The Tarborough Southerner.

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

VOL. 54. TARBORO', N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 28, 1876. NO. 20.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

TARBORO'.

MAYOR—Fred. Philips.

COMMISSIONERS—Jesse A. Williamson, Jacob Feldenheimer, Daniel W. Hart, Alex. McCabe, Joseph Cobb.

SECRETARY & TREASURER—Robt. Whitehurst.

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ASSISTANT POLICE—John Madra, Jas. E. Simonson, Altimore Macnair.

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Coroner—

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MAILS.

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.

WASHINGTON MAIL, VIA GREENVILLE, FALKLAND AND SPARTA.

Leave Tarboro' (daily) at - - - 6 A. M.
Arrive at Tarboro' (daily) at - - - 6 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. 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. 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. 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 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.

HOTELS.

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

EXPRESS.

Southern Express Office, on Main Street, closes every morning at 9¼ o'clock.
N. M. LAWRENCE, Agent.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRANK POWELL,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
TARBORO', N. C.
Collections a Specialty.
Office next door to the Southerner office.
July 2, 1875. tf

JOS. BLOUNT CHESHIRE, JR.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office at the Old Bank Building on Trade Street. je25-tf.

HOWARD & PERRY,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
TARBORO', N. C.
Practice in all the Courts, State and Federal. nov.5-1y.

W. H. JOHNSTON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
TARBORO', N. C.
Attends to the transaction of business in all the Courts, State and Federal.
Nov. 5, 1875. 1y

FREDERICK PHILIPS,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
TARBORO', N. C.
Practices in Courts of adjoining counties, in the Federal and Supreme Courts.
Nov. 5, 1875. 1y

WALTER P. WILLIAMSON,
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

JACOB BATTLE,
Counsellor and Attorney at Law,
ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.
Practices in all the State Courts.
March 24, 1876. 1y

J. H. & W. L. THORP,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.
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.

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

Dr. G. L. Shackelford,
DENTIST,
TARBORO', N. C.
Office opposite Adams' Hotel, over S. S. Nash & 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.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AGENTS should write for Circulars for new book by BRIGHAM'S WIFE No. 19. Ann Eliza Young
The grand success of the year. 30th thousand in press. Full Expose of Mormonism and Polygamy. A Woman's Story told in full. Introductions by John B. Gough and Mrs. Livermore. Bran new, with nearly 200 illustrations. Do not engage with any book until you have seen our Illustrated Circulars, showing large sales. Sent free to all. DUSTIN, GILMAN & CO., Richmond, Va.

YOUNG MEN.
BOYS AND MIDDLE-AGED MEN trained for a successful start in Business Life at Eastman College. The oldest, largest and only Institution that gives an Actual Business Practice. Currency and Merchandise used have a real value. Each day's transactions based on quotations of New York Market. New Buildings. Rates low. Graduates assisted to situations. Applicants received any week day. Refer to Patrons and Graduates in nearly every city and town. Address for particulars and Catalogue of 3,000 Graduates in Business. H. G. EASTMAN, L. L. D., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

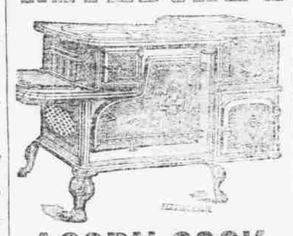
AGENTS WANTED! Medals and Diplomas Awarded for AOLMAN'S NEW
PICTORIAL BIBLE.
1,800 illustration. Address for new circulars, A. J. HOLMAN & CO., 930 Arch Street, Phila.

FREE TICKET To Philadelphia and RETURN; good for all summer. From any point in U. S. east of Utah. AGENTS Above R. R. Ticket it also admits to Centennial Grounds and $10 cash a day easily earned canvassing for our paper, pictures, &c. Anybody can do it. Particulars free. Send address on postal card. To receive copy of paper also, send 6 cts. Address: THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, (No. 11 Dey St., New York.

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

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

MIND READING, PSYCHOMANCY, FASCINATION, Soul Charming, Mesmerism, and Marriage Guide, showing how either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affection of any person they choose, instantly. 400 pages. By mail 50 cts. Hunt & Co., 139 S. 7th St., Philadelphia.

RATHBONE'S

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.

GEO. S. HAWES,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Tin, Copper
AND
SHEET IRON WARE,
Tarboro, N. C.
A FULL LINE OF COOKING, HEATING, Parlor & Office Stoves, kept constantly on hand, which will be sold at the lowest cash prices.
ROOFING AND GUTTERING
either in town or country, promptly attended to and on reasonable terms.
REPAIRING
of all kinds in his line executed with promptness.
If you can't afford to buy a new stove bring your old one and trade.
GEO. S. HAWES,
Nearly opposite Post Office.
Feb. 18, 1876. 1y.

TO
FARMERS & GARDNERS
OF EDGECOMBE AND ADJOINING COUNTIES.
I have just received a fresh stock of Seed for 1876, such as
POTATOE SEEDLINGS, Picked
EARLY AND LATE PEAS
of all varieties.
Cabbages, Collard
AND ALL OTHER KINDS FOR THE GARDEN.
Also GRASS AND HERB SEEDS.
At A. H. MACNAIR'S
Drug and Prescription Store.
Tarboro, Jan. 28, 1876. tf

MISCELLANEOUS.

C. J. AUSTIN'S
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
GROCERY,
Prices Low Down for Cash!
Agent for PETER'S AMMONIATED DISSOLVED BONE, prepared expressly for Cotton. mar.24-1y.

A. WRENN,

Manufacturer of and wholesale dealer in
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, FARM WAGONS, CARTS, WHEELS AND AXLES, HARNESS, COLLARS, HAMES, SADDLES, LAPROBES, HORSE CLOTHING, WHIPS, &c., &c.
Also a large Stock of Carriage Materials.
Nos. 14, 16, 24 and 26 Union Street,
Norfolk, Va.
April, 7 1876. 1y

A RARE OPPORTUNITY
THE STOCK OF GOODS OF
M. Weddell & Co.,
WITH THE
Good Will of the Business,
IS OFFERED
FOR SALE!
and the Store-House can be leased for
ONE OR MORE YEARS.
This is one of the oldest and
Best Stands
IN THE PLACE.
Apply to
M. WEDDELL & CO.
Tarboro, Dec. 17, 1875. tf

GREAT BARGAINS
IN
GROCERIES
AND
FINE LIQUORS.
THE undersigned respectfully call the attention of the citizens of Tarboro and surrounding country to their stock of
Groceries, Liquors, &c.
Family Flour of all Grades,
CHEAPEST IN TOWN.
A large lot of
Sugar,
Coffee,
Hams,
&c.,
just received and for sale at Wholesale and Retail.
FLOUR A SPECIALTY.
Bargains unsurpassed. Capital limited. I deal strictly on the CASH basis, therefore can give unsurpassed bargains.
Call before you purchase.
S. WOOLARD & CO.
Feb. 25, 1876. 6m.

NOTICE.
GOODS AT COST!!
WISHING to close my mercantile business, I will sell the most of my stock of goods now on hand, amounting to about $10,000,
FOR CASH.
Parties wishing bargains would do well to call soon and supply themselves. I would also sell on accommodating terms, my
STORE AND LOT,
in this place. The store is new, large and well built, and one of the most conveniently arranged for business of any store in the State. The stand for business is all that could be asked for.
Parties wishing to purchase can communicate with me at this place.
J. H. PIPPEN,
Feb. 4-3m. Whitaker's, N. C.

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.

Tarboro' Southerner.

Friday, : : : April 28 1876

CHARTER

OF THE

TOWN OF TARBOROUGH IN 1760.

North Carolina, ss.

GEORG THE THIRD by the grace of God, of Great Britian, France and Ireland King Defender of the Faith, &c. *Whereas* a part of our province of North Carolina in Edgcombe County by an act of the general Assembly of said Province hath been erected into a Town and called by the name of Tarborough and many of our loving subjects have settled themselves and famelys within the same. *Know Ye* that we being willing to incourage all our good and faithful subjects as well at present residing and inhabiting as those who shall hereafter become residents and inhabitants of the said Town of Tarborough of our Royal Grace good will certain knowledge and mean motion Have Given and Granted and by these Presents for our Heirs and success Do Give and Grant to such subjects Freeholders of the said Town legally qualified full power and authority to name elect and send one Person having a good Title is fee simple to a Lot of Land consisting of half an acre within the said Town to represent the same in the House of Assembly of Our said Province of North Carolina and therein to sit vote do and consent to those things which by the General Assembly of Our said Province shall happen to be done or enacted and we do hereby grant and order that a Writ of Election for a member of Assembly to represent the said Town shall be issued and sent to the Sheriff of the County of Edgcombe for the time being when and so often as an Assembly shall be called or occasion shall require and that at such election the said Sheriff or his deputy shall attend at the Court House in the said Town and there take the votes of those who by this Charter are entitled to vote in a fare and open manner after Proclamation made by entering in a List the name of each voter who shall vote at such Election and the Poll shall be kept open until sunset unless the candidates *There Present* shall agree to have it closed sooner then the Sheriff or his Deputy before whom such Election is taken shall cast up the number of votes given for each Candidate and shall declare the Person who has the greatest number of votes duly elected a member of Assembly for the said Town and in case of any equality of votes between the Candidates or any two of them then shall the Sheriff or his Deputy before whom such Election was made give the casting vote and in no other case what ever give a vote *Provided* always that all such Electors shall before they or any of them are allowed to vote at such an Elections make Oath of his qualifications if any Candidate or any person in his behalf shall require the same *And Furthur* we of our special Grace certain knowledge and mear motion for us Our Heirs and successors by these presnts do give and Grant to the inhabitants of the said Town of Tarborough forever full power and authority to have hold and keep a market weekly at the said Court *House* in the said Town of Tarborough that is to say on Every Thursday throughout the year with all the privileges and immunities to a Weekly public Market partaining or belonging and also two Fairs yearly to be held and kept at the said Court House on the first Tuesday in May and November to continue for that and the two following days for the sale and all manner of black Cattle Provisions Goods Wares and Merchandise whatsoever and that during the continuance of the said Fair and for one day immediately succeeding the same all persons coming to bring at and going from the said Fair together with their black Cattle Goods Wares and Merchandise whatsoever shall be Exempt and prilidged from all arrests attachments and Executions except for breach of peace and for carrying into execution the Judgments Orders and Decree hereafter mentioned *And* we furthur Give and Grant full power and authority to the Justices of the peace of the said County of Edgecombe for the time being or any three of them summarily to hear and determine all such controversies and debates as may during the continuance of said Fair arise among the Buyers and Sellers in the course of their dealings and transactions at the fair in as full and ample manner as is incident to a Court of Pie Powder in all such cases in our Kingdom of Great Britian *In Testimony* whereof we have caused these our Letters to be made patent *Witness* our trusty and well beloved Josiah Martin Esquire our Captain General and Governor in Chief in and over our said Province at Hillsborough this twenty-fourth day of August in the year of our Lord in 1772 and in the twelfth year of our Reign. Jo Martin.

By his Excellency's command
JAS. BIGGLESTON, Sec'y.

MISS VAN DUSEN'S STORY.

It was the afternoon of a brighy crisp day, with the clear, blue sky of late autumn, rather the dreary gray of November, and the great city wore a holiday look, and elegant carriages rolled luxuriously along the smooth avenues, and the few pedestrians seemed all loitering pleasantly, as if life had nothing for them but enjoyment. At least, this was the view of Mr. Sidney Van Dusen's plate glass windows, and as it appeared to Miss Clara Van Dusen, the beautiful and accomplished only daughter of the house.

The young lady herself had just descended to the parlors, having accomplished a most elegant and satisfactory toilette, preparatory to the late dinner, at which a select company would be present by special invitation. The Van Dusen family being abroad, it could not be exactly a family affair. Miss Bertha Van Dusen's Clara's cousin and intimate friend was stopping with her while her friends were abroad and the two girls were inseparable. *In* a few moments after Clara entered the parlor, Bertha joined her there.

'How sweet you look in blue!'

'How sweet you look in pink!'

Then there was a more mutual admiration and a fluttering of silken skirts when a servant entered with a card.

Alfred Maywood Ingersoll, U. S. A.

'Colonel Ingersoll.' Oh, Bertha! and he has come to propose,' whispered Clara in real distress, and I expect Harry with the ring at any moment. What shall I do! Send word down that I am engaged! Literally true; ain't it?'

'Why, see him, of course, if only to break his heart by a refusal. Think how dejected he will look when he knows that he can never inherit the Van Dusen estates.'

'You seem to think no one can love me for myself,' pouted Clara.

'Oh, yes, dear; Harry Westervelt does, *I* am sure. But has not Colonel Ingersoll made love to all the eligible young ladies with rich papas, and yet he is so conceited he cannot be snubbed short of a declaration and refusal. If you could only make him believe you were poor, he would not trouble you long with his love-making.'

'Show the gentleman up, said Clara to the servant, who had remained respectfully mute during the brief and whispered colloquy of his young mistress and her friend.

A moment later Colonel Ingersoll, elegantly attired in full uniform, his small proportions stretched on the tiptoe of lover-like expectation, and his shrewd, world-looking face beaming with surface smiles, was ushered into the presence of Miss Van Dusen. He found her alone, standing, as if she expected him, in the centre of the room, exquisitely dressed; her dark hair tied back in long loose curls and fastened with a coral comb, while coral clasped the dimpled whitness of her throat and waists. The bright coal fire in the open grate suffused the late daylight with a rosy color, and to Colonel Ingersoll's dazzled eyes it seemed as if his divinity floated to him on billows of pink. He advanced to her with both hands outstretched in a lover-like ecstacy of admiration.

'I was almost afraid of intruding on a family reunion,' he said after the preliminaries of greeting were over; 'but I felt that I must see you to-day and learn——'

'Isn't the day beautiful?' interupted Clara, ruthlessly. She was sitting on the same sofa now, and his attitute was horribly love-like, and *Harry* might come any minute.

'Not half so beautiful——' began the Colonel.

'Shall I move the screen a little?' asked Clara solicitously, for the Colonel's face was very red; and it might be the fire.

But she could not go on forever interrupting, and the Colonel was desperate.

'My dear Miss Van Dusen,' he began firmly, 'I may be presumptuous, but your kind reception of my attentions has led me to believe that you may at some future time make me so happy—so—blessed——'

'Stop, please,' murmured the audacious Clara. 'You call Miss Van Dusen. Ah! how I wish I dared to tell you a sad story; you are so good, so kind, that——'

'May I, oh! may I then call you Clara?' murmured the enraptured lover, to whom the delay was somewhat exasperating.

'Wait, Colonel *I*ngersoll, until *I* tell you a story. You have often been pleased to compliment me on my skill as on improvisatore, but this is a story of real life. Let me ask you a question. Who does the world say I am?'

'Who? Why, Miss Van Dusen! Clara, may I call you by that sweet name, the lovely and beloved daughter of Sydney Van Dusen.'

'So the world says; now listen: *I* was born abroad.'

'So I have been informed,' said the Colonel, whose cariosity was slightly aroused.

'My father and Mother lived nearly fourteen years in Europe. It was during their residence in England—in London—that this story I am going to tell you happened. May I tell this, just as if it were a story, a romance?'

'Yes, yes! But why tell it at all; what can it have to do with my affection—my love?'

'Wait!' cried Clara with a downward droop of her long lashes. 'You are interested in this story, if—if you have the regard you profess for me. Now let me tell it in my own way. Take this chair facing me, Colonel—I must see my audience. Now I warn you that this will be surprise. Are you ready?'

'Yes, yes; but after the story I claim——'

'Once upon a time,' began Clara, in a low and impressive voice, away across the waters, in the big city of London, there was a great high hospital with white wall and iron gates, and inside were long halls or wards with rows and rows of small narrow beds, on which poor sick and dying people lay. Well, it was one cold winter's day that a woman died there; she was thin and emaciated, and oh, so wretched—they had found her in the poorest section of the city, and brought her there with a wretched, wan, sickly child clinging to her skirts, and she had lain and coughed on that narrow bed for long, weary weeks, and then died without a single look or word for the miserable little child. When the bed was empty, and the mother gone to the potter's field, the poor child cried alone and neglected until one of the nurses, younger, and more gentle than the others, noticed the little thing and saw that her cheeks were burning with fever, and that she was famished for a kind word; so the nurse sat down and took the little girl in her lap and did just what I am doing—she told a story.

'Once upon a time' began the nurse—you know a story is never told unless it begins that way—there was a great big fine house with lots of nice things in it; beautiful pictures, and rooms full of flowers and birds——'

'Real flowers and real birds?' asked the child.

'Yes, all real; and fountains of clear shining water, and orange trees all in bloom and tables set with glistening silver, and oh, such lovely things to eat.'

'Turkey?' asked the child eagerly.

'Yes and chickens, and roast beef, brown and juicy; and bread as white as snow, and——'

'And pudden,' asked the little girl, getting very white about the lips.

'Pudding and pies both answered the nurse;' 'plum pudding with big fat raisins in it, and sweet, white sauce to eat on it, and lots of apples, and raisins and nuts, and toys to play with, and pretty little dolls, with pink cheeks and curly hair, and one real big wax one, with eyes that open and shut, and——'

'But the poor little hospital starveling had fainted from excess of happiness, and the nurse laid her on the little bed and put a few spoonfulls of hospital soup between her lips, and then went away to look after patients.

'And in the middle of the night, the little girl woke up very weak and stiff, and oh, so hot and parched. The moon shone in bright and clear as day, and the child grew light-headed as she thought of all the things the nurse had told her, and she made up her mind to go away and find the big, fine home, with all its splendid things; so she slipped out of the bed very softly, and passed the white beds and sleeping nurses, and opened one of the great doors and the guard was so frightened at what he thought was a small ghost that he ran away. Then the child went out on the wide street, and ran on and on, as her poor little feet could carry her, but she knew not where.

'That night there was a grand party at the residence of the American Consul, and it was past midnight before the last guest departed, and as the light fell on the great stone steps they saw a child that looked like a spirit clinging to the railing, and the good Consul took her in, and his kind wife was mother to her during the long weeks of illness that followed; when she became well again she found herself in a lovely room, all white and rose red, with a kind motherly face bending over her, and on a stand near, all the wax dolls she had raved about in her delirium. Well the good Consul and his wife adopted her, and gave her a home and money, but she will have no fortune when she marries, beyond an humble competence. Now who do you think the good Consul was?'

'Your, your—Mr. Van Dusen?' answered the Colonel, in a tremulous voice.

'And the adopted child,' Clara bent forward for an answer.

'Was yourself? Yes—yes; I understand, dear Miss—Miss—Clara *I* mean; I sympathize—d—d—dear me,' looking at his watch hurriedly. 'Your charming story has kept me a whole hour. *I* really must go at once; I hate to leave you looking so lovely, but important business—engaged to dinner at the Leffingwells—Ah, my dear Miss Clara, I must tear myself away. *Aurevoir*,' and the gallant Colonel kissed the tips of the faia hand extended to him, and nearly fell over Harry Westervelt as he bowed himself out.

Harry found Clara in hysterics on the hearth rug, while Birtha was shaking in convulsions of laughter above her; all the coherent words he could obtain from either of them was the reiteration, 'Oh, it's too good! it is too good!' until they grew more composed when Clara told him the story she had told the Colonel—the story of her pretty black eyed waiting maid, Maria.—'That accounts for his muttered thanksgiving as he passed by me,' said Harry; 'I heard him mutter 'deuced thankful;' so he jumped at the conclusion you intended.'

'I knew he would. Oh, Harry, he is so mercenary it must be a sore blow to him. I can almost find it in my heart to be sorry for him.'

'Can you, dearest?' whispered Harry, as Bertha discreetly withdrew. 'Then dismiss him from your thoughts here is something to help you to forget him,' and Harry displayed a diamond solitiare of marvelous dimensions and color. It just fitted the index finger of the blushing Clara, and was the seal of their betrothal.

That night the announcement was made after the dinner had been discussed. Among the guests was a friend of Colonel Ingersoll, to whom the beaming and mischievous Bertha had just vouchsafed a promise of her own charming self in the future; he learned the story of Miss Van Dusen's ruse, and did not let it lose in the telling; but the Colonel bears his defeat well, only he wishes he had not made that rapid denouement just as the artful girl intended he should.

Stories that You Needn't Believe.

Speaking of shooting ducks, says Dr. F., puts me in the mind of the great storm that occured when *I* lived on the island. As you are all aware, our island was near Casco bay; an awful storm arose, and was so fierce that it drove all the ducks in the bay into a pond, covering about an acre, near my house. In fact, so many ducks crowded into that pond that I could not see a drop of water.

Shoo, said Smith, didn't ye shoot any of 'em?

That's what I was coming at. *I* went into the house and got my double barreled shot gun, and discharged both barrels right into the midst of them, but to my astonishment they all arose into the air, leaving not a solitary duck on the pond.

Good gracious! You don't say so, said Smith. Didn't you hev any shot in yer gun, or what in thunder was the trouble?

Well, I was coming to that, said Dr. F. It astonished me at first; but as soon as the ducks rose a few hundred yards in the air, and commenced to separate a little, ducks began to drop, and, whether you believe it or not, I picked up twenty-nine barrels of ducks, and it was a poor season for ducks, too. You see the ducks were wedged in so solid on the pond that when they arose they carried the dead ones in the air with them, and when they separated, down came the twenty-nine barrels of dead ducks.

Oh, says Smith, I'm not surprised at that at all, or of the big lot of ducks yer bagged, for it was an awful storm. I remember it well, doctor. I had at that time a corn barn full of corn; on one side of the barn was an open window, and on the other side was a knot hole; and during the storm the wind blew so fierce that it blew every ear of that corn right through the knot-hole, and the hole being just the size of the cob only, the result was that it shelled every ear, leaving the corn in the barn, and the next morning I found my barn half full of shelled corn and not a single cob. I had a curiosity to know where the cobs had gone to. I had a curiosity to know where the cobs had gone to. I went to the rear of the barn and followed the line of those cobs over eleven miles, and at a distance of about five miles a large first-growth pine tree stood in the track, and darn me if the wind hadn't driv the cobs into that 'ere tree from the top to the bottom. Oh, doctor, that was an awful storm.

Yes, sighs the doctor, awful.

All Hands Below.

A good story is told of a parrot which had always lived on board of a ship but which escaped at one of the Southern ports, and took refuge in a church. The parrot, intimating the sailors, got in the habit of crying out, "all hands below. Soon after the congregation assembled, and the minister began preaching to them in earnest fashion, saying there was no virtue in them—that every one of them would go to an enless perdition unless they repented. Just as he spoke the sentence, up spoke the parrot from his hiding place.

'All hands below.'

To say that 'all hands' were startle, would be a mild way of putting it. The peculiar voice and unknown source had waited a moment, and then a shade or two paler, he repeated the warning.

'All hands below!' again rang out somewhere.

The preacher started from his pulpit and looked anxiously around inquiring if anybody had spoken.

'All hands below!' was the only reply, at which the entire panic-stricken congregation got up, and a moment afterward they all bolted for the doors the preacher trying his best to get there first, and during the time the mischevious bird kept up his yelling.

'All hands below!'

There was an old woman present who was lame, and could not get out as fast as the rest, and in a short time she was left entirely alone. Just as she was about to hobble out, the parrot flew down, and aligtning on her shoulder, yelled in her ear:

'All hands below!'

'No, no Mister Devil!' shrieked the old woman, 'you don't mean me. I don't belong here. I go to the other church across the way.'

Influence of Greenback.

He looked like a man who might have had fifteen cents last fall, but who had used the last of it weeks ago. When he sat down in the restaurant the waiters paid no heed to him, and he wrapped several times before a colored man slid that way.

'I want fried oysters,'' said the man, as he looked over the fare.

'Dey is jist out, fried oystiers is,' replied the waiter.

'Bring me a chicken, then.'

'Dere isn't a chicken in de place.'

'Got any vension?' inquired the man.

'Not an inch, sah.'

'Any ham and eggs?'

'No, sah.'

'See here,' said the man, getting vexed, 'I want a square meal. I've got the ducats right here, and I can pay for my dinner and buy your old cookshop besides.'

He lifted a big roll of greenbacks out of his pocket, shook it at the darkey and continued:

'Have you a chicken?'

'Yes, sah, *I* guess so, sah; I have de biggest kind o'blief dat since we commenced to talk a chicken has blown right into de kettle an' been cooked. And now about dat venision and dose fried oysters—dey has also arrived.'

Frightened Him Off.

He was on his knees to her. His face was flushed, his eyes gleamed passionately into hers, he talked rapidly:

'Nothing shall separate us evermore, my darling. For your sake I will beard the lion in his den! I will face death on the battle-field! I will skim the seas! I will endure all hardship, all suffering, all misery.'

He paused and looked eagerly at her, with his whole soul quivering in his eyes.

'Will you do all this for the sake of my love?' said she, gazing earnestly into his burning eyes.

'Yes, yes; a thousand times yes!'

'And if we wed,' continued she, flushing slightly, 'will you get up first and build the fire?'

With a shriek of despair he fied.
—*Danbury News.*

A scholar in a country school was asked. 'How do you parse 'Mary milks the cow?' The last disposed of as follows: 'Cow, a noun, feminine gender, third person, and stands for Mary.'

'Stands for Mary! How do you make that out?'

'Because,' added the intelligent pupil, 'if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how could she milk her?'

The Norfolk Virginian says: The large quantities of fish from the fisheries on the coast of North Carolina has necessitated the running of boats daily on the Blackwater Line, to Franklin, and every day the freight trains on the Seaboard Road arrive with hundreds of boxes of fish, which are opened and iced by parties, who make this a spring business and realize a very good percentage by charging commission per box, and are then shipped to the various Northern markets.

Mother—'Charlotte, how do you like your new teacher?' Charlotte—'Oh, she's a splendid teacher. She don't care whether we know our lessons or not.'