The Tarboro'ugh Southerner.

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

VOL. 54. TARBORO', N. C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1876. NO. 7.

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Tarboro' Southerner.

Friday, : : : Feb. 18 1876

THE TAX COLLECTOR'S WIFE.

The night shadows were beginning to settle down upon the earth. All day the rain had been falling, sometimes in a heavy shower; the roses and pinks in the garden had a sickly look, for the petal hung low and were heavy with water and mud that had splashed upon them. The clouds were still dark and threatening, bespeaking a stormy night. The little town of Ashton, in Virginia, was unusually quiet. The streets were too muddy and the weather too inclement to entice people from their homes. Only now and then a solitary traveler was to be seen.

In a vine wreathed cottage on a flowered sprinkled lawn the supper had been waiting over an hour for the master of the house, whose business had necessitated his being absent from home all day. Mr. Jacobs was the tax collector of the district, and consequently did not wait the return of pleasant weather before pursuing his journey. Therefore, he had equipped himself in his India rubber overgarment in the morning, and had gone about his business, leaving his wife the promise of an early return in the evening; but supper time had come and gone without his making his appearance. Mrs. Jacobs, however, was not anxious as yet. Such delays were to frequent too cause this one to give her any uneasiness of mind.

She flitted about the house, busy with evening duties, singing a gay song as she went with a world of courage written in her dark, sparkling eyes.

Anon she disrobed her little ones and put them to bed; and when the night shadows turned into an inky blackness she seated herself by the lamp and began to work still leaving the supper table spread, and the food on the stove keeping warm for the return of her husband. But the little clock on the mantleshelf had told the hour of ten before his step was heard at the door. He came in hurriedly and strode to a seat without removing his dripping outer garments.

'*I* must go to Richmond to night,' he said, in answer to his wife's questioning look.

'To Richmond!' repeated his wife, in dismay. 'Twenty miles in the storm!'

'Can't be helped,' he returned, 'Business is business; you know.'

He removed his hand from his pocket and took off his hat and brushed back his hair, revealing the handsome face of a light-complexioned middle-aged man. He had large gray eyes, but they wore an anxious expression, and their glance wandered restlessly about the apartment.

'Jane,' he said, suddenly, again diving his hand into his troublesome pocket, 'do you suppose that you could take charge of a large sum of money until to-morrow?'

'Why, yes,' she answered in surprise.

'I have collected $5,000,' he continued; 'it is too late to get the sum into the bank, and *I* do not are to carry so much with me.'

'Well, you can leave it here as well as not. No one would think of my having such a sum of money.'

He drew a large wallet from his pocket and placed it in her hands.

'It belongs to the government, and if you let it pass from your hands I am ruined,' he added.

And he arrose as if to depart.

'You are going to eat some supper? she inquired.

'No, *I* have no time to lose. I must reach Richmond by midnight. Good-bye. Take good care of the money, and mind you fasten all the doors.'

He gave her a hurried kiss, and was gone.

But the sound of his footsteps had scarcely died away before Mrs. Jacobs began to feel a strange fear creeping over her. Why it was she knew not. She had lived there seven years and slept there many a night without doors being even shut. Now, they were locked and bolted, she could not think of going to bed. She was too nervous for that.

She was likewise too nervous to work. She put the money in the pocket of her dress, and clasping it tightly in her hands she sat very still, gazing anxiously into nothingness, and listening so intently that silence became a fearful mingling of discordant sounds in her ears.

An hour passed. It had been an age to her Presently she heard a sound. It was not the rain, for there was a perfect lull in the storm. *It* could not be a neighbor, for she lived on the outskirts of the village, some distance from any one, and she was not likely to be called up in case of sickness.

Again she heard it. It seemed as if a window sash had been slowly raised. Strange that she should have forgotten to fasten them down!

'Why didn't John leave me his revolver,' she mused. 'I have nothing with which to protect myself in case I should be molested to-night. It was really an oversight in him.'

Again she heard the sound. It seemed to come from the bed-room It was surely the raising of a sash movement as though some one was entering that way.

Fear nearly paralized her for awhile but she quickly rallied, and taking up the lamp, proceeded to investigate the matter. She had scarcely opened the door when she started back with a half-suppressed scream. Two men in hideous disguises were already in the room, and a third ruffian was in the act of crawling through the window. Involuntarily she clutched the pocket which contained the money, thinking meanwhile how she would protect herself and it, Alas! she had nothing out her own weak hand to fight the battle, and she well knew how powerless they were compared with the strength of the enemy.

'What do you want here?' she asked, in a faltering voice.

'We want the $5,000 which you have in keeping for your husband,' said one of them.

They knew that she had it in her possession.

"You can get no money, from me,' she said decisively; 'I have no money.'

'A pretty fib.' he responded. 'We will just look into your pocket and see.'

In her eagerness to preserve her treasure she clutched the pocket of her dress with both hands, thus unconsciously betraying its whereabouts.

She turned pale when the knowledge of her thoughtlessness was revealed to her.

'You can't have it, you shan't have it,' she cried, knowing all the while that they would have it in spite of her.

'We will see.' exclaimed the man, seizing her in his arms.

She struggled desperately, but was soon overpowered and the money taken from her.

'Let us go now,' said one of the robbers. 'You take the money, and I will settle her tongue in a way that it will remain quiet for one hour, at least.'

'Don't be in a hurry,' said another; 'I am hungry, and we just as well take a morsel here as not.'

The other demurred but he continued: Set to work and get some supper. You have got a good fire and some boiling water, and we want some tea. Go to work I say!

Mrs. Jacobs knew that a refusal would only subject her to more indignity and she arose to do their bidding.

She put some more plates on the table, along with such food as she had cooked, and then proceeded to make the tea, wondering all the while if there was any way to regain possession of the money, and dreading her husband' anger and dismay on his return should she fail to do so.

As she took the tea canister from the pantry shelf she saw a bottle labelled 'arsenic.' Her husband had purchased it on the preceeding day, in order to destroy the rats.

Here was the chance of relief and she siezed it eagerly. Opening the bottle she put a few grains into the tea-pot along with the tea, of which she gave good measure, in order to destroy the taste of the arsenic.

A few minutes later the robbers were sitting at the table unconsciously sipping their death.

'They may, kill me,' mused the faithful wife, 'but the money will be found and my husband's honor saved.

After a few minutes, one by one, the robbers complained of being sick.

'I verily believe the woman has poisoned us,' said one and the next moment he fell with a deep groan on the floor.

'I know that she has poisoned us,' cried another, 'and her own life shall pay the forfeit.'

He sprang from his seat and started towards her, revolver in hand; but he fell ere he had reached he.

'Jane.' exclaimed the third, 'you have saved the money, but you have murdered me.!'

How strangely familiar sounded the voice! Forgetting all her old fears in the new, Mrs. Jacobs sprang forward and knelt by the side of the dying man. None tried to harm her now for all were powerless to do so.

She pulled the disguise (a hideous negro face, with large grinning mouth) from the face of the speaker. One lock—then came a scream which echoed through the house like a peal of thunder. The dying man was her own husband.

But little more remains to be told of the sad story. The money was preserved, but the heroic woman is a maniac raving in an asylum over the murder of her husband.

Subscribe to—Sontherner.

A Pair of Snorers.

After the fine old man Bullard found lodgings on South C. Street He is a huge, fat, good-natured, and very enterprising man. The proprietor of the lodging house was much pleased with Bullard, and laughed at his jokes the first evening of his arrival at his place till tears ran down his cheeks. The men who were to be Bullard's roommates also thought well of him—that evening. The next morning, however, they went to the landlord and told him that he must find other place for Mr. Bullard' as he was such a terrific snorer they couldn't stand him.

The landlord's rooms were all occupied, and he had no place for Bullard but just where he was. The complaining lodgers left, and in two or three days two other men were put into the vacant bed. Bullard made short work of them; one night let them out. The landlord sought an interview with Bullard. and remonstrated. Bullard stoutly asserted, that he did not snore—had never been known to snore. The landlord found men to take the beds, but again Bullard cleaned them out in a single night.

Growing desperate, the landlord again went to Bullard. He told him he must either leave the house or pay rent for all the beds in the the room—$45 per month. Bullard said a bargain was a bargain; he had paid $15 for his bed, and he intended keeping it till his month was up, and he didn't propose to pay for beds he had no use for; he didn't snore, and the man who asserted to the contrary was a liar and a horse thief. The landlord felt very much depressed after this last interview with Bullard, as he was determined not to be removed from his quarters. A morning or two after, as Bullard's landlord was going down town, he saw him standing in the door of a brother lodging-house man.

'Thank heaven, he's gone!' said the man, as Bullard slandlord came up. 'Thank heaven, I'm rid of him at last?'

'Rid of whom?'

'Why, of the big fat man you see yonder waddling down the street.'

'What of him?'

'Enough of him! He drove nearly every man out of my house before he left. They wouldn't stop in the same block with that snorting Falstaffian porpoise, sir.'

'He's a good one, is he?'

'A good one? He's a perfect terror! He's more different kinds of a snorer than any man I ever heard, and every time he changes his key it is for the worse. While I had him here crowds were gathering in front of the house nightly, wondering what was the matter within, and the police came in one night, thinking some one was being murdered. My dog ran away, and all the cats left the house sir!'

'And the man you pointed out to me is this snorer?'

'Yes, sir, it is.'

'Good day sir!' and Bullard's landlord hastened down the street

The next morning, with the first peep of day, Bullard rushed into the presence of his landlord.

'What are you trying to play on me?' cried he; '*I* never slept a wink all night. Of all the infernal noises I ever heard, that man in my room got off the worst. Is he going to stay there?'

'Stay? of course he is. Hain't he got the bed for a month?'

'Then I leave!' and Bullard was as good as his word.

An hour afterward, the man who who had ousted Bullard arose and waddled serenely into the presence of the landlord.

'You've cleaned him out,' said the landlord. 'You raised him; he's gone for good!' and the landlord gleefully rubbed his hands. 'Now,' continued the landlord, 'I'll give you a good square breakfast, and then you can go.'

'Go?' said the fat man; 'not much I don't. Didn't you say last evening, in the presence of Bullard and a half a dozen others, that I was to stay here a month?'

'But that, you know, was only to———'

'I know nothing of the kind, and I shall stay here! I am human; I must have some place in which to repose.'

The landlord is now trying to get some man to set up some kind of a machine in his house that will oust this snorer, who now has the whole place to himself, except a small room in the corner of the third story, where he and his wife spends their nights in a miserable way.—*Virginia Enterprise.*

The Point of the Joke.

Mr. Sniffin was at a dinner party given a few days ago at Judge Pittman's. While the company were at the table Snuffin said, in a loud voice:

'By the way, did you read that mighty good thing of Adeler's the other day, about the woman over in Pencader? It was one of the most amusing thing that ever came under my observation. The woman's name, you see, was Emma. Well, sir, there were two young fellows paying attention to her, and after she'd accepted one of them, the other also proposed to her, and as she felt certain that the first one wasn't in earnest she accepted the second one, too. So a few days later both of 'em called at the same time, both claimed her hand, and both insisted on marrying her at once. Then, of course, she found herself face to face with a mighty unpleasant—unpleasant—er—er—er—less see what's the word I want? Unpleasant-er-er. Blamed if I haven't forgotten that word.'

'Predicament,' suggested Judge Pitman

'No, that's not it. What's the name of that thing with two horns? Unpleasant-er-er-hang it, it's gone clear out of my mind.'

'A cow,' hinted Miss Gridley.

'No, not a cow.'

'Maybe it's a buffalo,' remaked Dr. Potts.

'No, no kind of an animal. Something else with two horns. Mighty queer I can't recall it.'

'Perhaps it's a brass band,' observed Butterwick.

'Or a man who's had a couple of drinks,' suggested Peter Lamb.

'Of course not.'

'You don't mean a fire company?' asked Mr. Pitman.

'N—no. That's the confounded queerest thing I ever heard of, that I can't remember that word,' said Mr. Sniffin, getting warm, and beginning to feel miserable.

'Well, give us the rest of the story without it,' said the judge.

'That's the mischief of it,' said Mr. Sniffin. 'The whole joke turns on that infernal word.'

'Two horns did you say? asked Dr. Potts. 'Maybe it is a catfish.

'Or a snail,' remarked the judge.

'N-no—none of those.'

'Is it an elephant or a walrus?' asked Mrs. Potts.

'I guess I'll have to give it up,' said Mr. Sniffin, wiping the perspiration from his brow.

'Well, that's the sickest old story I ever run across,' remarked Butterwick to the Judge. Then everybody smiled, and Mr. Sniffin excused himself upon the ground that he had to meet a man, and he withdrew.

The mystery is yet unsolved. I never concocted any such story as that and I have a faint impression that Sniffin was trying to build one up by bringing that woman's name, Emma, somehow into a pun with the word 'dillemma.' and I am sure he failed. When a man begins to palm off his infamous jokes on me, the time has come when he can die without being missed.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A Slippery Place to Pop the Question.

She came tripping from the church door, her face flushed by emotions awakened by the just uttered discourse, and eyes bright with loving expectation. *He* shivered on the curbstone, where for an hour he had waited impatiently with a burning heart fairly palpitating in his throat, and frozen fingers in his pockets. They linked arms and started for the residence of her parents. After a few moments hesitating silence he said: 'Jane, we have known each other long. You must know just how *I* feel. You must have seen that clear down at the bottom—Oh, Moses!'

He had slipped down on the ice with so much force that his spine was driven up into his hat was tipped over his nose, but she was a tender-hearted girl. She did not laugh, but she carefully helped him to his feet, and said:

'You were saying, John, when you slipped that the foundation—Oh, goodness!'

She slipped herself that time, and saw little stars come down to dance before her eyes, but he pulled her up in haste and went on:

'Yes, just as I said, clean down at the bottom of my heart is a fervent love, on which I build my hopes. That love has helped me stand face and—Thunder!'

He was down again, but scrambled up before she could stoop to help him, and she said breathlessly:

'Yes, yes, John. You remember, you just said a love which helped you stand and face thunder. And that you founded your hopes on—This pesky ice!'

There she sat. John grasped the loose part of her sacque, between the shoulders, with one hand, and raised her to her feet, as one would lift a kitten from a pail of water by the back of the neck. Then he said with increased earnestness:

'Of course, darling, and I have longed for an opportunity to tell my love and to hear those sweet lips whisper—Whoop!

Somehow John's feet had slipped from under him, and he had come down like a capital V with his head and feet pointing skyward. She twined her taper fingers in his curling locks and raised him to a statue of a man, set his hat firmly over his eyes with both hands, and cried in breathless haste:

'*I* understand, and let me assure you, John, that if it is in my power to lighten your cares and make brighter your journey through life to—Jerusalem!'

John stood alone, and said with breathless vehemence:

'Oh, my precious! and thus shall it be my lifelong pleasure to lift you from the rude assalts of earth and surround you with the loving atmosphere of—Texas!

And there they both sat together. They had nearly reached the gate, and, hand, to hand, and with hearts over-flowing with the bliss of young lover's first confession, they crept along on their knees up the front steps, and were soon forgetful of their bumps on the softest cushion of the parlor sofa.

The Way They Do in Congress.

Saturday, when 'Big English' saw that it was going to be a lonesome day for the boot-blacks, he set his head to work to devise something to break the monotomy. About ten o'clock he got a number of boys into the alley beind the postoffice and organized the 'Forty-Fifth Congress.' 'Big English' is a regular reader of the daily papers and he is a great organizer. It took him fifteen minutes to get the 'House' and 'Senate' running so smoothly that lawyers and others looked down from their windows with great interest.

'Who's a liar?' yelled a white-headed boy as he jumped up.

'Oh, dry up!' shouted 'Sixth Ward Tom.'

'Put him out—he was in the rebel army!' called a boy from Grand River avenue.

'Some one clubbed my dog fifteen years ago, and I can never forgive him.' howled Strawberry Bob.

'Git out the records and less see who was loyal, put in King's boy.'

Big English rapped on his box to restore order, but King Tommy threw up his hat and yelled:

'I moves for the aizes and the nozes.'

'He can't gag me,' shouted a lathy boy from Windsor.

'Less have a salary grab,' piped Congress street boy.

'The peepul won't stand it, whooped another.

'Hain't we the peepul?' demanded a boy on the railing.

'Are we one country?' asked the Speaker as he rose up.

'I are, but you haint!' yelped 'Nickety Nick.'

'Doesn't one flag float for us all?' continued the Speaker.

'It does about tax-time!' screamed a cross-eyed youth from Springwells.

Somebody kicked the honorable speaker. *He* then struck the honorable gentleman from Wisconsin. The honorable gentleman from Wisconsin smashed at the honorable gentleman from Georgia, and hair stood up and coat-tails stood out. When the row had quieted down the honorable speaker remarked:

'It was pretty good for the first time, though you didn't abuse each other enough.'

A young man in Tiffin City, who is particular about his washing, the other day wrote a note to his washer-woman and one to his girl, and, by a strange fatality, put the wrong address on each envelope and sent them off. The washerwoman was well pleased at an invitation to take a ride the next day, but when the young lady read. 'If you muss my shirt-bosoms, and rub the buttons off the collars any more, as you did the last time, *I* will go somewhere else,' and she cried all evening, and declares that she will not speak to him again.

'Yes,' he said, dreamily, 'we are always striving for a subjective goal. Unconsciously, it may be, but still we strive. We lean over the verge of the infinite, longing to grasp its mysteries and lost in the profundities of its immensity.' 'Yes,' she replied, thoughtfully, 'but John, would you mind my putting a brown patch on the seat of those old black pants of yours?'—*Norwich Bulletin.*

A Frenchman learning the English language complained of the irregularity of the verb 'to go,' the present tense of which some wag had written out for him as follows: 'I go; thou startest; he departs; we make tracks; you cut sticks; they absquatulate or skedaddle.'

'Husband,' said the wife of a young clergyman, 'read me one of your sermons; I feel dreadfully wakeful to-night and wish to sleep.'

Trying to do business without advertising is like winking at a pretty girl in the dark—you may know what you are doing, but nobody else does.

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An ignorant old lady was asked by a minister visiting her if she had religion. She replied: 'I have slight touches of it *occasionally*.' There are a great many people like that old lady.