

Tarboro' Southerner

"I AM A SOUTHERN MAN, OF SOUTHERN PRINCIPLES."—Ex-U. S. Senator Jefferson Davis.

TARBORO', N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 29, 1875.

NO. 4.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

TARBORO'.
Mayor—John North.
Clerks—John North, Joseph Cobb, H. C. Cherry and George Matthews.
Sergeants—John North, Robert Whitehurst, Joseph J. R. Hyatt.
Deacons—John North, Geo. Whitehurst and James S. Simmons.
COUNTY.
Superior Court Clerk and Probate Judge—H. L. Stinson, Jr.
Register of Deeds—Wm. McCabe.
Scripps—Joseph Cobb.
Assessor—Robt. H. Austin.
Sergeant—John E. Baker.
Circuit Court—H. H. Shager, Wm. A. Duggan and R. S. Williams.
Wages Poor House—Wm. A. Duggan.
Notary Public—Jno. L. Lenoir, Chairman.
Wiley Well, J. W. Norville, Frank Dew, M. Egan, A. McCabe, Clerk.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.
NORTH AND SOUTH PLAIN, A. W. R. R.
Leave Tarboro' (daily) at 10 A. M.
Arrive at Tarboro' (daily) at 2:30 P. M.
WASHINGTON, N. C. GREENVILLE, FALKLAND AND SPARTA.
Leave Tarboro' (daily) at 6 A. M.
Arrive at Tarboro' (daily) at 1 P. M.

LODGES.
The Knights and the Places of Meeting.
Concord R. A. Chapter No. 5, N. M. Law-rence, High Priest, Masonic Hall, monthly convocations first Thursday in every month at 10 o'clock A. M.
Commodore Lodge No. 58, Thomas Gatlin, Master, Masonic Hall, meets first Friday night at 7 o'clock P. M. and third Saturday at 10 o'clock A. M. in every month.
Rochester Encampment No. 13, I. O. O. F., Dr. Jos. H. Baker, Chief Patriarch, Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every first and third Thursday of each month at 7 o'clock P. M.
Edgewood Lodge No. 50, I. O. O. F., J. H. Baker, N. G., Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every Tuesday night.
Edgewood Council No. 122, Friends of the Temple, meet every Friday night at the Odd Fellows' Hall.
Advance Lodge No. 25, I. O. O. F., meets every Wednesday night at Odd Fellows' Hall.

CHURCHES.
Episcopal Church—Services every Sunday at 10:30 o'clock A. M. and 5 P. M. Dr. J. B. Clark, Rector.
Methodist Church—Services every third Sunday at 11 o'clock. Rev. Mr. Swindell, Pastor.
Presbyterian Church—Services every Sunday (except the 4th), Rev. T. J. Allison, Stated Supply. Weekly Prayer meeting, Wednesday night.
Missionary Baptist Church—Services the 4th Sunday in every month, at 11 o'clock. Rev. T. R. Owen, Pastor.
Primitive Baptist Church—Services first Saturday and Sunday of each month at 11 o'clock.

HOTELS.
Adams' Hotel, corner Main and Pitt Sts. O. F. Adams, Proprietor.
Mrs. Pender's, (formerly Equerry Hotel), Main Street, opposite "Equerry" Office, Mrs. M. Pender, Proprietress.

BANKS.
Bank of New Hanover, on Main Street, next door to Mr. M. Pender. Capt. J. D. Canning, Cashier. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
S. M. Lawrence, Agent.

EXPRESS.
Southern Express Office, on Main Street, closes every morning at 9 o'clock.
S. M. Lawrence, Agent.

ADAMS' HOTEL.
Main Street, Tarboro', N. C.
O. F. ADAMS, Proprietor.

THIS HOTEL IS NOW OPEN FOR THE accommodation of the traveling public, and rooms will be spared to make all who stop at this hotel comfortable and pleasant. The table will be supplied with the best of market goods, and served up by experienced hands. The proprietor only asks a trial, for the public to be convinced.
O. F. ADAMS, Jr.
Jan. 4, 1874.

WEBER'S BAKERY!
THIS OLD ESTABLISHED BAKERY is now ready to supply the people of Tarboro' and vicinity with all kinds of Bread, Cakes, French and Plain Cakes, Nuts, Fruits, etc., etc., etc., embracing every thing usually kept in a first class establishment of the kind.
Thankful for the liberal patronage of the past the undersigned asks a continuation of the same with satisfaction.
Private Families can always have their Cakes Baked here at short notice.
Orders for Parties & Balls promptly filled. Call and examine our stock, next door to Bank of New Hanover.
Nov. 4-1y. JACOB WEBER.

CHAMBERLAIN & RAWLS.
PRACTICAL WATCH MAKERS AND JEWELERS.
DEALERS IN FINE JEWELRY, FINE Ware—Silver Plated Ware, SPECTACLES, etc.
Fine Watches Repaired Faithfully and Scientifically, and Warranted.
TARBORO', N. C.
Jan. 5, 1874.

STIEFF.
GRAND SQUARE & UPRIGHT PIANOS.
Have received upwards of FIFTY FIRST PREMIUMS, and are among the best now made. Every instrument fully warranted for five years. Prices as low as the exclusive use of the very best materials and the most thorough workmanship will permit. The principal pianists and composers, and the piano-purchasing public of the South especially, unite in the unanimous verdict of the superiority of the STIEFF PIANO. The DURABILITY of our instruments is fully established by over SIXTY SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES in the South, using over 500 of our Pianos.
Sole Wholesale Agents for several of the principal manufacturers of Cabinet and Parlor Organs; prices from \$50 to \$600. A liberal discount to Clergymen and Sabbath School.

CHAS. M. STIEFF.
Warehouses, No. 9 North Liberty St., BALTIMORE, M. D.
Factories, 81 & 86 Camden St., BALTIMORE, M. D.
Perry St., Baltimore, Md., Jan. 12-14.

PROSPECTUS!

1875! 1875!

THE TARBORO' SOUTHERNER

Is an Old and Tried Journal, having just Entered upon the Fifty-Third Year of its Existence.

Although endorsed as the organ of the Democratic-Conservative Party in Edgewood, it is independent in its management and support and subject to the demands and wishes of no man or party. It is Democratic, however, to the backbone, but reserves the right of journalism to criticize the conduct and measures of the party.

Job Printing!

Having supplied ourselves at a heavy cost with the most improved machinery and every variety of the latest styles of types, we are prepared to do **Fine Job Printing** of all kinds in a style superior to any other office in this section at lower prices than any other establishment for the best quality of work. None but skilled workmen employed, who execute all work promptly and with the utmost dispatch. We can furnish at short notice and at cheap rates,

Blanks, Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Cards, Programmes, Hand Bills, Pamphlets, Posters, Circulars, &c., &c.

The wants of COUNTY OFFICIALS is made a SPECIALTY.

SEND IN YOUR ORDERS.

The TARBORO' SOUTHERNER is live, reliable, high-toned and courteous, and devoted to Politics, News and Literature, and giving, as it does, especial attention to matters of the

LATEST LOCAL AND GENERAL INTERESTS,

It is invaluable as a newspaper and should be a constant visitor to every fireside in Edgewood and adjacent counties.

Being received on the day of publication in PITT and MARTIN, it contains LATER news for the citizens of those counties, than any other paper, daily or weekly, that can reach them.

NEWS CORRESPONDENCE

Is invited from our friends in all sections. We are determined to make the TARBORO' SOUTHERNER the most reliable and comprehensive news medium in our section. AGENTS, with whom we will make special arrangements, are wanted to assist us in extending our circulation which is already the largest of any weekly in East Carolina.

BUSINESS MEN

Should advert to that our territory being the finest and most prosperous Agricultural section in the State, or rather the Eden of the South, the TARBORO' SOUTHERNER is without a superior as an advertising medium. Our rates are comparatively very low.

The TARBORO' SOUTHERNER is also a large, thirty-two column paper and contains more cheap reading matter than any East-Carolina contemporary. None but the best selections, literary, scientific and moral, published. It is, therefore, excellent as a Fireside Companion. No family should be without it.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$2 PER ANNUM,

which must be paid IN ADVANCE, since the new postal law requiring the publishers to prepay postage. Try it for 1875.

Send any person sending us a copy of six subscribers accompanied by the Cash, will be furnished a copy free.

For further particulars, address

Charles & Williamson.
Publishers and Proprietors,
TARBORO', N. C.

SAVE YOUR MONEY

BY BUYING AT THE **LIVE BOOK STORE.**

THE undersigned having just returned from New York with a FULL STOCK, consisting of BOOKS, STATIONERY, FANCY GOODS, SOAPS, CIGARS, TOBACCO, PIPES, &c., respectfully solicits the patronage of the public. Having bought at PANIC PROFITS, I am prepared to offer inducements. QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS IS MY MOTTO.

I am also Agent for the American Cyclopaedia, Thistle Edition of Waterbury, Stamp and Seal, Sheet Music, Gilie's Saver Roof Printing and latest periodicals and papers.

T. E. LEWIS,
Tarboro', April 10, 1874.

WATERS' NEW SCALE PIANOS.

SQUARE and UPRIGHT are the best in the world. They are made of the finest materials, and with the most perfect workmanship, and are warranted for five years.

Waters' Concerto Organs cannot be equalled in tone or beauty; they defy comparison. The Concerto Stop is a fine imitation of the Human Voice. It is warranted for five years. PRICES EXTREMELY LOW for cash or part cash, and balance monthly or quarterly payment. Sewing Machines, choice music, tinted paper, new pianos, for sale at great bargains. Agents who sell in every county in the United States. HORACE WATERS & SON, 41 Broadway, N. Y. P. O. Box 3567.

Song of Grace and Glory!

The very best Sunday-school song book. By W. Sherwin and S. J. Vall. 160 pages, splendidly illustrated, tinted paper, super binding. Price in boards 25 cents; \$3.00 per dozen; \$30.00 per hundred. A specimen copy in paper cover mailed for 25 cents. Show songs, in pamphlet form, for Sunday-schools, concerts or anniversaries, from \$1.00 per copy. Price, \$2.00 per hundred. Specimen copy of the anniversary song and five sample copies of the book mailed for three-cent stamp. Publishers, HORACE WATERS & SON, 41 Broadway, N. Y. P. O. Box 3567. D. 18, 1874.

Pney Grove School.

It is with pride that I call the attention of the public to the condition of Pney Grove White School under my management. I have had an average attendance of 25 scholars and in the paper cover mailed for 25 cents. Expect to make school teaching my permanent occupation, I put this before the public for their consideration.

D. J. HUNT,
Jan. 9, 1874.

LOST.

A NOTE of date Feb. 23rd, 1874, for the sum of \$421.07, drawn in favor of J. W. J. House and signed by James Whitehurst, has been lost. All persons are warned not to trade for the above note, and the drawer is notified not to pay the same.

J. W. J. HOUSE,
Sept. 25.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIMMONS' REGULATOR

THE FAVORITE HOME REMEDY.

Is essentially a Family Medicine, and by being kept ready for immediate resort will save many an hour of suffering, and may be relied on to cure all the most common ailments of the human system.

After over Forty Years' trial it is still receiving the most unqualified testimonials to its efficacy from some of the highest characters and responsible. Eminent physicians pronounce it to be the most

For all diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Spine.

THESE SYMPTOMS of Liver Complaint are a bitter or bad taste in the mouth; Pain in the Back, Sides or Joints, often mistaken for Rheumatism; Sour Stomach; Loss of Appetite; Bowels either constipated and hard; Headache; Loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do some thing which ought to have been done; Debility; Loss of Spirit; a thick yellow appearance of the Skin and Eyes; a dry Cough often mistaken for Consumption.

Sometimes many of these symptoms attend the disease, at others very few; but the Liver, the largest organ in the body, is governed by the seat of the disease, and if not regulated in time, great suffering, wretchedness and Death will ensue.

For Dyspepsia, Constipation, Jaundice, Bilious attacks, Sick Headache, Colic, Depression of Spirit, Sour Stomach, Heart Burn, &c., &c.

The Cheapest, Purest and Best Family Medicine in the World!

Manufactured only by
J. H. ZELLIN & CO.,
Mason, Ga. and Philadelphia.
Price, \$1.00. Sold by all Druggists.

THE TARBORO' SOUTHERNER.

Friday, January 29, 1875.

MY QUEEN.

Queen of my life,
Upon my heart's most guarded wall
The sentry waits thy royal call:
For thee the gates wide open swing,
For thee the bells their welcome ring.
For thee—The Queen!
For thee my love my life, my Queen!

Queen of my love,
With royal grace of tenderness
Thy sweet lips speak to me of bliss:
Thy passion of my nature stuns,
O'erwhelm'd by thy loved commands—
For pure, serene,
Thou reign'st of all my life the Queen.

Queen of my home,
Thy castle though too mean for thee,
Holds treasures worth a kingdom's fee:
Enthralled in thy love's dominion,
In all things pure and sweet and good,
Thou reign'st serene—
My children's mother and my Queen!
—[Alfred Sully.]

A MOONLIGHT ADVENTURE.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

I hardly know whether I was in love with Pattie Brown or not. She was one of those artful, bewitching mixtures who often leave a man in doubt as to whether his heart is captured or only his head turned.

Which was my case, if the reader is able to judge, he can do more than I can.

Pattie would sigh, and languish, and talk sentiment to my heart's content; but whenever I sought to the point, and obtain a categorical answer, she would dodge the issue with as much skill as a veteran politician.

I was determined, at last, to bring matters to a crisis.

The occasion I selected was that of a grand masquerade ball, at which I had no doubt Pattie would be present, where in the freedom allowed on such occasions, I resolved to press my suit, and take nothing short of 'yes' or 'no' for an answer.

I went so far as to purchase a handsome engagement ring, determined, if the response were favorable, to place it on her finger forthwith, and seal the compact on the spot.

I got myself up a Romeo, in a style that would have caused the hearts of the Montagues to swell with pride, and those of the Capulets to burst with envy.

"How stunning Smith looks," I heard more than once whispered, as I roamed up and down in search of Pattie. But Pattie wasn't there, or if she was, her disguise was too complete to be penetrated.

As I walked anxiously about, my attention was attracted by the most piquant of shepherdesses, whose movements betrayed a perplexity equal to my own. As she passed her steps faltered.

"Pardon me, sir; I feel faint," she murmured, resting her hand upon my arm, as if for momentary support.

Allow me to conduct you to the open air."

She thanked me gracefully and assented, explaining that she was a stranger, and had become separated from her friends.

The cool air revived her; and, after a short walk through the grounds, her strength and spirits seemed entirely restored.

Her conversation was vivacious and witty. But when she came to talk of the moonlight, and flowers, and poetry, I found that in the field of sentiment she could beat Pattie two to one. In fact, I couldn't help thinking how tame Pattie's rhapsodies, over which I had been wont to go into ecstasies, would sound in comparison with the transcendent outbursts of the little shepherdess.

In a retired nook, almost hidden by the shrubbery, we found a rustic seat of which we took possession, feeling, or feigning to feel, weariness after our walk.

The moon shone out in unclouded majesty; and beneath her radiance, the flowers and blossoms which surrounded us, gemmed with dew-drops, bloomed with a brightness which the more ambitious glow of day might well have given half of his glory to witness.

And how the little shepherdess improved the occasion! If Luna, female as she is, had stopped in her course to listen to the enchanting flattery lavished upon her, I'm sure it could hardly have been accounted a miracle.

"Pray remove your mask," I ventured to say at last—first laying aside my own. "I must look upon the face that mirrors thought so divine."

"I fear you will be disappointed," she replied—"still, I have nothing to disguise, and if you will dispell the illusion under which you labor, the punishment may be your own."

The features she exposed were of surpassing loveliness. Just dark enough to entice her to be called a brunette, her complexion had that pearly transparency of which the purest of blondes can rarely boast. Her eyes sparkled like diamonds, and yet were soft as gazelle's.

The contour of her head and face was faultless.

THE TARBORO' SOUTHERNER.

Friday, January 29, 1875.

MY QUEEN.

Queen of my life,
Upon my heart's most guarded wall
The sentry waits thy royal call:
For thee the gates wide open swing,
For thee the bells their welcome ring.
For thee—The Queen!
For thee my love my life, my Queen!

Queen of my love,
With royal grace of tenderness
Thy sweet lips speak to me of bliss:
Thy passion of my nature stuns,
O'erwhelm'd by thy loved commands—
For pure, serene,
Thou reign'st of all my life the Queen.

Queen of my home,
Thy castle though too mean for thee,
Holds treasures worth a kingdom's fee:
Enthralled in thy love's dominion,
In all things pure and sweet and good,
Thou reign'st serene—
My children's mother and my Queen!
—[Alfred Sully.]

A MOONLIGHT ADVENTURE.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

I hardly know whether I was in love with Pattie Brown or not. She was one of those artful, bewitching mixtures who often leave a man in doubt as to whether his heart is captured or only his head turned.

Which was my case, if the reader is able to judge, he can do more than I can.

Pattie would sigh, and languish, and talk sentiment to my heart's content; but whenever I sought to the point, and obtain a categorical answer, she would dodge the issue with as much skill as a veteran politician.

I was determined, at last, to bring matters to a crisis.

The occasion I selected was that of a grand masquerade ball, at which I had no doubt Pattie would be present, where in the freedom allowed on such occasions, I resolved to press my suit, and take nothing short of 'yes' or 'no' for an answer.

I went so far as to purchase a handsome engagement ring, determined, if the response were favorable, to place it on her finger forthwith, and seal the compact on the spot.

I got myself up a Romeo, in a style that would have caused the hearts of the Montagues to swell with pride, and those of the Capulets to burst with envy.

"How stunning Smith looks," I heard more than once whispered, as I roamed up and down in search of Pattie. But Pattie wasn't there, or if she was, her disguise was too complete to be penetrated.

As I walked anxiously about, my attention was attracted by the most piquant of shepherdesses, whose movements betrayed a perplexity equal to my own. As she passed her steps faltered.

"Pardon me, sir; I feel faint," she murmured, resting her hand upon my arm, as if for momentary support.

Allow me to conduct you to the open air."

She thanked me gracefully and assented, explaining that she was a stranger, and had become separated from her friends.

The cool air revived her; and, after a short walk through the grounds, her strength and spirits seemed entirely restored.

Her conversation was vivacious and witty. But when she came to talk of the moonlight, and flowers, and poetry, I found that in the field of sentiment she could beat Pattie two to one. In fact, I couldn't help thinking how tame Pattie's rhapsodies, over which I had been wont to go into ecstasies, would sound in comparison with the transcendent outbursts of the little shepherdess.

In a retired nook, almost hidden by the shrubbery, we found a rustic seat of which we took possession, feeling, or feigning to feel, weariness after our walk.

The moon shone out in unclouded majesty; and beneath her radiance, the flowers and blossoms which surrounded us, gemmed with dew-drops, bloomed with a brightness which the more ambitious glow of day might well have given half of his glory to witness.

And how the little shepherdess improved the occasion! If Luna, female as she is, had stopped in her course to listen to the enchanting flattery lavished upon her, I'm sure it could hardly have been accounted a miracle.

"Pray remove your mask," I ventured to say at last—first laying aside my own. "I must look upon the face that mirrors thought so divine."

"I fear you will be disappointed," she replied—"still, I have nothing to disguise, and if you will dispell the illusion under which you labor, the punishment may be your own."

The features she exposed were of surpassing loveliness. Just dark enough to entice her to be called a brunette, her complexion had that pearly transparency of which the purest of blondes can rarely boast. Her eyes sparkled like diamonds, and yet were soft as gazelle's.

The contour of her head and face was faultless.

I fairly lost my reason. So the reader will think when I relate that, without further ceremony, I threw myself on my knees, to the no small detriment of Romeo's finest hose; and producing the ring I had purchased for Pattie, I incontinently placed it on the shepherdess' engagement finger. I entreated her to wear it for the sake of one thenceforward doomed to be her slave, and who sought no other boon than that a dying unrequited love.

Heavens! should I know what pitch of absurdity I should have gone, had not the little shepherdess, who seemed not unmoved by my appeal—indeed she turned aside her head and fairly shook with some sort of emotion—interrupted me with the exclamation:

"Stay!—there's one of my friends."

I sprang to my feet, but not before I had imprinted one kiss upon her lips, clasped her, for one brief moment, to my throbbing breast.

As I turned, I stood confronted by a fierce looking brigand who too, was in a tremor of emotion. I laid my hand upon my sword. Perhaps he was a rival. As the thought flashed upon me, I felt aroused within me all the rancor of the ancient House of Montague, and had the stranger so much as 'bitten his thumb', at me, I should probably have run him through for a Capulet.

As it was, I tore myself from the scene, and hastened to my lodgings.

A night's sleep measurably restored my senses. When a man has made a fool of himself over night, it's wonderful how clearly he sees it on waking up in the morning.

My costly ring was gone. The shepherdess was gone. And what all had she ever been to me? A fleeting vision that had crossed my path—a mere adventures, perhaps. Were Pattie Brown and her substantial fortune to be sacrificed for such a phantom? Not by a man in his sober senses.

Like an awakened prodigal, I resolved to arise and go unto Pattie, and have it out with her at once.

I found her alone, and had just begun to repeat for her edification some of the compliments inspired by the charms of the little shepherdess the night before. When my eye fell upon a object that struck me dumb. It was the identical ring I had given the shepherdess on Pattie's finger!

"Where was the ball last night?" inquired Pattie, seemingly seeking to relieve my embarrassment.

"I—was, stammered, guiltily.

"So was Cousin Charlie," said Pattie, with a roughish twinkle in her eye.

"Cousin Charlie? I have repeated; I haven't the honor to know him."

"No," replied Pattie; "he only came yesterday to pay us a short visit. You can't imagine how handsome he is!"

"I dare not say," I answered, dryly.

"As pretty as a girl!" exclaimed Pattie with feeling.

"He went to the ball last night as a shepherdess," she continued.

"The—thence he did!" I interrupted.

"Yes"—and Pattie's eye twinkled still more—and one silly fellow, tricked out as a Romeo, actually made love to him, and hugged and kissed him into the bargain!"

I staid to hear no more. It was, then, 'Cousin Charlie' whom I had embraced and kissed and made myself a fool over, to say nothing of bestowing my ring upon him! And I have a suspicion to this day that the ill-looking brigand was no other than Pattie Brown herself.

I have only to add that Pattie and cousin Charlie were married in less than a month.

Because She was Too Short, He Left Her at Home Too Long.

The legal questions in the Tilton-Beecher case are now in process of solution by a court and jury; but the moral aspects are still appropriate subjects for newspaper discussion.

Going back of everything else we find, according to Mrs. Tilton's statement, that the primary cause of the domestic infelicity of herself and her husband grew out of the very great disparity in their height. She was too short, or he was too tall. There was too much difference of altitude betwixt them. He was ashamed of her because the top of her head only came about up to his shoulder, poor thing! just as if she could help it! And worse still, he told her so, heartless fellow!

And then, being mortified a her diminutive appearance, this Blue-beard Longlegs, when he went off lecturing, took a taller woman with him, and left his little wife at home, all alone—all alone! Why didn't he take them both? Then the tall woman could have taken the Haypole's arm and the wife could have taken the tall woman's arm, and growing small by degrees and beautifully less, they would have constituted a very passable trio. The contrast would have been less striking because it would not have been so sudden.—N. Y. Sun.

EX-GOV. Z. B. VANCE.

The subject of this sketch was born in the county of Buncombe, near the seat of justice, Asheville, in the mountains of North Carolina, on the 13th of May, 1830. His father was a most respected merchant. His mother's father, Zebulon Baird, was one of the trusted citizens of Buncombe, for many years chosen as their representative in the General Assembly.

His father died when he was quite young. His mother devoted herself to his training with the loving and intelligent care which so often distinguishes and rewards the women of our land.

Her slender means, however, prevented her giving him other education in his boyhood than was afforded by the country schools, in which Pike's Arithmetic and Webster's Elementary Spelling Book, were the chief text books. But young Zeb. had an inquiring mind. He read with avidity every volume within his reach, and being gifted with great quickness and a strong memory, in his boyhood began the accumulation of the stores of illustrations and strong opposite diction which have made him conspicuous in his manhood. He had access to few books, but those were good ones.

A gentleman, fresh from the senior class of the university, travelling in Buncombe, was amazed at finding the superior acquaintance and aptness of quotations from the Bible, Shakespeare and Scott's novels, displayed by our half grown and half educated mountain boy, and twenty-five years ago predicted his subsequent success.

In 1852 young Vance went to the University of North Carolina, where he first in the branches to which he devoted himself. He here began the study of law and soon afterwards was admitted to the bar. He made Asheville his home and soon commanded a fair share of his sober senses.

Like an awakened prodigal, I resolved to arise and go unto Pattie, and have it out with her at once.

I found her alone, and had just begun to repeat for her edification some of the compliments inspired by the charms of the little shepherdess the night before. When my eye fell upon a object that struck me dumb. It was the identical ring I had given the shepherdess on Pattie's finger!

"Where was the ball last night?" inquired Pattie, seemingly seeking to relieve my embarrassment.

"I—was, stammered, guiltily.

"So was Cousin Charlie," said Pattie, with a roughish twinkle in her eye.

"Cousin Charlie? I have repeated; I haven't the honor to know him."

"No," replied Pattie; "he only came yesterday to pay us a short visit. You can't imagine how handsome he is!"

"I dare not say," I answered, dryly.

"As pretty as a girl!" exclaimed Pattie with feeling.

"He went to the ball last night as a shepherdess," she continued.

"The—thence he did!" I interrupted.

"Yes"—and Pattie's eye twinkled still more—and one silly fellow, tricked out as a Romeo, actually made love to him, and hugged and kissed him into the bargain!"

I staid to hear no more. It was, then, 'Cousin Charlie' whom I had embraced and kissed and made myself a fool over, to say nothing of bestowing my ring upon him! And I have a suspicion to this day that the ill-looking brigand was no other than Pattie Brown herself.

I have only to add that Pattie and cousin Charlie were married in less than a month.

Because She was Too Short, He Left Her at Home Too Long.

The legal questions in the Tilton-Beecher case are now in process of solution by a court and jury; but the moral aspects are still appropriate subjects for newspaper discussion.

Going back of everything else we find, according to Mrs. Tilton's statement, that the primary cause of the domestic infelicity of herself and her husband grew out of the very great disparity in their height. She was too short, or he was too tall. There was too much difference of altitude betwixt them. He was ashamed of her because the top of her head only came about up to his shoulder, poor thing! just as if she could help it! And worse still, he told her so, heartless fellow!

And then, being mortified a her diminutive appearance, this Blue-beard Longlegs, when he went off lecturing, took a taller woman with him, and left his little wife at home, all alone—all alone! Why didn't he take them both? Then the tall woman could have taken the Haypole's arm and the wife could have taken the tall woman's arm, and growing small by degrees and beautifully less, they would have constituted a very passable trio. The contrast would have been less striking because it would not have been so sudden.—N. Y. Sun.

Marching to the seat of war in Virginia as a captain, in May, 1861. It was not long before his promotion came, he having been elected Colonel of the Twenty-sixth Regiment of North Carolina troops, in August, 1861. He was among the brave fighters who drove McClellan to his ships in the James, and he brought his regiment off safely, when Branch's little army was overwhelmed by Burnside, at Newbern. He shared cheerfully all the hardships and dangers of his men.

He was a faithful and gallant officer, and civilians and soldiers united in the demand that he should be the next Governor of North Carolina. He was chosen by an overwhelming majority in 1862, and two years later by a similar vote, over the late Governor W. W. Holden.

As Governor of North Carolina in those troublous times, Mr. Vance displayed talents for which even his most ardent admirers had not given him credit. Blessed with a strong frame and hardy constitution, he was able to go through an incredible amount of hard work, mental and physical. He exhibited administrative and executive powers of the highest order. It became his duty to aid the Confederate Government in securing and maintaining in its armies the military contingent of North Carolina. It was likewise his duty to assist, as commander-in-chief of the militia, in repelling invasion of its territory. It was his province to execute largely the functions of a war minister, and when the full history of the war shall be written, it will be found that he excelled all Southern Governors in vigor and ability in these regards. He kept his State up to the full measure of its obligation under the Constitution of the Confederacy. At the same time, he was watchful that there should be no infringement of the rights of the State.

In the midst of the very death struggles of the war, he insisted that the military should be subordinate to the civil powers. It should be known and remembered throughout the civilized world that all during the time when the Confederacy was vainly fighting for life, and when one-fourth of the State was overrun by contending armies, the great privilege of the writ of habeas corpus was never suspended. North Carolina had Judges firm enough to issue that great writ, and a Governor brave enough to enforce its mandates, in the midst of conscript camps, even in the lines of troops drawn up in order of battle. While Mr. Vance took care that there should be no skulkers or deserters among those liable