The Tarborough Southerner.

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

VOL. 54. TARBORO', N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1876. NO. 21.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

TARBORO'.

MAYOR—Fred. Philips.

COMMISSIONERS—Jesse A. Williamson, Jacob Feidenheimer, Daniel W. Hurtt, Alex. McCabe, Joseph Cobb.

SECRETARY & TREASURER—Robt. Whitehurst.

CHIEF OF POLICE—John W. Cotten.

ASSISTANT POLICE—John Madry, Jas. E. Simonson, Allmore Macnair.

COUNTY.

Superior Court Clerk and Probate Judge—H. L. Staton, Jr.

Register of Deeds—Alex. McCabe.

Sheriff—Joseph Cobb.

Coroner—

Treasurer—Robt. H. Austin.

Surveyor—John E. Baker.

Standard Keeper—J. B. Hyatt.

School Examiners.—H. H. Shaw, Wm. A. Duggan and R. S. Willians.

Keeper Poor House—Wm. A. Duggan.

Commissioners—Jno. Lancaster, Chairman, Wiley Well, J. B. W. Norville, Frank Dew, M. Exem. A. McCabe, Clerk.

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 9½ 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, Pitt 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.

A CENTS should write for Circulars for new book by
Ann Eliza BRIGHAM'S WIFE No. 19. 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 5,000 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, : : : May. 5. 1876

A MOUNTAIN COURT SCENE.

HOW THE NAME OF "MOTHER" SAVED A LIFE.

Old Job Dawson had been duly elected to the responsible position of justice of the peace, and this was the first case that demanded his attention. Job was a veteran mountaineer, and had lived in the shadow of the lofty peaks, hunting, trapping and fighting Indians, to use his own words, "Sense Adam war a kid." In that rough region an accusation of a great crime against anyone is but a forerunner of a "hanging bee," and a trial is seldom thought of. But in the present instance, a wild 'cuss' who had been frequenting the settlements, had been appropriating a 'broncho' (Indian pony) belonging to a neighboring ranchman, and had been pursued and brought back.—Old Job was summoned to try the culprit, and a spot in the rocky gulch near the squire's cabin was selected as the site for the investigation. A motly crowd of hunters, trappsrs, miners and rancherors were present. Some were lying on the ground and others sitting upon the rocks, all anxiously awaiting the squire's coming. Job soon came from toward the cabin, and with dignified air seated himself upon a boulder, took off his bear skin cap, and said:

'Fellers, the court are ready to git down to biz, an' I want yer all to cheese yer racket and let up on that chin music according to law. Throw yer hair in sight, and pay 'tention to the court.'

Every hat came off at this command and his honor glancing around the circle, said:

'Whar is the dam cuss?'

Three mountaineers armed with Henry rifles and six-shooters, stepped forward with the thief, a young man wearing a bold, devil may-care expression. His hands were securely fastened behind his back with buckskin thongs. Clad in buckskin from head to foet, he presented a picturesque appearance as he faced the squire.

'What do yer call yer when yer at home?' asked the court.

'Aint got any home leastways in these parts,' sullenly replied the prisoner.

'Aint hey? Well, what's the name you tuk w'en you left the states then?'

'The boys hyar on the hills call me Tiger Jim.'

'Well, Tige yer spotted a hoss thief, an I reckon thar's something in it, or the boys wouldn't a brought you in. You can't expect a tony trial like you'd get down to Laramie or eny of them towns along the road. We haven't eny paper, pens or ink, or eny of that sort of foolishness up hyar in the hills, an thar aint one of us could engineer them if we had, so we'll just grind yer through and do the best we can for yer. In the name of the law I now ask yer did you collar that hoss—but stop'er right thar, doggone it, I forgot to swar you. Cum mitey near forgitting it. Hold up right hand!'

'Hold up nothing. How kin I when they are tied titer'n blazes!'

'That's so. Yer k'rect, Tige, but guess eny member of the body will be 'cording to law in extreme cases. Steddy him a little fellers, so as he kin hold up his right foot.

Tige raised his moccasion-covered foot, while a guard on each side held him in position.

'Now, then, I aint a fly on them ar lawyers' affydavys, but I'll make her enough to Mexican mule. Tige Jim, do you swear by the *Holy* Moses, according to laws of Wyoming Territorry, that every time yer chip into my racket ye'll give us a square truth? An' ef yer don't do yer hope that yer may get chawed up by a grizzly, chopped to peices by Sioux, strung up to pine with a rope around yer neck, an fail to connect on heaven w'en yer light goes out, to the best of yer understanding as provided by law, s'help yer God, eh?'

'That's jist wa't I does, pardy.'

'Now, Tige, yer under oath, and ev'ry time yer speak yer wants to hit the bull's eye. Did yer hear that boss?'

'Wall, Uncle Job, there's no use of lying 'bout it, and I'll tell jist how it war. Last night you know thar war a jamboree over to Al. Milkin's ranch in Miller's Gulch, and I war thar. Al had bin in Larime city, and got a keg o' good old budge and we all got purty full.—After dancing war over, I pulled out fur Bowle's ranch, whar I am hanging out, and as I war staggering down round Mountain Cat Hill *I* runs right onto the broncho that war picketed out in the grass, and war jist drunk enough to mount him and lite. *I* know I'm going to swing for it, and I'll die game too. *I* aint wort a cuss, anyway, and ef it warn't for my good old mother back in the states (here the tears began to roll down his bronzed cheeks) who never closes her eyes 'thout praying God to send me back to her, I'd laugh at death and help yer fix the rope; but when I think of that darling old soul I get weaker than a wounded antelope. *I* tell ye, fellers, I've been a tough cuss ever since I struck out for the hills and s'pose the world will be better 'thout me in it. My old mother'll suffer, I know that, for I'm her only kid, and hev sent every ounce I could spare to her and its all she had to live on. She's bin good un to me, God bless her, and I'm sorry I hevn't lived so's I can camp with her up thar (raising his tearful eyes toward heaven) and boys, won't some o' you write to her.—Tom Kirk thar, knows whar she lives, and tell her I got let out by an Injun, or pegged out naturally. For God's sake dont let her know I was strangled. The news'nd kill her. But then, I'll cheese this gab or ye'll think *I'm* weakening and the man don't live as can skeer Tiger Jim. Elevate me boys jist as quick as ye please, I'm ready when ye are.' During this recital Jim's eyes were filled with tears, and a close observer would have detected 'silent weeping' on all sides. The word 'mother' had awakened tender recollections in the breast of every one of those hardy mountaineers. Men who could face death in any shape without a particle of feeling did not try to hide their tears at the mention of that sacred name, mother! How sweet it sounded to their ears! *It* carried them back to the happy days in the dead past, when they blessed with the love of parents, before the insatiable thirst for gold led them into these mountain wilds. Not a word was spoken for a few seconds, and then old Job drew his herny hand across his watery eyes and said in a husky voice:

'Tige, ye w'udn't break an oath, would ye?'

'No, Job Dawson, not for friend or foe. There aint a boy in the hills as can say thet Jim ever went back on his given word. I am a rough un, and do some mitey mean things, but when I say a thing you can gamble every dollar you've got upon it being straight.'

'Wall, Tige, we had intended to swing ye, an' ye deserve swinging, but I can't git rid of that 'mother' chinnin' ye gave us. I 'spect the old lady set heart on seeing ye again, and is wearing her old eyes out looking fer yer. I've got an old mother myself, and though I hevn't sot eyes on her since '49 her pictur's right hyar in my heart a pleading for yer o'd woman, Tige. *Its* ruff Tige, ruff, an' let's see—yes darned ef I don't du it. Jack, cut them strings so's he can git his hands loose. Thar, that is it. Now Tige, hold up yer right hand and ef yer ever swore strong do it now. Do yer swar by the great God and yer blessed old mother thet of this court discharges ye, ye'll lite rite out for the states and go hum to the old lady, an love her as long as she stays out of heaven? Do you swar to this Tige, before almighty God and this court?' 'I do, Job, and thar's my fist on it.—I swar it, and I'll pull stakes rite away.'

'Then you're released on them terms and the boys will help ye git yer traps down to the station; but mind, I tell ye Tige, ef ye're ever caught in the hills again ye'll go up a tree. Fellers, the court's over and the prisoner's discharged.—*Marion County (Cal.) Journal.*

A Description of Christ.

The following interesting literary curiosity was found in Rome some years ago, and is worth republication: *public lentulu—his letter to the senate of Rome concerning Jesus Christ.*

It being the usual custom of the Roman Governors to advertise the Senate and people of such material things as happened in their respective provinces: In the days of Tiberius Cæsar, and Emperor, Publius, President of Judea, wrote the following epistle to the Senate concerning our blessed Savior.

Conscript Fathers.
Jesus Amabilis.

There appeared in these our days, a man of great virtue named Jesus Christ who is yet living among us, and of the Gentiles is accepted as a prophet of Truth. He raiseth the dead, and cureth all manner of diseases. A man of stature somewhat tall and comely with a reverend countenance, such as the beholders may both love and fear. *His* hair is of the color of a chestnut full ripe, plain to the ears, whence downward it is more Orient, curling and waving about his shoulders. *In* the midst of his hair is a seam or partition after the manner of the Nazarites, his forehead plain and very delicate. His face without spot or wrinkle, beautified with a lovely red. *His* nose and mouth so formed as nothing can be reprehended. *His* beard thickish, in color like his hair not very long but forked. His look, innocent and mature. *His* eyes, gray, clear and quick. In reproving he is terrible. Courteous and fair spoken, it cannot be remembered that any have seen him laugh; but many have seen him weep. In proportion, his body most excellent, his hands and arms very delectable to behold. In speaking, very temperate, modest and wise. A man for his singular beauty surpassing the children of men.

Some Eccentricities of Courtship.

'Probably there is no instance in which any two lovers have made love exactly in the same way as any other two lovers, since the world began.—[Sir Arthur Helps.

Barkis insinuated.

Vivien charmed Merlin.

Alexander made a bonfire for Thais.

Hildergarde took the bull by the horns.

The Merchant of Venice soft-soldered Portia, with a casket of lead.

The garrulous female in the Arabian Nights told her husband stories.

Victoria sent for Prince Albert and told him she wanted him. She was victorious.

In the Polynesian Islands they win their hearts by beating their heads with a shillalah.

Harry the Eight and Bluebeard were off with the head of the old love before they were on with the new.

Dr. Johnson poked the tobacco in his pipe down with his sweetheart's finger—a warm token of affection.

Tristram did it mostly with a harp, and was also a good lot. His two Isoldes were too many for him.

Bothwell was inclined to Marie, and locked her up in a castle. It worked as well as Peter's pumpkin shell.

Dobbett's wife caught him by the grace with which she used her wash tub. She was never known to use it after the wedding.

Tam Romily, the famous lawyer killed himself because his wife died, while a good many others kill themselves because they won't die.

Nicholas of Russia wanted to pop the question at a dinner table, but didn't like to be caught at it, so he imbedded a ring in a lump of bread and handed it to her.

Charlemagne's secretary was caught by a snow storm sparkling the Emperor's daughter at midnight and she carried him home on her back, so that his footsteps shouldn't be traced. The Emperor heard of it and saddled him on to her for the rest of her life.

A $200,000 Hotel.

What Dr. Pierce is Doing—An Important Enterprise

We learn that Dr. R. V. Pierce, proprietor of the "World's Dispensary," in this city, has perfected the purchase of a large lot of land, on which he proposes to erect a large hotel for the accommodation of his numerous patients, coming hither from all points of the compass. The land purchased by the enterprising Doctor is 234 feet front on Prospect avenue, running through to Fargo avenue, 332 feet; also an adjoining lot extending from the above Connecticut street. It is in the midst of our extensive system of public parks, fronts the old and beautiful Prospect Park, is but a short distance from the "Circle" in one direction, and the "Lake Front" in the other. The site selected is a fine one being both beautiful and healthful; is one of the highest portions of our city, easily accessible, yet sufficiently retired to secure quiet, ahd commands a pleasant view of the lake and river as well as the surrounding city and country. We understand that it is the intention of Dr. Pierce to erect a hotel at the cost of at least two hundred thousand dollars, where those who come to enjoy the benefit of his treatment may find all desired accommodations under one roof, instead of being scattered over the city, as at present. We are given to understand that our architects will be invited to submit plans for the proposed structure without delay.

Influence of Newspapers.

School teacher, who had been engaged a long time in his profession, and witnessed the influence of a newspaper upon the minds of a family and children, writes as follows:

I have found it to be a universal fact without exception, that those scholars, of both sexes, and of all ages, who have access to newspapers at home, when compared with those who have not, are:

1. Better readers, excellent in pronunciation, and consequently read more understandingly.

2. They are better spellers and define words with ease and accuracy.

3. They obtain practical knowledge of geography in almost half the time it requires of others, as the newspapers have made them acquainted with the location of the important places, of nations, their governments and doings on the globe.

4. They are better grammarians for having become so familiar with every variety of styles in the newspapers, from the common place advertisement to the finished and classical eration of the statesman, they more readily comprehended the meaning of the text, and constantly analyze its construction with accuracy.

5. They write better compositions, using better language, containing more thoughts, more clearly and more correctly expressed.

6. Those young men who have for years been readers of newspapers are always taking the lead in debating societies, exhibiting a more extensive knowledge upon a great variety of subjects and expressing their views with greater fluency, clearness and correctness.

A Healthy Free Luncher.

A tramp while on his travels noticed a placard in front of a barroom. It bore the pleasing legend. 'Free Lunch,' and he walked in, walked unostentatiously up to a plate and commenced operations on a sandwhich; then the bar-keeper walked up to the cadaverous wretch and said:

'Men who eat here are expected to pay for a drink.'

'I know it,' said the tramp.

'Well then, why don't you conform to the rule.'

'Cause I go in for health, and don't drink till I am through eating.'

The bar-tender turned his back for a moment, and the tramp slipped three sandwiches into his coat pocket and calmly devoured four; then he walked up to the bar, and to the dispenser of stimulants huskily whispered:

'Gimme a glass o'water, will ye?'

'What! water after four sandwhiches?' said the bar-keeper, angrily.

'Yes'r' replied the tramp. *I* have been a drinking o' it for nigh outer forty years, and its just the healthiest stuff a going.'

And he hobbled out; but if he had caught the boot that flew after him he wouldn't have been satisfied with the 'booty' of his visit.

He Wasn't There.

The baby who wasn't at the Union Fair was at the Post Office in his little buggy yesterday, says the *Free prees.* He was a baby with a snag-teeth, yellow hair, white eyes, and an ugly kick to his heels. A pedestrian tried to pat him on the nose, and the young generation struck at him and howled disconsolately. A boot-black pinched his foot, and the baby kicked right and left and made the covers fly.

'He wasn't at the fair, was he?' inquired one of the boys as the mother came out.

'I guess he wasn't—not much,' she answered. 'He was home minding his business.'

'Then he didn't get a golden eagle?'

'He didn't get nothing,' she snapped.' 'I don't put my flesh and blood on exhibition for no golden eagles, or golden geese, or golden anything else.'

'But he'd have taken the A. I, O. K., XXX premium if you'd had him there,' persisted the boy.

'He's just as good as he is handsome,' she replied, as she tucked the clothes down. *I* have been told over and over again that he is the handsomest baby in Detroit.

'Would you sell him?' seriously inquired the boy.

'Sell him? Why, what would you do with a baby?'

'*I*'d paint his nose, dye his hair, whittle out some good teeth for him, trim his ears down, and then sell him for a tobacco sign,' whispered the boy.

This is why a woman was yesterday seen chasing a boy around the Post Office square, always just near enough to get in a kick, but always just an instant too late to hit the spot. When a policeman stopped her she had both hands clenched, her eyes flashed fire, her teeth were hard set, and she gasped:

'Take mythouse and lot, but let me get hold of that boy!'

The Burial Swindle.

The Hartford (Con.) *Times* Middletown correspondent, referring to the frauds reported to exist in connection with the burial of the soldiers who died during the late war, and to the published stories of mutilation of bodies, says: But I have a worse story, as told by a sub-contractor in this locality, who was engaged in the business. This sub-contractor says that straight lines a mile in length were given by surveyors to the contractors, whose business it was to place the headstones. In placing the headstones, it was found that in order to keep them in line, the stones would be placed on the breasts instead of at the head of the bodies, and it would therefore be necessary to break through many of the coffins. The contractor says that the expense was greater to dig through wood, and the government therefore paid him for all such cases $20 extra over his contract.

At this point the fraud which had been practiced on the government in the burying of dead bodies by former parties was brought to light. In brehking through the coffins, instead of finding the remains of some soldier, legs of mules were found in hundreds of instauces; and to-day headstones, which are supposed to mark the last resting place of some dead soldier, stand but as monuments to the remains of mules.

Household Words.

Along about bed time the Detroit wife says she'll go to bed, and her husband yawns and goes down the hall. After half an hour he joins her up stairs, and she sleepily inquires:

'Did you bolt that side door?'

'Yes.

'And the back door?'

'Yes.,

'And you fastened that cellar door?'

'Yes.'

'And did you put a brace under the lock of the hall door?

'Yes.'

'Sure that all the windows are nailed down?'

'Yes.'

'I'll bet the window in the spare bed-room is up.'

'No it isn't.'

'Did you see if the blinds of the pantry window were fastened?'

'Yes,'

'Well, put your revolver on the chair, leave a bright light, and, if you hear a burglar in the room, for heaven's sake don't wake me up, for I know I should scream right out.'

Moody and a Meek-Looking Penitent.

A few days ago a meek-looking, penitent man went into the inquiry room at the Hippodrome in New York, where the most wonderful revival of the world, is progressing. The intense sorrow and overwhelming humility of that mourner, touched the heart of Mr. Moody, and the great revivalist knelt by the side of the sinner in prayer, but while the minister prayed, the penitent *watched.* They both arose; the meek-looking individual, as he passed out of the door, looked comforted, and carried out a time piece that had not entered with him. The minister as he felt for his watch a few minutes afterwards, looked very *moody* and was heard: 'Beware of pick-pockets! I have been taken in, and my watch taken out!'

Two Kinds of Girls.

There are two kinds of girls.—One is the kind that appears best abroad—the girls that are good for parties, visits, balls, etc., whose chief chief delight is in all such things. The other is the kind that appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining room, the sick-room, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is frequently a torment at home; the other is a blessing. One is a moth consuming everything about her; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring life and gladness all along the pathway. Now it does not necessarily follow that there shall be two clases of girls. The right modification would modify them both a little, and unite their characters in one.

'Maria Theresa Jennings and Clotilda Semantha Jenning, gimme that are book? The idea of gals not more'n nineteen readin' all about that are Beecher scandal. And you professors, too! Ef your poor mother was alive now, what do you calkilate she'd say? Gimme that sinful pamphlet till I destroy it.' And the pious old deacen indignantly took 'The Story of the Great Scandal' from them and sat up till three o'clock in the morning reading it in dining-room, with the door locked and his hat hung over the keyhole.

Twenty-five thousand dollars will be offered for the dead body of the man who wrote the following poem:

"If I was a lokle editor,
Wouldn't I have a time?
I wouldn't print a cussed word
For lessen a $ a line."

"I'd get my grub and licker free,
& tickets to the shows,
I wouldn't pay for buggy hier,
& wouldn't I wear good close!"

'Vell,' said an honest Teuton, throwing down the morning paper and having a long sigh, 'dot beats all. Dere vos Beecher, und Babcock, und Belknap, und now dey got Bendleton, too. Geef's 'noder glass lager, boy.

Visitor—Can I see Dr. Jones? Servant—No, sir; he's not at home, sir! Visitor—Could I see his—er—deputy? Servant—Please, sir, you'd better wait till master comes home, as I don't know where it is, and he don't like his things meddled with.

If your geraniums don't flourish, just graft them upon tomato vines and see how that works. A Los Angeles man tried it, and his geranium, or tomato—it's hard to tell which—is growing thriftly, and blossoming beautifully.

A Chicago clergyman preached from the text, 'Where are the nine?' The Post replies. 'Most of them are with the Haymakers.