The Tarboro' Southerner.

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

VOL. 54. TARBORO', N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 24, 1876. NO. 12.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

TARBORO.

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Leave Tarboro' (daily) at . . . 9 A. M.
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Leave Tarboro' (daily) at . . . 8 A. M.
Arrive at Tarboro' (daily) at . . . 5 P. M.

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. 73, Thomas Gatlin, Master, Masonic Hall, on the Saturday night at 7 o'clock P. M. and Good Saturday at 10 o'clock A. M. in every month.

Repiton Encampment No. 37, I. O. O. F., I. B. Palamountain, Chief Patriarch, Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every first and third Thursday of each month.

Edgecombe Lodge No. 25, I. O. O. F., T. W. Toler, N. G., Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every Tuesday night.

Edgecombe Council No. 123, Friends of Temperance, meet every Friday night in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

Advance Lodge No. 79, I. O. G. T., meets every Wednesday night in Hope 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 3 P. M. Dr. J. B. Cheshire, Rector.

Methodist Church—Services every Fourth Sunday of every month morning and night. 1st Sunday at night and 3rd Sunday at 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. J. Owen, Pastor.

Primitive Baptist Church—Services first Saturday and Sunday of each month at 11 o'clock.

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nov.6-1y.

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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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☞ Practices in Courts of adjoining counties, in the Federal and Supreme Courts.
Nov. 5, 1875. 1y

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Main Street,
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DENTIST,
TARBORO', N. C.
Office opposite Adams' Hotel, over S. S. Nash's Co's Store.
Owing to the stringency of the times, I have reduced my charges for all operation to a standard that will *not fail to suit every one.*
Care of children's teeth and *Plate work* a specialty.
Satisfaction guaranteed in all cases.
March 17, 1876. 1y.

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Lager Beer & Wine
SALOON.
KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND ALL the Fine WINES and LIQUORS, TOBACCO and CIGARS, opposite Adams' Hotel.
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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,
MISCELLANEOUS 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 short notice.
Orders for Parties & Balls promptly filled. Call and examine our stock, next door to Bank of New Hanover.
Nov. 5-1y. JACOB WEBER.

NEW RESTAURANT AND Boarding House.
MEALS at all HOURS!
OYSTERS SERVED IN EVERY STYLE.
A good stock of CIGARS and TOBACCO always on hand.
Soliciting your patronage.
Yours respectfully,
S. E. SPIER.
☞ Good accommodation for Transient Customers and Table Boarders.
Tarboro', Sept. 1st, 1875

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HILLIARD & MOORE,
COTTON FACTORS
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General
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Keep constantly on hand a large and varied stock of Bagging and Ties.
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MISCELLANEOUS.

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—in, give a Quick, Sweet and Even Bake and Roast. Swing Hearth and Ash Catch. Won't roll four or carpet. Durable Double and Direct Contact and Ring Covers. Burns but little wood. Has Nice Ash Pan in Front. Carefully Fitted Smoke Contactor. No Old Scrap Iron. Nickel Plated Trimmings. Tin Lined Oven Doors. Ground and Silver like Polished Brass and Mouldings.
Heavy. Best New Iron. Won't crack.
WARRANTED SATISFACTORY.
Manufactured by
RATHBONE, SARD & CO., Albany, N. Y.
Sold by all the leading Stove Dealers in North Texas
W. G. LEWIS, Agent,
Nov. 12, 1875.-6m. Tarboro', N. C.

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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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nov19-1y.

Tarboro' Southerner.

Friday . . . March 24, 1876

THE MAP FIEND.

BY W. T. JAY.

He was a short, stumpy, dark-complexioned Dutchman. He was cross-eyed and wore spectacles. He carried a map under his arm, and he sauntered into Pitkin's *sanctum sanctorum* as unconcernedly as you please. Pitkin's was busily engaged in scanning his "profit and loss account," and did not notice the intrusion until the Dutchman said 'Goot mornin'."

'Good morning,' replied Pitkins, without looking up from his ledger.

'Vine day.'

'Yes,' grufily responded Mr. Pitkins, his eyes still intently fixed upon his book.

'Vas you der man vat sade you wanded to buy a mab?' an inquiry which caused Mr. Pitkin's to look up, and, with the air of a man who wanted to be let alone, say—

'No, I was not.'

'Oh, yes, id must be you; he god a red nose shust like you.'

'What do you mean, sir, by calling my nose red?' angrily demanded Mr. Pitkins.

'Oh, dond god mad. I only—dought may be you forgod id.'

'Well, *I* don't want to buy a map, and so go out of my office.'

'Shtop a minid, blease; id vas a man look shust like you, und he dole me to gome in Tuesday und he would buy a mab.'

'Well, I'm not the man, so go on about your business.'

'Vas minid, led me show you der mab. Id vas der bead mab vat vas efer brinded; id's god all of der shades und all of der cid—

'I tell you I don't want your map! Will you leave my off——'

'Sh, mine friend, dond god ozided mit yourself. *I* vill go out if you wand me do, bud dis vas a budy mab, id's god all der shades und all of der cidys, und id vas brinded in sefen dif'rend golors, und sefenty-fife cep——'

'I wouldn't give you fifty cents for the map, I tell you don't wan——'

'Vait till you hear de advandages of dis mab. Ids god ven rad shuring to hang him ub by, und he vas brinded in sefen dif'red golors, und he cosd me two dollars. I give him to you for a dollar und a goworter an——'

'How many times do you want me to tell you that I dont want your m——'

'Loog, you hang him ub dis vay, und ven you wand a shtade here you vas, und if you wand a cidy you durn him ofer dis vay and dere you god him, see? Und I give der mab avay for one dollar, and I go der beeznis. I vas no use drying du ged a liv——'

'No, sir, I wouldn't have your map if you was to give it to me. I want to g——'

'Vy dond you loog at him vonced? He vas a bully mab und I only god von lefted, und I chuck him du you for sefenty-five cen—'

'Look here! if you were going to be hang I could save your life by giving you seventy-five cents for that map, I wouldn't do it. I'd see your neck stretched first.'

'Dake him along for fifty den, und I go out vessd, id vas hard vork to to ged alon— —'

'Here! if you'll promise to leave my office, and never come into it again, I'll give you twenty-five cents for your map an——'

'Dake id; id vas der lasd von *I* haf, und I give ub der beezness.'

'Here's your quarter; lay the map down there and get out lively, and if you ever show your face in my office again I'll shoot you,' and a look of desperation appeared on Mr. Pitkins' face.

The Dutchman laid the map down took the quarter, said 'Goot day!' (to which there was no response,) and slowly shuffled out, he walked down stairs and stood for a moment seemingly lost in thought, when suddenly his eyes flashed, and calling a boy that was standing on the street he took him by the arm, and pointing to Pitkin's sign on the directory-board, he said:

'Dere vash anoder man I shtuck,' and he went into a beer saloon on the corner to 'liquidate.'

HOW IT IS.—Josh met Si, and said:

'How does you like the prospecks ob de 'publicans party at de next election?'

Si shifted his quid of lugs to the larboard side of his mouth and answered:

'Don't talk to me, Josh. Dar's Grant and Babcock and Belknap and Ben Butler; all of 'em needs watching, and I'se gittin' tired of dat 'publican party anyhow. De nigger is a good voter, but I'll be blamed if ever I heard of one bein' asked to 'cept a office!'

"Sam, why don't you talk to massa, and tell him to lay up treasures in heaven?" "What de use ob laying treasures dar, where he neber see dem agin."

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 18th, 1876.

Editor Southerner:

THE DEMOCRATIC HOUSE

deserves much more credit than it will ever get from the people for the dauntless course it has pursued, and is still industriously pursuing, through its several investigating committees, in exposing the swindling operations of Republican officials. No one outside of Washington, and even very few residents have any idea of the temptations to which a congressman is subjected, and the influences by which he is sometimes induced to play, unconsciously, into the hands of the Washington Ring. This Ring, which is composed of all the Government 'beats' in Washington, and of which Grant is the virtual, and A. R. Shepherd the ostensible. Head-Centre, styles itself the Metropolitan Club, and is as thoroughly organized as a piratership. Its members are all detailed for work, according to their respective tastes and capacities. There are no drones among them. It is an important point with the Ring to 'capture' congressmen, irrespective of politics, race, color, previous condition, &c.; and the impunity with which the public treasury was robbed, before the 44th Congress convened, shows that they were very successful.

THE GAME OF THE WASHINGTON RING.

When a new Congress is elected, a committee is appointed by the Ring to discover, by all available means, the peculiarities, tastes, and general habits of all the new members elect, so that the necessary traps may be laid for them when they arrive here as strangers. If a new member is known to be of a 'pious turn,' two or three members of the Ring contrive to get introduced to him, somehow, and snake him off to a prayer meeting if he is an evangelical christian, or to the church of any denomination to which the victim may belong. The Ring comprises men of all religious sects, from the orthodox Roman Catholic to the Spiritualist; or, more correctly speaking, comprises men who are willing to represent themselves to be connected with any church under the sun, if anything is to be 'made' by it. The Ring owns, through its members, one or more pews in all the principal churches in Washington. If a new Congressman be a temperance man, he is snatched, as quick as lightning, and lugged off to a meeting of the Sons of Jonadab. Those who take their 'tod' are escorted to all the 'best places,' and, finally, to the Metropolitan Club, where they are allowed to swill, *ad libitum*, without cost, and are assured that they will be welcome and hospitably entertained whenever they call—that they can not come too often &c., &c. The 'gay and festive' member is driven round and shown the 'pictures,' and, in due course of time, it is intimated to him that if he has a lady 'friend' whom he would like to place in one of the Departments, the thing can be managed for him. If he is needy, and fond of draw poker, and his vote is wanted, he is allowed to win, at the 'club,' a few hundreds or thousands, according to the importance of his vote and influence. The Ring goes strong for Congressmen of slender means who have wives and daughters anxious to go into 'society,' and makes a splurge. These men are in special danger of going astray. They, of all men, should pray

'LEAD US AWAY FROM TEMPTATION,'

and should endeavor to keep themselves and their famlies away from it. If they once commence to frequent the houses of the vulgar Ring shoddyites who have constituted Washington 'society' for several years, they will be sorely tempted to go into expenses beyond their means, and, afterwards, to lend themselves, for money with which to extricate themselves from their difficulties, to the 'schemes of the Ring. It is pleasant to be able to record the fact, in these degenerate times, that only one or two democratic members of the 44th Congress have been successfully approached by the Ring. Whatever Congressional support it gets now is nearly exclusively from the republican.

HON. ROBERT B. VANCE, OF NORTH CAROLINA,

Chairman of the Committee on Patents, and his colleagues on the committee, have earned the gratitude of every family in the land by reporting adversely upon the application for an extension of the Wilson patent for the "four motion feed" used by the sewing machine companies of the great monopoly combination. This is of importance to every household, and especially to those who are dependent upon the sewing machine for a livelihood. The committee report that the average price of sewing machines has been $65, while they can be sold at a fair profit for about $22. The difference, amounting to many millions of dollars, has been absorbed by the owners of the patents, who have been already sufficiently well paid for the benefit conferred upon the community; and it is not intended to grant them any further power for extortion.

HON. S. S. COX

has been seriously ill for several days, but is on the mend again, and will resume his duties in the *House* where his absence is always felt.—His reputation as a wit, as well a man of letters, has called attention to his recently published book entitled, "Why we Laugh." The work is not without its philosophy, but its principle value and interest to general readers will rest upon the fact that it contains the best collection of American anecdotes and humors ever published. There is scarcely a phase of American humor that is not set forth in brilliant examples and in the author's most characteristic style. The chapters on legislative humors will probably attract most attention, for the reason that so much matter is based on personal reminiscences.

IMPORTANT TO INTERIOR STATES.

I see that the Commissioners of Immigration of the State of New York are endeavoring to get the head-tax on immigrants and aliens increased from $1.50 to $2.50.—These unpopular commissioners ran in debt last year $100,000 and have fallen behind about $300,000 altogether. The New York Legislature need not waste any time in endeavoring to increase an odious and an unconstitutional tax. The constitutionality of the State laws imposing a tax upon foreigners and immigrants coming to our shores will be passed upon, in a few days, by the Supreme Court of the United States. There can be no doubt about what that judicial decision will be. Congress has the exclusive power to regulate commerce. An essential, if not the most essential, part of commerce is passenger commerce. If States like Rhode Island and New York can tax all aliens landing on their shores $1.50 per head, such States can tax them $500 or $1000 per head. Upon this theory, a State can not obstruct but practically destroy, *that commerce over which Congress has exclusive control.* The statement of the proposition demonstrates its absurdity. It is an incomprehensible mystery that these odious and vexations State taxes on passengers have not long ago been declared unconstitutional. In addition to being in clear conflict with a plain provision of the Constitution, they are inconsistent with the spirit of our treaty obligations which require us to permit the citizens or subjects of all nations with which we have treat is to enter our ports for business or pleasure, without hindrance or obstruction. A tax, whether large or small, is an obstruction.

Four Candidates.

The republican party now possesses four distinctly defined, and very conspicuous candidates for President.

There is Oliver P. Morton of Indiana, the Greenback, inflation candidate.

There is James G. Blaine of Maine, the hard-money, anti-Catholic candidate.

There is Roscoe Conkling of New York, the candidate of the republican party in this State, of Boss Shepherd, and of Boss Grant, in case Grant cannot get the nomination himself.

And there is U. S. Grant, the anti-Catholic, hard-money, soft-money, crooked whisky, straight-whisky, third-term candidate.

Besides these, there are several others of less prominence, such as Gov. Morgan of New York, the candidate of many respectable and conservative republicans; and B. H. Bristow of Kentucky, the candidate of moral reform, and anti-stealing republicans.

It is interesting to consider that the strongest passion and the most determined sentiment to which either of these candidates appeals, is the anti-Catholic passion and the anti-Catholic sentiment. In this respect, and in this alone, Grant and Blaine are competing with each other; but which of them is the stronger in the support of the anti-Catholic party time only can determine.

It must also not be forgotton that in all the hundred years of our national existence no member of the Senate has ever been elected President, although a considerable number of Senators have much coverted that distinction. It would be curious if the Centennial year should see the first departure from this traditional disability of the Senate through the election either of Mr. Morton or of Mr. Conkling.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Sensible Family Suggestions.

Marry young.

Procrastination is the 'ragged edge of despair.'

Always let your wife have her own way. It saves lots of money which otherwise you would have to expend for Hair Restorers.

Don't go fooling around with other men's wives. Their 'brute of a husband' is liable to shoot you at any time, during an attack of 'temporary insanity,' and then you can't hang him.

If you would be wealthy, be economical and—*grab.* Nab everything that you can reach. Don't pay bills in advance, because that is undignified. The best way is not to pay them at all; then that is so much saved.

The Rev. C. P. Whitecar says: 'It is as hard for a man to live a Christian life as it is for a painter to be honest.' This is unnecessarily severe—on the Christian life.

Never throw a skunk over a stone wall. It hurts the skunk, and—does you no good.

The Midnight Murder.

Dark night! the stars were shrouded in a veil of mist; a clouded canopy o'er hung the world; the vivid lightning flashed and shook their fiery darts upon the earth; the deep-toned thunder rolled along the vaulted sky; the elements were in motion; the storm spirit hung in the air; the winds whistled; the hail-stones fell like leaden balls; the large undulations of the ocean dashed upon the rock-dammed shore; and torrents leaped from the mountain tops! when the murderer sprang from his sleepless couch, with vengeance on his brain—murder in his heart, and the fell instrument of destruction in his hand.

The storm increased; the lightnings flashed brighter; the thunder spoke with deeper energy; the winds whistled with wilder fury; the confusion of the hour was congenial to his soul and the stormy passions which raged in his bosom: He unsheathed his weapon with a sterner step. A demoniac smile gathered on his lips; he grated his teeth; raised his arm; sprang with a yell of triumph upon his victim; and relentless slew killed a *bed bug.*

Sawdust Brandy.

We are sorry to learn a German chemist has succeeded in making a [illegible] friend of the temperance movement, and we want it to succeed, but what chance will it have when a man can take a rip saw and go out and get drunk with a fence rail? What is the use of prohibitory liquor law if a man is able to make brandy smashes out of the shingles on his roof, or if he can get delirium tremens by drinking the legs of his kitchen chairs? You may prohibit a inebriate out of a gin shop, you can keep him away from the taverns, but if he can become upon boiled sawdust and dessicated window sills, an effort at reform must necessarily be a failure.

Now, will somebody gently kill that German chemist before he gets any farther in this business?—*Exchange.*

The Shark and the Patriarch.

During the deluge, as a headless shark was conducting a thanksgiving service for an abundant harvest a prudent patriarch looked out and addressed him thus: 'My friend, I am much struck with your open countenance; pray come into the ark and make one of us. The probabilities are falling barometer, general atmospheric disturbance, and heavy rain throughout the region of the lower universe during the next forty days.' 'That is just the sort of man I am,' replied the shark, who had cut several rows of wisdom teeth; bring on your deluges.' Six weeks subsequently the patriarch encountered him on the summit of Mount Arrarat, in very straightened circumstances.

Moral—You can't pretty much most always tell how things are a going to turn out sometimes.

Fine Dress Does Not Make a Home.

I never saw a garment too fine for light or graceful there was never a chair too good for a cobbler or cooper, or king to sit in, never a room too fine to shelter the human heart. These elements about us, the gorgeous sky, the imperial sun, are none too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools of housekeeping a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a home for the sake of the mahogany we would bring into it? I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a rock all my life, than consume all myself before I got to a home, and take so much pains with the outside that the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garments, house and furniture, is a very tawdry ornament compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real hearty love than for whole shiploads of furniture, and all the gorgeousness that all the upholsterers of the world could gather together.

Presidents.

The following table, prepared for reference, shows the political sentiments and the date of the inauguration of each President, the length of time he lived after that event, and his age at the time of his death:

1. George Washington. Independent, inaugurated 1789; lived 10 years; age, 68.
2. John Adams, Independent, inaugurated 1797; lived 29 years; aged, 90.
3. Thomas Jefferson, Democrat, inaugurated 1801; lived 25 years; age, 83.
4. James Madison, Democrat, inaugurated 1809; lived 27 years; age, 85.
5. James Monroe, Democrat, inaugurated 1817; lived 14 years; age, 73.
6. John Q. Adams, Whig, inaugurated 1825; lived 23 years; age, 81.
7. Andrew Jackson, Democrat, inaugurated 1829; lived 16 years; age, 78.
8. Martin Van Buren, Democrat, inaugurated 1837; lived 25 years; age, 80.
9. W. H. Harrison, Whig, inaugurated 1841; lived one month; age, 68.
10. John Tyler. V. P. Independent, inaugurated 1841; lived 21 years; age, 72.
11. James K Polk, Democrat, inaugurated 1845: lived 4 years; age, 66.
12. Zachary Taylor. Whig, inaugurated 1849; lived 16 months; age, 66.
13. Millard Filmore, V. P., Independent, inaugurated 1850; lived 24 years; age, 74.
14. Franklin Pierce. Democrat, inaugurated 1853; lived 16 years; age, 66.
15. James Buchanan, Democrat, inaugurated 1857; lived 11 years; age, 77.
16. Abraham Lincoln, Republican, inaugurated 1861, lived 4 years and 1½ months; age, 56.
17. Andrew Johnson, V. P., Independent, inaugurated 1865; lived 10 years; age, 67.
18. General Grant, Republican, inaugurated 1869.

Tyler and Fillmore were elected Vice-Presidents as Whigs, and Johnson as a Republican. Their 'independence' followed their inauguration as Presidents.

Startling Depreciation in Value.

A very intelligent old darkey was met by an antebulium friend the other day for the first time since the war, and the old man's delight in seeing one of Massa's tickler friends in old times was unbounded. After a hearty hand shaking and a protracted laugh peculiar to the Southern darkey, the gentleman asked: 'Well Uncle Joe, how are you getting on in this world?' 'Sorter slow, Marse——. Been had rhumatiz right smart lately, and things ain't gone 'zactly right no how,' replied the darkey. 'A great many changes have taken place since I last saw you, Uncle Joe. Death has taken your old master away, the family are scattered about the four quarters of the globe, the farm is divided up, and strangers occupy the old house. It makes one feel sad, Uncle Joe, to think of the changes that have been wrought by old Father Time.' 'Yaas,' replied Uncle Joe. 'You member when I was a slave I worked hard at odd times, and made money 'nuff to buy myself. I paid old massa $1,000 for my freddom.' 'Yes,' said Mr.——, 'I remember it.' 'Wish I had dat money now,' mused the old darkey. 'Well, yes,' replied Mr.——, 'it would be quite a fortune for you.' 'Lots o' fortune, car,' said the old man, mournfully; 'and every time I tinks about it *I* kinder 'rue de bargain. Nigger was wuff a thousand dollars then, but now he ain't wuff a cent. Mighty change in dis world, massa.'—*Vicksburg Herald.*

What the Promised Land flowed with.

Little children sometimes give strange answers to questions propounded on the subject of 'The Promised Land.' A Sunday school teacher asked:

'Who led out the Israelites?'

'Moses' was the prompt reply.

'And where did he lead them?'

'To the Promised Land, sir.'

'That's right, my little dears. Now what did that land flow with?'

'With honey,' said three or four.

'And what else?'

Here was a stick—no reply.

'Come, children, some of you surely remember. When you were babies, what did your mama's give to you?'

'What else did the Promised Land flow with besides honey?'

Again a blank pause.

'*I* know, thir,' said a little five year-older, springing to his feet and elevating his little hand. 'I know what it wath, thir I know thir.'

'What was it, my dear?'

'Why, it wath 'titty,' thir!'

The teacher, amid the laughter of the adult spectators, proceeded to change the subject by singing a hymn.