

The Tarboro Southernner.

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

VOL. 54.

TARBORO', N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1876.

NO. 3.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

TARBORO'.
 Mayor—Fred Phillips.
 School Trustees—Jesse A. Williamson, Jacob Feldenheimer, Daniel W. Hurt, Alex. McCabe, Joseph Cobb.
 Secretary & Treasurer—Rohr. White.
 Chief of Police—John W. Cotten.
 Assistant Police—Wm. T. Hurtt, John Madra, Jas. E. Simons, Altimore McClain.

COUNTY.
 Superior Court Clerk and Probate Judge—H. L. Staton, Jr.
 Register of Deeds—Alex. McCabe, Sheriff—Joseph Cobb.
 Coroner—Robert H. Austin.
 Surveyor—John E. Baker.
 Standard Keeper—P. S. Hicks.
 School Trustees—H. H. Shaw, Wm. A. Duggan and E. S. Williams.
 Keeper Poor House—Wm. A. Duggan.
 Commissioners—No. Lancaster, Chairman, Wiley Wells, J. B. W. Norville, Frank Dew, M. Egan, A. McCabe, Clerk.

MAILS.
 ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS
 NORTH AND SOUTH VIA W. N. C. R. R.
 Leave Tarboro' (daily) at 10 A. M.
 Arrive at Raleigh (daily) at 3 P. M.
 WASHINGTON MAIL VIA GREENVILLE, FAYETTEVILLE AND SPARTA.
 Leave Tarboro' (daily) at 6 A. M.
 Arrive at Raleigh (daily) at 6 P. M.

LOBBIES.
 The Nights and the Places of Meeting.
 Concord S. A. Chapter No. 5, N. M. Lawrence, High Priest, Masonic Hall, monthly convocations first Thursday in every month at 10 o'clock A. M.
 Concord Lodge No. 58, Thomas Gattin, Master, Masonic Hall, meets first Friday night at 7 o'clock P. M. and third Thursday at 10 o'clock A. M. in every month.
 Repton Encampment No. 13, I. O. O. F., I. B. Palanomatian, Chief Patriarch, Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every first and third Thursday of each month.
 Edgecombe Lodge No. 50, I. O. O. F., J. G. Charles, N. G., Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every Tuesday night.
 Edgecombe Council No. 122, 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.
 Zane's Lodge No. 255, 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 1/2 o'clock A. M. and 5 P. M. Dr. J. B. Chastice, Rector.
 Methodist Church—Services every third Sunday at night. Fourth Sunday, morning and night. Rev. Mr. Swindell, Pastor.
 Presbyterian Church—Services every 1st, 3rd and 5th Sabbaths. Rev. T. J. Allison, Pastor. 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.

EXPRESS.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRANK POWELL,
 Attorney and Counselor at Law,
 TARBORO', N. C.
 Collections a Specialty.
 Office at the residence of the late Mrs. M. E. Lawrence.
 July 2, 1875.

JOS. BLOUNT CHESHIRE, JR.,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 NOTARY PUBLIC.
 Office at the Old Bank Building on Trade Street.
 1875-11.

HOWARD & PERRY,
 Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
 TARBORO', N. C.
 Practice in all the Courts, State and Federal.
 nov. 5-ly.

W. H. JOHNSTON,
 Attorney and Counselor at Law,
 TARBORO', N. C.
 Attends to the transaction of business in all the Courts, State and Federal.
 Nov. 5, 1875.

FREDERICK PHILLIPS,
 Attorney and Counselor at Law,
 TARBORO', N. C.
 Practices in Courts of adjoining counties, the Federal and Supreme Courts.
 Nov. 5, 1875.

H. & W. L. THORP,
 Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
 ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.
 PRACTICES in the counties of Edgecombe, Halifax, Nash and Wilson, also in the Supreme Court North Carolina, also in the United States District Court at Raleigh.

Dr. G. L. Shackelford,
 DENTIST,
 TARBORO', N. C.
 With over eight years experience in the practice of Dentistry, I feel assured of giving satisfaction in all cases. Charges moderate.
 Office opposite Adams' Hotel and over S. S. Nash & Co's store.
 Oct. 23, 1875.

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

LOUIS HILLIARD, MARCELLES MOORE
 FORMERLY OF N. C.
HILLIARD & MOORE,
 COTTON FACTORS
 General
 Commission Merchants
 McPHAIL'S WHARF,
 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.
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 Liberal Terms of Exchange for Second-hand Machines of every description.
"DOMESTIC" PAPER FASHIONS.
 The Best Patterns made. Send 5 cts. for Catalogue. Address DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE CO., 106 NASSAU ST., N. Y.

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 How either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affections of any person they choose, instantly. This art all can possess, free, by mail, for 25 cents; together with a Marriage Guide, Egyptian Oracle, Dreams, Hints to Ladies, etc. 1,000,000 sold. A queer book. Address T. WILLIAM & CO., Philadelphia.

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\$77 A WEEK guaranteed to Agents, Male and Female in their own localities. Terms of trade. TRIVE & CO., Augusta, Maine.
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 Price \$4 per annum; 10 cents per number.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

The undersigned have prepared, exclusively for subscribers to Appleton's Journal, a splendid steel engraving of
"Charles Dickens in his Study."
 which is offered, under special terms, to every subscriber in advance to Journal No. 1876.
 This steel engraving is in line and stipple. It is not a fancy picture, but an actual representation of Charles Dickens at his study, with the portrait of the distinguished author is strikingly faithful.
 The size of the plate is 20 x 14, printed on heavy yellow paper, and is making a large and handsome engraving for the parlor or library wall. The execution of the plate is of a superior order.
 The ordinary price of a steel engraving of this character in the print-shops would not be less than five or six dollars. It is offered exclusively to subscribers, in addition to the Journal for one year, for \$5.00—that is, for \$1.00 additional to each yearly advance subscription to the Journal for 1876 may receive a superb engraving worth fully five times the amount.
 This engraving is entirely new. It has never been for sale in the print-shops, and cannot be obtained elsewhere in connection with Appleton's Journal upon the terms and condition given above. It will be mailed to subscribers postage prepaid.

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Pool Brothers

FASHIONABLE BAR, Billiard Rooms, OYSTER SALOON, Barber Shop
 AND
Cigar Store,
ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.
OSTERS STEWED AT ALL HOURS.
 Attentive waiters to attend to the needs of his guests.
 mrl94f.

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 at all times have their Cakes Baked and delivered at short notice.

Orders for Parties & Balls

promptly filled. Call and examine our stock, next door to Bank of New York Building, Nov. 4-ly. JACOB WEBER.

TERRELL & BRO.,

DEALERS IN
GROCERIES
 AND
STAPLE DRY GOODS,
 Main Street,
 Near the Bridge,
TARBORO, N. C.
 Sept. 3-1f
 15 to \$20 per day at home. Terms free. Address G. S. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

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 With or without Portable Hot Water Reservoir and Closet.
With all latest improvements.
 Largest Oven and Flues. Longest Fire Box for long wood. Ventilated Oven, Fire Back and Fire Box Bottom—sure a Quick, Sweet and Even Bake and Roast.
 Swing Heart and Ash Catcher. Won't floor or caper. Durable Double and Braided Casters and Ring Covers. Burned Little Wood. Has Mix or Solid Iron Front. Carefully Filled Smooth Castings. No Old Scrap Iron Nickel Plated Timings. Tin Lead Over Doors. Ground and Silver-Like Polished Edges and Mouldings. Heavy. Best Heat Iron. Won't crack. WARRANTED SATISFACTORY.
 Manufactured by
RATHBONE, SARD & CO., Albany, N. Y.
 Sold by an Authorizing Dealer in every Town.
 W. G. LEWIS, Agent,
 Nov. 12, 1875-3m. Tarboro', N. C.

FALL STOCK, NEW GOODS JUST RECEIVED.

Dress Goods, Embroideries, Collars and Cuffs, Kid Gloves, Merina Vest and Shirts, Hats, Hosiery, Cassimeres, Jeans, Bleached and Brown Muslins, Ladies and Gents Boston and Philadelphia. Hand Made Shoes, Crockery, Hardware &c., &c. Call and Examine.

A pleasure to show Goods.
T. H. GATLIN.
 Tarboro', Oct. 1st, 1875.

ROBT. LAWSON & CO.,

SADDLERY, HARNESS, COLLAR, MANUFACTURERS
 and dealers in
SADDLERY, HARNESS, WHIPS, LADIES' SADDLES, GARRIAGE ROBES, &c.
 No. 277 West Baltimore Street,
 BALTIMORE, MD.
 April 2, 1875.

BLATCHLEY'S

Improved OCCUM-BER WOOD PUMP
 The acknowledged STANDARD
 for the market, by popular
 verdict, the best pump for the least money. Attention is invited to Blatchley's Improved Bracket, the Drop Check Valve, which can be withdrawn without disturbing the pump, and the copper chamber which never cracks, scales or rusts and will last a life time. For sale by Dealers and the Trade generally. In order to be sure that you get Blatchley's Pump, be careful and see that it has my trade-mark as above. If you do not know where to buy, descriptive circulars, together with the name and address of the agent nearest you, will be promptly furnished by addressing with stamp.
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The Best Household Oil in the World!

C. West & Sons' Aladdin Security Oil.
 Warranted 150 Degrees Fire Test.
 Endorsed by the Fire Insurance Companies.
 Howard Fire Ins. Co. of Baltimore, }
 December 23, 1874. }
 Messrs. C. West & Sons: Gentlemen—Having used the mark on oil sold in this city for illuminating purposes, I take pleasure in recommending your "Aladdin Security" as the safest and best ever used in our household.
 Yours truly,
 (Signed) ANDREW KEENE, Pres't.
 IT WILL NOT EXPLODE.
 Ask your Storekeeper for it.
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 POLITE AND ATTENTIVE SERVANTS always at the Depot, on the arrival of trains to conduct guests to the Hotel.
 It is the Traveler's delight.
 Oct. 1st, 1875.

TARBORO' Lager Beer & Wine SALOON.

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND ALL the FINE WINES and LIQUORS, TO BACCO and CIGARS, next door to J. A. Williams's.
ERHARD DEMUTH,
 Proprietor.
 Oct. 5, 1875-1f.

Tarboro' Southernner.

Friday : : : Jan. 21, 1876

AT NOONTIME.

She was a spoiled, emotional little woman, indulged until she fancied the world was made for her own peculiar enjoyment. Ardent in attachments, quick and impetuous to a fault, just as she was in her childish glowing naivete, she met a hero in "Love's Young Dream." A tall, broad-shouldered figure, with an ineffable grace, and a fiery demonstrativeness that showed a thorough Louisianaian, bewitched by the soft witchery of lovely eyes. A face Grecian in its beautiful profile; the smooth white brow; the devilishly selfish eyes with their golden lashes that drew them into fascination, showed the strong, firm man; but the full, sensitive mouth of a woman, proved the weakness of his character and spoiled one of God's grandest images.

In the soft mesmeric moonlight, amid the delicious perfumes, like incense, sent up from the passionate heart of the flowers quivering in the night wind, he lay on a rustic bench in the midst of a garden; the rare grace of his Titian limbs, enhanced by a white-robed figure kneeling on the long mossy grass, nesting close to his side in mad delirium, resting on a fair round arm, while her small white hand was pushing the curling blonde hair from his brow.

"You love me, dear?" he whispered, in conscious pride.
 She clung closer, and put up the tiny red lips innocently.
 "Love you? Oh! so much, Harry. I would die for you now."
 "You will go with me, little one, back to my Southern home. Come with your sweet song, and be my birdie?" He leaned down to brush the brown curls back from a face radiant with intense emotion and exquisite happiness.
 The moonbeams trembled an instant among the leaves, and the flowers bowed in reverence, some of them crushed and broken, yet sending up the richer, softer perfume, as if spending their last breath in an effort for perfection; giving a mute, passionate appeal to the goddess for life, and wasting the purest and most perfect fragrance when the day was spent and the shadows hung above them as the rustling leaves sighed the requiems over crushed hearts and bruised reeds.
 Harry, you love my very life, none ever loved me like you. Am I so awful bold?
 "No, dearest; you will be my wife, soon, and then, little one, I shall take you to the moonlights of our bonny South, where the sea breeze is made a lullaby by the soft, passionate warblings of the mocking bird. And you, my own darling, shall be, oh! so happy."
 Softly fell the dew of the evening until the white drapery clung in folds about her.

"Come, Merle, your mamma will scold me for keeping you," he said, and they strolled back to the miniature palace, with its hale old owners on the piazza ready to give them a teasing welcome.
 A week later it was the night of a ball and Merle Garner lay feverish and restless, with sore throat and headache.
 "Mamma, move the lounge to the window, so I can see the girls going in the moonlight. Wasn't it noble of Harry to wait to stay with me? But I would not be selfish, for I know how well he loves dancing."
 An hour later, Harry Allison was gliding to the exquisite mesmerism; the blissful metamorphosis of the "autograph waltzes," while a magnificent blonde, with great dreamy blue eyes, long wavy hair like polished gold, and figure—oh! ye gods—

Lillian wasted the glad, sunny hours in misery, until one day she received a paper that ended her suspense. For the saw that Harry Allison had married the rich creole, Nina Lyle.
 "The Ladies and Leap Year."
 An exchange says in the social world many changes will take place the present year. In this leap year, the feminine form, metaphorically speaking, dons the habiliments of the masculine figure; the hitherto delicate nerves of the ladies are extra strong for coming events, and fainting hysterics and all such gyrations, are for the present season laid aside. Among the many privileges allowed the ladies for leap year is the great one of taking the gentlemen completely in hand—of escorting them to the theatre and opera, driving them through the parks and avenues decking their bachelor apartments with gifts of rare flowers, and soothing their restless moments with conserves of making love to them in the cosy corners, of the drawing-room, and finally of finding out whether they will abandon the loneliness of their rooms, give up the frivolities of club

And he raised her face to the moonlight and searched the dark shadowy eyes.
 "Well," said little Miss Pert, from an observing corner, "they won't die from a rush of principle to the brain."
 Again, and the night was chilly, while the wind blew in fitful gusts, as Merle Garner paced the garden walks in feverish impatience; waiting, watching, dreading.
 At that moment Harry Allison was saying, "Kiss me good-night, Lillian, I will see you early tomorrow."
 And just as Merle turned for the last time to go into the house he walked over the railway and stood at her side.
 "Oh! Harry." It was such a glad, happy cry, and she caught his hand passionately to her lips in a shower of childish caresses.
 "Merle, you are such a baby," he said, "you have no confidence in yourself. I am tired of loving a child; why do you not be a woman?"
 The hot angry blood surged to her face.
 "Have you an example to suggest for my imitation?" she asked proudly.
 "I have scarcely thought of it," he answered coldly as he threw himself on a bench and left her standing motionless as the marble Rhea at the fountain. If he wanted her cold and proud, he was just now transforming the little, glowing beauty into an automaton. If she had cried he could have soothed her; but instead, she was proud as an empress, and she baffled him. Then he could have taken her in his arms and loved her again. But the "die was cast," and he plunged on madly. "Merle, I didn't know that I loved some one better. We have both been mistaken!"—he paused.
 "Both have been mistaken ere it was too late," she answered coldly.
 "And you have never loved me, Merle?"
 "I could not stoop to love one so far my inferior, and I bid you good-night."
 She swept by him into the house; and all night the wind moaned around a tiny kneeling figure, with her small, beautiful head bowed, as the heart's tempest swept by, and the morning found a cool self-possessed woman!
 "Merle! good God! child, what has come over you?"
 "Nothing of any importance, papa, only my engagement with Harry is broken."
 "Hey, did he dare? and the old gentleman bounded up furiously.
 "No, papa; be quiet. I did it; and now we will say nothing more about it, for he is not worth a thought."
 A week later and Harry Allison lounged back in an easy chair and read.
 Dear Harry—Come home. Nina Lyle has gotten the old Governor's three millions, and is the "Star of the Evening." She was in love with you, so come immediately, if not sooner.
 Your cousin and well wisher,
 ARTHUR BROOKS.
 That night Lillian Raymond was pleading—"Please Harry, don't leave me."
 "I must, darling. But I will come back soon and take you with me."
 "O! take me now, I'm so wretched. For God's sake don't leave me."
 "Lillian!" by your own proud self; it makes it doubly hard for me to leave you when you are so very unhappy."
 At last the food good-lyes were in spoken, and Lillian looked widowed her desolation. The months passed, and her misery was maddening.
 Not so with Merle. The tender nobleness of Ray Gordon won her admiration and ere the leaves fell she married her old boyish schoolmate.
 Lillian wasted the glad, sunny hours in misery, until one day she received a paper that ended her suspense. For the saw that Harry Allison had married the rich creole, Nina Lyle.

life and settle down to domestic bliss. Many a young man, who either from bashfulness or youthful reserve, may not have been able to settle the question whether he could trot better in single or double harness, may if approached with that delicacy peculiar to the gentler sex, be safely bridled, and to such, it is hoped, they will not forget or regret the great year. Many new year parties will doubtless be given this winter, and at these the ladies take supreme control—wait on the gentlemen at the table, selecting their own partners for the promenade, in fact making them happy in various ways with kind attentions. The men be it understood are not expected to go low neck and short-sleeved, first with fans or be continually dropping their handkerchiefs to have them picked up. Young men of exemplary habits and manners may have a proposition to consider before the year rolls round.

A Hermit who Abhors Women.

Two miles south of Ailbion, says the Rochester (N. Y.) "Express," lives a very singular person named Anthony Tripp, an old man between seventy and eighty years of age. He lives within a mile and a half of the Niagara Falls Railroad, yet he has never seen it, nor he locomotive whose whistle he daily hears. For over half a century he has dwelt by himself, doing all his own household work. During all his time no woman has crossed his threshold, and indeed, few men. If a woman approached his premises, he would bar the doors and take refuge in the cellar. With men he would hold no intercourse, except when absolutely necessary or unavoidable. Lately he seems to have taken even a stronger antipathy to his fellow creatures, hiding himself upon the approach of any person. When Anthony Tripp was about twenty years of age, as the story runs, he fell in love with a pretty neighbor-girl, and was engaged to be married to her. But she was fickle and jilted him. From that time his life was embittered, and he fore-swore womankind. He was not one of those who think there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. The falseness of this girl partially crazed him, and has since dwelt apart from human-kind. This should be a warning to young women never to jilt a lover.

A Permanent Majority.

The Cincinnati Enquirer says it will be a long time before the Republican party will again have a majority in the Congress of the United States. By its attempt to make the colored man the governing class in the Southern States, by its imprudent interference in their elections without end, by its support of the carpet-bag class, it has forfeited confidence and support. Nearly one-half of the white people of the South were opposed to the Democratic party, as much so as the Republicans. They have been repelled by unjust legislation. The old sixteen slave States have one hundred and seventeen members of the House of Representatives. Of these, fourteen belong to the Republican organization. Nearly nine-tenths of them are Democrats, and it is altogether likely that hereafter the Democrats can count upon a hundred voters from that section. One hundred and forty-eight are a majority, and it would be strange indeed if the Democracy is all the great States of the North could not elect forty-eight members.—Very soon, as the terms of the present Senators expire, the whole South will be represented by thirty-two Democratic United States Senators, which is within seven of a majority of that body. The present voters of the Nation are against the Republican party. It may now bid a long farewell to its Congressional predominance.

Too Many Lovers.

Young ladies sometimes get themselves into trouble by having two lovers, both of whom are paying assiduous attention at once. An instance of the truth of this occurred a few days ago. One of the lovers invited her to attend the theatre with him, which invitation she accepted with evident pleasure. The other lover, however, had invited her to go with him the same evening, and having also accepted this invitation she was in a quandary what to do. In the afternoon preceding the evening she was to see the play, lover No. 1 received a perfumed note from her, stating that she was unable to go with him on account of her illness. The explanation was satisfactory to him, but having purchased reserved-seat tickets he concluded he would go alone. What was his surprise shortly after his arrival there to behold the young lady enter leaning on the arm of lover No. 2 and both take their seat near him. He was thunderstruck, and of course had no relish during the evening for the beauties of the play. The next evening

He Meant Business.

They have some queer girls over in Colorado. One of them who resides in the Cache la Poudre Valley, had been receiving the attention of a young man for about a year, but, becoming impatient at his failure to bring matters to a crisis, she resolved to ascertain his intentions. When he next called she took him gently by ear, lead him to a seat, and said:
 "Nobby, you've bin foolin' 'round this claim far mighty near a year, an' he never yer shot off yer mouth on the marryin' biz. I've cottoned to yer on the square clean through, an' hev stood off every other galoot who has tried ter chip in; an' now I want yer to come down to business or leave the ranche. Ef yer on the marry an' ye want a pard the'll stick to ye till ye pass yer year over the range, jist squal and we'll hitch; but ef that ain't yer game, draw out an' give some other feller a show for his pile. Now sing yer song or skip out."
 He sang—
Laramie Sun.
How a Young Man's Money Goes.
 A young man in this town, whom we have known from early childhood, told us a few days ago that he had taken pains to keep quite a correct account of his unnecessary expenses from the 4th day of July, 1875. The first item that appeared on the list was cigars each day, which amounted to 2,920, and that the cost of the same was eight cents on an average, which amounted to \$238.60, and that the length of the same, if laid out in a straight line, would reach about 7,200 feet, and that the smoke in exhausting the weed would fill several storehouses; further, that the liquor drank would amount to 91 gallons in one year—enough to drown a street commissioner or a member of the common council. The amount of tobacco used would fill a common beef barrel, and sicken the entire township. The amount of unnecessary expenditures would have fed twenty-five families for a year.—Ez.

How are ye, Smith, said Jones.

Smith pretended not to know him, and answered hesitatingly: "Sir, you have the advantage of me. Yes, I suppose so. Everybody has that got common sense."
 Mrs. Amy Rigg advertises in a Tex- as paper that she is able to whip either one of the two women she saw walking on her husband's arm a few nights before. What an Amy-able woman she must be, eh?
 Detroit policemen don't seem to be very good marksmen. I want you, either to hit me or stop making snuff in a blamed racket, said a thief in that city at whom a policeman was shooting.

A Promise to Pay.

The Detroit Free Press says:— Entering a saloon on Larned street the other day a man laid an old, spavined fifty-cent shiplaster on the bar, and called for beer. The bartender surveyed the old relic, turned it over, and replied: "Dot isn't so good as some paper prawn." "Do you go back on the Government of the United States?" demanded the stranger. "Where is dot Government?" "Right there, sir. The Government of the United States of America issued that shiplaster and agreed to redeem it." "I never heard about dot," remarked the bartender, pushing the money away. "Well, I'll make you hear of it mighty quick if you don't hand me out the beer and give me your change." "You man somedings. You start a row?" "Yes, I mean something. I'll have the Supreme Court of the United States in this bar-room in less'n a half an hour, and before noon I'll have you poking your nose between iron bars." "What I does, eh?" "You refuse to take that money." "But it ish no good." "What did you issue it for?" "I didn't makes no money." "Wasn't that money made by the Government?" demanded the stranger. "Who is the Government? Why, the people of course, I am a part of the Government, you are another part, and so on. I aided to issue that money and so did you, and we promised to redeem it. Now, you rake in that promise to pay and give me my change, or I'll get up the biggest lawsuit you ever heard of." "Who shall take him of me?" inquired the bartender, as he picked up the money. "Any one you offer it to, or he'll be liable to a suit for false pretenses. Go right up to the post office with it, demand silver, and if they won't exchange you can get a lawyer to shut the shop up." The man took it and handed out the change and the beer and as the stranger passed out, he called to his wife and asked: "Say, Katrina, what you think now?" "Some more taxes, Henry." "No more daxes, but I am some of der Government, you are some of der Government, and der baby in der cradle is a leedle bit of der Government, and I shall get some new glue and vote for myself to go to der German guilden."

A Valuable Secret.

It is related of Franklin that from the window of his office in Philadelphia he noticed a mechanic among a number of others, at work on a house which was being erected close by, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, and who had a kind and cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy or sunless, the happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance.
 Meeting him one day, Franklin requested to know the secret of his constant, happy flow of spirits. "It is no secret, Doctor," the man replied. "I've got one of the best wives, and when I go to work she always gives me a kind word of encouragement and a blessing with her parting kiss, and when I go home she is sure to meet me with a smile and a kiss of welcome, and then tea is sure to be ready; and as we chat in the evening I find that she has been doing so many little things through the day to please me that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word or give an unkind look to anybody."
 And Franklin adds: "What an influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it and make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions. Speak gently, then; a happy smile and a kind word of greeting after the tolls of the day are over, cost nothing and go far toward making a home happy and peaceful.—Exchange.

Advice to Girls.

We beg all the girls in the land to read the following sensible thoughts from an exchange:
 "Men who are wroth having, want women for wives. A bundle of gawgaws, bound with a string of flaps and quavers, sprinkled with cologne and set in a carmine summer.—this is no help for a man who expects to raise a family of boys on bread and meat. The piano and lace frames are good in their places; and so are the frills and tassets; but you cannot make dinner of the former, nor a bed-blanket of the latter; and awful as such an idea may seem to you, both the dinner and the bed-blankets are necessary to domestic happiness. Life has its realities as well as fancies, but you make it decoration, remembering the tassels and the curtains, but forgetting the bedsteads. Suppose a man of good sense and good prospects to be looking for a wife—what chance would you have? You may catch him or you may trip him, but how much better to make it an object for him to catch you. Render yourself worth catching, and you will not need a shrewd mother or brother to help you find a market."
 An Essay on Girls.
 Girl is very nice! Everybody who has not the misfortune to be girl will allow this. Nice girl will allow it also as far as itself is concerned. Strange girl is objectionable in the eyes of girl generally.
 Powder improves girl sometimes, but it seldom finds this out until it is suggested to it by one of experience.
 Healthy girl cost its parents less money for doctor's bills, but persons who write romantic tales for circulating libraries choose un- healthy and pesty-rauch girl to write about—the swooning kind preferred.
 Lately I bought sixpennyworth of penny illustrated journals, and I found therein ten pictures illustrative of girl in swooning state. I hope it was real, or else there ought to have been a lot of smacking all round.
 If I were not boy I think I should like to be girl. It is best fun to be boy when there's plenty of girl about.
 She Meant Business.
 They have some queer girls over in Colorado. One of them who resides in the Cache la Poudre Valley, had been receiving the attention of a young man for about a year, but, becoming impatient at his failure to bring matters to a crisis, she resolved to ascertain his intentions. When he next called she took him gently by ear, lead him to a seat, and said:
 "Nobby, you've bin foolin' 'round this claim far mighty near a year, an' he never yer shot off yer mouth on the marryin' biz. I've cottoned to yer on the square clean through, an' hev stood off every other galoot who has tried ter chip in; an' now I want yer to come down to business or leave the ranche. Ef yer on the marry an' ye want a pard the'll stick to ye till ye pass yer year over the range, jist squal and we'll hitch; but ef that ain't yer game, draw out an' give some other feller a show for his pile. Now sing yer song or skip out."
 He sang—
Laramie Sun.
How a Young Man's Money Goes.
 A young man in this town, whom we have known from early childhood, told us a few days ago that he had taken pains to keep quite a correct account of his unnecessary expenses from the 4th day of July, 1875. The first item that appeared on the list was cigars each day, which amounted to 2,920, and that the cost of the same was eight cents on an average, which amounted to \$238.60, and that the length of the same, if laid out in a straight line, would reach about 7,200 feet, and that the smoke in exhausting the