

The Tarboro Southern

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

VOL. 53. TARBORO', N. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1875. NO. 40.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

TARBORO'.
 Mayor—Fred Phillips.
 Commissioners—Jesse A. Williamson, Jacob Feldenheimer, Daniel W. Harris, Alex. McCabe, Joseph Cobb.
 Secretary & Treasurer—Robt. Whitford.
 Chief of Police—John W. Cotten.
 Assistant Police—Wm. T. Hurl, John Madra, Jas. E. Simonson, Altimore Macrair.

COUNTY.
 Superior Court Clerk and Probate Judge—H. L. Station, Jr.
 Register of Deeds—Alex. McCabe.
 Sheriff—Joseph Cobb.
 Coroner—
 Treasurer—Robt. H. Austin.
 Surveyor—John E. Baker.
 Standard Keeper—P. S. Hicks.
 School Examiner—J. H. Shaw, Wm. A. Duggan and R. S. Williams.
 Keeper Poor House—Wm. A. Duggan.
 Commissioners—Jno. Lancaster, Chairman, Wiley Webb, J. W. Newville, Frank Dew, M. Exten, A. McCabe, Clerk.

MAILS.
 ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS
 NORTH AND SOUTH VIA W. & W. R. R.
 Leave Tarboro (daily) at 10 A. M.
 Arrive at Tarboro (daily) at 3:30 P. M.
 WASHINGTON MAIL VIA GREENVILLE, FALCON AND SPARTA.
 Leave Tarboro (daily) at 6 A. M.
 Arrive at Tarboro (daily) at 6 P. M.

LODGES.
 Concord R. A. Chapter No. 5, N. M. L. W. Convocations first Thursday in every month at 10 o'clock A. M.
 Concord Lodge No. 28, Thomas Gattlin, 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.
 Repton Encampment No. 13, I. O. O. F., L. B. Palamoutin, Chief Patriarch, Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every first and third Thursday of each month.
 Edgewood Lodge No. 50, I. O. O. F., J. G. Charles, N. G., Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every Tuesday night.
 Edgewood Council No. 123, Friends of Temperance, meet every Friday night at the Odd Fellows' Hall.
 Advance Lodge No. 28, I. O. O. F., meets every Wednesday night at Odd Fellows' Hall.
 Zanoah Lodge No. 235, I. O. O. F., meet on first and third Monday night of every month at Odd Fellows' Hall.
 HENRY MORRIS, President.

CHURCHES.
 Episcopal Church—Services every Sunday at 10:15 o'clock A. M. and 5 P. M. Dr. J. B. Cheshire, Rector.
 Methodist Church—Services every third Sunday in every month, morning and night. Rev. Mr. Swindler, Pastor.
 Presbyterian Church—Services every 1st, 3rd and 5th Saturdays. Rev. T. J. Adison, Stated Supply. Weekly Prayer meeting, Thursday night.
 Missionary Baptist Church—Services the 4th Sunday in every month, morning and night. 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.
 Southern Express Office, on Main Street, closes every morning at 9 o'clock.
 N. M. LAWRENCE, Agent.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.
FRANK POWELL,
 Attorney & Counsellor
 AT LAW,
 TARBORO', N. C.
 Collections a Specialty, "53 Office in Gregory Hotel Building, July 2, 1875. 1f

JOS. BLOUNT CHESHIRE, JR.,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 AND
 Notary Public.
 Office at the Old Bank Building on Trade Street. 1c35-1f.

Dr. G. L. Shackelford,
SURGEON DENTIST,
 Successor to Dr. L. T. Fuqua,
 TARBORO', N. C.
 Office opposite Adams' Hotel and over S. Nash & Co's store. Oct. 23, 1874. 1f

Dr. E. D. Barnes,
DENTIST,
 THANKFUL for the liberal patronage received in the past, desires to assure his friends and the public that he is prepared with increased facilities to perform all operations pertaining to the science of Dentistry in the best manner.
 Office over H. Morris & Bro's store, Tarboro, April 9, 1875. 7m

HOTELS.
YARBORO' HOUSE,
 RALEIGH N. C.
 G. W. BLACKNALL, Proprietor.
 Reference made to all travelling gentlemen.

GASTON HOUSE,
 South Front Street,
 Newbern, N. C.
 S. R. STREET, Proprietor

ATLANTIC HOTEL,
 Norfolk, Va.
 R. S. DODSON, Proprietor.

BOARD, First and Second Floors, per day, \$3.00
 Third and Fourth Floors, 2.50
 Special rates for permanent boarders.

WM. HOWARD,
DRUGGIST
 DEALER IN
 DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES,
 &C., &C., &C.
 Next door to Mrs. Pender's Hotel,
 TARBORO', N. C.

R. B. ALSOP,
GROCER,
 MAIN STREET,
 TARBORO', N. C.
 Choice and varied stock kept constantly on hand. 1m38-1f

MISCELLANEOUS.

Jas. E. Simmons,
 Pitt Street,
 EAST OF MAIN, HAS IN STORE AND FOR SALE
 Wardrobes,
 Bureaus,
 Washstands,
 Writing Desks,
 Cane & Wooden
 Seat Chairs,
 Extension,
 Centre and Leaf
 Tables.
 Towel Racks,
 Rockers,
 Childs Basket Chairs.
 ALSO A LARGE LOT OF
 Beds,
 Mattresses,
 & Lounges.
 All Cheap for Cash.

UNDERTAKERS BUSINESS in all its branches promptly attended to.

JAS. E. SIMMONS,
 Tarboro, N. C., Mar. 26, 1875. 3m

Seaboard & Roanoke Rail Road.
 Office Sup't. Trans., S. & R. R. Co., Portsmouth, Va., Jan. 1, 1875.
 On and after this date, trains of this Road will leave Weldon daily, (Sundays excepted) as follows:
 Mail train at 4:00 p.m.
 No 2 Freight train at 4:00 a.m.
 ARRIVE AT PORTSMOUTH:
 Mail train daily at 7:15 p.m.
 No 1 Freight train at 12:00 p.m.
 No 2 Freight train at 4:00 p.m.
 Freight trains have a passenger car attached. Steamers for Edenton, Plymouth, and other points on the Chowan and Roanoke rivers, leave Franklin at 9:40 a.m., Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. E. G. GHIO, Supt. of Transportation.

ODENHEIMER BROS.,
 (Formerly Tarboro', N. C.)
 HAVE OPENED FINE AND EXTENSIVE Stables in Richmond, Va., where they will constantly keep on hand First-Class
Horses & Mules,
 WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
 Any order to them for stock will be promptly attended to.
 KENTUCKY STABLES,
 Nos. 15 and 17 Fifteenth Street,
 RICHMOND, VA.
 May 28, 1874. 6m

PRIVATE Boarding House.
 MRS. V. E. LIPSOMB respectfully announces that she has opened a Private Boarding House in Tarboro, on the corner of Main and Fourth Streets, where she keeps Good Food, Pleasant Rooms, Comfortable Beds, Board Moderate.
 Feb. 19, 1875. 1y

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, &c., &c., &c., 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, with the promise of 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 Haven.
 Nov. 4-ly. JACOB WEBER.

LOUIS HILLIARD, MANUEL MORRIS
 Greenville, N. C. Formerly of N. C.

HILLIARD & MORRE,
 COTTON FACTORS
 AND
 General Commission Merchants
 MOPHIA'S WILKIE,
 NORFOLK, VA.
 Keep constantly on hand a large and varied stock of Bagging and Ties.
 General Dealers in Standard Fertilizers.
 Liberal Cash advances made on consignments.
 1c25-1f.

The Reason Why LAZARUS & MORRIS'
 Celebrated Perfected Spectacles and Eye Glasses.
 Have met with such extraordinary success and are so much in demand because they are found to possess all the qualities we claim for them, viz:
 Purity and hardness of material (therefore not liable to scratch), brilliancy of finish, strengthening and preserving power, and conferring an amount of ease and comfort attained by no other Glasses in the world.
 They are without doubt the most perfect and scientifically accurate Lenses ever manufactured, and last many years without change.
 For sale in this locality only by
JAMES H. BELL,
 Watchmaker and Jeweler,
 Tarboro, N. C.
 LAZARUS, MORRIS & CO.,
 Wholesale Depot,
 No. 10 Courtland Str. N. Y.
 Manufacturers,
 HARTFORD, CONN. AND SHEPHERD, ENO,
 77 Canton.—We never supply or employ Peddlers. 1y31-1f

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE BEST FAMILY MEDICINES.
 Tested by popular use for over
A QUARTER OF A CENTURY!
 Dr. Strong's Compound Sanative Pills.
 Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Bowel Complaint, Malaria, Fevers, Rheumatism, Erysipelas and all diseases of Liver, Stomach and Bowels.
 Dr. Strong's Pectoral Stomach Pills cure Coughs, Colds, Cramp, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Female Complaints, Heart Disease and all disorders of Chest and Stomach.

Send Postal Card for a Specimen Copy of THE WASHINGTON WEEKLY STAR.
 Established 1852.—8 pages.—56 columns.
 Address THE EVENING STAR NEWSPAPER CO., Washington D. C.

SHUN DRUG POISONS.
 Medicine Reduced to its Elements.
 VOLTA'S ELECTRIC BELTS AND BANDS are induced by the Most eminent physicians in the world for the cure of Rheumatism, neuralgia, liver complaint, dyspepsia, kidney disease, aches, pains, nervous disorders, fits, convulsions, and all chronic diseases of the chest, head, liver, stomach, kidneys and blood. Books with full particulars free by Volta Belt Co., Cincinnati, O.

3 SAMPLE FREE and by mail to make good and female everywhere.
 Address THE UNION PUB. CO., Newark N. Y.

12 day at home. Agents wanted. Outfits and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINES.
 THE BEST PATENT SEWING MACHINES.
 THE CHEAPEST, PUREST AND BEST FAMILY MEDICINE MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
 MACON, GA., AND PHILADELPHIA.
 Price, \$1.00. Sold by all Druggists.

Piedmont Air-Line Railway.
 RICHMOND & DANVILLE, RICHMOND & DANVILLE, W. N. C. DIVISION, AND NORTH WESTERN, N. C. R. W.

CONDENSED TIME TABLE.
 In effect on and after Sunday, Sept. 30, 1874.

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	Mail.	Express.
Leave Charlotte	9:15 P. M.	6:45 A. M.
" Salisbury	11:58 A. M.	8:34 "
" Greensboro	3:15 "	10:55 "
" Danville	6:08 "	1:12 P. M.
" Burkeville	11:25 "	6:07 "
Arrive at Richmond	2:22 P. M.	8:47 P. M.

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	Mail.	Express.
Leave Richmond	1:28 P. M.	5:08 A. M.
" Danville	4:52 "	8:26 "
" Greensboro	10:33 "	1:14 P. M.
" Danville	10:39 "	1:17 "
" Greensboro	3:00 A. M.	3:28 "
" Salisbury	8:05 "	8:25 "
" Air-Line Jet's	8:05 "	8:25 "
Arrive at Charlotte	8:22 "	8:43 "

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	Mail.	Express.
Leave Greensboro	2:00 A. M.	4:15 A. M.
" Co. Shops	4:30 "	6:45 A. M.
" Greensboro	6:24 A. M.	8:10 A. M.
Arrive at Greensboro	11:33 A. M.	1:50 P. M.

NORTH WESTERN N. C. R. R. (SALEM BRANCH.)

STATIONS.	Mail.	Express.
Leave Greensboro	4:30 P. M.	4:30 P. M.
Arrive at Salem	6:13 "	6:13 "
Leave Salem	8:40 A. M.	8:40 A. M.
Arrive at Greensboro	10:25 "	10:25 "

Passenger train leaving Raleigh at 8:10 P. M., connects at Greensboro with the Northern bound train; making the quickest time to all Northern cities. Price of Tickets same as via other routes.
 Trains to and from points East of Greensboro connect at Greensboro with Mail Trains to and from points North or South.
 Two Trains daily, both ways.
 On Sundays Lynchburg Accommodation leave Richmond at 9:09 A. M., arrive at Burkeville 12:43 P. M., leave Burkeville 4:35 A. M., arrive at Richmond 7:58 A. M.
 No change of cars between Charlotte and Richmond, 25 miles.
 For further information address
 S. F. ALLEN,
 Gen'l Ticket Agent,
 Greensboro, N. C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Carboro' Southerner.
 Friday, : : : Oct. 8, 1875

A Shocking Story Retold.
 The Murder of Mrs. Mary Surratt—A Deed of Shame.

The Murder Described by an Eye Witness—The Confessional and the Scaffold—The Expected Reprieve—The Prayer and the Death—The Responsibility.
 [From a Washington Letter.]

It was beneath a bright summer sun that Mary E. Surratt was murdered. The press of the United States was amply represented. A majority of it applauded the cowardly crime. When the improvised trap fell and swung back, and left her body dangling lifeless on the fatal rope, there were present generals and officers of the nation bearing its uniform, whose buttons and shoulder straps glittered in the bright rays. Save good Father Walters, no voice uttered "God bless her" as she fell. The soldiers that paced the top of the surrounding walls made no sign. Several turned away their heads, sickened by the sight, and awed to see a dead done in the nineteenth century that in the fourteenth would have been delegated to the secretaries of a dungeon or the knife of a solitary bravo.

Women have been murdered before—jealousy, drunkenness, despair, a maddened cupidity, have all in turn murdered women. Never before was a hero called in the bright and open day to see such a deed done. Hancock was. He obeyed the call, and saw that the hangmen were protected; that the assassination was not interrupted. How his spirit rebelled at the task that was written on his broad face. The writer saw it there as in a book.

THE SCENE OF THE MURDER.
 It was in the old Arsenal Penitentiary yard, in Washington, in the inner yard, that they strangled this woman. The Arsenal and Penitentiary, face and terminate four-and-a-half street, which stretches to it from the City Hall. They have erected there since then a statue of Lincoln. Were it the man himself he might see the site of the murder committed in his name from the paltry pedestal on which it is raised. The outer gate of the Arsenal faces that statue at the other end of the long, wide, street exactly. From the gate to the old Penitentiary, where the mockery of the trial was played, runs a broad and graveled path.—This path turned around the Penitentiary walls, and led to the gate of the yard where stood the scaffold. The walls of the Penitentiary formed two sides of the yard, and the other two were walls built to inclose the yard, and there stood some fifteen feet high. Upon these walls sentries were placed.

Fronting the walls that ran at right angles with the end of the Penitentiary stood a strange, weird looking structure. The one end of it had a ladder that reached to the ground; beyond that end, some twenty yards, was a small iron door that opened into the Penitentiary—in one of whose lower tier of cells, beneath a raised and replaced flag, were rotting the remains of John Wilks Booth. This wooden structure was

THE SCAFFOLD.
 It consisted of a platform, resting on square wooden posts. The front part of the platform was attached to the back part by hinges, and this front rested on posts, which its weight held in place. Along the back and solid part of the platform were four chairs.

Around this yard lounged the correspondents, were ranged some soldiers, and right in the middle of the yard, when the writer entered it, stood the tall and ample form of Hancock in full uniform.

"General, may I go in once more and see the prisoners!"

"No, sir. One moment—Orderly!"

"Yes, sir."

"Mount your horse, go to the outer gate of the Arsenal. Don't dismount, but keep your eye along Four-and-a-half street. Should you see a mounted soldier riding this way, then ride here and tell me. Stay there till you are relieved by the sight of that soldier, or by order."

"Yes, sir."

"The orderly sped away.

"No, sir; I cannot permit it.—They are with ministers and priests; have but a few minutes to live. I have refused every other correspondent."

"Do you expect a reprieve, General?"

"I expect nothing. That woman, however, shall not lose a chance of life, if I can help it. That's why I sent that Orderly to the gate."

He did expect a reprieve, and his face showed he did.

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THE PROCESSION.
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tened on the iron door that led into the penitentiary. It looked like a postern in a fortress, heavy, sullen and pitiless. My eyes wandered back to the scaffold. I then noticed, for the first time, that above the platform, resting on two firm posts, ran a beam. From this beam hung four ropes. It sickened me to see them. The sun in the meanwhile shone down on the whole ghastly scene as fierce in its unclouded splendor as ever shone on the hot sands of Syria.

A sudden movement, a murmur, a low exclamation:
 "Here they are!"

They were issuing, one by one, from the little door, preceded by soldiers, flanked by soldiers, accompanied by men in civilian dresses, the priest the minister and the hangman. There was hangman to every prisoner.

Azzerodt came first. Pano came second. Harold came third. She came last. Father Walters was talking to her all the way up the scaffold, all the way up its steps, and on it, when she took her seat. They sat in the order in which they had come.

The poor woman could scarcely walk, and they assisted her to her death very tenderly. As she sat down I could not refrain from looking to the yard gate, thinking of the orderly at outer gate beyond.—There was no sign. I looked at Hancock; his eyes were turned the same way; his usually florid face was the color of ashes. I could see hands open and close nervously.

He looked at his watch and the chain oscillated at the touch of his nervous fingers, usually as calm as is the hand of a heavy lymphatic man; for Hancock was both.

Mary E. Surratt was praying to the crucifix held before her by Father Walters. Each of the others was listening to the minister. At length Father Walters prayed aloud, and I reported the prayer, for the time, I forgot the orderly. The prayer over, I looked gatewards again. No sign! Hancock's eyes were riveted on the gate. The arms of each were being pinioned. They were told to rise, and they all four rose. Each hangman placed the noose around each of their necks. I look again at the gate. No sign! Hancock was looking at his watch. Turning again to the scaffold, I saw the straw hat of Payne blown by a sudden, unexpected breeze on his head; as if to make way for the white cap. Detective Roberts, his hangman, was about pulling it over his face. I turned to see her. She had lost the power to stand. They had told her to hold her up while they pulled down the cap. Great God! can a thought be more horrible.

Still no one at the gate!

They were told to walk forward upon the front and treacherous part of the platform.

There they stood. Atzerodt swaying with fear; Payne erect and firm as the gladiator, which he resembled, when awaiting the fatal fiat; Harold, still. She lifeless to all appearance. The sentries had ceased pacing. You could hear a pin drop.

"Good-bye, my friends, we'll meet again," exclaimed Harold.

Atzerodt said something I could not hear.

Still no one at the gate!

Hancock closed his watch.

The men who upheld the lifeless woman stepped back on the solid half of the platform. She was falling, when suddenly the supporting posts in front were knocked down, and all four dangled and swung—the most ghastly spectacle man ever saw!

She perceptibly moved. Her petticoats and dress had been gathered with a string about her ankles. She hung a dead weight of flesh not less than two hundred pounds.

Payne writhed and twisted for several minutes.

There was no shout. There was a shudder went through soldier and civilian—nothing more.

Again I looked at Hancock. If ever he wore that frightened look on the field, his soldier's fame is a lie.

WHO WITHHELD THE REPRIEVE?
 Who withheld the reprieve?
 Holt says Andrew Johnson did. Johnson said he was never asked for it. Holt admits that an official application by the murderous convicts of troopers, called the court, was made to Andy for a reprieve. Andy said Stanton withheld it. Each threw the blame on the other; but, whoever was to blame, the deed was done, in face of day, under the shadow of the flag of the United States, by the authority of its President, the acquiescence of his cabinet, the signing by the secretary of war, and under the actual supervision of a major-general of its armies.

Of all the more active participants in the murder, Holt alone remains to face the strange fates that have overtaken his associates therein—dubious and sudden death. Stanton died quickly after. He died suddenly, and suspected of the suicide of remorse.

King drowned himself. And

men do say he drowned himself from inability to face the constant memory of his unsolicited share in that woman's murder. Andrew Johnson, whose demise recalls the whole of that awful story to the mind again, died suddenly. But, not, we trust, because of the crime, of which a passing weakness alone made him a passive accomplice.

A Young Man who wants Advice.
 It was the second time he had accompanied the young lady home from one of those little social parties which are gotten up to bring fond hearts a step nearer to each other.

When they reached the gate she asked him if he wouldn't come in. He said he would, and he followed her into the house. It was a calm, still night, and the hour was so late that he had no fear of seeing the old folks. Sarah took his hat, told him to sit down, and she left the room to lay off her things. She was hardly gone before her mother came in smiling sweetly, and dropping down beside the young man she said:
 "I always did say that if a poor but respectable young man fell in love with Sarah he should have my consent. Some mothers would sacrifice their daughter's happiness for riches, but I am not one of that class."

The young man gave a start of alarm. He didn't know whether he liked Sarah or not, and he hadn't dreamed of such a thing as marriage.

"She has acknowledged to me that she loves you," continued the mother, "and whatever is for her happiness is for mine."

The young man gave two starts of alarm this time, he felt his cheeks grow pale.

"I haven't," he stammered, when she said:
 "Oh, never mind. I know you haven't much money, but of course you'll live with me. We'll take in boarders, and I'll risk but that we'll get along all right."

It was a bad situation. He hadn't even looked love at Sarah, and he felt that he ought to undeceive the mother.

"I hadn't no idea of—of—of—" he stammered, when she held up her hands and said:
 "I know you hadn't but it's all right. With your wages and what the boarders bring in we shall get along as snug as bugs in a rug."

"But, madam, but—"

"All I ask is that you be good to her," interrupted the mother. "Sarah has a tender heart and a loving nature, and if you should be cross and ugly it would break her down within a week."

The young man's eyes stood out like cocoanuts in a show window, and he rose up and tried to say something. He said:
 "Great heavens! madam, I can't permit—"

"Never mind about the thanks," she interrupted. "I don't believe in long courtships myself, and let me suggest an early day for the marriage. The 11th of September is my birthday, and it would be nice for you to be married on that day."

"But—but—but—" he gasped.

"There, there, I don't expect any speech in reply," she laughed. "You and Sarah fix it up to-night, and I'll advertise for twelve boarders right away. I'll try and be a model mother-in-law. I believe I am good-tempered and kind-hearted, though I did once follow a young man two hundred miles and shoot the top of his head off for agreeing to marry Sarah and then jumping the county."

She patted him on the head and sailed off, and now the young man wants advice. He wants to know whether he had better get in the way of a locomotive or slide off the wharf.—Detroit Free Press.

A Diplomatic Shoemaker.
 You can't get an old shoemaker to blunder. The other day when a wealthy woman sailed into a Charlotte shoe store and selected a pair of No. 4's and sat down to have them tried on, the shoeman saw that she wanted seven. But he didn't tell her, and started her out of the shop on a gallop. He smiled and softly said:
 "Madam, all the aristocratic ladies are now wearing shoes three sizes too large for their feet, in order to have cool extremities, and of course you want to follow the style."
 She smiled like a duck in reply to his smile and replied:
 "You are in a position to know best, and I leave everything to your judgment."
 When she went out she said she never had such an easy fitting shoe on in her whole life.

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any business, and the other is that they haven't any mind.

Strange as it may appear, there are not lacking persons who complacently suppose every thing to be nonsense which they do not perfectly comprehend, or flatter themselves that they do.

Strong Drink.
 I have heard the wail of children crying for bread, and their mother had none to give them. I have seen the bulging breasts as dry as if the starved mother had been dead. I have known a father to turn a step-daughter into the street at night, bidding the sobbing girl who bloomed into womanhood, seek her living there as others did. I have bent over the foul pallet of a dying lad, to hear him whisper, and his father and mother, who were sitting half drunk by the fire-side, had pulled the blankets off his body to sell them for drink. I have seen the children blanket like plants in the cellar—for weeks they never breathed a mouthful of fresh air for want of rags to cover their nakedness, and they live in continual terror of a drunken father or mother coming home to beat them. I do not recollect ever seeing a mother in these wretched dwelling handling her infant, or of hearing the little ones crow or laugh. These are some of drink's doing; but nobody can know the misery suffered amid the scenes of wretchedness, woe, want and sin.

An Editor in Heaven.
 Under the above caption an exchange gives a long obituary notice of a deceased brother editor, from which we have room only to extract the closing paragraph:
 "Should we not rejoice then that our late friend of the scissors and quill is in heaven? In that paradisaic land the cry of 'more copy' will never again fall upon his distracted ears. There his enjoyments will no more be interrupted by the howls of the unreasonable subscriber, or the duns of the paper maker. There he will enjoy entire freedom from the detractions and misrepresentations of political opponents, and the carresses of ambitious political aspirants. In that blessed abode he is no more to be troubled with illegible manuscript or abominable poetry. No rival editors will steal his thunder or his items, and typographical errors shall know him no more forever."

Why Some People are Poor.
 Silver spoons are used to scrape kettles.
 Coffee, tea, pepper and spices are left to stand open and lose their strength. Potatoes in the cellars grow, and the sprouts are not removed until the potatoes are worthless. Brooms are never hung up and are soon spoiled.
 Nice handled knives are thrown into hot water.
 The flour is sifted in a wasteful manner, and the bread pan is left with the dough sticking in it.
 Cloths are left on the line to whip to pieces in the wind.
 Tubs and barrels are left in the sun to dry and fall apart.
 Dried fruits are not taken care of in season and become wormy.
 Rags, strings and paper are thrown into the fire.
 Pork spoils for want of salt, and beef because the brine wants scalding.
 Bits of meat, vegetables, bread and cold puddings are thrown away, when they might be warmed, seasoned and served as good as new.—Cottage Hearth.

Rev. Dr. J. A. Broadus, in a communication to the last number of the Religious Herald, attacks the present "pinned-back" fashion of the ladies' dresses, and concludes by saying: "With unfeigned and ineffable respect, in tender reverence, we say to our fair readers, this fashion is essentially indelicate, however modified and restrained, and is often grossly indecent. If they doubt, let them ask husbands, fathers, elder brothers, for a thoughtful and candid opinion."

At the funeral of a woman in Iowa the other day a neighbor in attendance, feeling it necessary to say something sympathetic to the afflicted husband, kindly observed:
 "You've got a splendid day for the funeral."

The son of an Emir had red hair, of which he was ashamed, and wished to dye it. But his father said, "Nay, my son, rather behave in such a manner that all fathers should wish their sons had red hair."

"Of all felicities, how charming is that of a firm and gentle friendship! It sweetens our cares, softens our sorrows, and assists us in extremities. It is a sovereign antidote against calamity."

Good breeding is the art of showing men, by external signs, the internal regard we have for them. It arises from good sense, improved by conversing with good company.

A young man, searching for his father's pig, accosted an Irishman as follows: "Have you seen a stray pig about here?" To which Pat responded: "Faix, and how could I tell a stray pig from any other?"

Perfected by the offices and duties of social life, man is the best, but rude and unadorned, he is the very worst of animals, said Aristotle.

The life of an honest man is a beautiful poem; and every human being who reads it feels better, stronger, more hopeful for it.

Carpets are bought by the yard, and worn by the foot.

THE NIGHTS AND THE PLACES OF MEETING.
 Concord R. A. Chapter No. 5, N. M. L. W. Convocations first Thursday in every month at 10 o'clock A. M.
 Concord Lodge No. 28, Thomas Gattlin, 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.
 Repton Encampment No. 13, I. O. O. F., L. B. Palamoutin, Chief Patriarch, Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every first and third Thursday of each month.
 Edgewood Lodge No. 50, I. O. O. F., J. G. Charles, N. G., Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every Tuesday night.
 Edgewood Council No. 123, Friends of Temperance, meet every Friday night at the Odd Fellows' Hall.
 Advance Lodge No. 28, I. O. O. F., meets every Wednesday night at Odd Fellows' Hall.
 Zanoah Lodge No. 235, I. O. O. F., meet on first and third Monday night of every month at Odd Fellows' Hall.
 HENRY MORRIS, President.

CHURCHES.
 Episcopal Church—Services every Sunday at 10:15 o'clock A. M. and 5 P. M. Dr. J. B. Cheshire, Rector.
 Methodist Church—Services every third Sunday in every month, morning and night. Rev. Mr. Swindler, Pastor.
 Presbyterian Church—Services every 1st, 3rd and 5th Saturdays. Rev. T. J. Adison, Stated Supply. Weekly Prayer meeting, Thursday night.
 Missionary Baptist Church—Services the 4th Sunday in every month, morning and night. Rev. T. R. Owen, Pastor.
 Primitive Baptist Church—Services first Saturday and Sunday of each month at 11 o'clock.

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 AND
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Dr. G. L. Shackelford,
SURGEON DENTIST,
 Successor to Dr. L. T. Fuqua,
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 Office opposite Adams' Hotel and over S. Nash & Co's store. Oct. 23, 1874. 1f

Dr. E. D. Barnes,
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