The Tarborough Southerner.

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

VOL. 54. TARBORO', N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1876. NO. 11.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

TARBORO'.

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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.

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LODGES.

The Nights and the Places of Meeting.

Concord R. 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 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.

Repiton Encampment No. 13, I. O. O. F., I. B. Palamountain, Chief Patriarch, Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every first and third Thursday of each month.

Edgecombe Lodge No. 50, I. O. O. F., T. W. Teler, 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. G. T., meets every Wednesday night at there Hall.

Zanoah Lodge, No. 235, I. O. B. B., meet on first and third Monday night of every month at Odd Fellows' Hall, A. Whitlock, President.

CHURCHES.

Episcopal Church—Services every Sunday at 10 1-2 o'clock A. M. and 5 P. M. Dr. J. B. Cheshire, 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.

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Southern Express Office, on Main Street, closes every morning at 9½ o'clock.
N. M. LAWRENCE, Agent.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
TARBORO', N. C.
Will practice in the Courts of the 2nd Judicial District. Collections made in any part of the State.
☞ Office in Iron Front Building, Pit Street, rear of A. Whitlock & Co's.
Jan. 7, 1876. tf

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☞ Practice in all the Courts, State and Federal. nov.5-1y.

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☞ Attends to the transaction of business in all the Courts, State and Federal.
Nov. 5, 1875. 1y

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Nov. 5, 1875. 1y

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PRACTICES in the counties of Edgecombe, Halifax, Nash and Wilson, and in the Supreme Court North Carolina, also in the United States District Court at Raleigh.

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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. tf

DR. E. D. BARNES,
Surgeon Dentist,
Main Street,
TARBORO', N. C.
☞ All work warranted to give entire satisfaction. feb.18-tf

TARBORO'
Lager Beer & Wine SALOON.
KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND ALL the Fine WINES and LIQUORS, TOBACCO and CIGARS, opposite Adams' Hotel.
ERHARD DEMUTH,
Oct. 8, 1875.-tf. Proprietor.

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PICTORIAL BIBLE.
1,800 illustration. Address for new circulars, A. J. HOLMAN & CO., 930 Arch Street, Phila.

$77 A WEEK guaranteed to Agents, Male and Female in their own locality. Terms OUTFIT FREE. Address P. O. VICKERY & CO., Agusta, Me.

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$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

WANTED Agents for the best selling Stationery Packages in the world. It contains 15 sheets paper, 15 Envelopes, golden Pen, Pen-holder, Pencil, Patent Yard Measure, and a piece of Jewelry. Single package with pair of elegant Gold Stone Sleeve Buttons, post paid, 25 cts., 5 for $1.00. This package has been examined by the publisher of ..... and found as represented—worth the money. Watches given away to all Agents. Circulars free.
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"PSYCHOMANCY, OR SOUL CAARMING." 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., Pub's Philadelphia.

Ten years ago Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co., established their advertising agency in New York City. Five years ago they absorbed the business conducted by Mr. John Hooper, who was the first to go into this kind of enterprise. Now they have the satisfaction of controlling the most extensive and complete advertising connection which has ever been secured, and one which would be hardly possible in any other country but this. They have succeeded in working down a complex business into so thoroughly a systematic method that no change in the newspaper system of America can escape notice, while the widest information upon all topics interesting to advertisers is placed readily at the disposal of the public.

NEW YORK TIMES, June 14, 1875

NEW FIRM!

NEW GOODS!

T. E. LEWIS & CO.

Invite their friends and the public to an examination of their largely increased stock of

SCHOOL BOOKS,
MESCELLANEOUS WORKS,
STATIONERY,
FANCY GOODS,
PICTURES,
PICTURE FRAMES.

Tobacco & Cigars
OF ALL GRADES.

Having purchased FOR CASH, we are enabled to offer such inducements as will insure ready sale.

Call and See.

T. E. LEWIS & CO.
Tarboro, Feb. 4, 1876. 6m.

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 Candies, 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 shortest notice.
Orders for Parties & Balls
promptly filled. Call and examine our stock, next door to Bank of New Hanover.
Nov. 4-1y. JACOB WEBER.

GEO. L. PENDER,
WITH
Bruff, Faulkner & Co.,
Wholesale Dealers in
Foreign and Domestic Dry Good, Notions & White GOODS.
275 W. BALTIMORE STREET,
J. E. Ruff, A. B. Faulkner, Wm. R. Hallett, **Baltimore.**
nov19-1y.

LOUIS HILLIARD, Greenville, N. C. MARCELLUS MOORE Formerly of N. C.
HILLIARD & MOORE,
COTTON FACTORS
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General
Commission Merchants
McPHAIL'S WHARF,
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Keep contantly on hand a large and varied stock of Bagging and Ties.
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15 to $20 Per Day at home. Terms free Address G. STINSON & Co., Portland Maine.

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ACORN COOK.

With or without Portable Hot Water Reservoir and Closet.

Don't buy an old-fashioned Stove, but get one

With all latest improvements.

Largest Oven and Flues. Longest Fire Box for long wood. Ventilated Oven, Fire Back and Fire Box Bottom—insures a Quick, Sweet and Even Bake and Roast. Swing Hearth and Ash Catch. Won't soil floor or carpet. Durable Double and Braced Centers and Ring Covers. Burns but little wood. Has Mica or Solid Iron Front. Carefully Fitted Smooth Castings. No Old Scrap Iron. Nickel Plated Trimmings. Tin Lined Oven Doors. Ground and Silver-like Polished Edges and Mouldings.
Heavy. Best New Iron. Won't crack.
WARRANTED SATISFACTORY.
Manufactured by
RATHBONE, SARD & CO., Albany, N. Y.
Sold by an Enterprising Dealer in every Town
W. G. LEWIS, Agent,
Nov. 12, 1875.-6m. 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.

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GILMORE & CO., Successors to CHIPMAN, HOSMER & CO., Solicitors. Patents procured in all countries. NO FEES IN ADVANCE. No charge unless the patent is granted. No fees for making preliminary examinations. No additional fees for obtaining and conducting a rehearing. By a recent decision of the Commissioner ALL rejected applications may be revived. Special attention given to Interference Cases before the Patent Office Extensions before Congress, Infringement Suits in different States, and all litigation appertaining to Inventions or Patents. Send stamp to Gilmore & Co., for pamphlet of sixty pages.

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Contested Land Cases prosecuted before the U. S. General Land Office and Department of the Interior. Private Land Claims, MINING and PRE-EMPTION Claims, and HOMESTEAD Cases attended to. Land Scrip in 40, 80 and 160 acre pieces for sale. This Scrip is assignable, and can be located in the name of the purchaser upon any Government land subject to private entry, at $1.25 per acre. It is of equal value with Bounty Land Warrants. Send stamp to Gilmore & Co., for pamphlet of instruction.

ARREARS of PAY and BOUNTY.

Officers, Soldiers, and Sailors of the late war, or their heirs, are in many cases entitled to money from the Government of which they have no knowledge. Write full history of service, and state amount of pay and bounty received. Enclose stamp to Gilmore & Co., and a full reply, after examination, will be given you free.

PENSIONS.

All Officers, Soldiers, and Sailors wounded, ruptured, or injured in the late war, however slightly, can obtain a pension by addressing Gilmore & Co.

Cases prosecuted by GILMORE & CO., before the Supreme Court of the United States, the Court of Claims, and the Southern Claims Commission.

Each department of our business is conducted in a seperate bureau, under charge of the same experienced parties employed by the old firm. Prompt attention to all business entrusted to Gilmore & Co., is thus secured. We desire to win success by deserving it.
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DEALERS IN
GROCERIES
AND
STAPLE DRY GOODS,
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Tarboro, N. C.
Sept. 30-ft

Want to Sell.

I WILL SELL MY TWO STORY DWELLing on Church Street, corner of Thomas street—five rooms and closets. The house is newly painted and in excellent repair. One acre of ground is attached under new paling. There are also the necessary out houses. It is a bargain for somebody.
I will also sell a good Piano and other Furniture. Also several vacant lots on Church Street. All in Rocky Mount, N. C.
DOSSEY BATTLE.
Oct. 29, 1875. tf

Tarboro' Southerner.

Friday : : : March 17, 1876

It Might Have Been.

A STORY OF LIFE.

Ah! how time does take the romance out of our lives and leave us high and dry on the lee shore of conceit.

It does not seem so many years ago that Mary Jane and we attended the same country schoolhouse, divided the same apple, chewed the same piece of gum, and slid down hill on the same sled. It does not seem many years since we stood together and pledged each other by all the faithful promises that we knew, that around the same love our young hearts would ever twine.

Fate called us away from our early home and separated us from Mary Jane. Distant lands sent forth a call for us and we went.

And the parting—the tears shed—the last embrace—the promises renewed under the flaming branches of the old oak tree. Ah! how fresh they are in our memory even to this day.

Mary Jane could not be expected, much as she loved us, to spend her time moping and mourning.—She must go to singing school, to paring bees, and to candy pulls.—We arranged all that. Perhaps we were selfish in selecting Tom Jones to do escort duty for us, for Tom was bashful, freckled, a little lame, slightly cross-eyed, and anything but a "girl's boy." He was a good fellow, Tom was, and if we had been half-witted we must have seen the intelligent twinkle in his eye as he promised to do his duty well.

These letters we received. What a tale of love they told! How miserable Mary Jane was, and how different the enjoyment was with Tom Jones instead of the absent one by her side! How we wept over those lines!

Gradually those letters of Mary Jane's did not make us weep. There seemed rather more of Tom Jones in them than we liked and we wrote a cruel, wicked letter, telling Mary Jane that if she thought so much of Tom Jones to take him. It was the last thing in the world we meant, but jealousy is a blind braggart, you know, and we were jealous

It was too true, alas! and the next thing we heard was that Mary Jane and Tom Jones were engaged. We smashed up her daguerreotype and burnt the hair chain she made us with her own hands, tore up her letters, and drew a picture of an Indian on the broad prairie, with his victim tied to a tree and the fagots heaped all about him, ready to be set on fire. The victim very much resembled Tom Jones—the Indian was—ourself.

* * * * *

The other day as we stood by the post-office a family wagon drove up, and for the first time in many years we saw Mary Jane. How very stout, she had grown, and how very red that auburn hair that was so soft as it twined about our fingers! There was a young Tom and a younger Ezekiel, and a still younger Hezekiah, and a pug nosed, freckled faced girl, and a pair of twins. There was old Tom Jones, too, more awkward, lamer, more cross-eyed and homlier than ever.

And when Mary Jane scolded old Tom for not helping her out of the wagon, the notes that once so much reminded us of the nightingale now sounded like a raft scraping against the abutment of a bridge in a spring freshet.

Then we thought of what the poet wrote:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—it might have been."

We do not hate Tom Jones as badly as we once did.—[*Chicago Ledger.*

[From the Courier Journal.]

Discovery of Another Mammoth Cave near Columbia, Kentucky.

Three Human Skeletons of Extraordinary Proportions Found in a Subterraneous Vault.

About the middle of the past week two young men named White, while idly wandering in a large tract of wild, dense forrest, in the southeastern part of our country, discovered what they supposed to be a sink-hole or fox-den, and with that idea proceeded to explore it. After a little trouble in making their way through the entrance, the cave (for such it proved to be) became large enough to admit of their walking upright. They had proceeded thus in this passage probably one hundred and fifty yards, when they emerged into a large picturesque gallery, the beauty and grandure of which will rival that of the old Mamoth itself. The room, according to their calculations is about 150 by 100 feet, and abounds in all the varieties of the stataeities and stalagmites. But 'tis not the things that we naturally expect to find in caves but the curious remains that were that I wish to mention particularly, discovered therein. In the northeast corner of the first gallery (for there are five, of which I will hereafter speak,) about five feet from the ground, they noticed some strange characters, or hieroglyphics, neatly carved in the wall, which, upon close examination, proved to be the head rock of a vault. A few minutes' prizing served to loosen this and disclose to view the interior of an enclosure in the solid rock of above five by ten feet, which contained the remains of three human skeletons, which measure eight feet seven and ahalf inches eight feet five inches, and eight feet four and three quarter inches in length, respectively. The heads were laying towards the east, each body paraled to the other. Beside them lay three huge—what looked to be—swords, but were so decayed that upon being touched immediately crumbled to dust. After exuming the remains closely, but finding nothing that would serve to throw any light on the question as to who and from whence they are, they closed the vault, but in doing so knocked their torch out which they had contrived before entering, leaving them in anything but a pleasant predicament After searching some time for their lost treasure they concluded to try to escape by feeling their way out, but in this they made the matter worse. They stated that after leaving the first large room they struck a good sized branch, and continued following it until forced to turn into another passage—the stream disappearing suddenly in a huge perpendicular gulch—which led them into another spacious hall the size of which they believed to be quite as great as the first. Out of this second opening they conceived to be three others similar at least in size their way seemed to gradually ascended until their hearts were made glad by the discovery of light ahead, and finally emerged from their ugly confinement through a hole about midway the cliff of Russel's creek, having been confined in their subterranean discovery over thirty-eight hours. The whole country thereabout is rife with speculations concerning the interesting discovery, and numbers of citizens will visit it as soon as the Messrs. White finish their work of rendering the entrance less difficult to pass.

The above is a correct account, and may be relied on, as the young men are of unimpeachible veracity. With a party from town, your correspondent will start in the morning to further explore, and should new curiosities present themselves will give you the then account of an eye-witness. ALEX.

Family Newspaper.

The value of family newspapers is by no means appreciated, but the rapidity with which people are waking up to their necessity and usefulness is one of the significant signs of the times. Few families are now content with one newspaper. The thirst for knowledge is not so easily satisfied, and books, though useful, yea, absolutely necessary in their place, fail to meet the demand of youth or age. Our family newspaper is eagerly sought and its contents devoured; then comes the demand for national and foreign news. Next to the political come the literary and the scientific journals. All these are demanded to satisfy the cravings of the active mind. Family newspapers are valuable to material prosperity. They spread before the reader a map on which may be traced character, design and progress. If a stranger calls at a hotel, he first inquires for the newspaper; if a friend comes from a distance, the next thing after the family greeting he inquires for your newspaper, and you feel discomfited if you are unable to find a late copy and confounded if you are compelled to say you do not take it. Family newspapers are just as necessary to fit a family for its true position in life as food and raiment.—Show us a ragged, bare-footed boy, rather than an ignorant one. His head will cover feet in after life, if he is well supplied with newspapers. He will make his mark in the world if you gratify that desire for knowledge. Other things equal, it is a rule that never fails. A family newspaper is a family need.

Fight it Out.

A story is told of a daughter of a prominent person now in the lecture field, which is peculiarly interesting and suggestive of unconscious wisdom. A gentleman was invited to the lecturer's house to tea. Immediately on being seated at the table, the little girl astonished the family circle and the guest by the abrupt question:

'Where is your wife?'

Now the gentleman, having been recently seperated from the partner of his life, was taken so completely by surprise that he stammered forth the truth:

'I don't know.'

'Don't know!' replied the infant terrible. 'Why don't you know?'

Finding that the child persisted in her interrogatories, despite the mild reproof of her parents, he concluded to make a clean breast of the matter, and have it over at once. So he said with a calmness which was the result of inward expletives:

'Well, we don't live together; we think as we can't agree, we'd better not.'

He satisfied a groan as the child began again, and darted an exasperated look at her parents. But the little torment would not be quieted until she exclaimed:

'Can't agree! Then why don't you fight it out, as pa and ma do?'

'Vengance is mine,' laughingly retorted the visitor, after 'pa' and 'ma exchanged looks of holy horror, followed by the inevitable roar.

Is Dixie a Northern Inspiration?

John Moore, in *The Folio* claims, that Dixie, our Southern Marseillaise, is of Northern origin, and was first sung a half century ago by some negroes who were sent South and sold from their home on Dixie's plantation upon Manhattan Island, New York. Looking back longingly to the old plantation, they chanted its glories and their regret in a string of crude verses, of which the following is a specimen:

"When we live away up Norf, up in massa Dixie land;
We wo' de happy field hands in massa Dixie's land;
O Lord! send us back to de good Dixie land,
Way up Norf into massa Dixie land, up norf."

Dixie, much in the form in which it is now sung, was composed and arranged by Dan Emmett, the leading spirit of Christy's minstrels who heard the negroes on the landing at Mobile singing the quaint chorus of "Dixie Land" as they loaded a steamboat, and conceived the idea that it would make a good "walk around" song for his company to use in their Southern tour as a wind-up of their performance.

The popularity of Dixie is due, however, to poor, gifted, ill-fated Carlo Patti, who was a leader of the orchestra in New Orleans when the war broke out. Mrs John Wood was there, playing Brougham's burlesque of "Pocahontas," in which there occurs a march and drill of twenty-two ladies dressed as zouave soldiers. In rehearsing the piece, no march that the orchestra tried could please the manager until Carlo Patti struck up the air of Dixie when all pronounced it the very thing. It was *encored* at the theatre; it got into the streets and parlors; the military bands took it up and glorious fighting was done to tune of Dixie, which thus became the Southern Marseillaise.

Shrinkage of Rents in New York.

To still the grumblings and complainings of people in the South and enable them to take a brighter view of things, we cite a statement to show that depression is not confined to the South alone but falls far heavier upon the North than upon us. The New York Commercial Advertiser cites several instances showing the great shrinkage of the rents in that city. A store on E. Grand street, near Broadway, which has heretofore rented for $8,000 per year, has been rented for $5,000 for the first year, beginning May 1st, and $6,000 per annum for each of the two years following; another store in the same neighborhood, which was formerly leased at $15,000 per annum has been taken for the coming year at $9,000, and $12,00 is the best offer that can be gotten for another store which in more prosperous times rented for $25,000. In rents for ordinary property there are indications of a decline compared with last year, but in no case so marked as in the cases above named.—[*Charlotte Observer.*

The Ventriloquist and the Pig.

Among the many amusing stories of ventriloquis is the following:

At Macon fair France, a ventriloquist named Comte, saw a countrywoman driving a pig before her, which could hardly move, so laden was it with fat.

'What's the price of your pig, my good woman?'

'A hundred francs, my good-looking gentleman, at your service, if you wish to buy.'

'Of course *I* wish to buy; but it's a great deal too much. I can offer ten crowns.'

'I want one hundred francs, no more and no less; take it or leave it.'

'Stay,' said Comte, approaching the animal; 'I am sure your pig is more reasonable than you. Tell me on your conscience my fine fellow, are you worth one hundred sous?'

'I am measled, and my mistress is trying to take you in.'

The crowd that had assembled around the woman and pig fell back in terror, fancying them both bewitched, while Comte returned to his hotel, where the story was told, with sundry additions, and he learned that some courageous persons had gone up to the woman, begged her to be exercised, and thus drive the wicked spirit out of the pig.

A Remarkable Discovery in Florida.

We learn that the Indian mound on Murphy's Island was opened, or rather entered, by a party a few days ago. This mound is one of the largest on the river, and has excited more than ordinary interest among our scientific visitors. But Colonel Hart, proprietor of the island upon which the mounds stands heretofore persisted in his refusal to have this relic of past ages disturbed. On Wednesday, however, it was resolved to inspect thoroughly this monument of prehistoric age. A party from the Putnam, with others, took steamer for the island, where they arrived in good time.—It was agreed to open the mound at its base. After making a breach of thirty-five feet, they discovered a hard wall made of coquina or shell rock. This wall was cemented, and was ornamented with various figures of warriors with bows and arrows, and various reptiles. After much difficulty a breach was made in the wall, aided by the light of a torch, several of the party entered; much surprised, they found themselves within a vault eight feet high with room twelve by fifteen feet long, with armed warriors encased in niches, all in a state of petrification. This is certainly a most wonderful discovery, and has produced a most profound sensation. In view of this important discovery, Colonel Hart has stationed a guard to prevent parties making away with these wonderful objects. Murphy's Island will no doubt, become the Mecca of St. John's river.

Printing Office Secrets.

A properly conducted printing office is as much a secret society as a Masonic Lodge. The printers are not under any oath of secrecy, but always feel themselves as truly in honor bound to keep office secrets as though they had been put through triple oaths. Any employe in a printing office who willingly disregards the rule relating to printing office secrets, would not only be scorned by his brethren of the craft, but would lose his position in the office at once.

We make this statement because it sometimes happens that a communication appears in a newspaper under an assumed signature which excites comment, and various parties try to find out who is the author. Let all be saved the trouble of questioning the employes or attaches of a printing office. They are 'know-nothings' on such points as these. On such matters they 'have eyes and ears, but no mouths,' and if they fail to observe this rule let them be put down as dishonorable members of the craft.

It is the same with job printing. If anything is to be printed and kept secret, let proper notice be given of the desire for secrecy, and you might as well question the 'Sphynx' as one of the printers, so that even the secret books of lodges are printed without fear.

How She Punished Her False Lover.

The St. Louis *Republican* says; 'There is a fact lately come to light, in a small town where there is a great deal of primitive simplicity, that the presentation of a shirt by a woman to the man she wants to marry will cut the heart out of love. One young girl tried it, and made her lover a glistening white shirt with her own pretty hands. He retired to his boarding house, put it on, and went straightway to see and make love with another girl. Clad in a clean shirt, he felt above the seamstress who had made it, and she lost his coveted company. She did not sit down and whine over the linen that had gone astray, but took a pistol in her delicate hands and tripped away to the boarding house aforsaid.

She met the unexpecting lover, and presenting the pistol, told him to take off that shirt. He hesitated and was lost. He saw desperation in those eyes and death in the pistol. He 'pleaded' and handed the girl the soiled garment which she took on the point of her pistol and poked into the stove. And the flame died out and her love went up the chimney with the smoke.

What is the Bible Like?

It is like a large, beautiful tree, which bears sweet fruit for those that are hungry, and affords shelter and shade for the pilgrims on their way to the kingdom of Heaven.

It is like a casket of jewels and precious stones, which is not only to be looked at and admired, but used and worn.

It is like a telescope which brings distant and far-off things of the world very near, so that we can see something of their importance.

It is like a treasure house—a store-house of all sorts of valuable and useful things, and which are to be had without money and without price.

It is a deep, broad, calm, flowing river; the banks are green and flowery, where birds sing and lambs play and dear little children are loving and happy.

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Nothing to Live For.

A negro planter came to Vicksburg the other day, sold his cotton, put his money in his pocket-kook, and started down the river. Leaning too far over the guards, as the boat backed out he fell overboard. His portemonnaie, which was in his pocket, floated out and rode with his hat on the surface of the water, while the current carried the negro away. The yawl was lowered and assistance at once started towards the drowning man, who, perceiving his treasure floating off, raised his voice and shouted:

'Save dat pocket-book!'

His head went under and he disappeared. As he rose up again he gasped:

'Dar's $118 in dat pocket-book?'

Scarcely had he uttered the words before he sank a second time.

The yawl came within reach just in time to rescue the drowning African as he came to the surface for the last time. As soon as the water was wiped from his nose and mouth so that he could see and speak, he asked:

'Did—did you save that pocket-book?'

'No!' was the response.

'Well, den,' said the negro regretfully, 'what de debbil was the use of saving me?'—*Vicksburg Herald.*

Reforming a Scold.

In the early period of the history of Methodism, some of Mr. Wesley's opponents, in the excess of their zeal against enthusiasm, took up a whole wagon load of Methodists and carried them before a justice. When they were asked what these persons had done, there was an awkward silence; at last one of the accusers said: 'Why, they pretend to be better than other people, and, besides, they prayed from morning till night.' The magistrate asked if they had done anything else. 'Yes, sir,' said an old man, 'an't please your worship, they converted my wife. Till she went among them she had a tongue, and now she is as quiet as a lamb.' 'Carry them back, carry them back,' said the magistrate, 'and let them convert all the scolds in the town!'

Keeping Clear of Temptation.

One of the colored residents of Detroit was yesterday asked why he did not attend the poultry show. A glad smile crossed his face as the word 'poultry' was spoken, but died away in a moment as the stern reality confronted him.

'Dere's heaps o' chickens dere, hain't dey?' he asked.

'Yes.'

'But dey are all in cages, hain't dey?'

'Yes.'

'And you want me to go dere and stand around and gaze on dose chickens which can't come out of dose cages, do you? No sah. I knows jess how I'd feel, sah!'—*Detroit Free Press.*

Warning to Lovers.

A rather interesting story is told of a buxom young woman, whose honesty of purpose is fully equalled by her physical ability to resent an imposition even though the offender be her lover. The young man in question bore a rather doubtful character to the outside world and was never suspected of being a teetotaler by the young lady herself, although affirming to that he never drank. All was, apparently working to the entire satisfaction of Cupid himself, until one night he asked his fair Dulcina to 'turn down the light.' 'It's a taller candle, you darn fool! you're drunk, you cant deceive me any longer!' and she took him by the left ear and led him to the door.

HOW TO PROLONG LIEE.—The great foe of life is indulgence under one form or another, The letting down of the standard endangers the length of the course. To be safe, one must be circumspect, prudent, rational, clear in judgment, firm in self-control. To the command over his appetite, a man will owe length of days only, not mere continuity, but which gives continuity, which makes prolonged existence something worthy of being called a "lease of life," and not a stretch of drowsy stupor. As vitality comes to the system, it beats off its foes, and conquers one after another the advancing years.

The National Debt.

The following statement shows the amount of the debt of the United States at the periods named:

March 4, 1861	$66,109,855
Sept. 1, 1865	2,757,689,571
Jan. 1, 1866	1,716,851,536
Jan. 1, 1867	2,543,325,172
Jan. 1, 1868	2,508,125,650
Jan. 1, 1869	2,540,707,201
Jan. 1, 1870	2,448,726,953
Jan. 1, 1871	2,332,067,793
Jan. 1, 1872	2,242,888,411
Jan. 1, 1873	2,162,252,388
Jan. 1, 1874	2,159,315,326
Jan. 1, 1875	2,142,598,802
Jan. 1, 1876	2,191,832,195

*The largest amount reached.

Mr. Jones, claims to be a granger because he raises corns and is the owner of many achers.