The Tarborough Southerner.

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

VOL. 54. TARBORO', N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 1876. NO. 14.

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Arrive at Tarboro' (daily) at - - - 2:30 P. M.

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Leave Tarboro' (daily) at - - - 6 A. 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. 16, 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. Toler, 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. 265, 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 Fourth Sunday of every month, morning and night. 1st Sunday at night and 5th 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. R. Owen, Pastor.

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

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Adams' Hotel, corner Main and Pitt Sts. O. F. Adams, Proprietor.

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N. M. LAWRENCE, Agent.

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

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Care of children's teeth and *Plate work* a specialty.
Satisfaction guaranteed in all cases.
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MISCELLANEOUS.

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NEW YORK TIMES, June 14, 1875.

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NEW GOODS!
T. E. LEWIS & CO.
Invite their friends and the public to an examination of their largely increased stock of
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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. tfn.

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 everything usually kept in a First Class Establishment of the kind.
Thankful for the liberal patronage of the past the undersigned asks a continuance, 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.
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NEW
RESTAURANT
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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,
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Keep constantly on hand a large and varied stock of Bagging and Ties.
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MISCELLANEOUS.

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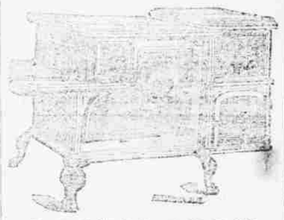
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With or without Portable Hot Water Reservoir and Closet.
Don't buy an Old-fashioned Stove, but go and
With all latest improvements.
Largest Oven and Flues. Largest Fire Box for long wood. Ventilated Oven, Flue Back and Fire Box Bottom—insures a Quick, Sweet and Even Bake and Roast. Swing Hearth and Ash Catch. Won't roll door or carpet. Durable Double and Braced Centers and Ring Covers. Burns Small Kindling wood. Has Wrought or Solid Iron Front. Carefully Fitted Smooth Castings. No Old Scrap Iron. Nickel Plated Trimmings. Tin Lined Oven Doors. Ground and Glass-like Polished Stives 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.

SPRING 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.
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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 separate 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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Foreign and Domestic Dry Good, Notions & White GOODS.
275 W. BALTIMORE STREET,
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nov19-1y.

Tarboro' Southerner.

Friday, : : : April. 7. 1876

His First Appearance in two Parts.

A man who lives up on South Hill is grievously afflicted because the lady who superintends the weekly purifications of the wearing apparel at his home always leaves a network of clothes-line spread all around his back yard. And when he made complaint to her about it she addressed him in the musical accents of Christine Nilsson's native language and overwhelmed him with a torrent of eloquence that he could not understand. And when he remonstrated with his wife and daughter about it they laughed him to scorn, and his daughter, who was educated at Vassar, and can hurl her terrified parent out of the house with one hand, told him if he interfered any more in that department around that house he'd get drowned in the washtub. So this man suffered. One bitter cold morning he ran out to the woodshed after some kindling and the first line caught him under the chin and pulled his neck till it was a foot long, and he ran into the house and frightened his wife into fits by his terrible appearance, and she threatened to apply for a divorce if he ever made faces at her in that way agin. It was nearly three hours before his neck shrunk back to its natural size. And a few nights after that he was all dressed to go to a party with his family and he went bounding down the back yard to see that the alley gate was fastened, and a slack line caught him midships, let him run out the slack and then when it hauled taut just picked him up, tossed the breath out of him, turned him clear over, and chucked him down on his back, splitting his coat from tail buttons to the neck. And he couldn't speak and he couldn't breathe only about thirty cents on the dollar, so he couldn't answer his wife and daughter when they screamed to him that they were ready, and they concluded that he had run away to avoid going with them so they went off without him and never came back until eleven o'clock and the man lay out in the back yard all that time trying to die. And one time after that, he was jogging across the back yard with his arms full of about three hundred pounds of hard woods and he was laughing like a hyna at something he had just read in the *Hawk-Eye*, when a clothes prop slipped, just as he passed under the line, and dropped on his head, raising a lump as big as an egg, and he fell forward, and the line caught right in his mouth, and sawed it clear back to his ears, so that when he tried to smile, the top of his head only hung on a hinge.

Well, these things naturally weighed on his mind, and depressed him, but they set him to thinking, and he went to work and invented a patent clothes line reel, which was enclosed in a heavy cast iron box, and was worked by a powerful automatic arrangement. You only had to wind up the box, and set it for a certain hour, just like an alarm clock, and at that hour the reel would go off and pull on the line like a teamof mules, the spring hook at the other end of the line would let go its hold, and that line would be rolled up at the rate of one thousand miles a minute. He said nothing about his invention; but put up the box, and told some lie about it to his family, which is a way men have, and he set it for seven o'clock P. M., and wound it up strong. Then he watched Miss Nilssons, compatriot run out the line and adjust the hook, and he went away.

About seven o'clock that evening, while he was toasting his feet at the fire and reading the almanac, the family were disturbed by unmistakable indications of a fight going on in the back yard between a hurricane and an earthquake, in which the earthquake appeared to be getting a little the best of it. The affrighted family rushed to the back door and looked upon a scene of devastation and anarchy. The air was full of fragments of linen and cotton and red flannel, and shirt buttons and clothes pins and little brass buckles were flying like hail. The reel in the iron box was making about 60,000 revolutions a minute and was whirling around like a thrashing machine, and the line was tearing around the posts a streak of runaway lightning, and the clothes were trying to keep along with it and around the posts they were ripping, tearing and snaping more than any cyclone that ever got lost, while, where the line shot into the hole in the iron box the stripped stockings and white shirts and things, and flannels and yarn socks and undershirts and more things, and aprons and handkerchiefs, and sheets and things, and pillow-slips, just foamed and tossed wildly, and ripped and tore and scraped until the yard and air was so full of lint that it looked worse than an Arctic snow-storm. Oh, it was dreadful! It was terrible. Every-body shrieked in dismay.

'Somebody's at the clothes-line!' screamed the daughter.

'Good heavens!' yelled the man, 'hadn't you taken the clothes in?'

'No!' thy chornssed.

The man thought he would save what was left. He sprang at the clothes line. He caught the flying hook at the end with both hands, and the next instant, before the terrified eyes of his shrieking wife and daughter, he was jerked in through the hole in the iron box, a quivering mass of boneless flesh, while his glistening skeleton fell rattling upon the porch.

They gathered his framework off the porch, and unlocked the box and drew out his covering. He was not dead, so deftly and quickly had he been removed from his frame work. They sent for the doctors but their skill could not avail to get the man together again, and now he sits limp and boneless, in a high-backed easy chair, smiling sadly at his grinning skeleton, which sits in a chair on the opposite side of the stove, grinning socially at its counterpart, and rattling horribly every time it crosses its bony legs, or scratches the top of its glistening head with its gaunt, fleshless fingers. And thus that poor man has to drag out a double existence until death comes to both of him. It is a painful, expensive life, for the skeleton eats just as much as the flesh, and the flesh has taken to smoking ten cent cigars and the skeleton can't sleep a wink unless it has a big hot whiskey every night at bedtime. And all this is the result of wicked carelessness. What a dreadful, dreadful warning it is to those neglectful women who leave the clothes-lines stretched across the yard in every direction after night.—From the *Burlington Hawkeye.*

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
April, 1st 1876.

AWFUL GRANT AS A LADIES' MAN.

Awful Grant, brother of the President, who figures in the post tradership business, has achieved a reputation in Washington as an admirer of the fair sex. *It* was not long since that a young lady, a clerk in the pension office, was notified by her landlady that her room was wanted. The young lady, who, by the way, was very pretty, asked for no explanation; understanding that, if she did so, she would be told that it was on account of her undue familiarity with the brother of the President. The particular circumstances of this case are known to but few in Washington. Two years since, the lady in question came here from Virginia, and, through the influence of Congressmen, secured a clerical position in the pension office. She had relatives here; among them, a good looking male cousin, with whom she soon became improperly intimate. This intimacy continued for some time. She finally made the acquaintance of Awful Grant, who supplanted the cousin in her affections. The latter, however, persevered in his attentions, and, finally, to rid himself of a rival, Awful proposed to him that he accept a better paying position in the Baltimore post office; saying he could secure such a position for him. This proposition was declined, and, a short time thereafter, the male cousin was peremptorily discharged, as he believes, at the instance of Awful Grant. The unfortunate cousin is now in Philadelphia. The lady in question is still in the pension office; and Awful enjoys her society, undisturbed by the rivalry of the obnoxious cousin.

THE "OLD MAN."

Himself, as the President is frequently styled in Washington, is also charged with an undue admiration for the fair sex; although his discretion has, thus far, saved his reputation from being seriously tainted by scandal in this particular. A young lady employed in the Government Printing Office——a sad flirt, by the way——tells how she and several of her female companions amused themselves, the other day, by waving their handkerchiefs as the President was driving by in his buggy. The President gallantly responded by lifting his hat, and, in a few minutes, returned. The giddy girls again waved their handkerchiefs, and even went so far as to throw kisses at the Chief Executive; upon which the latter smiled blandly upon the Syrens, and again lifted his hat in response. Five minutes later, he again passed the building, when the same pantomine was repeated. Just then, the girls were called to attend to their work in another part of this building; but they subsequently learned that the President passed by the fourth time, looking up at the window where they had stood, and apparently anxious to catch a few more kisses 'on the fly.'

GRANT STILL IN THE FIELD—WHAT MOSEBY SAYS ABOUT IT.

I have just seen Col. Moseby, who is, as you know, one of Grant's right bowers. He had just come from a conference with the President at the White House, and he says that Grant is still in the field as a candidate for re-election—— that he considers the New *Hampshire* election an endorsement of his administration and is determined, if possible to secure a third term. If this is true, we may expect some lively times with Blaine, Morton and Co., who thought the Boss was out of the race. They may not be willing to take back seats now.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

for the Democratic nomination are much discussed in Washington, just now. Mr. Hendricks has warm supporters, as has, also, Mr. Thurman. Senator Bayard develops considerable strength. Mr. Allen, of Ohio, and other candidates are also represented by earnest friends. Considerable interest has been excited in political circles in Washington by the publication of Montgomery Blair's letter on the Presidency. The fact that Mr. Blair has no personal preference, but bases his arguments upon what he conceives to be party necessity, gives more weight to his views than they would otherwise have. One thing is noticeable in connection with this subject——the growing disposition to consider the interest of the party as a unit, rather than the interest of any one section or faction. The man who can carry the most States will be the nominee, if these wise counsels prevail, and, whoever he may be, Hendricks, Thurman, Bayard, Tilden, Davis or Parker, he will receive the united support of a party organized for success, and not to be defeated by internal dissension. And to insure success beyond the chance of failure, the nominee must be the man who can draw the largest support from the ranks of the enemy. Mr. Blair says that Tilden is the man, and offers a strong argument to prove it, Let Mr. Blair's letter be taken for what it is worth. Anything that emanates from that distinguished gentleman is certainly entitled to respectful consideration. There are men here in Washington bitterly opposed to Tilden, because of his attitude on the money question. I believe, however, from the tone of conversation during the past few days, that there is a determination to do nothing that will imperil our success in the coming election.

"SENATOR" SPENCER.

Among other things going on at the Capitol, and claiming public attention, are the proceedings had by the Committee investigating Spencer, the notorious carpe-bag Senator misrepresenting Alabama. This investigation, ordered by his own resolution, has been conducted under the shameful ruling of Morton, the Chairman, with sole reference to the acquittal of Spencer, and regardless of common decency; declaring Spencer entitled to his seat, although he committed numerous frauds to obtain it, drugging one poor fellow almost to death to break a *quorum* in the State legislature. The case has been managed for the State of Alabama with consumate skill by Gen. John T. Morgan, who, by his professional ability, fine tact and temper in the conduct of the case, and his genial and brilliant social qualities, has made an exceedingly favorable impression. When a lawful Legislature of Alabama elects a man to represent her in the United States Senate, the distinguished and patriotic services of General Morgan in this case, together with his admirable qualifications, point to him as the man to afford a striking contrast to the incompetent and profligate Spencer. General Morgan would adorn any place to which his people may call him. Frauds are coming to light so frequently that exposure of official corruption has ceased to afford a sensation; but their constant recurrence must at length make an impression upon public sentiment that will lead to healthy action at the polls.

The Old Man Settled It.

The old man was tired of being kept awake at nights by billing and cooing. A young tiller of the soil had for months been paying most assiduous attention to one of his daughters, but he was such a bashful modest chap, never having been much in the company of girls, excepting this one, that he had never been able to raise courage sufficiently high to put the all important question. He had gone to the house in which his inamorata lived in, the last twenty different occasions, resolved to know his fate, but when ushered into the presence of the fair one, into whose keeping he had placed his heart, his courage would invariably go back on him, and he would return to his lonely room in greater suspense than before.

Upon the evening in question he had determined that come what would he would tell Mary that he loved her. *He* would once for all decide the matter; but, as upon each former occasion, he got the proposal no further than his throat. There it stuck, and he had just determined to gulp it down and give up the seige when the door opened, and in stalked the girl's father, who advanced to where they were sitting, and thus addressed them:

'I come to put a stop to this infernal foolishness. *It* ain't the courting expenses that I'm looking at, for coal oil is cheap and wood can be had for the hauling; but I am sick and tired of this billing and cooing like a pair of sick doves, keeping me awake of nights, and it's got to be stopped right here. Mary Jane, look up here! Do you love John Henry well enough to marry him?'

'Why, father—I—I—you must—'

'Stop that darn foolishness,' yelled the old man. 'Answer yes or no, and mighty quick, too. *It* is got to be settled now or never.'

'Well, but, father, don't you know—if you'd only wait and—'

'Dry up. Answer 'yes' or 'no.' Speak!' roared the old gent.

'Well, yes then. There now,' and Mary again hid her face.

'That's business; that's the way to talk. Now John, look here—look up here or I'll shake you all to peices. Do you want that gal of mine for a wife? Speak out like a man, now.'

'Why, Mr———ain't this rather a—I mean can't you—?'

'Speak it out, or out of this house you'll go head foremost. I won't wait a minute longer. There's a gal, and a likelier gal ain't in the State, and you just heard her say she wanted you. Now, John, *I* won't stand a bit of foolishness; once for all, 'yes' or 'no.'

'Well, yes, sir; I have been presumptuous enough to hope that *I*—'

'Oh cuss your soft talk! the thing is settled now. You too blasted fools would have been six months more at that job that I've done in five minutes. I never saw such a feeling as there is among people now-a-days. Ain't like it was when I was young. And now good-night, you can talk the thing over, and you and me, John, will go to town and get the license to-morrow! Soon be time to go to plowing no time for love making then. Good night, I hope I wasn't too rough, but I was determined to fix the thing up one way or t'other.'

The old man went to bed.

Now that the ice was broken, the young people laid all their plans for the future, and John felt a little bad at that comfort he had lost, when Mary looked at him slyly and said, 'This would have been all right four months ago, John, if you had not been so skeery; *I* know'd all the time that you wanted to ask me, but it wasn't my place to say anything, you know.'

No cards.

Managing a Wife.

As the storm burst, night before last, in all its fury on the outlying houses of one of our suburbs it blew open a glass door in John Henry's bed room and wakened the startled sleepers with a crash. 'Mrs Henry,' said John, cuddling down under the clothes to escape the icy blast, 'your side of the bed is nearest, will you be kind enough to shut that door?'

'Shut it yourself, you lazy brute. I've got the baby to 'tend to.'

'Mrs. Henry that is not the proper way to address me. *It* is not respectful. Besides, I have not been feeling well, and if I were to catch cold I should not be able to tend to business to-morrow.'

'Cold! Cold, is it? It's a pretty thing for you to be talking of colds when I go sniffling round the house from morning till night, just because you can't afford a new furnace. I won't s' at that door if I'm froze for it, and you're a mean, spiritless thing to ask it.'

'Don't get excited, Mrs Henry; don't get excited. And don't be rash; because if you don't shut the door it will stay open all night, and that would then make us all sick, you know.'

A solemn silence fell for a few moments on the domestic scene; then Mrs Henry rose to business.—Anger was not visible on her countenance so much as astonishment. This was an entirely new departure of John's. He had hitherto been meek and docile when pressed to the wall. She felt her supremacy was in danger; that the situation was critical and demanded strong measures.

Of a sudden the water pitcher shot wildly from its sphere, described a parabola in the gleaming firelight and lighted full upon John's nightcap. The slop pail followed, then the coal scuttle, then a pair of boots, then the baby's cradle, fellowed in rapid succession by a powder box, a bottle of bay rum, a bronze mantel ornament, a pair to tongs and a box of blacking. Then with majestic force of true womanhood she snatched the covers from the bed with one hand and poured a pitcher of ice water over his legs with the other. John arose and he shut the door.

Next morning as John Henry entered the office, somewhat late, and looking as if nature's sweet restorer had rather missed him, his partner spoke up:

'Well John, did you try it?'

'Yes, Sam, I tried it.'

'And she came down, eh?'

'Yes, Sam, she came down. But it wasn't altogether pleasant. They always give in as you say when one makes a determined stand against them. But some way it seems to hurt their feelings; and *I* do not think I'll do it any more.'—*Cincinnati Times.*

A Strange Truth.

The other day, when a prominent dry goods house in this city seemed to be alive with lady customers, a journalist said to the proprietor:

'You are having a big afternoon's trade.'

'Bah!' replied the merchant.

'There's fifty ladies in here,' said the journalist, as he looked around.

'And that signifies nothing,' replied the merchant. 'See those two over there. They have been here over half an hour, looked at twenty different articles and now going away without making a purchase. Fifty ladies in a dry goods store may mean $10, $25 or $50, but hardly ever more. One buys a spool of thread, another a bit of ribbon, a third a pair of gloves and the cash aggregate is nothing.'

'Who are your best customers?' asked the journalist.

'Farmer's people, old ladies and men. Farmers hardly ever buy less than $20 worth at a time, and old ladies want good solid goods, and don't waste much time in purchasing. Let a man come in here for goods and we will sell him $50 worth and have him out of the store in fifteen minutes. When he sees what he wants he orders it cut off, pays his cash, and then away he's gone.'

'Then the hundreds of ladies who 'go shopping' are not good customers?'

'Sometimes. They buy summer and winter clothing in season, but never until they have gone the entire rounds and called here two or three times. Its what you might call between seasons now. On a fine day ladies will walk or ride a mile to reach the store, stay here an hour, buy a paper of pins and go home. They come out to see and be seen, to meet and gossip, and have no idea of trading. If the man of the house had the buying six clerks would be enough for any store in Detroit. I now keep thirty and the time of twenty at least is wasted in throwing down and putting up goods.'

As the journalist went out a clerk handed a lady a tiny package—two or three yards of ribbon. She laid it on the counter, gave him a sharp look, and said:

'Send that to my carriage, sir!'
—*Detroit Free Press.*

How she was Fooled.

A lady in this city suspected that her husband was in the habit of kissing Molly the cook, and resolved to detect him in the act. After waiting for days, she thought she heard him come in one evening and pass quietly through into the kitchen. Now Mollie was out that evening, and the kitchen was dark. Burning with jealousy, the wife took some matches in her hand and hastily placed her shawl over her head as the cook sometimes did, entered the kitchen by the back door, and was almost immediately seized and embraced in the most ardent manner. With her heart almost bursting with rage and jealousy, the injured wife prepared to administer a terrible rebuke to her faithless spouse. Tearing herself from his foul embrace she struck a match, and stood face to face with—the hired man! Her husband says his wife has never treated him so well since the first month they were married as she has for the past few days.—*Marquette Journal.*

Western Sweetness.

'How much is my bill?' inquired a sad-eyed youth in a Chicago confectionery store the other day.

The proprietor looked over his books a minute and then replied:

'Sixteen dollars and fifteen cents.'

As the young man drew forth his wallet to meet the account he sighed deeply and said, '*I* tell you this is tough?'

'How so?' asked the confectioner.

'Oh, she's gone back on me.'

'Who?'

'Oh, she—the girl that eat all this candy,' continued the unhappy youth; 'and I tell you it's hard to pay for so much sweetness after its gone and soured on a fellow.'

The candy man acknowledged that it did seem kind of rough.—*Chicago Journal.*

Johnny attends school, which will explain the following short dialogue between him and his father. "Johnny, I didn't know you got whipped, the other day," said he. "You didn't? Well. if you'd been in my breeches you'd have known it."