

CALENDAR for 1872.

Calendar for 1872 showing days of the week and dates for each month from January to December.

A. R. CARVER at the "CROCKERY STORE" is opening out the largest and most beautiful stock of fancy goods, toys and Christmas Presents ever offered in Fayetteville.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

We give below a condensed notice of the advertisements in the ADVERTISER AND GAZETTE. They are too numerous to mention separately: Heide Brothers, confectioners of every description. W. A. Whitehead, groceries, provisions, &c. J. W. Lett, dress goods, hats, caps, boots and shoes. Warren Prior, watchmaker and jeweller. H. McGuire, choice family groceries. A. Overbaugh, Exchange Hotel. Isaac Hollingsworth, auctioneer, and dealer in groceries, &c. A Moore, dealer in tobacco. H. Whaley, saddle and harness maker. A. P. Hart, boot and shoe store. M. Schlossberg, rare chance for bargains. J. R. Lee, staple and fancy dry goods, provisions, &c. Maurice Oterbourg, new furniture store. Walter Watson, notice to turpentine operators and others. C. Price, photographer. J. W. Baker, all kinds of furniture. John T. Moore, restaurant and bar. John Bruner, boot and shoe maker. W. W. Cole, groceries of all kinds. S. A. Phillips, dry goods, hardware and hollow-ware. MacRae & Dingerfield, Christmas goods. R. Burns, Liberty Point House. R. T. Scanlin, dealer in wines, liquors, &c. D. Ettinger, dry goods at the lowest prices. Brown's saloon, Gillespie street. W. Overby, saddle and harness maker. James Harris, billiards and bar-room. THE EAGLE, published by M. J. McSweeney every Thursday morning in Fayetteville, N. C., at \$3 00 per annum. THE CAROLINA MESSENGER, a model newspaper, published at Goldsboro, N. C., by Julius A. Bonitz, at \$2 a year. THE SUN, published weekly in New York, Charles A. Dana, editor, \$2 00 per annum. E. L. Pemberton, very desirable goods. J. K. Kyle & Co., great bargains—selling off to make room for new stock. Mrs. V. E. Carter, Millinery. B. C. Gorham, roller skating—amusement for Christmas holidays.

W. G. Hall has on hand a large stock of groceries, &c. Jos. W. Hollingsworth, very attractive goods. W. D. Smith & Co., hardware and agricultural implements. H. R. Horne & Co., druggists. J. G. Oehrle, bakery and confectionery. S. W. Hinsdale, medicines, chemicals, &c. Consumptives, address Dr. J. H. Schenck. I. B. Davis, stoves, tin-ware, &c.

My Wife's Piano.

The deed is accomplished. My wife has got a piano. It came on a dray. Six men carried it into the parlor, and it grunted awfully. It weighs a ton, and shines like a mirror, and has carved cupids climbing up on its limbs. And such lungs—whe! My wife has commenced to practice, and the first time she touched the machine I thought we were in the midst of a thunder storm, and the lightning had struck the crockery chest. The cat, with tail erect, took a bee line for a particular friend on the back fence. The baby awoke, and the little fellow tried his best to beat the instrument, but he could not do it. It beat him. A teacher has been introduced into the house. He says he is the last of Napoleon's grand army. He wears a huge moustache, looks at me fiercely, smells of garlic, and goes by the name of Count Runawaynever-comebackagain. He played an extract de opera the other night. He ran his fingers through his hair twice, then grinned, then cocked his eye up at the ceiling like a monkey looking for flies, and then I heard a delightful sound, similar to that produced by a cockroach dancing on the tenor string of a fiddle. Down came another finger, and I was reminded of the wind whistling through the loop hole of a hen-coop. He touched his thumb, and I thought I was in an orchard listening to the distant braying of a jackass. Now he ran his fingers along the keys, and I thought of a boy rattling a stick upon a goods box or a picket fence. All of a sudden, he stopped, and I thought something had happened. Then he came down with both fists, and Oh, Lord! such a noise was never heard before. I thought that a hurricane had struck the house, and the walls were caving in. I imagined I was in the cellar, and a ton of coal was falling about my head.

Sut Lovingood at a Candy Pulling.

I had a heap of trouble last Christmas and I'll tell you how it happened. Dekin Jones gave a candy pullin' and I got a stool, as they say in North Carolina, and over I goes. Sister Poll and I went together, and when we got to Jones' the house was chuck full. Dog my cats if there was room to turn round. There was Suze Harkins—she's as big as a skinned horse—and six other Harkins and Simmonses and Peddiggers, and the schoolmaster and his gal, beside the old Dekin and the Dekines, and enough little Dekines to set up a half dozen young folks in the family bizness. Well, bimeby, the pot begun to bile, and the fun begun. We all got our plates ready, and put flour on our hands to keep the candy from stickin', and then we pitched into pullin'. Wasn't it fun? I never saw such liffin' and cuttin' up in all my born daze. I made a candy bird for Em Simmons. Her and me expects to trot in double harness some of these daze. She made a candy goose for me. Then we got to throwin' candy balls into one another's hair, and a runnin' from one side of the house to tuther, and out into the kitchen, till everything upon the place was gummed over with candy. I sot on a pine bench, and Em Simmons sot close to me. Suze Harkins—confound her picture!—throw'd a candy ball sock into one of my ize. I made a bulge to run after her, and heard something rip. My stars alive! Wasn't I pickled? I looked around and thar was the gable end of my bran new britches a stickin' to the pine bench. I backed up agin the wall sorter craw-fish like and grinned. Sut, said sister Poll, what's the matter? Shut up! sez I. Sut, sez Em, come away from that wall; you'll get all over grease. Let her grease! sez I, and sot down on a washboard that was layin across a tub, feelin' worse than an old maid at a weddin. Party soon I felt something hurt, and party soon it hurt again. Ice—whis—I jumped ten feet high, kicked over the tub, out flew old Jones' Christmas turkies, and you ought to have seen me git. Ef old Jones' barn burns down next winter, and ef I'm arrested for it, and ef anybody peers as a witness agin me, I'll bust his dogoned head! There's my sentiments! A little fellow going to church for the first time, where the pews were very high, said on coming out: 'I went into a cupboard and took a seat on the shelf.'

Song--Dark Eyes.

When dawn awakes the eastern skies, And auron's zephyrs kiss the sea, I crave one glance of those dark eyes, Which should have op'd with love for me. But chilling winds obscure the ray, No smiling dawn awakes for me. To cheer my o'er life's dreary way, And all is wrecked upon the sea.

I Would not Die in Winter.

I wud knot dye in winter, When whiske punch is flow, Wha'n poots g'ls are skain; Ore fields of ice and snow; When asselge meat is phyring, And hickory nuts are blisk; Oh! who could think of dying, Or ever getting sick! I wud knot dye in spring-time, And miss the turn-up greens, And the poety song of the little frogs; And the shikar's early screams; When birds begin their wooing, And iters' gin to sprout; When turkeys go a gobbling; I wud knot then peg out. I wud knot dye in summer, And leave the garden ass, The rookid lamb and butter milk, The cool place in the shade; I wud knot dye in summer, When everything's so hot, And leave the whiske jowls; Owe know! I'd rather knot. I wud knot dye in autumn, With peaches fit for eating, When wavy corn is getting ripe, And kandidates are fretting; Phor these and other reasons, I'd knot dye in the phall; And sense I've thought it over, I wud knot dye at all.

Bound to Do a Full Day's Work.

Mr. M., of Oxford, don't object to having a hired man do a full day's work, at least so we should judge from the following history: A short time ago, a man went to plowing round a forty acre field. After he had plowed faithfully all day until the sun was about half an hour high, he expressed his opinion that it was about time to quit work. Oh, no, said Mr. M.—, you can plow around six or eight times more just as well as not. So the hired man plowed around six or eight times, then went to the house, took care of his team, milked nine cows, ate his supper and found ten o'clock glaring him in the face from the old timepiece. Said the hired man to Mrs. M.—, where's Mr. M.—? The good woman answered, he has retired, do you wish to see him? He replied that he did. After being conducted to the bed room, he said, Mr. M.—, where is the axe? Why? said Mr. M.—, what do you want to do with the axe? Well, said the hired man, I thought you might like me to split wood till breakfast is ready.

A Stupid Clerk.

The other day a young lady stepped into a dry-goods establishment, and enquired of the clerk attending: Sir, have you any mouse-colored gloves? Mouse-colored gloves, miss? Yes, a sort of gray, just the color of your drawers, meaning the store-drawers, which were painted gray. My drawers, miss? Why, I don't wear any. A cab was seen leaving that store a few minutes after with a lady in the corner with a handkerchief to her face.

Yankee Curiosity.

As a sailor who had lost his arm was traveling through the country, he stopped at a house for refreshment; the curiosity of the landlord was excited to know in what manner it was lost. I'll tell you, said Jack, if you won't ask me any other questions about it. The landlord agreed. Well, then, said Jack, it was bit off! The Yankee would not forfeit his word, but anxiously replied: Duration, don't I wish I knew what bit it off! Two good-natured Irishmen, on a certain occasion, occupied the same bed. In the morning one of them inquired of the other: Dennis, did you hear the thunder last night? No, Pat; did it really thunder? Yes, it thundered as if niven and airth would come together. Why the devil then didn't ye wake me, for ye know I can't slape whin it thunders. A lady's husband being away from home, died while absent. One of the neighbors being requested to inform her of her husband's death, found her at dinner, and when he informed her of the death, she requested the neighbor to wait until she had finished her dinner, when he would hear some loud bawling.

The New York Star compliments a Brooklyn clergyman by saying he acts as if he were a man among men, instead of a perfumed god among a lot of unwashed apes.

'Sal, what time do your folks dine?'

'Soon as you leaves; them's missus' orders.

A little boy at Sunday-school being asked 'what was the chief end of man?' replied, 'the end what's got the head on.' An application of birch convinced him that the head might be the chief end, but it wasn't the one that had the most smart.

'Mother, may I go to the circus this afternoon?' asked an urchin of tender years. 'No, my son; but if you will be a good little boy, you may go with me to see your grand-mother's grave.'

'Julius, why didn't you oblong your stay by the sea-side?' 'Kase, Mr. Snow, dey charge too much.' 'How so, Julius?' 'Why, de landlord charged dis individual wid stealing de spoons.'

'Weigh your words,' said a man to a fellow who was blustering away in a towering passion at another.—'They won't weigh much if he does,' said his antagonist coolly.

Why is the letter d like a disobedient boy? Because it makes mm mad.

Why is a clegyman like a locomotive? Because you are to look out for him when the bell rings.

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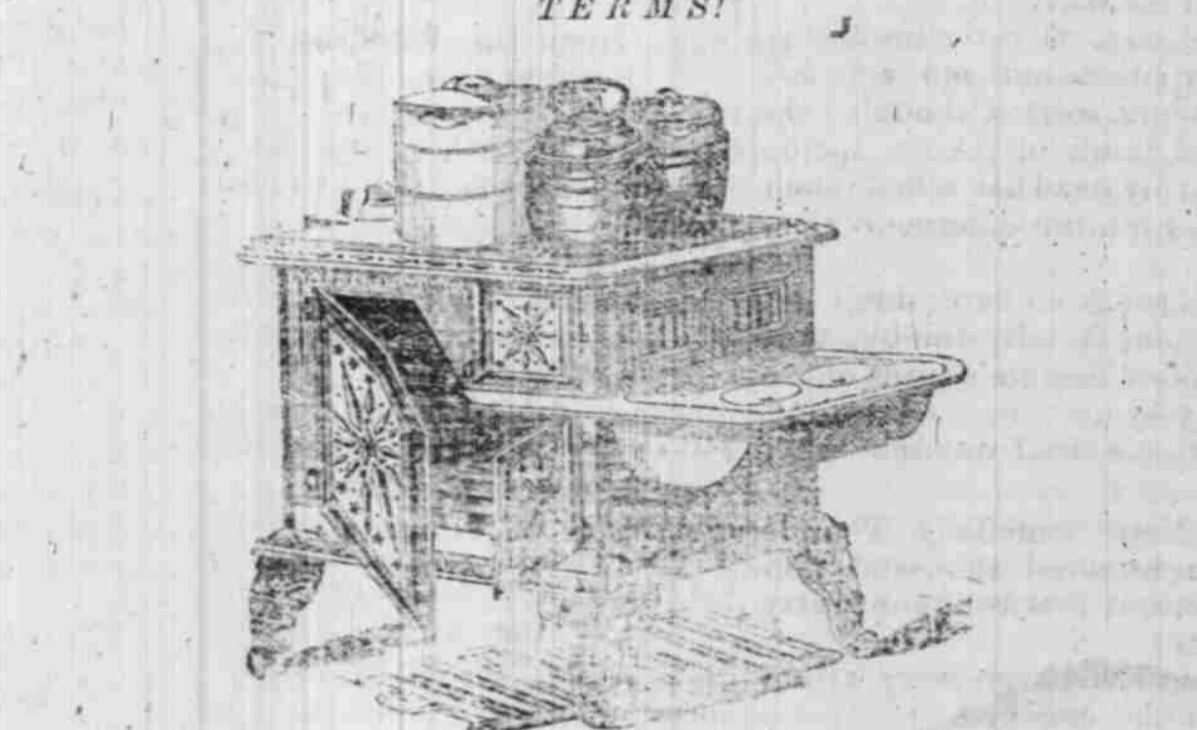
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M. J. McSWEENEY, EDITOR

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