The Tarboro' Southerner.

"I AM A SOUTHERN MAN, OF SOUTHERN PRINCIPLES."—Jefferson Davis.

VOLUME 49. TARBORO', EDGECOMBE COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA, OCTOBER 23, 1873. NUMBER 47.

The Tarboro' Southerner.
Free & Independent Family Journal
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY
WM. BIGGS, Editor and Proprietor.

THE SOUTHERNER is one of the oldest and best Journals in North Carolina, and as one of the institutions of the Country and organ of Edgecombe County, its conductor will strive to direct it in the interest of the State and Country at large, and he will spare no pains to make it a fit representative of the section from which it emenates.

The subscription price is Three Dollars a year; Two Dollars for Six Months and must be paid INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. Money may in all cases be sent by mail, at the risk of the publisher.

PROFESSIONAL.

B. H. BUNN, Rocky Mount, N.C. — SAML. T. WILLIAMS, Battleboro, N.C.

BUNN & WILLIAMS, Attorneys at Law.
OFFICES: Rocky Mount, Battleboro and Nashville.

Office at Rocky Mount open at all times, at Battleboro on Fridays and Saturdays, and at Nashville on Mondays.
Business letters should be addressed to the firm at Rocky Mount.
CIRCUIT: Nash, Edgecombe, Halifax and Wilson.
☞Claims collected in any part of North Carolina.
☞Practice in the Supreme and Federal Courts. Jan. 4, 1872.

R. W. JOYNER, ATTORNEY AND Counsellor at Law.

Will attend promptly to all professional business entrusted to him. Refers to Hon. Wm. H. Battle & Sons, Raleigh, and to the Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of North Carolina. Will practice in Pitt and adjoining counties, and the Supreme Court of the State.
Business letters may be addressed to Greenville or Falkland, Pitt Co., N. C.
Claims collected in any part of State. mar.27-6m.

SWIFT GALLOWAY, Attorney at Law.
SNOW HILL, GREENE COUNTY,
June 1st. N. C.

JOHN W. WHITE, CABINET MAKER, AND Undertaker;
PITT STREET, near Odenheimer's Livery Stables.
TARBORO, N. C.
All orders in his line promptly filled. jy.9-[illegible]

[illegible] WERE CURED

of Chronic and Acute Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Kidney and Nervous Diseases, after years of suffering, by taking **Dr. Fitler's Vegetable Rheumatic Syrup**—the scientific discovery of J. P. Fitler, M. D., a regular graduate physician, with whom we are personally acquainted, who has for 39 years treated these diseases exclusively with astonishing results. We believe it our christian duty, after deliberation, to conscientiously request sufferers to use it, especially persons in moderate circumstances who cannot afford to waste money and time on worthless mixtures. As clergymen we seriously feel the deep responsibility resting on us in publicly endorsing this medicine. But our knowledge and experience of its remarkable merit fully justifies our action. Rev C. H Ewing, Media, Penn'a, suffered 16 years, became hopeless. Rev. Thomas Murphy, D. D., Frankford, Philadelphia. Rev. J. B. Davis, Hightstown, New Jersey. Rev. J. S. Buchanan, Clarence, Iowa. Rev. G. G. Smith, Pittsford, New York. Rev. Joseph Beggs, Falls Church, Philadelphia. Other testimonials from Senators, Governors, Judges, Congressmen, Physicians, &c., forwarded gratis with pamphlet explaining these diseases. One thousand dollars will be presented to any medicine for same diseases showing equal merit under test, or that can produce one-fourth as many living cures. Any person sending by letter description of affliction will receive gratis a legally signed guarantee, naming the number of bottles to cure, agreeing to refund money upon sworn statement of its failure to cure. Afflicted invited to write to Dr. Fitler, Philadelphia. His valuable advice costs nothing.

Dr. A. H. Macnair, special agent for Edgecombe county, N. C. jy.16-1y

JOB MOSES' SIR JAMES CLARKE'S FEMALE PILLS.
Are extensively COUNTERFEITED. [illegible] The genuine have the name of Job Moses on each package. [illegible] These GENUINE Pills are unfailing in the cure of all those painful and dangerous diseases [illegible] Nervous and Spinal Affections, Pains in the Back and Limbs, Fatigue on slight exertion, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics and Whites, [illegible] cure when all other means have failed, and although very powerful, contain nothing hurtful to the most delicate constitution.
Circular in English, German and French accompanies each bottle, gives full directions and advice.
The GENUINE Pills are sold at most drug stores, but if your druggist cannot supply the genuine, do not be persuaded to accept any counterfeit or bogus article, but send One Dollar to the sole proprietor, JOB MOSES, 18 Cortlandt Street, New York, with name of express office at which you will call for the package, and a bottle of the GENUINE Pills securely and safely packed in plain wrappers will be sent by return express.

RELIEF IN TEN MINUTES.
BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS
Cure Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Difficult Breathing, Incipient Consumption and Lung Diseases. They have no taste of medicine, and any child will take them. Thousands have been restored to health that had before despaired. Testimony given in hundreds of cases. Ask for BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS. Price 35 cents per box. JOB MOSES, Proprietor, 18 Cortlandt Street, New York.

THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY
DELAMARRE'S SPECIFIC PILLS.
Prepared by J. GARANCIERE, No. 214 Rue Lombard, Paris.
These pills are highly recommended by the entire Medical Faculty of France as the very best remedy in all cases of Spermatorrhoea, or Seminal Weakness, Weak Spine; Deposits in the Urine; Nervous Debility, and all the ghastly train of Diseases arising from Abuse and Secret Habits. They cure when all other remedies fail, and have been used with astonishing success by the leading French Physicians during the past 12 years. Pamphlet of Advice in each box or will be sent Free to any address. Price $1 per Box. Sent by mail, securely sealed from all observation, on receipt of price by any advertised Agent. OSCAR G. MOSES, 18 Cortlandt St., New York. Sole General Agent for America.

ESTABLISHED 1831.
KADER BIGGS & CO.,
KADER BIGGS. ASA BIGGS.
COTTON FACTORS AND General Commission Merchants,
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.
SPECIAL AND FAITHFUL ATtention to sales of Cotton and all other kinds of Produce, and prompt returns made. Our long experience in business gives us superior advantages in making sales at the highest market prices.
☞Cotton Forwarded to Liverpool free of commissions.
Liberal advances made on produce in hand. Sept. 5-tf.

ADVERTISMEENTS.

Chamberlain & Rawls,
TARBORO, N. C.,
Practical Watchmakers AND Jewelers,
DEALERS IN
FINE JEWELRY,
Sterling Silver and Plated Ware
WEDDING RINGS &c.
Jan. 18-tf.

ESTABLISHED 1847.
F. GREENWOOD. — FRED. GREENWOOD
C. F. GREENWOOD & BRO.,
DEALERS IN
Diamonds, Fine Watches, Jewelry, Silver Ware, Clocks,
ENGAGEMENT & WEDDING RINGS
No. 47 MAIN STREET, NORFOLK, VA
☞Special attention given to the repairing of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. Fine ☞Hair Jewelry made to order. 9-ly

S. A. STEVEN & CO.,
DEALERS IN
FURNITURE AND Carpeting.
Corner Main and Granby Streets,
NORFOLK, Va.
Jany 2-1y

T. H. GRIFFIN, Rocky Mount, Agt.

ESTABLISHED 1811.
R. D. McILWAINE, FRANK POTTS, S. [illegible] BRIDGERS, EDWARD GRAHAM.
McILWAINE & CO.
WHOLESALE GROCERS AND Commission Merchants,
Petersburg, Va.
LIBERAL CASH ADVANCES MADE ON all consignments of Cotton. oct 13-tf

LOOK HERE!
Weary Woman!
There Is Rest for You.
STEAM WILL DO YOUR WORK.
THE STEAM WASHER, OR Woman's Friend,

The latest, the cheapest, the best—no rubbing, no pounding, no turning or tearing; no clumsy cylinder, and no twenty or thirty dollars expense. Steam does it all.

Although often attempted, no method had been discovered of applying steam directly to the clothing, which could be used in a profitable manner, for domestic purposes. The WOMAN'S FRIEND washes without labor. It will do the washing of an ordinary family in thirty minutes to an hour. The Steam Washer is superior to all other devices, for the following reasons:

1st. It does its own work, thereby saving a large portion of the time usually taken in a family.

2d. It uses much less soap than is required by any other method.

3d. It requires no attention whatever while the process of cleaning is going on. A lady can do her washing while she is eating her breakfast and doing up the breakfast dishes.

4th. Clothing wears double the time, washed in this washer that it will washed by a machine, or by hand-labor, or a washboard.

5th. Lace curtains, and all fine fabrics, are washed in a superior manner. All fabrics, from the finest lace to a bed-blanket, can be washed perfectly, and with ease, without the rubbing-board.

It is truly a Labor and Clothes Saving Invention.

I could give thousands of certificates as to merit, but none can be satisfied until they see it in operation. It only needs to be seen to be appreciated.

The undersigned, having purchased the RIGHT for the County of Edgecombe, and having made arrangements with Messrs. PLUMMER, LEWIS & CO., for the manufacture of the same, is prepared to furnish them upon demand.

D. W. HURTT,
a14 3m TARBORO, N. C.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

TAKE SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR

This unrivalled Southern Remedy is warranted not to contain a single particle of mercury or any injurious mineral substance, but is

PURELY VEGETABLE.

For forty years it has proved its great value in all diseases of the Liver, Bowels and Kidneys. Thousands of the good and great in all parts of the country vouch for its wonderful and peculiar power in purifying the Blood, stimulating the torpid Liver and Bowels, and imparting new life and Vigor to the whole system. SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR is acknowledged to have no equal as a

LIVER MEDICINE.

It contains four medical elements never united in the same happy proportion in any other preparation, viz: a gentle Cathartic, a wonderful Tonic, an unexceptionable Alterative and a certain Corrective of all impurities of the body. Such signal success has attended its use that it is now regarded as the

GREAT UNFAILING SPECIFIC

for Liver Complaint, and the painful offspring thereof, to wit: Dyspepsia, Constipation, Jaundice, Billious attacks, Sick Headache, Colic, Depression of Spirits, Sour Stomach, Heart Burn, &c., &c. Regulate the Liver and prevent CHILLS and FEVER.
SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR is manufactured only by J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Macon, Ga., and Philadelphia.
Price $1.00 per package; sent by mail, postage paid, $1.04. Prepared ready for use $1.00 and $1.50. Sold by all Druggists.
Beware of all Counterfeits and Imitations.

THE WELCOME BAR AND Restaurant
JOHN F. WARD, Proprietor.

THE WINTER CAMPAIGN HAS fairly opened and found the above Well-Known Resort fully prepared for the fight.

THE BAR, as heretofore, contains all the purest kinds of LIQUORS, and the choicest brands of CIGARS, equal, if not superior, to any ever brought to Tarboro. The

RESTAURANT DEPARTMENT

has been thoroughly renovated and improved preparatory to action. The TABLE will be supplied with the very best the market affords, and meals can be obtained at all hours. Best

NORFOLK OYSTERS

daily received, and sold in quantities to suit purchasers. A superior assortment of

Groceries,

such as Sugar, Flour, Molasses, Butter, Lard, Cheese, &c., constantly on hand.

My thanks are hereby respectfully tendered the public at large for past liberal encouragement, and assurance given that no effort on my part will be spared to please in the future.
JOHN F. WARD.
PROPRIETOR OF WELCOME BAR

G. ELLIOTT. JNO. VERMILLION. JNO. T. WHITE.
Elliott & White,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
LIQUORS,
No. 20 Roanoke Square,
NORFOLK, Va.
Agents for J. Bumgardners Old Virginia Rye Whiskey. Jany 2-1y

TARBORO FEMALE ACADEMY
School exercises will be resumed
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 29TH.
TERMS—Board, including English Tuition, per session of five (5) months $85.
Positively all charges PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE.
M. F. PENDER, Principal.
aug28-6t.

Buck Horn Bar.
Banks & Brown,
PROPRIETORS,
Just opened on
MAIN STREET,
Nearly opposite the Drug Store of Dr. A. H. Macnair,

The public are respectfully informed that it is our intention to make our

NEW ESTABLISHMENT

first-class in every particular, and that no pains will be spared to give entire satisfaction. The house has been thoroughly overhauled and everything connected with the

BAR

is new and of the best character. The senior partner, Mr. BANKS, who has been engaged in the trade for a long number of years will have personal supervision of the business and the public well know that he is fully competent to preside over a Bar.

We Keep No Books,

and none need ask for credit. We respectfully ask for a portion of public patronage.
H. BANKS,
J. H. BROWN
Proprietor
Tarboro, N. C. june18-tf.

The Tarboro' Southerner.
Thursday, - - - October 23, 1873.

THEODORA.

"Come, come, my dog, we'll now turn in. I'm tired with a long day's watching. Why, Coorie, what's the matter?"

And as the beautiful Scotch terrier came up, wagging his tail, the young cavalry officer bent his bright, handsome face, already bronzed by the Indian climate, over him, till his own black, curly locks mingled with Coorie's yellow coat.

"What's the matter, dog?" We've picketed down Angus [his horse] ready saddled; we've had our supper, and the natives are all abed; so come along, too, *mon chien*, the Sepoys are a long way off as yet."

Throwing away his cigar, Edward St. Clare rose up and entered his little bungalow—the only white man in it or near it, for the next picket was a couple of miles to the South.

Really tired, the young man threw himself on the couch and closed his eyes, bidding Coorie lie down. But Coorie was restless and fidgetty, and finally, as sleep seemed stealing over the wearied officer, he uttered a short bark, which instantly made the handsome gray eye open wide again.

"What now, Coorie?"

The dog jumped on him, licked his face, and pulling his arm violently the moment he sank back.

"You won't let me sleep, then.—Ha! what's that?"

A man's suppressed voice beneath the window said: "St Clare, for Heaven's sake awake—the Sepoys are upon us!"

Capt. St. Clare was on his feet in a second, and at the window.

"Darville? Right! I'm armed and clothed, and my horse saddled."

"Come, then," returned the other hurriedly: "we must fly for our lives. My horse is here: I have ridden like the wind."

St. Clare caught up his faithful little dog, swung himself out of the window to the ground, and swiftly and silently fetched out his horse—a magnificent chestnut. To mount and put spurs to their animals was but the work of a moment. They could hear the advancing enemy through the jungles; they could almost see the natives like demons, shuddered to think of the narrow escape they had from a terrible, tortured, and inglorious death.

Neither drew rein for an hour, leading their way for the nearest station. Then as they rode on more carefully, St. Clare told the story of Coorie's strange instinct or presentiment, during which the animal, perfectly understanding the loving voice and touch as he nestled in the heavy folds of his master's military cloak, looked up gratefully.

"We heard their advance," Darville explained, "and being such a small detachment, Col. Manners fell back to the South, and sent me on to you with orders to fly and warn the stations between this and Burrat Peor, where you know the main body lies."

"Yes. Ah, there is the station below. How quiet they are! too quiet Darville. I don't believe there is a single regiment to be relied on!"

A little more and he pointed suddenly.

"Great Heaven! too late! The villains have risen. Look, look! we never thought to see such an awful sight a few short weeks ago!"

Blackened ruins where the station had been, corpses mauled and disfigured in every possible way that devilish savagery could invent—men, women and children; horrors too great, details too fearful to harrow the reader with here. For those who remember the Indian mutiny of 1856 it is enough for them to know, but for those who do not let them rest in ignorance. This is no tale of its horrors, but simply a true incident out of the many episodes which occurred during that sad time.

Both rode on in silence though Major Darville, the elder and less impressionable, was the first to recover his power of speech.

"We must keep on; a day's journey will bring us to Burrat Peor."

"Yes. What is that," exclaimed St. Clare, suddenly drawing rein.

"I hear nothing but the beasts howling. Ride on, man, ride on."

"I won't till I hear it again. By Heaven, it was the voice of a child!"

"A wild cat, you mean; they cry like a baby."

"It was not a cat. Ha! again," and springing to the ground, he seized hold of a bush of greenwood close by, when lo! it came up with a readiness that almost threw him backwards. The sagacious dog tore away the root in a minute.

"It is a dry well," said Darville.

"And a little child at the bottom," added St. Clare, bending over the well. "It is very shallow, I can get it out if you keep a good look-out and hold my horse."

Darville anxiously watched his disappearance; but, in a moment his arms reappeared, holding a little white form which they placed on the edge while he scrambled out again himself.

It was a little child of three years old, whose extreme beauty neither terror, tears, nor semi starvation could hide.

"Poor little creature!" and a tear fell on the fair little face, as the young soldier clasped the child close to his breast. "How could anything born of woman hurt you? Your flask, Darville quick."

Captain St. Clare gave his charge some brandy, then biscuit soaked in brandy, till the exhausted frame began to revive. She smiled up tremulously in the young, handsome face, and then with a cry of terror, clung round his neck.

"Hide me! hide me! oh, mamma!"

"My child, my darling, they shall not harm you though they have murdered your mother."

"She put—me—there," sobbed the child, "'til she came."

"She will never come, darling. I must be father, mother all to you now. We must ride on quickly, Darville, or the fiends will be down on us."

He held the child closer, lifted Coorie, and remounted, wrapping both child and dog in his cloak, within the strong clasp of his right arm.

"I am ready," he said; and the horses, refreshed by their rest, started off at a good, steady pace along the track which was the best route towards Burrat Peor. The poor little child, who must have suffered terrors for many hours, which, perhaps, few could estimate, slept soundly in her protector's arms.

"What a beauty she is," said Major Darville, once. "Poor little lass; I wonder who she is—yours now, I think, St. Clare, my Joy, and I fear no one lives to claim her."

"Poor baby, no: and look here, Darville, if no one does own her, I'll not give her up to any one in the world."

"Stuff, boy," said Darville. "You are not rich; what can you do with the child? How the fellows would chaff."

"Let them. I can laugh who win; and I will deny myself to save for her."

"Edward St Clare, it is a thousand pities that your father and mother are dead!" exclaimed Darville. "They would have been proud of their son, as I am at this moment of my friend."

"Tut! Darville. See, here is a smooth piece; give rein. They shall never take us alive."

* * * * * *

The day was dawning when the fugitives again slackened speed, and finally stopped by a stream to let their horses drink, and refresh themselves from Major Darville's well-provided saddle-bags.

"Ten minutes' rest," he said, bringing forth provisions. "Come, pretty one, wake up for some breakfast."

The little creature was so deeply asleep that her young protector placed her, cloak, dog, and all, on the ground before she began to wake up, with a scared look in the great blue eyes, which changed to a sunny smile as they went from one face to the other. Poor orphan! she was too young to know her loss. She, however, quickly settled herself against St. Clare, and eat her sandwiches in a pretty, dainty, lady-like way, which told as much as her appearance, she was the child of well-born, well-bred people.

"What is your name, golden head?" said St. Clare, tenderly drawing the silky glittering curls through his long slender fingers.

The little bright face looked up into his as the sweet silvery voice said, simply, "Mamma's Pet."

A childlike answer, but so vivid in its sad picture of what she had been and what she was now, that it went like a physical blow to the young, brave heart. St. Clare suddenly covered his face, but he mastered himself at once.

"I can't help it, Darville. I am a perfect fool where women and children are concerned. My poor baby, don't you know any other name?"

"No; only Mamma's Pet."

"Poor child, you shall be my little girl now—my pet."

"Till mamma comes," said the child, thoughtfully.

"Darville, how can I tell her? what shall I say or do?"

The Major thought of his own wife and little girl in England, and cleared his throat before he answered, gruffly, "Don't tell her anything."

"Listen, baby," said Edward, "when mamma hid her pet in the well, what did she say?"

"She said that the wicked Sepoys were coming, and she would fetch me again when it was safe or else God would send some good man to me; and so I see He did, because he sent you, didn't He."

"Child, child you are a lesson, indeed, to me. Yes, He sent me, indeed and you to me. Darville, I will call her Theodora."

"Why? I am no classic."

"It means 'God's gift.' Listen again, sweet heart. Your mother will never come for you again—never see you till—till you see her in heaven. She is gone to heaven, my poor child."

"Never come again—nor papa either?" The coral lips began to quiver piteously—the large eyes to fill. Darville turned aside. St. Clare lifted her and rose—sighing, for he dared not speak, that they must remount; that there was danger in every minute's rest.

"We can push on now to Burrat-Peor," he said as they started off again, the child and dog once more nestled in his arms.

"If you can," said Darville; for it will be then over forty eight hours since you slept, won't it?"

"Yes, though that's nothing. I shan't hurt."

The invaluable cloak sheltered the child as much from the sun's heat as from the cold night dews. It was a long and painful ride, full of trouble and anxiety, for how did they know but what they might meet a body of savage rebels?

* * * * * *

Can you not imagine the wild joy and relief with which, towards evening, the well known sound of a drum beating to quarters came upon the ear, and the smoke from many a fire floated upwards through the trees; for the strong, jovial English under Colonel Hayter were encamped just outside Burrat Peor.

The pickets were passed, and the fugitives rode up to the commander's tent, and dismounted as Colonel Hayter came out.

"Why! you! Major Darville and Captain St. Clare! What new tale of horror do you bring?" said the old soldier, grimly. "You both look done up. And what has the boy got?"

The dog was frisking about his feet while the child was peeping out of the mantle, clinging tightly to her protector all the time, the more that the officers came crowding round to welcome the fugitives.

"A child, sir, a wee lassie," said the young officer, half laughing and colouring as he threw back his mantle.

"What a beauty!" exclaimed several. "Where ever did you pick her up?"

"Didn't know you were married," said one slyly.

"What is your name, pretty one?" said Colonel Hayter, stroking the curly head.

"Mamma's Pet."

The deep unconscious sweetness, the pathetic tale it told in two words touch them all. There was a hush for a moment, broken by Col. Hayter.

"We must see to our fugitive friend's refreshment, baby and all. Jervis"—to his orderly—"supper, and get ready the room next to mine, and send your wife to see to this little girl. Come in and let me have your dispatches and tell me the news and your story."

This, as the superior in rank, Darville did, the child listening with dilated eyes to the part which told of her parents' murder and her own rescue: but when Mrs. Jervis came in she hid her face in Edward's breast and burst into tears.

"No, no—oh, don't send Mamma's Pet away! She'll never come, you said, and Pet has only you to love! She'll go to sleep [illegible] all, and, sooth to say, so were the others."

"Colonel, I can't say no to the little motherless thing. Mrs. Jervis will kindly take her to wash, or whatever care she needs, and bring her back quickly. My darling, you shall come back to me."

The child suffered the good woman to take her away, but in about ten minutes she brought her back, washed and "tidied." She sat on her protector's knees, and gravely ate her supper from his plate, much to Colonel Hayter's amusement.

"Well, St Clare, it certainly is a strange idea for a young fellow like you to saddle himself with a baby of three or four years. Look! she's asleep."

"Faith, so shall I be, Colonel, for it's fifty hours since I slept a wink. Please excuse us. Darville, smoke a cigar on my behalf. Good night—come, Coorie."

Man, child, and dog vanished into the inner room, and in less than ten minutes the Major followed suit.

"I say, Hayter, look here. What a picture."

It was the young officer, just as he was, had thrown himself on the low pallet; his handsome, noble face slightly turned, as if the last look had rested on the little child. She lay fast asleep on his breast, nestled close within his arms and the heavy cloak, which wrapped them both and made a bed for Coorie, who was curled up close to his master's hand.

"He is as handsome as the babe is beautiful," said Colonel Hayter.—"He's a noble fellow, though of course he has his faults. I wonder if he looks to the future in taking charge of this forlorn birdie."

"I verily believe he has, during our flight," answered Darville.

"I wish he was my son," half murmured the colonel, laying his hand tenderly on the sleeper's rich black locks, and sighing. His own son, Darville knew, had been a grief to his parents, and had died in no very reputable manner.

"Well, good night Darville," he said. "I suppose we shant see any of you at breakfast."

"Not me, colonel, certainly, but I dare wager that fellow there will turn up with his child. I never saw such a wide awake customer in my life." And he too turned in.

* * * * * *

"Mamma's Pet" soon became the pet of the whole force at Burrat Peor, and to Captain St. Clare the very light and core of his existence, the idol of his life. In vain older and wiser heads advised this and that plan; to one and all he shook his own fine head and answered—"No, as I cannot discover who her parents are, she is my child."

"But you cannot keep her with you in India."

"I can and must. I can't afford to send her to England, and she'll do up country."

"But as she grows up?"

"Oh, time enough to think so far forward; we may not then be alive. At present she can stop actually with me, and Mrs. Jervis will attend to her. Why, the ladies couldn't spare her. We fall back on Lucknow in a few days."

The little Theodora, as her protector called her, perfectly idolized him and when off duty never lost sight of him, and as every one petted and spoiled the sweet, bright fairy, from gray-haired Colonel Hayter down to the drummer boys, no one ever objected to her presence as an inevitable addition to that of Captain St. Clare. Certainly any nature less docile, less delicate and fine would have been spoiled; but instead, the pure, gentle little being was a perpetual purifier to her young protector. Even the careless thoughtless jest, or too light word, such as young men indulge in among themselves, was checked for the sake of the child hearer, till soon the habit was altogether lost. No ridicule, kindly or unkindly, moved the young officer; and time, and danger, and privation, many a hard conflict fought, many a deed of daring done, and many separations endured only strengthened the tie between the man and the child.

This is no story of the Mutiny; it is enough that Edward St. Clare, whose luck carried him to all the posts of danger, as Lucknow, Delhi, &c., won promotion and honors and the right to much prize money—the two first were immediate; the latter of course a thing of the future. When the terrible rebellion was at length quelled and peace restored, Edward St Clare found himself a marked and distinguished officer. The new Viceroy of India singled him out to place in command of an important garrison, and there the child Theodora flourished and grew, clinging the closer to him after each separation, which active military duty made necessary; for it was long, and even years, before occasional disturbances were crushed out. * *

The scene changes from India's gorgeous clime to the golden autumn of an English home, where the silver waters of the Thames flowed past the garden of a pretty villa taken for the autumn by a quiet gentleman and his wife.

Perhaps that is he standing by the French window, within which his wife sits reading; if so, we should know him—a fine, erect, military looking man, rather over forty; gray, too, now, as he was not thirteen years ago."

"I wonder where Theodora has gone with her letter," says Major Darville. "How she eat me up with her great eyes, when I told her he had actually [illegible] here at any hour."

"Odd that Colonel St. Clare has never married," remarkable Mrs. Darville "but there's time yet; he will always be young. I wonder he even let that child go with you."

"It was a terrible parting, Mary, but it was necessary. She was thirteen and a tall, lovely girl; he far too handsome and young to keep her with him. Besides, though he, a thoroughly well educated man, had instructed her in all branches of useful knowledge, yet at thirteen she needed in accomplishments and such things the finishing process; moreover, her health began to feel the climate. So did mine, and as I was coming home for good, and we were glad to have her, he wisely sent his darling away."

"I wonder whether he will find her much altered? At her age, passing from childhood to girlhood is a great change—and she is seventeen now. I suppose she is devouring his letter and photo, and starting at every falling leaf, thinking it is his step."

Was he not right? See that slight, beautiful girl with such a wealth of golden curls, bending over a photograph in her hand. It is of a dark and very handsome man, looking only about thirty, though really nearly ten years over that. We know that bright, noble face, as well as she does—the child whose first orphan sleep had been upon his breast.

Ah, listen! Was that a falling leaf, or light step treading over the grass? Was that little Scotch terrier, springing frantically about her, a fancy, or that tall, graceful, figure a dream?

"Edward! Edward!" and the girl threw herself into his open arms, with a passionate, almost convulsive burst of weeping.

"My child! my treasure! you have not forgotten me, then?"

"Forgotten!"

Then he held her off. Was this the little forlorn child he had rescued more than thirteen years ago—this girl who now smiled and then blushed beneath his earnest gaze, as if in that second, like a flash, the unfailing, subtle woman's instinct had suddenly felt that there was—aye, must be—a change such as never could be altered back again; that she could never be to him the child of past years, never again be with him hour by hour, as of yore. The realization burst upon him suddenly and irresistably of the fact that it was no more the child and youth, but the girl of seventeen and the bearded man—not "Mamma's Pet" and Edward, but Theodora and Colonel St. Clare.

He drew her close to him again, and bent over her as she hid her face against his breast.

"Child, child! tell me, if you can, if my dream is vain. Here on this heart your infant head was pillowed—this heart which has never beaten save for you alone. We must part unless—unless you can say again those treasured up childish words—unless you can be St. Clare's wife!"

The black locks swept her golden tresses, as he stooped to catch the soft whisper.

"I love you, Edward, better than life. I only want to be with you. Oh, those long four years!"

Major Darville smiled as Colonel St. Clare brought her in, and said—"I thought it would be so long ago that this fairy had crept right into your heart and written there 'Edward's Love,' instead of 'Mamma's Pet!'"

The Tarboro' Southerner.
A Medium for Business Communication.

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE.	One Month	Two Months	Three Months	Six Months	[illegible]
One Square,	2 50	5 —	7 00	10 —	[illegible]
Two Squares,	5 00	9 —	12 00	18 —	[illegible]
Three Squares,	8 00	13 —	16 00	24 —	[illegible]
Four Squares,	10 00	14 —	17 50	30 —	[illegible]
Fourth Column,	12 50	20 —	25 00	[illegible]	[illegible]
Half Column,	15 00	25 —	30 00	50 —	[illegible]
Whole Column.	25 00	40 —	[illegible]	6[illegible]	[illegible]

A Congressman's Helpmeet.

BY J. W. DE FOREST

Olympia, having discovered that potentiality in politics was necessary as a basis for social eminence, began to interest herself disagreeably in her husband's Congressional doings and to rub peppery remarks into him concerning his obligation to be eloquent, able, managing, and, in short, successful. She informed herself as to what committees were the important ones, and demanded of him why he was not on any of them.

Because I am a young member, I suppose, answered John, a little sulkily; for the fact in itself was an irritating one, let alone being talked to about it.

But here you are on the Committee for Revolutionary Pensions, persisted the ambitious lady. It is almost an insult. There are only three or four Revolutionary pensioners left. Of course there is nothing to do.

Well, we do nothing, granted John ungraciously. Somebody must do it.

You ought to try to get on the Committee of Ways and Means. Mrs. Bullion says, continued Olympia. That is the great committee, she says. Why don't you?

Why don't I try to be President! exclaimed Vane. I am trying, I am doing what work comes in my way as thoroughly and honestly as I can. If I stay here long enough, I suppose I shall get higher, continued the poor catechised man, who really had some industry, perseverance, and common sense—materials of character which might in time be worked up into a fair lawgiver.

Why don't you push your bill about that—that privilege? was the next question of the statewoman. That would make a sensation.

They smothered it in committee, confessed the husband. What could I do after that?

There! now you see! exclaimed Olympia. You see the need of being on the leading committees. [illegible] you could have stopped their smothering it."

"No, I couldn't, contradicted John, naturally indignant at being blamed for everything, both for what he did and what others did. If I had been on it, I should have been a minority of one, and the bill would have been smashed all the same. The fact is, that Congressmen in general are determined to hold on to the franking privilege.

Didn't I tell you! cried Olympia, remembering that she had once counseled him not to urge unpopular measures—didn't I tell you so before we were engaged, and ever so many times since? I told you to give up that old thing and place some thing that could pass. O, I wish I was a man!

Remembering that if she had been one, he should not have fallen in love with her, Vane was tempted to reply, I second the motion. But he restrained himself, for he had a magnanimous streak in him, and he was really very fond of his wife.

In these days Olympia was both sore and prickly with a consciousness of her husband's incapacity; she was as uncomfortable and as discomforting as a porcupine might be whose quills should be sharp at both ends. She was always comparing him disparingly with somebody—with that well-descended gentleman of the old school, Senator Knickerbocker; or that opulent gentleman of a new school, Senator Ironman, with the Finance Committee and that elegant Potiphar who had taken the hundred-thousand dollar fee; with the noted orators who had the ear of the House, such as General Boum and General Splurge. She still liked John—in lonely moments; when they were by themselves of an evening, she often clung to him with a sense that it was sweet to be loved and protected; but all day she wished that he was more respected than he was and greater than he could be. At times she had an idea, or perhaps I should say a feeling, that he had palmed himself off on her by false pretences. Had he not married in the guise of a political giant, and was he not an indisputable political dwarf?

A verdant looking Vermonter appeared at the office of a chemist with a large bundle in a yellow bandanna, and opening it, exclaimed: There, doctor, look at that. Well, said the doctor. I see it. What do you call that, doctor? I call it iron pyrites. What, isn't that gold? No, said the doctor, putting some over the fire; evaporated. Well, said the poor fellow, with a woe be gone look, there's a widder woman up in our town who has a whole hill of that, and I've been and married her.

Mr. Smith, said the counsel, they say you once officiated in the pulpit; do you mean that you preached? No, sir; I held the candle for the man who did. Ah, the court understood it differently; the court supposed the discourse came from you. No, your honor, I only threw light on it.