

Old Missus marry "Will-de-weaver,"
William was a gay deceaber;

Look away! &c.,

But when he put his arm around 'er,
He smiled as fierce as a forty pounder,
Look away! &c.

CHORUS.

His face was sharp as a butcher's
cleaver,

But dat did not seem to greab 'er;

Look away! &c.,

Old Missus acted de foolish part,
And died for a man dat broke her heart,
Look away! &c.

CHORUS.

Now here's a health to the next old
Missus,

An' all de gals dat want to kiss us;

Look away! &c.,

But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song tomorrow,
Look away! &c.

CHORUS.

Dar's buckwheat cakes en Ingen' batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;

Look away! &c.,

Den hoe it down an' scratch your
grabble,

To Dixie Land I'm bound to trabble,

Look away! &c.

CHORUS.

"Washington as Soldier."

General Carrington's latest work, "Washington as Soldier," is undergoing the author's last revision. We are permitted to give the opening passage of Chapter, XIV, giving Washington's attitude during the first week of January, 1777, just after the Battle of Trenton, and when he established permanent headquarters in New Jersey.

The Narrative of Washington's career as a soldier up to the time when he foiled the best efforts of Howe and Cornwallis to capture his weary band of Continentals and militia, has been a continuous story of love of country and devotion to her brave defenders. The most assiduous care for their discipline, their health, their moral deportment, and their loyalty to duty has been the burden of his soul. Pleading, remonstrance and even reprimand, however earnest and pungent, have never worn a selfish garb nor breathed of arrogance or unholy temper. Presumptuous denunciations by his chief antagonist have never impaired the dignity of his carriage, his felicity of utterance, nor the serenity of his faith.

The indiscretions of his subordinates, their jealousies, and their weaknesses have been so condoned or accommodated to the eventful hours of camp or field service, that while he rests in camp during the opening week of the second year of battling with the might of Great Britain, he has in mind only words of thanksgiving for mercies realized, and a bold challenge to the American Congress and the American people for men and means whereby to make their sublime Declaration of Independence a realized fact.

And yet, never before has there gathered about his pathway such ominous mutterings of a gathering tempest. It is no longer the spectacle of a half-organized army parrying the strokes of a compact enemy well equipped for war. He has halted, faced the foe, and assumed the aggressive. Washington has been fencing! His first lunge in return draws blood. He will fight to the finish. His appeal, before Boston, was, "For God and Country," and with supreme trust in God he shall have the victory.

The very best and cleverest men have a hobby of some sort, which the rules of society forbid their mounting outside their families. Every man would bore you to death if you would only let him.

The Seaboard Air Line Scores Another Point.

The Seaboard Air Line has, for a long time, contended that as it could not get its sleepers south of Atlanta and north of Washington, while other lines were allowed this privilege, it should, therefore, be allowed a differential rate. This matter was taken up recently with the Southeastern Passenger association, the Trunk Line association and the Association of Virginia and the Carolinas, and the Seaboard Air Line's claim for differentials was allowed.

The tariffs just published by the above associations show standard rates by all lines between the North and South, as well as the differential rate via the Seaboard Air Line, which rate is \$3 less than that shown by other lines. The standard rate between New York and Atlanta is

A Magazine Which Builds Houses.

The readers of *The Ladies Home Journal* are about as responsive a clientele as any magazine possesses. About six months ago the Philadelphia magazine started to publish a series of practical architectural plans showing how artistic houses could be built at moderate cost. It employed a special architect, and his work was certainly artistic. Besides the plans it agreed to furnish complete specifications of each house at a minimum cost. Thousands of people liked the plans given and the series has been a great success for the magazine. This spring the building of over five hundred houses, varying in cost from \$1,500 to \$7,000 each, will be started in different parts of the country by *Journal* readers, in addition to over one hundred other houses which have already been built.

The Star-Spangled Banner.

BY FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood hath washed out their foul footsteps' pollution:
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just;
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust;"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

\$24; the differential rate via the Seaboard Air Line is \$21; the rate between Washington and Atlanta is 17.50, the differential rate via the Seaboard Air Line is \$14.50. This differential applies between all important cities in the Southeastern Passenger association's territory; the Trunk Line association territory.

The Seaboard Air Line now has the matter up with the New England Passenger association, looking to the publishing of these differential rates in their tariffs. As soon as this is granted it is understood that the Seaboard Air Line will then go to the Mississippi Passenger association with a request that they publish like rates from their territory. When this is done the Seaboard Air Line will have a differential on all business which it is competitor for, east of the Mississippi river.—*Portsmouth Star*.

THE OUTLOOK is for sale at this office at three cents per copy.

Col. Tom Anderson, Poet.

Col. Thomas Johnathan Anderson, the Seaboard Air Line's poet and adonis, has just issued a book of poems laudatory of the Seaboard's lines and towns. It is in the shape of an alphabet and is entitled "Study and Learn." Its redundant title gives no idea of the lofty sentiment and beautiful diction of the contents. For instance, in the course of his canto, the poet's Pegasus canters thusly:

"L is for Littleton and Lincolnton, N. C.,
These towns are pretty as pretty can be.
Their mineral waters are known to be good
For chronic dyspepsia and diseases of blood.

That's the stuff! The divine afflatus permeates the whole and lives and breathes in every syllable. Bully for this new luminary in Poesy's sky! Grind out some more, do. Only infrequent thinkers can fail to be warmed by these Byronic ebullitions. Keep it a-b'illin', Tom.—*Lincoln Journal*.

Try THE OUTLOOK for three months.

JUBA HALLELUJAH.

De Carolina nigger am de best in de world
Juba Hallelujah!

De banner of de Lord nebber am furred,
Juba Hallelujah!

Dis nigger's blacker dan de ace ob spades,
Juba Hallelujah!

But de Lord don't care about de different
shades,
Juba Hallelujah!

Come, sisters and brudders, don't lag
behind,
Juba Hallelujah!

For de heabenly garden you nebber will
find,
Juba Hallelujah!

De garden's in de paradise land,
Juba Hallelujah!

Up dere we'll sing wid de heart and de
hand,
Juba Hallelujah!

Up dere dese niggers are dressed up fine,
Juba Hallelujah!

Up dere 'tis Christmas all de time,
Juba Hallelujah!

De cotton's picked an' in de bag,
Juba Hallelujah!

Dis nigger no mo' de mule will drag,
Juba Hallelujah!

Come Caesar, Pompey, Tom and Joe,
Juba Hallelujah!

Up to de heabenly land let's go,
Juba Hallelujah!

Come Delia, 'Liza, 'long wid us,
Juba Hallelujah!

You'se sartin to be better an' you can't
be wuss,
Juba Hallelujah!

Don't stay and wait till de trumpet blow,
Juba Hallelujah!

For den you'll be sorry dat you didn't go,
Juba Hallelujah!

For den you find dat you be too late,
Juba Hallelujah!

An' de good old Massa hab shut de gate,
Juba Hallelujah!

Den you stand peeking fro' de fence,
Juba Hallelujah!

An' de good old Massa tell you to git
hence,
Juba Hallelujah!

Den you go marchin' down to de wicked
land,
Juba Hallelujah!

An' you lib forever wid de debbil's band,
Juba Hallelujah!

Oh, de white folks now at de niggers do
stare,
Juba Hallelujah!

But dey'll be no whiter when dey git up
dere,
Juba Hallelujah!

Oh, come along brudders, don't say no
more,
Juba Hallelujah!

For we'll meet down on de Paradise
shore,
Juba Hallelujah!

—

"Do you consider lager beer intoxicating?" "Vel," replied W—, "ash for dat, I gant say. I drinksh feefty or seesty glasses a day, and it never hurtsh me; put I don't know how it would pe if a man vash to make a hog of hisself."

A dying negro was told by his minister that he must forgive a certain darkey against whom he seemed to entertain very bitter feelings. "Yes, yes," he replied, "if I dies I forgive dat nigga; but if I gets well dat nigga must take car."