

The Tarboro' Southener.

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

VOL. 54.

TARBORO', N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 19, 1876.

NO. 23.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

TARBORO'.
Mayor—Fred Phillips.
Commissioners—Jesse A. Williamson, Jacob Feldenknecht, Daniel W. Hurr, Alex. McCabe, Joseph Cobb.
Supt. of Schools—John E. Baker.
Supt. of Police—John W. Cotton.
Assistant Police—John Madra, Jas. E. Simpson, Altimore Macaun.
CLERGY.
Superior Court Clerk and Probate Judge—H. L. Station, Jr.
Register of Deeds—Alex. McCabe.
Clerk of Court—Joseph Cobb.
CORPORATE OFFICERS.
Treasurer—John E. Baker.
Supt. of Schools—John E. Baker.
Supt. of Police—John W. Cotton.
Commissioners—Jesse A. Williamson, Jacob Feldenknecht, Daniel W. Hurr, Alex. McCabe, Joseph Cobb.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

Leave Tarboro' daily at 10 A. M. for
Wilmington, N. C., 3:30 P. M.
Washington, Md., 5:30 P. M.
Greenville, S. C., 7:30 P. M.
Arrive at Tarboro' daily at 6 P. M.

LODGES.

The Knights and the Pieces of Meeting.
Concord R. A. Chapter No. 5, N. M. L. W. Lodge, High Priest, Masonic Hall, monthly convocations first Thursday in every month at 10 o'clock A. M.
Concord Lodge No. 28, Thomas Gattlin, Master, Masonic Hall, monthly convocations first Thursday in every month at 10 o'clock A. M.
Edgewood Lodge No. 127, Friends of Temperance, meet every Friday night at the Odd Fellows' Hall.
Advance Lodge No. 28, I. O. G. T. meet every Wednesday night at their Hall.
Zion's Lodge No. 225, 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 10:30 A. M. and 5 P. M.—Dr. J. B. Chesler, 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 Sabbath. 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 10 o'clock.
N. M. Lawrence, Agent.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRANK POWELL,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
TARBORO', N. C.
Office next door to the Southern office, July 2, 1875.

JOS. BLOUNT CHESHIRE, JR.,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office at the Old Bank Building on Trade Street.

HOWARD PERRY,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
TARBORO', N. C.
Practices in all the Courts, State and Federal.
Nov. 5-15.

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.

FREDERICK PHILLIPS,

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

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.

JACOB BATTLE,

Counselor and Attorney at Law,
ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.
Practices in all the State Courts.
March 24, 1876.

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, and 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. 18-19.

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 operations 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.

MISCELLANEOUS.

This Claim House Established in 1865.
PENSIONS granted for Officers, Soldiers, Sailors and Seamen of war of 1812 and 1815 and for their heirs. The law includes discharges and those dishonorably discharged. If wounded, injured, or have contracted any disease, apply at once. Thousands entitled. Great numbers entitled to an increased rate, and should apply immediately. All Soldiers and Seamen of the Army of 1812 who served for any period, however short, whether disabled or not, and all widows of such not now on the Pension rolls, are requested to send me their address at once.
BOUNTY: Many who enlisted in 1812-3 and 4 and have them examined. Business before the Patent Office settled. Officers returns and accounts settled, and all just claims prosecuted.
As I make no charge unless successful, I request all to include two stamps for return of papers. George E. Lemon, Lock Box 47, Washington, D. C.
I recommend Captain Lemon as an honorable and successful Practitioner.—S. A. Hurlburt, M. D., 4th Congressional District of Illinois, late Maj.—Gen'l U. S. Vols.
In writing mention name of this paper.

THE CENTENNIAL.

50,000 PERSONS ON THE GROUNDS.—PRESENTATION OF THE BUILDINGS.—ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT.

PHILADELPHIA, May 10.—Today is a legal holiday. All business is suspended. The gates of the Centennial Grounds were opened at 9 o'clock. The sky is cloudless. The foreign commissioners and other distinguished visitors had special entrance and were seated without confusion. There are fully 50,000 people on the grounds.

THE OPENING CEREMONIES.

The ceremonies opened with airs of all nations, under the direction of Theodore Thomas; prayer by Right Rev. Bishop Simpson; hymn by John Greenleaf Whittier; the presentation of the buildings to the United States Centennial Commission by Centennial Commissioner John Welsh, who spoke as follows:
Mr. President and Gentlemen of the United States Centennial Commission: In the presence of the Government of the United States and of the several distinguished countries by whom we are surrounded, and in behalf of the great Centennial Board of Finance, I greet you, and have the honor to announce to you that under your supervision and established by you we have erected this building, belonging to us, and have made all arrangements devolving on us necessary for the opening of the International Exhibition. We hereby now formally appropriate them to their intended occupation, and we hold ourselves ready to make all further arrangements that may be needed for carrying into full and complete effect all requirements and acts of Congress relating to the exhibition. We also appropriate the buildings belonging to the State of Pennsylvania and city of Philadelphia erected by us at their bidding—to wit, the memorial hall, the machinery hall, and the horticultural hall.—These and other substantial offerings stand as evidence of the patriotic co-operation of the United States of America. Through Congress we are indebted for aid which crowned our success in addition to those which I have just referred to.—There are other beautiful and convenient edifices which have been erected by foreign nations, by State authority and by individuals, which are also devoted to purposes of exhibition. Ladies and gentlemen, if we have met with disappointments, difficulties, and trials, they have been overcome by a consciousness that no sacrifice can be too great which is made to honor the memory of those who brought our nation into being. This commemoration of events of 1776 excites every one present with gratitude. The assemblage here to-day of so many foreign representatives uniting with us is our reward. We congratulate you that twenty of the nations have gathered here in peaceful competition, and may each profit by the association. This exhibition is but a school, and the more thoroughly its lessons are learned the greater will be the gain; and when it shall have been closed, the nations engaged in it shall have learned respect for each other. Then it may be hoped that veneration for Him who rules on high will become universal and the angels songs be heard, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."
Mr. Welsh's speech was followed by a cantata by Sydney Lanier, of Georgia, and the presentation of the Exhibition to the President of the United States by Joseph P. Hawley.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

President Grant then addressed the vast multitude as follows:
My Countrymen!—It has been thought appropriate upon this Centennial occasion to bring together in Philadelphia for popular inspection specimens of our attainments in the industrial and fine arts, and in literature, science and philosophy, as well as in the great business of agriculture and of commerce, that we may the more thoroughly appreciate the excellencies and deficiencies of our achievements, and also give emphatic expression to our earnest desire to cultivate the friendship of our fellow members of this great family of nations. The enlightened agricultural, commercial and manufacturing people of the world have been invited to send hither corresponding specimens of their skill to exhibit on equal terms in friendly competition with our own. To this they generously responded, and for so doing we render them our hearty thanks. The beauty and utility of the contributions will this day be submitted to your inspection by the managers of this exhibition. We are glad to know that a view of specimens of the skill of all nations will afford to you unalloyed pleasure, as well as yield to you a valuable

practical knowledge of so many of the remarkable results of the wonderful skill existing in enlightened communities.

One hundred years ago our country was new and but partially settled. Our necessities have compelled us to chiefly expend our means and time in felling forests, subduing prairies, building dwellings, factories, ships, docks, warehouses, roads, canals, machinery, etc.

Most of our schools, churches, libraries and asylums have been established within a hundred years.

Burthened by these great primal works of necessity, which could not be delayed, we yet have done what this exhibition will show, wonders in the direction of rivaling older and most advanced nations in law, medicine, and theology; in science, literature, philosophy, and the fine arts. Whilst proud of what we have done, we regret that we have not done more. Our achievements have been great enough, however, to make it easy for our people to acknowledge superior merit wherever found. And now, fellow-citizens, I hope a careful examination of what is about to be exhibited to you will only inspire you with a profound respect for the skill and taste of our friends from other nations, but also satisfy you with the attainments made by our own people during the past hundred years.

I invoke your generous co-operation with the worthy commissioners to secure brilliant success to the International Exhibition, and to make the stay of our foreign visitors—to whom we extend a hearty welcome—both profitable and pleasant to them; I declare the International Exhibition now open.

AN EXCITING SCENE IN MACHINERY HALL.

One of the most impressive scenes of the day was when the President, assisted by Dom Pedro, started the motive power of Machinery Hall. At a signal from General Hawley the President and the Emperor each seized a crank and opening the valves, turned them several times. At once a sound was heard which gave the people to understand that the engine was about to move. Then the monstrous seventy-ton fly-wheel began slowly moving, increasing gradually in rapidity until it was traveling at its full speed. Gen'l Hawley started the hurrah, which was taken up by the surrounding multitude. The deafening echoes travelled through the building, and as all the wheels in the Hall began moving, the ringing of bells and other demonstration told that the Centennial Exhibition was fairly opened.

VISIT OF THE EMPRESS OF BRAZIL TO THE GROUNDS.

The Empress of Brazil, escorted by Mrs. Gillespie, visited the Women's Pavilion this afternoon, and made a tour of all the aisles and passages. There were no formalities attending the visit. Dom Pedro also visited the Pavilion, and gave emphatic approval of the work displayed by American women.

FRED DOUGLASS GETS ON THE PLATFORM.

Fred. Douglass, by some mischance, worked his way through the crowd, and was helped over the ropes by officers and conducted to a seat on the platform. He was greeted with cheers.

The procession, after the speeches were over, was considerably delayed by the tendency of Dom Pedro, who along with President Grant led the procession, to stop and discuss with friends the various exhibits.

A crowd of foreign commissioners were frequently closing up from behind. Some of the military looked wearily dragged and jaded, but as a whole they looked well.

As the cavalcade passed the British section, President Grant was presented with an illustrated catalogue of the British exhibits.

The Russian and Austrian exhibits have not yet arrived. All the space in machinery building is occupied. There are eight thousand machines in position, seventy per cent being American; the next largest being British.

The Empress of Brazil set the machinery in motion in the woman's pavilion in the presence of a large crowd.

She pulled a gold cord and tassel, and the engine started. The soldierly bearing and fine physique of the Spanish troops were much admired.

The American pictures in Memorial Hall make a fine display.

No less than seven walls, each one hundred feet long, are hung with American pictures. The British art exhibit, however, carries off the palm, and will probably head the list when the final award comes to be made. The collection is large, three hundred or four hundred pictures are water colors, which are scarcely inferior to oils.

Message and reply sent and received at a Waterbury telegraph office.

"I am dying; come as soon as you can." "I cannot come; when you die, let me know."

A Mouse in a Spider's Web.

The wily Weaver Ensuring Huge Game—A Wonderful Narrative.

The wonderful little spider which captured the mouse, and is elevating it in its parlor at Michael Gross' carpenter shop, on Greatman, between Elystan Fields and Marigny streets, of which we gave an account yesterday morning, is still busily engaged in its herculean task and filling the numerous persons who visit it with amazement. This astonishing little insect is of the black species, and very small, a fact that renders the feat which it now performs the more marvelous. The mouse was accustomed, when on a predatory excursion, to emerge from a hole under the bench where spiders dwell and pass into the carpenter shop where the spider stands. The enterprising spider, who had no doubt watched for a long time the movements, laid a trap for the unsuspecting young mouse and on Monday morning, when it started out on its daily rounds, the little spider, who was on the lookout tightened the thread which she had prepared for her victim, whose hind legs had been entangled in them as it passed out of the hole, and soon secured it.—Immediately after the legs had been caught the spider fastened another thread to the mouse's tail, and after several hours constant work succeeded in raising her prey's hind quarters, and continued so doing until the tip of the mouse's nose only touched the floor. Having thus rendered it helpless, the little spider industriously set to work to multiply its fastenings. After a few more hours labor the mouse was raised one inch from the floor, the spider working as if with a pulley. In its terrible contention to release itself the mouse managed to sever the fastenings around its hind legs, but so strong were the threads which suspended it in the air and so securely were they attached to its tail that all efforts to break them proved fruitless. Mr. Gross, taking great interest in the proceedings, left the spider undisturbed, and during almost the whole of Monday night, with several friends, watched its working attentively. The little insect, after taking her position on her victim's tail, commenced manipulating the threads and working. Gradually could the astonished witnesses of this wonderful feat see the mouse creep up, and the threads, descending from their fastenings under the corner of the bench to the mouse's tail, increased in number, and during the 24 hours ending yesterday evening the threads had so increased that it became impossible to count them, and the mouse, which was still alive though quite weakened, had been raised from one to five and a half inches from the floor. The spider during the whole time of its work sat on the mouse's tail, only leaving its position at long intervals, when it would cautiously creep down the tail to its root, and there feed upon the blood of the mouse. Then resuming its position on the end of the tail, it would again begin its work. This unheard of capture of a mouse by so small an insect and its ingenious manner of elevating it has excited the wonder and admiration of thousands of visitors, among whom may be mentioned several scientific men and physicians, who assembled in large crowds at Mr. Gross' carpenter shop to witness the progress of the gigantic task which the little spider has undertaken and is so successfully bringing to an issue. Mr. Gross will leave them undisturbed and carefully watch the result, as everyone is anxious to see what the spider will do with its captive after it dies, and how far it will elevate it.

A Desperate Duel.

It is now over thirty years since one of the most remarkable, desperate and murderous duels that ever took place in this place in this or any other country was fought in Vicksburg. One of the parties was a graduate from one of the banks. After filling all of the desks of that institution with singular ability, from a collecting clerk up to the position of first teller, while still quite a young man he was appointed cashier of a bank in Vicksburg which gave offense and caused great jealousy among the senior clerks of that institution, and they took every opportunity to oppose and insult him. This became so marked and unbearable in its character that the cashier he must resent it, and that he would stand by him.—He had an occasion soon afterwards to give one of the tellers a specimen of his skill in the art of self-defense. This resulted in a challenge for a duel, which was accepted and was fought after three days of constant pistol practice, resulting in the death of the teller. He had numerous relatives that, one after another, came forward to avenge his death, until four duels were forced upon the cashier from the natural consequences of the first duel, and "still there were oth-

er Richmonds in the field."

A relative of the first victim, an editor, and successful duelist, gave out a threat that he was coming to avenge the death of his cousin. His great courage and desperate fighting qualities had been frequently successfully tried, and were so well known that something desperate must be done to meet the emergency and if possible stop any and all further challenges. The editor arrived in town, and lost no time in sending his message, which was promptly responded to. Early in the morning of the same day arrangements were made for a meeting at six o'clock the next morning. After making some arrangements in case of death, the cashier went to bed and slept until 4 A. M., having all this time forgot the almost worshipful love and devotion of his wife and only child, who were in profound ignorance of his desperate enterprise. He silently kissed them; and then the husband and father stole away to attend to the bloody business that he deemed imperative according to the "code of honor" and the loote morals of the inhabitants of that vicinity. He went forth with a determination "to conquer or die!"

On arriving at the appointed rendezvous, he found a trench dug six feet deep, two feet wide, and twelve feet long. Into this double grave the two principals descended, each armed with six shooting ray revolvers, and having bowie knives, with instructions to commence firing at the word and advance and finish the bloody work with their knives, if the pistols fail to accomplish it. At the first shot the editor was mortally wounded. He drew his knife, and with the ferocity of a tiger sprang forward at his opponent, just as he had fired his second shot. He warded off the blow with his pistol, which had a deep cut in it made by the heavy knife, showing what a desperate blow had been aimed at the life of his adversary, who fell dead at his feet. The cashier's mind was so much diseased that he could not attend to business, and by the advice of a physician took a vacation and change of scene. He went to New York, and died in a lunatic asylum a month after.

Dom Pedro at Salt Lake.

[From the Salt Lake Tribune, April 25.]

At the theatre on Sunday evening Manager Harris, who thought to do the handsome thing by Dom Pedro, stationed a sublimator at the theatre door to give him (Harris) warning when the Emperor arrived. No sooner had his Majesty entered than Manager Harris, with hat off, bowing and scraping, proceeded to usher Dom to his box. But the Emperor would not stand much of that sort of thing, and said in a very good-natured, pleasant manner, "That will do, young man, that will do; put your hat on now, and show me to my box."

Dom Pedro at Salt Lake.

When his Majesty was riding by the Prophet's harem he asked the coachman what place it was, and was told that Brigham Young lived there with all his wives. But he did not stop to visit King Brigham.

He read aloud the sign on the office of the Woman's Exponent,

as he passed and asked what kind of a thing it was. The coachman told him that it was a kind of a religious paper published by a class of Mormon women called female roosters. The Emperor evidently did not understand the meaning of the term "female roosters," and looked searchingly at the coachman, but pressed the inquiry no further.

Loss of Confidence.

The other day a young man of four and twenty, waiting around the forty-second street depot, seemed slyly anxious to get into a fuss with somebody. He was well put together, seemed to have lots of muscle and no one seemed anxious to trouble with him. By and by an oldish man, who had been watching the fellow for a quarter of an hour, made free to remark:—"You seem determined to pick a fuss with some one."

"That's what I want, Mister,"

replied the young man; "I'm just roasting to have some one haul off on me!"

"Why do you wish to fight?"

enquired the gentleman.

"I explain," was the answer. "I have never had a fight in my life, and I don't know whether I'd run or stand up to business. I'd kinder like to know how I'd behave. If I stood right up then I'd have confidence in myself afterwards; if I took a back seat, then I'd be mighty careful how I told a man he lied."

He slammed around for a few minutes

and then went out for a glass of beer. There was a big one-eyed hackman in the saloon to get a bill changed, and the stranger danced up to him and cheerfully called out:—"I'm the boy who can take care of that other eye for you."

"Don't fool with a wild elephant,"

growled the hackman as he counted his change.

"Wild elephant be blowed!"

I can saw you in two in three minutes."

The fight opened beautifully

and closed rapidly. The young man was knocked over a table one way and kicked over it from the other, and a blow under the ear, as he made for the door, helped him ten feet. He trotted into the depot pale as death, and heard swelling up, and as he inquired for water and a towel, the gentleman who had conversed with him came forward and inquired:—"Did you find a fight?"

"Did you find a fight?"

"Did you find a fight?" was the lonesome reply.

"And how about confidence?"

"Haven't a pinch!" The minute he hit me I wished there was a ten-acre lot between us. That settles the question—I don't fight a boy ten years old.—N. Y. Telegram.

Coming Gests.

Three Hundred and Fifty Five Alligators on the Way to the Centennial.

[Memphis Avalanche, April 30.]

A nice lot of playthings, in the form of three hundred and fifty five alligators, passed up the river yesterday on their way to the National Centennial at Philadelphia. The hideous-looking reptiles embraced all sizes, from the little thing six inches long, just out of its shell, to one 13-14 feet in length, named

er Billy.

The latter, a venerable rascal, with a rather repulsive countenance, is supposed to be 150 years old, judging by marks he carries, as set forth by Audubon and other naturalists. These alligators were captured by Thomas L. Bond in the vicinity of Pearl River, Louisiana, and near it entrance into Lake Pontchartrain. In the collection is a small, mean-looking cuss, named 'Ned,' who has learned to stand on his hind-legs, dance 'Juba and play tricks.' Ned is about three years old, and if this precocious plaything keeps on he will be likely to ride and act in a circus before a great while. While the steamer Robert Mitchell, on which they are, lay at the levee yesterday, a large number of curious people crowded around the wooden tanks or boxes in which the alligators are kept. At one time Mr. Bond felt uneasy, and he called a comrade to watch his pets, to keep people from carrying off half a dozen of them to eat. Mr. Bond feeds the alligators on fish. At present they are healthy, and some of the ambitious and ferocious brutes look as if they would eat a hog in a minute, or a man either.

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