

The Charlotte Democrat.

W. J. YATES, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Terms of Subscription—\$2 00, in advance.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., APRIL 10, 1876.

TWENTY-FOURTH VOLUME—NUMBER 1222.

THE Charlotte Democrat,
PUBLISHED BY
WILLIAM J. YATES, Editor and Proprietor
TERMS—TWO DOLLARS for one year, or
One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents for six months.
Subscriptions must be paid in advance.

Advertisements will be inserted at reasonable rates, or in accordance with contract.
Obituary notices of over five lines in length will be charged for at advertising rates.

Democrat Office.
The Democrat Office has been removed and is now in the Red-front Brick building, next to the corner store of Stenhouse, Macaulay & Co., Trade street, opposite the Observer Office and the Merchants & Farmers National Bank.
Jan. 1, 1876.

Dr. JOHN H. McADEN,
Wholesale and Retail Druggist,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.,
Has on hand a large and well selected stock of PURE DRUGS, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Family Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, Fancy and Toilet Articles, which he is determined to sell at the very lowest prices.
Jan. 1, 1875.

WILSON & BLACK,
Wholesale Druggists,
AND DEALERS IN
Fruits, Oils, Chemicals, Glass, &c., &c.,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.,
Feb. 22, 1875.

J. P. McCombs, M. D.,
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Charlotte and surrounding country. All calls, both day and night, promptly attended to.
Office in Brown's building, up stairs, opposite the Charlotte Hotel.
Jan. 1, 1873.

MEDICAL CARD.
ROBERT GIBBON, M. D., of Charlotte, N. C., and THEODORE PHARR, M. D., late of Bellevue Hospital, N. Y., having associated themselves in the practice of Surgery and Medicine, tender their professional services to the public.
Office corner of 5th and Tryon streets.
ROBERT GIBBON, M. D.
THEODORE PHARR, M. D.
March 22, 1875.

DR. W. H. HOFFMAN,
Dentist,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.,
Office over A. R. Nisbet & Bro's Store, Trade Street.
Feb. 8, 1875.

BLAND & SIMPSON,
Surgeon Dentists,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.,
Respectfully inform the citizens of Charlotte and the public that they have associated themselves together in the practice of Dentistry.
All operations pertaining to the profession committed to their care will be performed in the most skillful manner.
Teeth extracted without pain. Satisfaction guaranteed.
At the old office of Alexander & Bland, opposite the Charlotte Hotel.
Feb. 15, 1875.

G. F. BASON,
Attorney at Law,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.,
Office opposite Court House, in the Dowd Building.
March 20, 1876 6m

OSBORNE & MAXWELL,
Attorneys at Law,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.,
Office in the Court House. Particular attention given to Collections, Settlement of Estates and Partition of Land and Conveyancing.
Nov. 1, 1875 6m

W. F. COOK,
Fonde Street, on North Carolina Railroad,
Charlotte, N. C.,
Manufacturer of CIDER MILLS and all kinds of FARMING IMPLEMENTS.
All orders promptly attended to.
Jan. 22, 1875.

R. M. MILLER & SONS,
Commission Merchants,
and
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Provisions and Groceries,
College Street, CHARLOTTE, N. C.,
Flour, Bacon, Sugar, Coffee, Salt, Molasses, and in fact, all kind of Country Produce in large quantities always on hand for the Wholesale trade.
Jan. 1, 1875.

STENHOUSE, MACAULAY & CO.,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.,
Consignments of Cotton solicited, on which we will make liberal advances to be sold here, or if shippers desire will ship to our friends at New York or Liverpool direct. Commissions and storage on moderate terms.

CENTRAL HOTEL,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.,
This well-known House having been newly furnished and refitted in every department, is now open for the accommodation of the Traveling public.
Concessions at the Depot on arrival of Trains.
Jan. 1, 1873.
H. C. ECOLES.

BURWELL & SPRINGS,
Grocers and Commission Merchants,
Charlotte, N. C.,
Jan. 10, 1876.

J. McLAUGHLIN,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Groceries, Provisions, &c.,
COLLEGE STREET, CHARLOTTE, N. C.,
Sells Groceries at lowest rates for Cash, and buys Country Produce at highest market price.
Cotton and other country Produce sold on commission and prompt returns made.

The shipment of calicoes to England from Fall River, Massachusetts, now approximate 20,000 pieces per week. The manufacturers intend to raise the quantity to 30,000 pieces, about one quarter of the weekly production. The value of this export will be about \$60,000 per week, or \$3,000,000 per annum, over one-fourth of the aggregate amount of all our exports in 1860, when our exports reached its maximum, \$11,000,000. Other New England cities are following suit, among them Lowell, Lawrence, Manchester, Lewiston and Biddeford.

A Full Assortment of "QUAKER" CITY SHIRTS,
Of the very best style and quality,
And a fine supply of
Spring Hats,
Just in from our Broadway House. Call gentlemen at
JOHN A. YOUNG & SON'S,
March 27, 1876.

FIRE INSURANCE AGENCY,
Established in 1856, with a Capital of
\$2,000,000.

Niagara, Royal (of Liverpool), National, Orient, Penn., In. Co. of North America, Atlas, Lynchburg Insurance and Banking Co.
Placing large lines a specialty.

E. NYE HUTCHISON & SON,
AGENTS,
Also, General Agents for the AMERICAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of Philadelphia.
Agents wanted.
Office over Butler's Jewelry Store, Parks' Building.
July 26, 1875. 1y

We are Agents for
Ives' Patent Lamps, Bedford Alum and Iodine Mass English Breakfast Packet Tea Company, sold only by Druggists \$1 per pound; Cutler's Patent Pocket Inhaler, the great remedy for Catarrh; Crab Orchard Sals, from Crab Orchard Springs, Kentucky; Buffalo Spring Water.
W. R. BURWELL & CO.,
Springs' Corner, Charlotte, N. C.
Feb. 21

DALLAS M. RIGLER,
Confectioner, Baker, Grocer, &c.,
Removed two doors below the First National Bank.
Has just received a new supply of Apples, Lemons, Oranges, Candies, and Confections of all sorts.
He keeps on hand and supplies to customers
BREAD, CAKES AND PIES,
At short notice, and fresh from the Bakery.
Segars, Tobacco, Pipes, &c., in good supply and for sale at reasonable rates. Leave your cash orders and they will be filled.
D. M. RIGLER,
Opposite Central Hotel
Nov. 9, 1875.

NUTTALL'S JEWELRY STORE,
Tryon Street, near the City Clock,
Charlotte, N. C.,
I have just received a new stock of Jewelry, consisting of Ladies' Fine Gold and Plated Sets, Ear Drops, Breastpins, Finger Rings, &c., &c.; Gold and Plated Studs and Collar Buttons, Gold Sledge Buttons, Watch Chains, Charms, Society Badges, etc., which I will sell at prices to suit the times.
I also offer bargains in CLOCKS and Musical Instruments.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired.
Don't forget that I keep a choice Stock of Cheiving and Smoking Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, Pipes, &c.
March 13, 1876. J. O. H. NUTTALL.

Something New in Charlotte.
A Long Felt Want Supplied.
The undersigned begs leave to inform Lawyers, Clerks of Courts, Principals of Schools, and the public generally, that he has opened a
Book Binding Establishment
in Charlotte, at the store on Trade street, adjoining Dr. McAden's Drug Store, where he is prepared to do all work in that line in handsome style and at reasonable rates.
In connection with the above I will keep on hand a splendid stock of
Books and Stationery.
All new and at greatly reduced prices.
Paper Hangings a specialty.
Soliciting a share of your favors, I am, yours respectfully,
H. L. KOELLSCH,
Formerly Book-keeper for Wittkowsky & Rintel.
Feb. 7, 1876.

J. I. HALES,
Practical Watch Maker and Jeweler,
Central Hotel Building, Trade street,
Charlotte, N. C.,
JOSH HALES is the boy that does his work good, and turns it off right, as every one should; no one will complain at his finished job, and you'll find that he had no intention to rob. So cheap is his price that none will complain. Though light be your pocket and purse he'll not drain; but will give you the time all correct very sure. So you'll not be too late, for your slowness he'll cure.
Oct. 23, 1875. 1y

F. SCARR,
Chemist and Druggist,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.,
Prescriptions prepared at all hours of the Day and Night.
Keeps constantly on hand all kinds of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Spices, Green and Black Tea, &c., &c.
June 9, 1873.

THE BURGLAR WINDOW LOCK.
This Window fastening surpasses any invention of the present age, and should be in the possession of every one. It holds the window in any position required for ventilation, from half an inch to the extent of the window sash. When down it locks itself, and the Patentee will give the right to any one State if the window can be opened from the outside without breaking a pane of glass.
M. KELLY,
Patentee, Raleigh, N. C.
The above Locks are for sale by F. KEUSTER, at his Shop next to the Charlotte Hotel. Call on him for information.
Feb. 7, 1876. 1f

Mark Twain's References.
His Courtship and how he Complied with his Father-in-Law's Request.

Mark Twain made up his mind that he must marry, and that no one else but that particular girl could be Mrs. Twain. He set about that courtship in his usual slow, deliberate, drawing fashion, because Mark Twain in the conception and execution of every piece of business, rates far above the mere literary adventurer. He is a man of insurmountable depth. He goes for his game in the most extraordinary fashion. He drops on it and makes his points as he does his stories in a manner and from a direction least expected by the looker-on.
Well, there was a father-in-law to be won as well as the girl, and the father-in-law had to be carried first, like the outer parallel in a business transaction. The father-in-law was immersed in business. He hadn't much time to think of family matters, but at last it occurred to him that Mark had become very frequent at the house and that his objective point seemed to be the daughter.
So he called Mark aside one day and said: "Mr. Twain, you seem to be paying attention to my daughter. Now, we all like you pretty well, you know, and we are of course all acquainted with your reputation as a literary man. Still, in other respects you are a stranger to us, and some references as to your character and standing are desirable."
"That's very reasonable," said Mark. "That's very natural and paternal. It's just what I should do were I in your position. I guess I can give you some names that will satisfy you. Now, there's Mr. Goodman of the Territorial Enterprise. And there's Mr. Frederick McCrellish of the Alta California. You write to them. I guess they'll give me a good character. I guess they'll lie for me. I've done the same for them whenever a requisition has been made upon me."
But Mark married the girl notwithstanding.

"As to being conflicted with the govt.," said Mrs. Partington, "high living don't bring it on. It is incoherent in some families, and is handed down from father to son. Mr. Hammer, poor soul, disinherits it from his wife's grandmother."

BLAINE.—The "gentleman from Maine," Mr. Blaine, put in a substitute during the war. The proxy soldier thus sent to the front was subsequently jailed for forgery.

The lady who was elided for jumping over a fence, wanted to know if this wasn't leap year.

Voltaire said: "The more married men you have, the fewer crimes there will be."

Public Sales—Lands, &c.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.
By virtue of a Mortgage Deed executed by A. Cruise and others, bearing date March 18th, 1875, and registered in the office of Register of Deeds for Mecklenburg county, in Book 12, page 122, March 19th, 1875—
I will expose to public sale at auction, for cash, at the Court House door in the city of Charlotte, on Tuesday, April 25th, 1876, to foreclose mortgage, the following described Real Estate in the city of Charlotte, viz:
Two Lots numbers 50 and 58 fronting on Tryon Street 90 feet and running back to College Street 306 feet, adjoining the Property of the 2d Presbyterian Church.
Also one fractional part of lot number 59 lying rear of said 2d Presbyterian Church, fronting on College Street 72 feet and runs back 198 feet.
C. N. G. BUTT, Cashier.
April 3, 1876. 4w

At the same time and place the undersigned will sell at Public sale, to foreclose mortgage, (by order of Court), executed by Allen Cruise and wife, and registered in Book 5, page 566, in Register's office, Mecklenburg county, the following Real Estate, viz:
Eight unimproved LOTS in the City of Charlotte, in square number 36, bounded by E street on North, 2d street on South, and 3d street on East.
And also concerns in a good of the property above described by C. N. G. Butt, Cashier.
J. E. STENHOUSE, Commissioner.
April 3, 1876. 4w

NOTICE.
By virtue of a Deed of Trust, dated March 23d, 1876, made to me by J. S. Williamson, I will expose to public sale on Monday, the 1st day of May next, the HOUSE and LOT on which said Williamson now resides, lying on the South side of Trade street, bounded by R. I. McDowell and J. W. McMurray. On the premises is a good dwelling and all necessary out-buildings, and situated in the midst of a good neighborhood, rendering it one of the most desirable places in the city.
J. McLAUGHLIN,
Trustee for J. S. Williamson.
March 27, 1876. 6w

Valuable Land FOR SALE.
The undersigned is authorized to sell, privately, three valuable Tracts of LAND, situated in Mt. Uila Township, Rowan county, belonging to the estate of the late Dr. O. P. Houston—the said Tracts being briefly described as follows:
1—One tract of 200 acres, more or less, adjoining the lands of W. A. Poston, Phil Alexander and others—on which there is a good Dwelling and out-houses—and the soil is well adapted for cotton and grain.
2—Another tract of 188 acres, more or less, adjoining the lands of M. W. Goodman, Joseph Brown and others. This tract is very productive and a large portion of it is heavily timbered.
3—Another tract of about 80 acres, adjoining the lands of J. L. Freeze and others—consists almost entirely of woodland and meadow.
Terms of sale reasonable. Apply to the undersigned at Mt. Uila, P. O., Rowan county, N. C.
S. C. RANKIN.
Jan. 24, 1876. 3m

FRESH FISH, &c.
At NAT. GRAY'S, opposite the First Presbyterian Church, you can get fresh Fish direct from Newbern every day—Shad, Rock, Mulletts, Flounders, Herring, &c.
Also, he keeps Poultry, Eggs, Potatoes and other family Provisions.
He will soon have a supply of early Vegetables from Charleston and Augusta.
March 20, 1876. NAT. GRAY.

Consumption is Curable.
From the Wilmington Star.

We know there are a thousand heads which will shake a dissent from the proposition we have written above. But facts convince where theories do not. We are deterred from making this an article in the common acceptance of that word by the limitations imposed by the nature of the subject, which technically belongs to the medical journals, and has no place here save by sufferance. But as thousands perish daily of this fell disease who never read the medical journals, or who will not, in the early stages of the malady, take the precaution of consulting with physicians, we think we do not trespass on the noble domain of medical science when we publish, simply with the endorsement of the source whence the information springs, the following statement. The Oxford Tormentor—now edited principally by a gentleman well known as a journalist and literary man—alludes to some cases in these terms under the head, "An Astonishing Cure."
"Last week we saw our old friend John Satterwhite, Esq., aged 64, hearty and hale, better than he has been in thirty years. About one year ago we told the readers of his cure, and the remedies used so successfully. Mr. Satterwhite has had many relatives to die of consumption. He had long been threatened with the same fell disease. He had hemorrhage after hemorrhage, had a dreadful cough, expectorating a pint of most offensive matter every twenty-four hours, was weakening daily until he was scarcely able to rise from a chair, and, as the doctors supposed, was near death's door. By accident he heard of two remedies, which he used together, and with really astonishing results. In three weeks he began to fatten and strengthen, was able to attend to his farming operations, all of his distressing symptoms disappeared, his cough vanished, and he walked and rode about a well man. In March of last year we gave a brief statement of his then condition. A year has elapsed, and he has gone on improving. We have known him at least thirty years, and we never saw him so stout and buoyant. He informs us that he has not had an hour's sickness in fifteen months, did not lose a day from work last year, and feels that he is entirely relieved of his pulmonary symptoms.

The Remedy—One pint of liquor and four tablespoonful of old fat lightwood knot sawdust. Dose, one tablespoonful three times a day. Cut mullen leaves in July or August, dry them, and make a tea, not too strong and use night and morning in place of coffee. Mix with sugar and milk to suit the taste. Drink one cup full. It is not well to take too much.

Mr. Satterwhite still continues the use of the mullen tea, and has great faith in it. He informs us that an old friend of his, who is very far gone with consumption, is improving. If it makes a cure we will report the fact, for we know the person and his case appeared desperate. Dr. Jackson of Philadelphia, Churchill of Paris, and other men of eminence, say that tubercular consumption has been often cured, and we so believe most unflinchingly. We are sure we have known at least two cases. In the one case five doctors in consultation decided that the lady had phthisis, and would die soon. She got well and lived many years, perhaps is still living."

A Great Mother.
The mother of John Quincy Adams said, in a letter to him, when he was only twelve: "I would rather see you laid in your grave than grow up a profane and graceless boy." Not long before his death a gentleman said to him: "I have found out who made you."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Adams. The gentleman replied: "I have been reading the published letters of your mother."

"If" this gentleman relates, "I had spoken that dear name to some little boy who had been for weeks away from his mother his eyes could not have flashed more brightly nor his face glowed more quickly than did the eyes of that venerable old man when I pronounced the name of his mother." He stood up in his peculiar manner and said: "Yes, sir; all that is good in me I owe to my mother."

Waide & Pegram's LARGEST STOCK.
The most complete Assortment.
The Newest Styles.
Boots, Shoes, Gaiters and Slippers,
For Ladies, Gentlemen, Misses and Children.
The Best Goods at Lowest Prices.
You are specially invited to examine our
ELEGANT GOODS.
WAIDE & PEGRAM,
Opposite Central Hotel, Charlotte, N. C.
March 20, 1876.

WAIT AND SEE
Our beautiful Stock of
New Spring Dress Goods,
OUR PRETTY PRINTS,
OUR CHEAP DOMESTICS,
In fact everything new and handsome and of the very latest styles, to arrive in a few days.
WOLFE, BARRINGER & CO.,
March 13, 1876.

Burning Oil.
We offer C. West & Son's Aladdin Security Oil, warranted 150 degrees fire test, and as safe as any Oil in use, at 25 cents per gallon, or 3 gallons for one dollar.
W. R. BURWELL & CO.,
April 3, 1876. Springs' Corner.

For Catarrh
Use Cutler's Pocket Inhaler.
W. R. BURWELL & CO.,
April 3, 1876. Agents for Manufacturers.

A Father's Sacrifice.
A Story of French Conscription.

Up four flights of stairs in a house in Paris were three snug little rooms inhabited by the family Roumille. They had only peaked roofs, chimneys and the blue sky to look out upon, but so pleasant were the rooms within, and so neat, and tasteful and sunny, that there was small temptation to turn the eye away from them.

It was evening, and the family were assembled at supper. They were observing a *fete* and the best gilt china glittered on the table, a little bouquet of fresh flowers stood by each glass, and an iced cake, surrounded by a wreath of rosebuds, distinguished the center. Around the board sat the jolly, affectionate old father, the delicate and loving mother, their brave, handsome boy, and one other not now belonging to the family, but soon to be called daughter by the parents, and wife by the son. She was a gentle, loving young girl, looking with affectionate respect upon the old folk, and with fond, modest eyes upon her lover.

"Son," said the mother, "for twenty-one years this night has thou been the delight of my heart. Thou hast gladdened my eyes every day thou has lived. Ah! that thou wert but a few years younger, that I might be sure of thee longer!"

"Wife, dost thou not see that Marion takes thy word as a reproach to her?" said the father. "Thou would'st have thy son all for thyself, thou sayest."
"I do not mean that I would not have my child Marion for my daughter," she replied. "No, no! Bless her heart, she need not blush so. And she need not fear. I think even my Robinet happy to be her husband. But the conscription, father. Our boy is now of age."

The old man's happy face grew pale and uneasy.
"Wife," he said, "our boy is affectionate to us, true to Marion, and loving to God. If Heaven is but just, he will not draw the fatal lot. Heaven blesses the good."
"Whom God loveth he chasteneth," said the mother, with a sigh, and Marion's cheek grew whiter.

"Come, do not darken a sunny day by clouds of fear," said the young man. "To-night I can be the happiest fellow alive. Even if to-morrow I draw the wrong number, and must go to fight, I may return to you covered with honors. Will you not be glad and proud then?"

"My son, my son, I have known many a brave boy join those ranks dreaming as thou dost; but few come back to their mothers. Oh, Robinet, thou art my only son, and if thou art killed I shall be childless."

"Ah, wife," said the father, forcing back his tears, "could'st thou not be almost happy to be a widow? The conscription spares the only sons of widows. If thy useless old husband were gone, thou could'st keep thy brave young son."
"Ah, ah," cried the wife; "stop the old man's tongue. Put thy hand on his mouth, Marion. I can not bear to hear him talk so."
"To-night let us be happy," said Robinet. "I am not yet a conscript; and I believe I shall escape to-morrow. So, 'begone dull care!' Father, shall I cut my birth-day cake?"

"Yes, my boy," said his father. "Let us not borrow trouble. It would kill me to see thee among the dissolute soldiery driven to slaughter! I will not, no, I can not think of it. Yes, cut thy cake, but do not harm those pretty buds. Marion placed them there in token of how she will round thy life with pleasures. Eh, Marion? Each bud for a kiss or kind word, eh?"

Marion wiped her eyes and smiled blushing. Carefulness was restored, and the happy family gave themselves up to enjoyment of each other, the secret thought that perhaps it was for the last time making every voice tenderer.

On the next day the drawing was to take place. Father and son proceeded to the place of decision. The son, with white cheek and dilating eye, drew, while the father stood by, his usually jovial form trembling with agonizing apprehension. It was a fatal number! and with a groan of despair the old man fell upon his son's neck.

"Oh, my boy!" he said, "I can not let thee go! I can not see thee driven to slaughter! Thy mother's heart will be desolate. I can not, no, God forgive me, I can not."
He wrung his son's hand, and, shaking his head at the few brave, consoling words Robinet's trembling lips uttered, he stopped them short by kissing him tenderly. He then went out, with a gesture forbidding any one to follow him.

"The mother will weep over her son," said a by-stander—Marion's father; "but an old man, like an old dog, goes alone to grieve. He, thy poor old father, idolizes thee, boy. Ah, Robinet Roumille, there is another—a poor young girl—whose bitterest tears will be secret ones."
The youth, almost stunned with despair at his fate, returned to tell his mother and Marion. They awaited his arrival, kneeling at the feet of the Holy Mary's image, and praying with agonizing fervency.

Robinet entered quietly, and stood rigid and pale behind them, his eyes large, and his nostrils quivering. The mother turned and looked at him, then fell back in a swoon. Her son raised her, and laid her upon a sofa in slow recovery. Marion clung to his arm, and held one of his hands in hers, weeping bitterly. None asked for the words they could not bear to hear.

"Ab, thy poor father!" the mother murmured, "I know he is weeping in secret. He was ever slow to show his grief. His heart is breaking like mine. Oh, that I had thy father here! We would mourn together."
There was a stir below, and a sound of many steps coming up the staircase. It paused at the door. Robinet opened it.

They were bringing home his father—dead. He had killed himself that Robinet might be exempt from conscription. He had fallen a sacrifice to an insane idea of duty. Let us not judge him too harshly. He meant well, his brain gave way, he died that his son might live. God is more merciful than man!

Thus the widow kept her son; but the memory of the father was held in a tender depth of regret, in the forever saddened hearts of both mother and son.

The Member of Color.
Six millions would not pacify him. He stopped out in the street before a new building and filled his battered valise with bricks and sand. Entering the hotel he glided up to the swelling clerk, and after settling his dilapidated grip sack tenderly down upon the counter, he seized a pen and wrote:
"Ulrikes Hess Washington, M. C."

The clerk scowled at him and then at the register, and catching sight of the M. C. he snappishly inquired:
"Are you a member of Congress?"
"No, sah. I se too honest a nigger for dat," brusquely answered the gentleman of color.

"Well, what in the devil do you mean by placing the M. C. after your name," growled the handsome clerk.
"Lord! boss, don't you know what dat means? Why, bless your heart, honey, dat stands for member of color."
The clerk grabbed up a pen, dipped it in the ink and savagely blotted out all traces of the M. C.

"Look a heah, boss, dat is de way I allus signs my name on first-class hotel books, and I doesn't want you or any other white man to insult me," fiercely exclaimed the darkey.
"Well, if you don't like it you can get out of here," growled the clerk.
"Get out of here, did you say?" savagely replied the darkey. "Now I se got yer cartain. Now I'll sue yer for damages for sayen 'dat' to me. I isn't gwine to get out of here, and I wants de best room in your old shebang, or it will go hard with you in de court."

"Two dollars for a room," roared the clerk.
"Two dollars for a room," replied the darkey. "Now, boss, you musn't think I is green just cause I is black. Feel dat trabelen bag of mine, and see it dat isn't heavy enough for your ole two dollars."
The clerk snatched up the valise, and as he went to swing it into the air, a stream of sand from a hole in the corner poured into his eyes and all over the desk.

"You black scoundrel! I'll have you arrested," he roared, vigorously digging away at both eyes.
"Arrested!" roared the darkey in return. "I'll have you arrested of yer don't pretty quick gib me the best room."
"No money, no room!" screamed the clerk, vigorously jangling away at the porter's bell.

"I isn't gwine to gib you no two dollars, and I'll gib you a dose of dem civil rights pills," bawled the darkey.
"Put up or shut up!" howled the clerk.
"Isn't dat valise good for two dollars?" asked the darkey.
"No, your damned old valise isn't good for two cents," retorted the clerk, "why, it's full of sand!"

"Hush, boss!" whispered the darkey, approaching the desk with a mysterious look, "boss, dat is not sand; dat is all pure gold dust; dat is de reason why it is so heavy. Now, boss, just you give me a nice room and I'll make it all right in de morning."

"Two dollars, or I'll leave you out of here instantly," yelled the clerk, sending his valise flying from the counter to the floor, where it broke open and the sand and bricks scattered all over the floor.
"Now I se got yer," yelled the darkey. "Now I se gwine to sue you sure. Two million dollars won't pacify me now. I'll make you pay me heavy for dis outrage, and den I'll come back and buy your ole house out," and the darkey started rapidly for the door.

"Come back and get your gold dust," shouted the porter after his retreating figure.
"No I won't come back till I buys your ole house," replied the darkey, shaking his fist at him.

"Here is something that belongs to you," shouted the porter, hurling a brick at him that took him just above the shoe tops.
"Oh! you ole white trash, I'll civil rights you, too," roared the darkey, capering around as another brick walked over his toes.

As he got to the opposite corner he turned and shaking his fist at the house, he muttered:
"Now I is awful mad, and six millions won't pacify me, nuther."—Kerry Patch.

An enterprising grocer at Santa Clara, California, has adopted an original method of doing business. Each side of his store is fitted up for business on its own account. In the general arrangement each side is a duplicate of the other, the difference being that one side is cash and the other credit. When a customer comes in the first question asked is, "Do you wish to buy for cash or on account?" If it is a cash customer the goods and prices on the cash side are shown, but if it is one who wants credit he is shown the other side, and for the first time in his life, perhaps, made to realize the value of ready money.

A prudent mother of wealth and respectability, residing in Chicago, has brought up her accomplished and beautiful daughters to do washing and ironing. When questioned as to the cause of this somewhat unusual proceeding, the matron replied: "Oh, it is always well to be prepared for any contingency. Perhaps some of the poor children may marry an Italian count."