The Tarborough Southerner.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT; THEN GO AHEAD.—D. Crockett.

VOL. 6t. TARBORO', N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY, 15, 1883. NO. 7

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Offers his professional services to the citizens of Tarboro and vicinity.
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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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Pender School,
Mrs. Gen'l. Pender, Principal.
resumed after the Christmas Holidays on
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in the Bridgers' Grove property, lately occupied by the Edgecombe High School, with increased facilities for conducting as good a Strictly Female School as can be found anywhere. The Second Term for the first scholastic year will begin on
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For particulars, address the Principal. jan 4 2m

BOARDING.
MRS. J. G. CHARLES having taken the Bank building, on the Corner of Trade and Pitt streets, is now prepared to take boarders.
Tarboro', N. C., January 11th, 1883.

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These Stables are the largest in the State, and have a capacity of holding ten car-loads of stock. Give him a call. jan18y

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JOHN R. DIXON
Is at the old stand of Martin & Bros., while he blows his horn he is always prepared to serve you with the purest *EAU DE VIE* and the best flavored CIGARS.
☞ Give him a call.
J. R. DIXON.
Opposite Court House.
Tarboro, Dec. 15, tf.

Rocky Mount Mills
ARE in full and successful operation, and are prepared to fill all orders for Sheetings, Yarns and Cotton Rope, at lowest prices. Orders addressed to Rocky Mount Mills, Rocky Mount, N. C., will be promptly attended to.
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Sec'y and Treasurer.
April 11, 1878-tf.

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—MANUFACTURER OF—

Fine Hand Made HARNESS
—AND DEALER IN—
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☞OPPOSITE COURT-HOUSE,☜
TARBORO', N. C.
Having bought out Mr. R. A. Sizer, the manufacturing and repairing will be under his charge. Any one wanting a fine hand-made harness will do well to give me a call.
SINGLE HARNESS.....$15 and up.
DOUBLE HARNESS.....$25 and up.
Machine Harness at all prices. jan17y

Advertisers! send for our select list of Local Newspapers Geo P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce St., New York.

New Year
1883.
GREETINGS!
I shall open on the first day of January, at R. H. Austin's Brick Store, two doors from my old stand, a well selected stock of
DRY GOODS.
Notions, Hardware,
Groceries, Provisions
And Farm Supplies,
All of which will be sold very CHEAP for CASH, or on TIME to PROMPT PAYING Customers.
ALL GOODS ARE NEW
And Bought for Cash.
☞Give me a call before opening your account for the year. Respectfully,
T. H. Gatlin.
Tarboro, Jan. 12-1y.

LAGER BEER!
LAGER BEER!
The Mot Refreshing Beverage Known.
Doctors Recom'end It.
G. OPPENHEIMER & SON
BEER BOTTLERS,
The Trade Supplied at our Establishment, Next Door to Court House.
Orders by mail, from any part of the State, promptly attended to.
☞ Will have a supply of "Buck Beer" in season.
Tarboro, N. C., April 13, 1882.

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WINES, &C.	BRANDIES,	WHISKIES,	CIGARS,	TOBACCOS,

Also a fine line of
Family Groceries.
Having opened a Grocery and Bar, next door to R. C. Brown & Co's, we invite all our friends to give us a liberal share of their patronage. We will try and please.
PARKER & DAWSON.
Tarboro', N. C., Jany 18, 83ly

The Hard Times
Are upon us, but there is a rift in the cloud full of promise to those who
TRADE WITH
T. E. LEWIS,
Notwithstanding the inroads made on his stock during Xmas, his line of Staple
FANCY GROCERIES
Has not been allowed to run low. LEWIS' is the place for those who have little money, but want it to go a LONG WAY.
Only the
Best Goods
Are Kept and they are CHEAP.
If you are not convinced of these facts, call and examine, or inquire of the multitude who daily trade.
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Jan. 5th, 1883.

TO THE PUBLIC!
—:O:—
HAVING RECENTLY PURCHASED THE interest of Mr. B. J. Keech in the firm of
KEECH & MALETT,
and formed a Copartnership with MR. J. P. MALETT, for the purpose of carrying on a
FIRST-CLASS GROCERY BUSINESS,
I will after this date be found at the store on Main street, known as the Williamson building, where I will be pleased to serve my friends.
Wishing one and all a happy and prosperous year, I remain,
Very truly yours,
WILLIE HART.
Tarboro, N. C., Feb'y 1st 1883. 1m

WINTER GOODS!
No Goods to be carried over the Season.
Flannels, Canton Flannels, Blankets, Shawls, Cloaks, carpets, Cloakings, Repellents, black and colored Cashmeres. Satins, Silks, Plushes, ladies' and children's flannel vests and pants, Boulevard Skirts and fur trimmings, Bleachings, Brown Domestics and Sheetings.
BOYS' SUITS
AND
BOYS' OVERCOATS,
GENTS'
Flannel Underwear,
FINE CITY MADE
Boots & Button Gaiters,
500 *SUITS OF*
Clothing Overcoats
AT ALL PRICES.
None to be Carried Into the Next Season.
CALL AND EXAMINE.
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SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR
For Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhœa, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fever and Ague, Malaria, and all Diseases caused by Derangement of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.
SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.
Bad Breath; Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder-blade, mistaken for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; Bowels generally costive, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy, with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of leaving undone something which ought to have been done; a slight, dry cough and flushed face is sometimes an attendant, often mistaken for consumption; the patient complains of weariness and debility; nervous, easily startled; feet cold or burning, sometimes a prickly sensation of the skin exists; spirits are low and despondent, and although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to try it—in fact, distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred when but few of them existed, yet examination after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.
It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above symptoms appear.
Persons Travelling or Living in Unhealthy Localities, by taking a dose occasionally to keep the Liver in healthy action, will avoid all Malaria, Bilious attacks, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate like a glass of wine, but is no intoxicating beverage.
If You have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will be relieved.
Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved by always keeping the Regulator in the House!
For, whatever the ailment may be, a thoroughly safe purgative, alterative and tonic can never be out of place. The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.
IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE,
And has all the power and efficacy of Calomel or Quinine, without any of the injurious after effects.
A Governor's Testimony.
Simmons Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical science.
J. GILL SHORTER, Governor of Ala.
Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga., says: Have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial.
"The only Thing that never fails to Relieve."—I have used many remedies for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection and Debility, but never have found anything to benefit me to the extent Simmons Liver Regulator has. I sent from Minnesota to Georgia for it, and would send further for such a medicine, and would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve.
P. M. JANNEY, Minneapolis, Minn.
Dr. T. W. Mason says: From actual experience in the use of Simmons Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine.
☞ Take only the Genuine, which always has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-Mark and Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Jobbing House.
SOL. WOOLARD.
"Don't You Forget It,"
that I have one of the finest stocks of GROCERIES, &c., ever offered to the trade in this vicinity.
Country Merchants
are requested to examine MY PRICES.
I HAVE IN STOCK
125 Barrels of Flour, different grades.
125 Bags Coffee
35 Barrels of Sugar.
100 Boxes of Tobacco, bought before the advance.
100 Boxes and Barrels of Crackers and Cakes. I am agent for the manufacturers and offer these goods at manufacturer's prices.
50 Barrels of Mott's Champagne Cider, sold at the mill price. The trade can save freight by buying of me.
SOL. WOOLARD,
Next to R. C. Brown & Co.,
Feb. 16-1y. TARBORO', N. C

Furniture!
Undertaking!
B. C. Carlile,
Main St., just above Pamlico Banking Co.
HAS ON HAND NEW, FRESH STOCK OF
Furniture
Bought for Cash,
which he offers at moderate prices.
Furniture of all Kinds Repaired.
COFFINS, CASKETS AND UNDERTAKING GENERALLY.
☞ Patronage solicited.
B. C. CARLILE.
Tarboro, Fb. 26, 1882: 3

TEACHERS WANTED $100. Per Month. Steady Employment during SPRING and SUMMER. Address J. C. McCURDY & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Tarboro' Southerner.
THURSDAY,.....FEBRUARY 15, 1883.

A Serious Mistake.

An Intended Flirtation.

And this, I suppose, is the country school-house," said Mr. Mark Moreau, as, emerging from the deep gloom of the little cleared space where the grass was close and fine as velvet, the scent of the white clover filled the air, and the small, one storied house painted that dull color that would now be called "Venetian red," among the boughs of a monster black walnut tree. "Only there's no village worth mentioning, unless you choose to call the stage station one. Upon the whole this portion of the world seems to be still in its primitive condition."

Mr. Moreau had been fishing all day. His creel was well filled, his lunch basket empty; his India rubber boots besplashed with a fine, healthy sunburn. He was tired out, his joints aching, his nose blistered, face swollen with the uninteresting attacks of the black flies and mosquitos. And yet he called this "capital sport!"

"Hello, you, sir!" said Moreau to a sly, white headed urchin, who was coming down the hill with a pail. "What's in that pail?"

"Nothing', sir," was the answer.

"What are you doing with it?"

"Goin' after water."

"Is there a spring hereabouts?"

"Yes, sir."

Moreau nodded his head.

"Good!" said he. "Show me where it is, and I'll give you a penny."

The little lad, nothing loth, ran lightly in advance, until he reached the spot, beneath a huge, gray rock, where a tiny stream bubbled into a tiny stone basin, worn by its continual drip.

"Here it is, mister," said he, "and here is a gourd to drink outen."

And Mr. Moreau drank a long, deep draught.

"Sweet as champage," said he; "and cooler than ice!"

And he flung the penny to the expectant lad, who, having secured his larggess, speedily filled his pail and trudged up the hill once more.

"Johny! Johny! what keeps you so long?"

It was a sweet, bell-like voice, and Moreau listened to it with a forte of dreamy satisfaction, as he lay there among the ferns, staring up at the sky.

"The school-ma'am, in all probability," he said to himself, and turned half way around to see what manner of a female she was.

Round and dimpled, and rosy, with hair like braided sunshine, blue eyes, and cheeks pinker than the wild roses even now scattering their petals over her face. Mark raised himself on his elbow.

"She's a beauty," he said, half-aloud, "a wild flower of the wilderness. And not a bit like the ideal district school teacher. I'll get acquainted with that girl, or I'll know the reason why!"

He left his creel and rod among the grass and wild flowers, by the clear little spring, and walked slowly up the path.

The beauty in the pink calico dress did not turn and flee, as he had half suspected she would, but stood awaiting him, with calm composure worthy of a city belle.

"Pardon me," said Mr. Moreau, inventing the first flagrant lie that he could think of, "but I am one of the trustees of the Andover District. The schoolma'am courtisied heartily.

"I am deeply interested in elementary education," he went on, "and—"

"I am so sorry," said the pretty girl, "but it is past three o'clock, and I am just going to dismiss the children. Perhaps you would call to morrow, if you are staying in this neighborhood?"

"Oh, certainly," said Moreau, with a vague idea that he was being baffled by the dimpled, daisy faced thing who could not have been a day over eighteen—"certainly! Perhaps you are walking down in the direction of the hotel?"

"No," said the blonde, calmy, "I go up toward Deens' Lake."

Baffled again: but Mr. Moreau allowed no cloud to dim the bland brightness of his visage.

"Ah!" said he. "Then I will bid you good bye, hoping that I may have the pleasure of meeting you again."

The pretty schoolma'am smiled, colored, and courtesied once again, and then—shut the school house door.

Mr. Moreau walked composedly down the hill.

"She is a little jewel," said he to himself, "and she knows her value. I will find out who she is and what she is. Upon my word I haven't seen such a face in a year. I should like to paint her as Hebe, peeping out from a bower of roses; or Persephona with her arms full of flowers. I've always fancied the idea of a wife who should differ from the rank file of smiling, simpering, fashionable women. She's a little disposed to keep me at arm's length, but I don't like her the less for that!"

Once under the shadow of the the little inn—a long, straggling, stout building, which might have been a grist-mill—he casually alluded to his lady's adventure, as he sat over his boiled ham and eggs, with coffee and freshly fried crullers.

"Oh, by, Squire," said he to his landlord (up in the Adirondacks all landlords are "Squires," and so is everybody else), "I came across your district school house to-day."

"Did ye, though?" said the tavern keeper. "Wal, now, ain't that kind o' curi'us? Why, it's keep—the district school—by my niece, Ketury Spikes."

"Keturah Spikes!" repeated Mr. Moreau, rather taken aback.

Somehow he had associated a very different nomenclature with the fair one with the golden lacks. "Keturah" did not seem to suit her at all.

"Yes, Ketury Spikes," said mine host. "Named after an aunt as was expected to leave her money, but did not. Pretty smart gal, though, Ketury. Don't need no legacy to carry her along."

"I should think not," remarked Mr. Moreau.

"Got a history, Ketury has," went on the landlord, whose name was Lemuel Stiles.

"Indeed!"

"Disappointedly" said Mr. Stiles. "Engaged to be married. Young man give leg bail and enlisted, and went to Florida to fight the Injuns. And Ketury made a vow."

"Never to marry!" said Mr. Moreau quickly.

"No, to marry the first identickle chap that axed her," retorted Mr. Stiles with a grin. "Our gals up in the Adirondacks is plucky, they is. But somehow Ketury never got the chance. Fellers is scarce in these parts, ye see. Ye ain't a marryin' man, sir ye see. Ye ain't a marryin' man, air ye, stranger? with a sudden speculative gleam in his dull eyes.

Moreau smiled.

"I might be," said he. "If you would kindly give me a letter of introduction to Miss Spikes, I will try my luck with her. For to speak the truth I was exceedingly pleased with what I saw of her this morning."

"Sartin I will," said Mr. Lemuel Stiles. "And I tell you what, stranger, there ain't many gals like my niece, Ketury."

As Mark Moreau sat before the big fire of logs, which the chillness of the September evening rendered not uncomfortable, he smilled to himself with a Mephistophelian satisfaction.

"At all events," he thought, "this will open the way to a pleasant flirtation. And if worst comes to worst, I can but follow the example of the Florida volunteer."

All that evening Mr. Lemuel Stiles, who according to his own frank admission, was "not scholared," wrestled with a sheet of paper, a musty ink bottle, and a stump of a pen, and at ten o'clock produced the following document, not without a certain grave triumph:

"Neice Kitoory, this to interdues mr. mark maro, who Wants a Wife, and you want a Husband, and there's a pair of you. From your affectionate uncle, to command.
L. STILES."

"I guess that there'll do the business," said Stiles, with pardonable pride, as he smeared out a blot from the loop of the L with his coat cuff.

Mark Moreau glanced over it rather dubiously.

"If she wasn't such a little beauty," he thought. "this would seem rather a Quixotic enterprise.

But those sapphire blue eys would light a man over the very Tarpeian cliff!"

And the next morning he proceeded straight to the school house.

"Bub," he said to a red headed boy, who was shuffling his feet just outside the door, "is Miss Spikes within?"

"Just come," said the boy. "School ain't in yet. Wants six minutes of nine yet."

"Give her this slip of paper, please," said our hero, "and tell her I am waiting outside."

Half a minute later there was a rush like that of a buffalo, and a tall, lean female, with a scanty knot of fox colored hair screwed on the top of her head, watery blue eyes, high cheek bone, and badly fitting false teeth, flung herself on his shoulder, *a la* provincial theatres.

"When I seen you go by the tavern yesterday, I felt you was my counterpart!" sighed this gentle gazelle, with a strong scent of fried onions in her breath, "but little did I dream as you was so near me in soul. I was a setting on the back door step when you went a past. I had the ache, and Fanny Dorel she took charge of the school for me yester day."

"Fanny Dorel!" This then was the name of the gold tressed divinity who had taken his heart by storm. There was a misapprehension all around, and Mark Moreau made haste to discharge himself from Miss Keturah Spikes' clinging arms.

"There is some mistake," he said hurriedly.

"No there ain't," said Miss Spikes.

"I suppose this letter was addressed to Fanny Dorel," he pleaded.

"It says Keturah Spikes plain enough, don't it?" said the lady with gathering clouds upon her brow.

"My dear Miss Spikes—" he began.

"Call me Keturah," she smiled.

"I see that I am intruding on the busiest part of your day," he urged.

"School teachin' aint nothin' when the tenderest feelin's of the heart is concerned," murmured the woman.

"But business is business," reasoned our hero, artfully: "and I shall see you this evening at your uncle's. Until then, *au revoir*."

The school bell clanged—Moreau hurried away. Miss Spikes turned away with a softly palpitating heart to her books and slates—Minerva succeeded Cupid—and our hero plunged into the woods wiping his reeking brow.

"Good Jupiter!" he muttered to himself, "does that Gorgon believe there is a man in the United States mad enough to marry her!"

Miss Spikes "let out" school early that day, and hurried to the tavern.

"Where's Mr. Moreau?" she breathlessly demanded of her uncle.

"Gone," said Mr. Lemuel Stiles, Stiles, "bag and baggage. Sent for his traps at eleven o'clock, and took the southward-bound train."

Miss Keturah," said her uncle severely, "that's the third husband you've let slip! I begin to think it's all your bad management. And this was a dreadful likely man, too."

"As for Mark Morton, he scarcely dared to breathe freely until he was in the Lake Champlain steamer.

He had merely intended to amuse himself by a little flirtation with the woodland beauty; but the matter become decidedly serious.

And perhaps he needed the lesson. Flirting young men sometimes do need lessons.

That Bad Boy.

'Say, are you a Mason, or a nod-fellow, or anything," asked the bad boy of the grocery man, as he went to the cinnamon bag on the shelf and took out a long stick of cinnamon to chew.

"Why, yes, of course I am, but what set you thinking of that," asked the grocer man, as he went to the desk and charged the boy's father with half a ponnd of cinnamon.

"Well, do the goats butt when you nishiate a fresh candidate?"

"No, of course not. The goats are cheap ones, that have no life, and we muzzle them and put pillows over their heels, so they can't hurt anybody," says the groceryman, as he winked at a brother Odd Fellow, who was seated on a sugar barrel, looking mysterious. "But why do you ask?"

"Oh, nuthin," only I wish me and my chum had muzzled our goat with a pillow. Pa would have enjoyed his becoming a member of our lodge better. You see, pa had been telling us how much good the Masons and Odd Fellows did, and said we ought to try and grow up good so we could jine the lodges when we got big, and I asked pa if it would do any hurt for us to have a play lodge in my room, and purtend to nishiate, and pa said it wouldn't do any hurt. He said it would improve our minds and learn us to be men. So my chum and me borrid a goat that lives in a livery stable. Say, did you know they kep a goat in a livery stable so the horses won't get sick? They get used to the smell of the goat, and after that nothing can make them sick but a glue factory. I wish my girl boarded in a livery stable, then she would get used to the smell. I went home with her from church Sunday night, and the smell of the goat on my clothes made her sick to her stummick and she acted just like an excursion on the lake, and said if I didn't go and bury myself and take the smell out of me she wouldn't never go with me again. She was just as pale as a ghost, and the prespiration on her lip was just zif she had been hit with a street sprinkler. You see my chum and me had to carry the goat up to my room when pa and ma was out riding, and he blated so we had to tie a handkerchief around his nose, and his feet made such a noise on the floor that we put some baby socks on his feet. Gosh, how frowy a goat smells, don't it? I should think you Masons have strong stummixs. Why don't you have a skunk or a mule for a trade mark? Take a mule and anoint it with limburg cheese and you could nishiate and make a candidate smell just as bad as with a gosh darn mildewed goat. Well, sir, my chum and me practiced with that goat until he could butt a picture of a goat every time. We borrowed a buck beer sign from a saloon man and hung it out on the back of a chair and the goat would hit it every time. That night pa wanted to know what we were doing up in my room, and I told him we were playing lodge, and improving our minds, and pa said that was right, there was nothing that did boys of our age half so much good as to imitate men, and store by useful nolidge. Then my chum asked pa if he didn't want to come up and take the grand bumper degree, and he laffed and said he didn't care if he did, just to encourage us boys in innocent pastime that was improving to our intellex. We had shut the goat up in a closet in my room, and he had got over blating, so we took off the handkerchief, and he was eating some of my collars and skate straps. We went up stairs, and told pa to come up pretty soon and give three distinct raps, and when we ask him who comes there he must say, 'a pilgaric who wants to join your ancient order and ride the goat.' Ma wanted to come up too, but we told her if she come in it would break up the lodge, cause a woman couldn't keep a secret, and we didn't have any saddle for the goat. Say, if you never tried it, the next time you nishiate a man in your Mason's lodge, you sprinkle a little kyan pepper on the goat's beard just before you turn him loose. You can get three times as much fun to the square inch of goat. You wouldn't think it was the same goat. Well, we got all fixed and pa rapped, and we let him in and told him he must be blindfolded, and he got on his knees a laffin, and I tied a towel around his eyes, and then I turned him around and made him get down on his hands also, and then his back was right towards the closet door, and I put the buck beer sign right against pa's clothes. He was a laffin all the time, and said we boys were as full of fun as they made 'em, and we told him it was a solemn occasion and we wouldn't permit no levity, and if he didn't stop laffin we couldn't give him the grand bumper degree. Then everything was ready, and my chum had his hand on the closet door, and some kyan pepper in his other hand, and I asked pa in low bass tones, if he felt as though he wanted to turn back, or if he had nerve to go ahead and take the degree. I warned him that it was full of dangers, as the goat was loaded for beer, and told him he yet had time to retrace his steps if he wanted to. He said he wanted the whole business, and we could go ahead with the menagerie. Then I said to pa that if he had decided to go ahead and not blame us for the consequences to repeat after me the following: "Bring forth the bumper and let him bump." Pa repeated the words and my chum sprinkled the kyan pepper on the goat's mustache, and he sneezed once and looked easy, and then he saw the larger beer goat raring up, and he started for it just like a cow catcher, and blated. Pa is real fat, and he knew he had got hit, and he said, 'Hell's fire, what are you boys doin'?' and then the goat gave him another degree, and pa pulled off the towel and got up and started for the stairs, and so did the goat, and ma was at the bottom of the stairs, listening, and when I looked over the banister pa and ma and the goat were all in a heap, and pa was yelling murder, and ma was screaming fire, and the goat was butting and sneezing, and butting, and the hired girl came into the hall and the goat took after her and she crossed herself just as the goat struck her, and said, 'Howly mother protect us!' and went down stairs as we boys slide down hill, with both hands on herself, and the goat reared up and blated, and pa and ma went into their room and shut the door, and then my chum and me opened the front door and drove the goat out. The minister, who comes to see ma every three times a week, was just ringing the bell and the goat thought he wanted to be nishiated too, and gave him one for luck, and then went down the sidewalk blating and sneezing, and the minister came in the parlor and said he was stabbed, and then pa came out of his room with his suspenders hanging down, and he didn't know the minister was there, and he said cuss words, and ma cried and told pa he would go to hell sure, and pa said he didn't care he would kill that cussed goat afore he went, and I told pa the minister was in the parlor, and he and ma went down and said the weather was propitious for a revival, and it seemed as though an outpouring of the spirit was about to be vouchsafed to his people, and none of them set down but ma, cause the goat didn't hit her, and while they were talking religin with their mouths and kissin the goat inwardly, my chum and me adjourned the lodge, and I went and stayed with him all night, and I han't been home since. But I don't believe pa will lick me, 'cause he said he would not hold us responsible for the consequences. He ordered the goat hisself and we filled the orders don't you see? Well, I guess I will go and sneak in the back way and find out from the hired girl how the land lays. She won't go back on me, 'cause the goat was not loaded for hired girls. She just happened to get in at the wrong time. Good bye, sir. Remember and give your goat kyan pepper in your lodge."

WEATHER PROGNOSTICS.

Some Things to Learn in Order to Become "Weather Wise."

It is stated that the following pronostics are deduced from observations gathered from the most reliable sources in England, embracing 112 years, from 1675 to 1789:

1. When the vernal equinox is not preceded or followed by the usual equinoctial storms, the succeeding summer will be dry at least five times in six

2. If easterly storms occur on the 19th, 20th or 21th of May, the ensuing summer will likewise be dry; the same characteristic applies to storms from whatever direction on the 25th, 26th, or 27th of March viz: a dry summer will follow.

3. When storms happen, however between the 19th and 23rd of March, having applications from the west southwest, the succeeding summer will be wet five times out of six. In England, when both winter and spring are dry, they are always cold; but when these two seasons are wet they are usually warm; on the contrary, dry summers an autumns are most always hot and wet summers cold; hence if the humanity of any special season be determined, an approximately correct idea may be formed what the prevailing temperature will be.

4. A wet autumn, succeeded by a mild winter, is generally followed by a dry and cold spring, which will be unfavorable to the growth of vegetation.

5 A wet summer is most always succeeded by a severe cold winter, because the terrestial heat has been carried off by evaporation: it has also been observed that wet summers promote great proficiency on the white thorn of darkness, so that an unusual fruitfulness of the shrubs is considered a presage of an intensely cold winter

6 A severe winter is also indicated by the earlier departure in the autumn by cranes, and other migratory birds, because the birds never leave for a southern climate until the cold season has commenced in the higher northern regions.

7. When at the close of a summer day dew forms copiously, the following day will be pleasant.