure that you will do all in
your power to help the poor and
suffering. I am sure that you will
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Mr. Smith, who is a friend of Orlando's,
who is not, I confess, very much to my
taste—such a red-faced, noisy man—
was just supporting my dear boy up
the steps.

"Oh, what has happened?" cried I.
"Don't be frightened, Mrs. White,"
said Mr. Smith. "Nothing at all;
only White is a little exhausted. Ap-
plication to business will exhaust a
man, and I thought I'd bring him
home."

"All right, belle," said Orlando.
"Smith tells the truth—I'm exhausted."
And, dearest aunt, he was so much
so that he spoke quite thick, and
couldn't stand up without tottering—
Mr. Smith was kind enough to help
him up stairs; and he lay upon the
bed so prostrated that I thought he
was going to die. Then I remembered
the French brandy you gave me in
case of sickness. I ran to get it out.

"Have a little brandy and water,
dear!" I said.
"The very thing," Smith is ex-
hausted too. Give some to Smith," said he.
And I so reproached myself for not
having thought of it before Mr. Smith
was gone. But I gave a glass to Or-
lando, and, under Providence, I think
it saved his life; for, oh, how bad he
was!

"Belle," said he, quite faltering in
his speech, "the room is going round
so fast that I can't catch your eye—
And besides, there's two of you, and I
don't know which is which."

I knew these were dreadful symp-
toms.
"Take a drink, dear," said I, "and
I'll try to wake Mary, and send her
for the doctor."

"No," said he, "I'll be all right in the
morning. I'm all right now. Here's
your health. You're a brick. I—"
And over he fell, fast asleep.

Oh, what do men think so much of
money-making? It is no health better
than anything else!

Of course, as he laid down in his hat,
I took that off first. And I managed
to divest him of his coat. But when
it came to his boots—dearest aunt, did
you ever take off a gentleman's boots?

Probably not, as you are a single lady
—what a task! How do they ever get
'em on? I pulled, and pulled, and
shook and wriggled, and gave it up—
But it would not do to leave them on
all night, so I went at it again, and
at last I got them off so suddenly, and
over I went on the floor, and into his
hat, which I had put down there for a
minute. I could have cried. And the
other came off the same way, just as
hard and just as sudden at last. Then
I sat in my sewing chair all night, Oh,
how heavily he breathed. And I had,
as you may fancy, the most dreadful
fears. He might have killed himself
by his over application to his business,
for all that I knew. The perfect ones
go first, it is said.

Oh, how differently should I have
felt had anything happened to my be-
loved Orlando. He has not had so ex-
hausting a day since, and I think see
the folly of overwork; though it counts
well open so late, what will poor
lawyers do! I think it is very incon-
siderate of the judge. I wonder whether
he has a wife—the mean old thing!

The folly of rushing into expensive
litigation for trivial causes is well
illustrated in a case now pending in
the Circuit Court of Ohio county, West
Virginia. A citizen of that county in
1870 shot a goat, worth perhaps ten
dollars, that had annoyed him by re-
peatedly trespassing on his grounds.

The owner of the goat sued for dam-
ages, and the case was tried before a
justice of the Peace and given to a jury
of six, who failed to agree upon a
verdict. A second trial resulted in a
verdict of \$35 for the plaintiff. The defendant
appealed to the Circuit Court, where a
jury of twelve failed to decide the mat-
ter, after which another trial was had
resulting in a verdict of \$12.10 for the
plaintiff. But now the defendant
came forward and alleged that prior to
the finding of this verdict he had
tendered to the plaintiff the sum of \$15
in settlement of the claim, which if pro-
ved would have the effect of rendering
the plaintiff liable for all the costs that
had accrued in the course of the suit.

This alleged tender was denied by the
plaintiff, who in March last a jury was
called upon to decide the question, and
this jury failed to agree. At the June
term the question of fact in regard to
the alleged tender was given to another
jury, which was also discharged with-
out coming to any decision on the mat-
ter; and it now seems as far from
settlement as ever.

In the mean time the defendant's
costs have been accumulating, \$115.95
being charged against the plaintiff, and
\$127.25 against the defendant, to say
nothing of lawyer's fees on each side.

If the judges were the only losers in
this case, it would not be so bad; but
the case of the Court has been occupied
to the exclusion of really important
business, and large expenses have been
incurred that the State is obliged to
pay. Our own courts are too frequ-
ently occupied with such nearly or quite
as frivolous as the great Western Va.
goat case.—N. Y. Sun.

Game Penitence.—Sportsmen rep-
resent that game-penitence is very pre-
valent in the counties about Richmond
this season. The foxes are destroying
a good many rabbits, but are being
hunted down. Two deer as white as
the driven snow were seen in the farm
of Mr. Nathan River, in New Kent
county, a few days ago. Partridges
are abundant, and promise fine sport.—
Richmond Dispatch.

Asiatic Proverbs.

I fear God, and beside him I fear
none, but that man who fears him not.
The orphan is not the person who
has lost his father; but he who has
neither wisdom nor a good education.

Nothing so effectually hides what we
are as silence.
He who has least wisdom has most
vanity.

The heart of the fool is in his mouth,
and the tongue of the wise man is in
his heart.
There is no disease so dangerous as
the want of common sense.

When the soul is ready to depart,
what avail it, whether a man die on a
throne or in the dust.
As soon as a person takes pleasure
in hearing slander he is ranked in the
number of slanderers.

He who lords it over those who are
below him, shall one day find a master
who will lord it over him.
The most perfect pleasures in this
world are always mingled with some
bitterness.

Cultivate no friendship with him
who loves your enemy.
He who has too good an opinion of
himself drives all others away from
him.

Partial knowledge is better than
total ignorance; if you cannot get what
you wish, get what you can.
Two things are inseparable from ly-
ing: manliness and many excuses.

The day in which a man neither
does some good action, nor acquires
some useful knowledge, should not be
(if possible) numbered in the days of
his life.

A thousand years of delight do not
deserve the risk of our lives for a single
moment.
Never trust to appearance. Behold
the drum; notwithstanding all its noise,
it is empty within.

Do not despise a poor man because he
is such; the lion is not less noble be-
cause he is chained.

**A Table Showing the Proportion of the
Height of Individuals to their Weight.**

Height	Weight
5 feet 1 inch	120 pounds
5 feet 2 inches	125 "
5 feet 3 inches	130 "
5 feet 4 inches	135 "
5 feet 5 inches	140 "
5 feet 6 inches	145 "
5 feet 7 inches	150 "
5 feet 8 inches	155 "
5 feet 9 inches	160 "
5 feet 10 inches	165 "
5 feet 11 inches	170 "

Long vs. Short Lamp Wicks.—A cor-
respondent of the *Scientific American*
says: "Allow me to give your numer-
ous readers the benefit of my experi-
ence with long wicks. I can tell you
that I can light a lamp with a long
wick that I possibly can into the lamp,
fill up the reservoir with sponge, and
saturate the whole thoroughly with
kerosene. I have always found the
supply sufficient for the longest win-
ter's night; as long as any oil remains
in the wick, the lamp keeps burning.
I have had this fairly tested. One of
my little ones—a two-year-old, con-
trived to upset a small table support-
ing a lamp. With the exception of
breaking the glass, no further damage
was done, not even soiling the carpet.
In fact my plan was brought about
from a similar accident, a narrow es-
cape from serious damage. As the
wick burns away I keep filling up with
sponge, and I think I have the safest
approach to a safety lamp."

A clergyman passing a boy weeping
bitterly, inquired: "What is the mat-
ter, my little fellow?" The boy re-
plied: "Before I could hardly get
enough to eat of anything, and now
what shall we do, there's another
one come?" "Hush this morning and
wipe off these tears," said the clergy-
man, "and remember that he never
sends months without he sends vi-
tuals to put into them." "I know,"
said the boy, "but then he sends
all the months to our house and the
victuals to yours."

Worth Preserving.—The following
is a receipt for reclaiming and restor-
ing the elasticity to cane-bottom chairs,
couches, &c. &c. &c.

Turn up the chair bottom, and with
hot water and a sponge wash the cane
work so that it may be thoroughly soak-
ed.

Should it be dirty, use a little soap.
Let it dry in the air, and it will be as
tight and firm as when new, provided
the cane is not broken.

An ex-Assistant Paymaster of the
navy died in Montreal the other day
of apoplexy after eating three pounds
of ham, one pound of bread, drinking
a gallon of water, and a glass and a half
of brandy.

We learn through a private source,
says the *Charlotte Observer*, that
Sheriff Harby, of Caswell county,
contemplated suicide on Friday night
by shooting himself with a gun. We did
not learn any of the particulars.

Many who would not for the world
admit a falsehood, are yet continually
scheming to produce false impressions
on the minds of others, respecting
facts, characters, and opinions.

The next Kentucky Legislature
will stand as follows: House, 82
Democrats, 18 Republicans; Senate,
35 Democrats, 3 Republicans, A
majority of 96 on joint ballot.

Seventy carrels mallards were caught
at Beaufort last week.

A Natural Son of Aaron Burr.

70 years old, is living in Miami county,
Ohio. His name is not given, but the
details of his life are freely stated.

To a persistent reporter the old gen-
tleman recently said: "Sir, although
the blood of Aaron Burr runs through
my veins, I detest it. He conspired
against the best Government on the
face of God's footstool, and I am
the offspring of a traitor. I tried to
redeem my birth by fighting for my
country in the Florida war; but the
odium rankles in my heart, and little
does the Government suspect that it
pays a pension to the son of Aaron
Burr." His mother was Miss Catharine

Washington, who fell beneath the
banishment of the Vice President.—
She was noted for her beauty, refine-
ment and wit, and, after her ruin, fled
mysteriously to Philadelphia.

Connecticut.—Connecticut, more than
fifty years ago, in its God-fearing law
of divorce, set an example, which, to
the great grief of all good men, has
since been imitated by several of our
Western States. The following epigram,
altered from one published some
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